MICHEL
SEIGNEVR DE MONTAIGNE.

Printed for T. Bassett M. Gilliflower & W. Hensman.

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R. Waldo Emerson.

ESSAYS
Cecily OF Jones
MICHAEL
SEIGNEUR DE
MONTAIGNE.
IN THREE BOOKS.

With Marginal Notes and Quotations of the cited Authors.

And an Account of the Author's LIFE.

To which is added a ſhort Character of the Author and Tranſlator, by way of Letter; Written by the Right Honourable the Marqueſs *Halliſax.*

Made Engliſh by *Charles Cotton*, Eſq;

——*Vireſque acquirit eundo.*
Virg. lib. 4. Æn.

The Firſt Volume.

The Second Edition.

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OF
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To which is added a Short Character
and Translation by way of Letter
the Right Honourable the Marquis
Made English by Charles
LONDON
Printed for M. Gillyflower
and J. Walthoe

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE

Marqueſs, Earl, and Viſcount *Halliſax*, Baron of *Eland*, Lord *Privy Seal*, and one of His Majeſty's Moſt Honourable *Privy Council*.

MY LORD,

IF I have ſet down, the only opportunity I ever had of kiſſing your Lordſhips Hands, amongſt the happy Encounters of my Life, and take this occaſion, ſo many Years after, to tell you ſo, your Lordſhip will not, I hope, think your ſelf injur'd by ſuch a Declaration from a Man that honours You; nor condemn my Ambition, when I publiſh to the World, that I am not altogether unknown to You. Your Lordſhip, peradventure, may have forgot a Converſation ſo little worthy your remembrance: but the memory of your Lordſhip's obliging faſhion to me all that time, can never die with me; and though my Acknowledgment arrives thus late at you, I have never left it at home when I went abroad into the beſt Company. My Lord, I

cannot, I would not flatter you, I do not think your Lordſhip capable of being flatter'd, neither am I inclin'd to do it to thoſe that are: but I cannot forbear to ſay, that I then receiv'd ſuch an impreſſion of your Vertue, and Noble Nature, as will ſtay with me for ever. This will either excuſe the Liberty I preſume to take in this Dedication, or, at leaſt, make it no wonder; and I am ſo confident in your Lordſhip's Generoſity, that I aſſure my ſelf you will not deny your Protection to a Man whoſe greateſt Publick Crime is that of an ill Writer. *A better* Book *(if there be a better of the* kind *(in the* Original *I mean) had been a Preſent more fitly ſuited to your Lordſhip's* Quality *and* Merit, *and to my* Devotion. *I could heartily wiſh it ſuch: but as it is, I lay it at your Lordſhip's Feet, together with*

My Lord,

Your Lordſhips moſt Humble,

And moſt Obedient Servant,

Charles Cotton.

THE

THE TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE TO THE READER.

MY Deſign in attempting this Tranſlation, was to preſent my Country with a true Copy of a very brave Original. How far I have ſucceeded in that Deſign is left to every one to judge; and I expect to be the more gently cenſured, for having my ſelf ſo modeſt an Opinion of my own Performance, as to confeſs that the Author has ſuffered by me, as well as the former Tranſlator; though I hope, and dare affirm, that the miſinterpretations I ſhall be found guilty of, are neither ſo numerous, nor ſo groſs. I cannot diſcern my own Errours, it were unpardonable in me if I could, and did not mend them; but I can ſee his (except when we are both miſtaken) and thoſe I have corrected; but am not ſo ill natur'd as to ſhew where. In truth, both Mr. Florio, *and I are to be excuſed, where we miſs of the ſence of the*

Author, whoſe Language is ſuch in many Places, as Grammar cannot reconcile, which renders it the hardeſt Book to make a juſtifiable verſion of that I yet ever ſaw in that, or any other Language I underſtand: inſomuch, that though I do think, and am pretty confident, I underſtand French as well as many Men, I have yet ſometimes been forc'd to grope at his meaning. Peradventure the greateſt Critick would in ſome Places have found my Author abſtruſe enough. Yet are not theſe Miſtakes I ſpeak of either ſo many, or of ſo great importance, as to caſt any ſcandalous blemiſh upon the Book, but ſuch as few Readers can diſcover, and they that do, will I hope eaſily excuſe.

The Errors of the Preſs, I muſt in part take upon my ſelf, living at ſo remote a diſtance from it, and ſupplying it with a ſlubber'd Copy from an illiterate Amanuenſis; the laſt of which is provided againſt in the Quires that muſt ſucceed.

THE

THE LIFE OF MICHAEL SEIGNEUR DE MONTAIGNE,

Almoſt entirely taken out of his own WORKS.

THE Race of *Michael Seigneur de Montaigne*, in *Perigord*, was Noble, but Noble without any great luſtre till his time: As to Eſtate, he was ſeiz'd of above two thouſand Crowns of yearly Revenue. He was born to his Father the third in order of Birth of his Children, and by him delivered to Goſſips of the meaneſt Condition to be baptized, with a Deſign rather to oblige, and link him to thoſe who were likely to ſtand in need of him, than to ſuch as he might ſtand in need of. He moreover ſent him from his Cradle to be brought up in a poor Village of his, and there continued him all the while he was at Nurſe, and longer, forming him to the loweſt, and moſt common manner of Living: Wherein he certainly ſo well inur'd himſelf to Frugality and Auſterity, that they had much ado, during all the time of his Infancy eſpecially, to correct the refuſals he made of things that Children of his age are commonly greedy of; as Sugars, Sweet-meats, Marchpanes, and the like.

No doubt the *Greek* and *Latin* Tongues are a

very Fair, and a very great Advance; but, as he himſelf obſerves, they are now adays too dear bought. His Father having made all diligent inquiry that poſſibly could be amongſt the Learned Men for an exquiſite method of Education, was caution'd of the inconvenience then in Uſe, and told, that the tedious time that is employ'd in the Languages of the Ancient *Greeks* and *Romans*, which coſt them nothing, is the only reaſon, that we cannot arrive to that grandeur of Soul, and perfection of Knowledge that was in them. The expedient that he found out for this was, that whilſt he was at Nurſe, and before he began to Speak, he delivered him to the Care of a *German*, who ſince died a famous Phyſician in *France*, totally ignorant of our Language, and very well vers'd in the *Latin* Tongue. This Man, that he had brought out of his own Country, and entertain'd with a very great Salary for this purpoſe, had the Child continually in his Arms, to whom there were added two others more moderately Learned, to attend him, and to Relieve the firſt, which three entertain'd him with no other Language but *Latin*. As to the reſt of the Family, it was an inviolable Rule, that neither his Father, nor ſo much as his Mother, Man or Maid, ſpoke any Word in his hearing, but ſuch as every one had learn'd only to prattle with him. And 'tis not to be believ'd how all of them profited by this Method; his Father and Mother learn'd by this means *Latin* enough to underſtand, and to ſerve themſelves with that at need, as alſo thoſe Servants did, who were moſt about his Perſon. To be ſhort, they did Latin it at ſuch a Rate, that it overflowed to the Neighbouring Villages,

Villages, where, by Uſe, ſeveral Latin Appellations of Artizans and their Tools, have got footing, and there remain to this day. For his part, he was above ſix years old before he underſtood any more of *French*, or *Perigordin*, than of *Arabick*, and without Art, Books, Grammar, or Precepts, without Whipping, and without Tears, he had learn'd to ſpeak as pure *Latin* as his Maſter, for he could neither alter it nor mix it. If, for Example, they gave him a Theam after the College Mode; they gave it to others in *French*, but they were fain to give it him in ill *Latin* to put it into good: And *Nicholas Gronchi*, who has writ a Book *de Comitiis Romanorum*, *Guiliaume Guerente*, who has writ a Commentary upon *Ariſtotle*, *George Buchanan*, that great *Scotch* Poet, and *Mark Anthony de Mureta*, whom both *France* and *Italy* acknowledge for the beſt Orator of his Time, his Domeſtick Tutors, have oft ſince told him, that he had that Language in his Childhood ſo ready, and at hand, they were afraid to accoſt him.

As to the Greek, his Father deſign'd to have it taught him by Art, but by a new Method, and that by way of Sport and Recreation, they toſt their Declenſions to and fro, after the manner of thoſe, who by certain Tricks upon the Cheſs-board, learn *Arithmetick*, and *Geometry*: ſo, amongſt other things, he had been adviſ'd to make him reliſh Learning and Duty, by an unforc'd Will, and his own Device, and to Educate his Soul with all Sweetneſs and Liberty, without Auſterity or Compulſion. Which he alſo did to ſuch a degree of Superſtition, that ſeeing ſome are of Opinion, that it troubles the Brains of Children to be ſuddenly

rows'd

rows'd in a Morning, and to be ſnatch'd away from ſleep, wherein they are much deeper plung'd than men, with haſte and violence; he always cauſed him to be waked by the ſound of ſome Muſical Inſtrument, and was never unprovided of a Muſician for that purpoſe.

But as they who are impatient to be cur'd, ſubmit to all ſorts of Remedies, and every ones Advice; the good Man, being extreamly timorous of failing in a thing he had ſo much ſet his Heart upon, ſuffered himſelf at laſt to be carried away by the common Opinion, which like Cranes, always follow that which went before, and ſubmitted to Cuſtom, having now no more thoſe Perſons about him, who had given him the firſt Inſtructions, that he had brought out of *Italy*. And about the ſixth Year of his Age ſent him to the College of *Guyenne*, at that time very flouriſhing, and the beſt in *France*. And there it was not poſſible to add any thing to the Care he had in chooſing for him the beſt Chamber-Tutors, and in all other Circumſtances of Education, wherein he reſerv'd ſeveral particular Forms, contrary to the College Uſance; but ſo it was, that it was a College ſtill, and this unuſual method of Education, was here of no greater advantage to him, than at his firſt coming to preferr him to one of the higher Claſſes, for at thirteen Years of Age, he had run thorough his whole Courſe.

At the Age of three and thirty he married a Wife, though, might he have been left free to his own Choice, he would have avoided marrying, even *Wiſdom* her ſelf, had ſhe been willing. But 'tis to much purpoſe, ſays he, to reſiſt Cuſtom,

and

and the common Uſance of Life will have it ſo. Nevertheleſs, this Marriage of his was not Spontaneous, he was put upon it, and led to it by odd Accidents. And as great a Libertine as he confeſſes himſelf to be, he more ſtrictly obſerv'd his Matrimonial Vow, than he expected from, or had propos'd to himſelf.

His Father left him *Montaigne* in Partage as the eldeſt of his Sons, Propheſying that he would Ruine it, conſidering his Humour, ſo little diſpos'd to live at home: But he was deceiv'd, for he liv'd upon it as he entred into it, excepting, that it was ſomething better, and yet without Office, or any other Foreign helps. As to the reſt, if Fortune never did him any violent or extraordinary Offence, ſo ſhe never ſhewed him any ſignal Favour: Whatever he had in his Houſe that proceeded from her Liberality, was there before he came to it, and above a hundred Years before his Time: He never in his own particular had any ſolid and eſſential Advantages, for which he ſtood indebted to her Bounty. She ſhew'd him Airy, Honorary, and Titular Favours, without Subſtance; She procur'd for him the Collar of the Order of St. *Michael*, which, when young, he coveted above all other things, it being at that time the utmoſt mark of Honour of the *French* Nobleſs, and very Rare. But of all her Favours, there was none with which he was ſo well pleas'd, as an Authentick Bull of a *Roman* Burgeſs, that was granted to him with great civility and bounty, in a Journey he made to *Rome*, which is tranſcrib'd in Form in the ſixth Chapter of the third Book of his Eſſays.

Meſſieurs de Bourdeaux, elected him Mayor of their City, being then out of the Kingdom, and at *Rome*,

Rome, and yet more Remote from any ſuch Expectation, which made him excuſe himſelf; but that would not ſerve his turn, and moreover the King interpos'd his Command. 'Tis an Office that ought to be look'd upon with the greateſt Eſteem, as it has no other Perquiſits and Benefits belonging to it, than the meer honour of its Execution. It laſts but two years, but may, by a ſecond Election, be continued longer, though that rarely happens. It was to him, and had been ſo twice before, once ſome years ſince to *Monſieur de Lauſac*, and more lately to *Monſieur de Byron*, *Mareſchal* of *France*, in whoſe place he ſucceeded, and left his to *Monſieur de Matiguon*, alſo *Mareſchal* of *France*, proud of ſo noble a Fraternity. His Father, a Man of great Honour and Equity, had formerly alſo had the ſame Dignity. All the Children his Wife brought died at Nurſe ſaving *Leonor* an only Daughter, whom he diſpos'd in marriage ſome two Years before his Death.

The firſt printing of his Eſſaies was in the Year 1580, at which time the publick Applauſe gave him, as he ſays, a little more aſſurance than he expected. He has ſince added, but corrected nothing: His Book having been always the ſame, ſaving that upon every new Impreſſion, he took the Privilege to add ſomething, that the Buyer might not go away with his Hands quite empty. His Perſon was ſtrong, and well knit; his Face not fat, but full, his Complexion betwixt Jovial and Melancholick, moderately Sanguine and hot; his Conſtitution healthful and ſpritely, rarely troubled with Diſeaſes, till he grew into Years, that he begun to be afflicted with the Cholick and Stone: As to the reſt, very obſtinate in his hatred, and contempt of Phyſicians Preſcriptions;

ons; an hereditary Antipathy; his Father having liv'd threescore and fourteen Years, his Grand-father threescore and nine; and his great Grand-father almost fourscore Years, without having ever tasted any sort of Medicine.

He died in the Year 1592, the 13*th.* of *September*: a very constant, and Philosophical Death, being aged fifty nine Years, six Months, and eleven Days; and was buried at *Bourdeaux*, in the Church of a Commandery of St. *Anthony*, now given to the Religious *Feuillantines*: where his Wife *Francoise de la Cassaigne*, and his Daughter, have erected for him an honourable Monument, having, like his Ancestors, past over his Life and Death in the Catholick Religion.

The Contents of the Chapters of the first Book.

Ch. 1. *That Men by various ways arrive at the same End.*
Chap. 2. *Of Sorrow.*
Chap. 3. *That our Affections carry themselves beyond Us.*
Chap. 4. *That the Soul discharges her Passions upon false Objects, where the true are wanting.*
Chap. 5. *Whether the Governour of a Place besieg'd ought himself to go out to parle.*
Chap. 6. *That the Hour of Parle is dangerous.*
Chap. 7. *That the Intention is Judge of our Actions.*
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Chap. 9. *Of Lyars.*

Chap. 10. *Of Quick or Slow Speech.*
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Chap. 13. *The Ceremony of the Interview of Princes.*
Chap. 14. *That men are justly punish'd for being obstinate in the Defence of a Fort, that is not in reason to be defended.*
Chap. 15. *Of the Punishment of Cowardize.*
Chap. 16. *A Proceeding of some Ambassadours.*
Chap. 17. *Of Fear.*
Chap. 18. *That Men are not to judge of our Happiness, till after Death.*
Chap. 19. *That to study Philosophy is to learn to Die.*
Chap. 20. *Of the Force of Imagination.*
Chap. 21. *That the Profit of one Man is the Inconvenience of another.*
Chap. 22. *Of Custome, and that we should not easily change a Law received.*
Chap. 23. *Various Events from the same Counsel.*
Chap. 24. *Of Pedantry.*
Chap. 25. *Of the Education of Children. To Madam* Diana *of* Foix, *Countess of* Gurson.
Chap. 26. *That it is folly to measure Truth and Errour by our own capacity.*
Chap. 27. *Of Friendship.*
Chap. 28. *Nine and twenty Sonnets of* Estienne de la Boetie *to* Madam de Grammont, *Countess of* Guisson.
Chap. 29. *Of Moderation.*
Chap. 30. *Of Cannibals.*
Chap. 31. *That a Man is soberly to judge of Divine Ordinances.*
Chap. 32. *That we are to avoid Pleasures, even at the expence of Life.*

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Chap. 36. *Of* Cato *the younger.*
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Chap. 39. *A Consideration upon* Cicero.
Chap. 40. *That the Relish of Goods and Evils does in a great Measure depend upon the Opinion we have of them.*
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Chap. 45. *Of the Battel of* Dreux.
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Chap. 47. *Of the Incertainty of our Judgment.*
Chap. 48. *Of Horses dreſt to the Menage, call'd Deſtrials.*
Chap. 49. *Of Ancient Customs.*
Chap. 50. *Of* Democritus *and* Heraclitus.
Chap. 51. *Of the Vanity of Words.*
Chap. 52. *Of the Parcimony of the Ancients.*
Chap. 53. *Of a Saying of* Cæsar.
Chap. 54. *Of Vain Subtilties.*
Chap. 55. *Of Smells.*
Chap. 56. *Of Prayers.*
Chap. 57. *Of Age.*

Eſſays

Essays

Place this next after the Epiſtle Dedicatory.

ADVERTISEMENT.

SInce the Death of the Ingenious Tranſlator of theſe Eſſays, *an imperfect Tranſcript of the following Letter was intended for the Preſs, but having the good fortune to meet with a more correct Copy, we thought our ſelves under a Neceſſity of Publiſhing it with this Second Edition, not only to do Juſtice to his Memory, but to the Great Perſon he Choſe for his Patron.*

T. B.

M. G.

This

This for Charles Cotton *Esq;*
at his House at Berisford.
To be left at Ashburne *in*
Darby-shire.

SIR,

I have too long delay'd my *Thanks* to you for giving me such an obliging *Evidence* of your *Remembrance*: that alone would have been a welcome *Present*, but when join'd

the *Book* in the World I am the beſt entertain'd with, it raiſeth a ſtrong deſire in me to be better *known*, where I am ſure to be ſo much *pleaſed*. I have till now thought *Wit* could not be *Tranſlated*, and do ſtill retain ſo much of that Opinion, that I believe it impoſſible, except by one whoſe *Genius* cometh up to that of the *Author*. You have ſo kept the Original *Strength* of his *Thought*, that it almoſt tempts a Man to believe the *Tranſmigration* of *Souls*,

Souls, and that his being us'd to *Hills*, is come into the *Moor-Lands* to Reward us here in *England*, for doing him more Right than his *Country* will afford him. He hath by your means mended his Firſt *Edition*: To tranſplant and make him ours, is not only a Valuable *Acquiſition* to us, but a Juſt *Cenſure* of the Critical *Impertinence* of thoſe *French Scribblers* who have taken pains to make little *Cavils* and *Exceptions*, to leſſen the Reputation of this great *Man*,

Man, whom Nature hath made too big to Confine himſelf to the Exactneſs of a Studied Stile. He let his *Mind* have its full *Flight*, and ſheweth by a generous kind of *Negligence* that he did not Write for Praiſe, but to give to the World a true Picture of himſelf and of Mankind. He ſcorned *affected Periods*, or to pleaſe the miſtaken Reader with an empty *Chime* of *Words*. He hath no *Affectation* to ſet himſelf out, and dependeth wholly upon the *Natural*

Force

Force of what is his own, and the Excellent Application of what he borroweth.

You ſee, Sir, I have Kindneſs enough for *Monſieur de Montaigne* to be your *Rival*, but no Body can now pretend to be in equal Competition with you: I do willingly yield, which is no ſmall matter for a Man to do to a more proſperous *Lover*; and if you will repay this piece of Juſtice with another, pray believe, that he who

can

can *Tranſlate* ſuch an *Author* without doing him wrong, muſt not only make me *Glad* but *Proud* of being his

Very humble Servant,

Hallifax

ESSAYS

OF

Michael Seigneur *de Montaigne.*

The First BOOK.

CHAP. I.

That Men by various Ways arrive at the ſame end.

THE moſt likely and moſt uſual way in Practice of appeaſing the Indignation of ſuch as we have any way offended, when we ſee them in Poſſeſſion of the Power of Revenge, and find that we abſolutely lie at their Mercy, is by Submiſſion (than which, nothing more flatters the Glory of an Adverſary) to move them to Commiſeration and Pity: and yet Bravery, Conſtancy, and Reſolution, however quite contrary means, have ſometimes ſerved to produce the ſame effect. *Edward the Black Prince of* Wales (the ſame who ſo long govern'd our Province of *Guienne*, a Perſon whoſe high Condition, excellent Qualities, and remarkable Fortune, have

Submiſſion mollifies the Hearts of the offended.

Edward the Black Prince.

in them a great deal of the moſt noble and moſt conſiderable Parts of Grandeur) having, through ſome Miſdemeanours of theirs, been highly incens'd by the *Limoſins*, and in the heat of that Reſentment taking their City by Aſſault, was not, in the Riot commonly attending ſuch Executions, either by the Out-cries of the People, or the Prayers and Tears of the Women and Children, abandon'd to Slaughter and proſtrate at his Feet for Mercy, to be ſtayed from proſecuting his Revenge; till, penetrating further into the Body of the Town, he at laſt took notice of three *French* Gentlemen, who with incredible Bravery, alone ſuſtained the whole Power of his victorious Army: And then it was, that the Conſideration of, and the Reſpect unto ſo remarkable a Vertue, firſt ſtopt the Torrent of his Fury, and that his Clemency, beginning in the Preſervation of theſe three Cavaliers, was afterwards extended to all the remaining Inhabitants of the City. *Scanderbeg* Prince of *Epirus*, in great Wrath purſuing one of his Souldiers, with a reſolute Purpoſe to kill him, and the Souldier having in vain tryed by all the ways of Humility and Supplication to appeaſe him, ſeeing him notwithſtanding obſtinately bent to his Ruine, reſolv'd, as his laſt Refuge, to face about and expect him with his Sword in his Hand; which Behavior of his gave a ſudden ſtop to his Captain's Fury, who for ſeeing him aſſume ſo notable a Reſolution, receiv'd him to Grace: an Example, however, that might ſuffer another Interpretation with ſuch as have not read of the prodigious

Remarkable Valour of three *French* Gentlemen.

Scanderbeg.

prodigious Force and Valour of that invincible Prince. The Emperour *Conrade* the 3*d.* having beſieg'd *Guelpho* Duke of *Bavaria*, would not be prevail'd upon, what mean and unmanly Satisfactions ſoever had been tender'd to him, to condeſcend to milder Conditions, than that the *Ladies* and *Gentlewomen* only who were in the Town might go out without Violation of their Honour, on Foot, and with ſo much only as they could carry about them. Which was no ſooner known, but that out of Magnanimity of Heart, and an Exceſs of good Nature, they preſently contriv'd to carry out, upon their Shoulders, their Husbands and Children, and even the Duke himſelf; a Sight at which the Emperour was ſo pleaſed, that raviſh'd with the Generoſity of the Action, he wept for Joy, and immediately extinguiſhing in his Heart the mortal and implacable Hatred he had conceiv'd againſt this Duke, he from that time forward, treated Him and His with all Humanity and Affection. The one, or the other, of theſe two ways, would with great Facility work upon my Nature; for I have a marvellous Propenſity to Mercy and Mildneſs, and to ſuch a degree of Tenderneſs, that I fanſie, of the two I ſhould ſooner ſurrender my Anger to *Compaſſion* than *Eſteem*: And yet Pity is reputed a Vice amongſt the *Stoicks*, who will that we ſuccour the Afflicted, but not that we ſhould be ſo affected with their Sufferings as to ſuffer with them. I conceiv'd theſe Examples not ill ſuited to the Queſtion in hand, and the rather, becauſe therein we obſerve theſe great

Conjugal Love.

Pity reputed a Vice amongſt the *Stoicks*.

Souls, aſſaulted and tryed by theſe two ſeveral ways to reſiſt the one without relenting, and to be ſhook and ſubjected by the other. It is true, that to ſuffer a Man's Heart to be totally ſubdued by Compaſſion, may be imputed Facility, Effeminacy, and Over-tenderneſs; whence it comes to paſs, that the weakeſt Natures, as of Women, Children, and the common ſort of People, are the moſt ſubject to it: but after having reſiſted, and diſdain'd the Power of Sighs and Tears, to ſurrender a Man's Animoſity to the ſole Reverence of the Sacred Image of Vertue, this can be no other than the Effect of a ſtrong and inflexible Soul, enamour'd of, and raviſh'd with a Maſculine and obſtinate Valour. Nevertheleſs, Aſtoniſhment and Admiration may in leſs generous Minds beget a like Effect. Witneſs the People of *Thebes*, who having put two of their Generals upon Tryal for their Lives, for having continued in Arms beyond the preciſe Term of their Commiſſion, very hardly pardon'd *Pelopidas*, who, bowing under the weight of ſo dangerous an Accuſation, had made no manner of Defence for himſelf, nor produc'd other Arguments than Prayers and Supplications to ſecure his Head; whereas, on the contrary, *Epaminondas* being brought to the Bar, and falling to magnifie the Exploits he had perform'd in their Service, and after a haughty and arrogant manner reproaching them with Ingratitude and Injuſtice, they had not the Heart to proceed any further in his Tryal, but broke up the Court and departed, the whole Aſſembly highly commending

ing the Courage and Confidence of this Man. *Dionyſius* the elder, after having by a tedious Siege, and through exceeding great Difficulties, taken the City of *Rhegium*, and in it the Governour *Phyton*, a very gallant Man, who had made ſo obſtinate a Defence, he was reſolved to make him a tragical Example of his Revenge; in order whereunto, and the more ſenſibly to afflict him, he firſt told him, *That he had the Day before caus'd his Son and all his Kindred to be drown'd:* To which *Phyton* return'd no other Anſwer but this, *That they were then by one Day happier than he.* After which, cauſing him to be ſtrip'd, and delivering him into the Hands of the Tormentors, he was by them not only dragg'd through the Streets of the Town, and moſt ignominiouſly and cruelly whipp'd, but moreover, vilified with moſt bitter and contumelious Language: yet ſtill, in the Fury of all this Perſecution, he maintain'd his Courage entire all the way, with a ſtrong Voice and undaunted Countenance proclaming the glorious Cauſe of his Death; namely, for that he would not deliver up his Countrey into the Hands of a Mercileſs Tyrant; at the ſame time denouncing againſt him a ſudden Chaſtiſement from the offended Gods. At which the Tyrant rowling his Eyes about, and reading in his Souldiers Looks, that inſtead of being incens'd at the haughty Language of this conquer'd Enemy, to the Contempt of him their Captain and his Triumph, they not only ſeem'd ſtruck with Admiration of ſo rare a Vertue, but moreover inclin'd to Mutiny, and

The Cruelty of *Dionyſius* the Tyrant.

were even ready to reſcue the Priſoner out of the Hangman's hands, he cauſed the Execution to ceaſe, and afterwards privately caus'd him to be thrown into the Sea. Man (in good earneſt) is a Marvellous vain, fickle, and unſtable Subject, and on whom it is very hard to form any certain or proportionate Judgment.

Pompey. For *Pompey* could pardon the whole City of the *Mammertines*, though furiouſly incens'd againſt it, upon the ſingle Account of the Vertue and Magnanimity of one Citizen, *Zeno*, who took the Fault of the Publick wholly upon himſelf; neither intreated other Favour, but alone to undergo the Puniſhment for all: and yet *Sylla's* Hoſt, having in the City of *Peruſia* manifeſted the ſame Vertue, obtain'd nothing by it, either for himſelf or his Fellow-Citizens. And, directly contrary to my firſt Examples, the braveſt of all Men, and who was reputed ſo gracious and civil

Alexander. to all thoſe he overcame, *Alexander the Great*, having after many great Difficulties forc'd the City of *Gaza*, and entring, found *Betis*, who commanded there, and of whoſe Valour in the time of this Siege he had moſt noble and manifeſt Proof; alone, forſaken by all his Souldiers, his Arms hack'd and hew'd to pieces, covered all over with Bloud and Wounds, and yet ſtill fighting in the Crow'd of a great Number of *Macedonians*, who were laying on him on all ſides, he ſaid to him, netled at ſo dear bought Victory, and two freſh Wounds he had newly receiv'd in his own Perſon, *Thou ſhalt not die* Betis *ſo honourably as thou doſt intend*,

intend, but ſhalt aſſuredly ſuffer all the Torments that can be inflicted on a miſerable Captive. To which Menaces the other returning no other Anſwer, but only a fierce and diſdainful Look; What, ſays the Conquerour (obſerving his obſtinate Silence) *Is he too ſtiff to bend a Knee! Is he too proud to utter one ſuppliant Word! I ſhall certainly conquer this Silence; and if I cannot force a Word from his Mouth, I ſhall at leaſt extract a Groan from his Heart.* And thereupon converting his Anger into Fury, preſently commanded his Heels to be boar'd through, cauſing him alive to be dragg'd, mangled, and diſmembred at an infamous Carts-Tail. Was it that the height of Courage was ſo natural and familiar to this Conqueror, that becauſe he could not admire, he ſhould the leſs eſteem this *Hero*? Or was it that he conceiv'd Valour to be a Vertue ſo peculiar to himſelf, that his Pride could not, without Envy, endure it in another? Or was it that the natural Impetuoſity of his Fury was incapable of Oppoſition? Certainly, had it been capable of any manner of Moderation or Satiety, it is to be believ'd, that in the Sack and Deſolation of *Thebes*, to ſee ſo many valiant Men loſt and totally deſtitute of any further Defence, cruelly maſſacred before his Eyes, would have appeas'd it: where there were above ſix thouſand put to the Sword, of which not one was ſeen to fly, or heard to cry out for Quarter; but on the contrary, every one running here and there to ſeek out and to provoke the Victorious Enemy to help them to an honourable end. Not one

Obſtinate ſilence of *Betis.*

who did not to his laſt Gaſp yet endeavour to revenge himſelf, and with all the Arms of a brave Deſpair to ſweeten his own Death in the Death of an Enemy. Yet did their Vertue create no Pity, and the length of one day was not enough to ſatiate the Thirſt of the Conquerour's Revenge; but the Slaughter continued to the laſt drop of Bloud that was capable of being ſhed, and ſtopp'd not till it met with none but naked and impotent Perſons, old Men, Women, and Children, of them to carry away to the number of thirty thouſand Slaves.

CHAP. II.

Of Sorrow.

NO Man living is more free from this Paſſion than I, who neither like it in my ſelf, nor admire it in others, and yet generally the World (I know not why) is pleas'd to grace it with a particular Eſteem, endeavouring to make us believe, That Wiſdom, Vertue and Conſcience, ſhroud themſelves under this grave and affected Appearance. Fooliſh and ſordid Diſguiſe! The *Italians* however under the Denomination of *Un Triſto*, decypher a clandeſtine Nature, a dangerous and ill-natur'd Man: and with good reaſon, it being a Quality always hurtful, always idle and vain, and as cowardly, mean, and baſe, by the Stoicks expreſly, and particularly forbiden their Sages:

ges: But the Story, nevertheleſs, ſays, that *Pſammenitus*, King of *Egypt*, being defeated and taken Priſoner by *Cambyſes* King of *Perſia*, ſeeing his own Daughter paſs by him in a wretched Habit, with a Bucket to draw Water, though his Friends about him were ſo concerned as to break out into Tears and Lamentations at the miſerable ſight; yet he himſelf remain'd unmov'd, without uttering a Word of Diſcontent, with his Eyes fix'd upon the Ground: and ſeeing moreover his Son immediately after led to Execution, ſtill maintain'd the ſame Gravity and Indifference; till ſpying at laſt one of his Domeſticks dragg'd away amongſt the Captives, he could then hold no longer, but fell to tearing his Hair, and beating his Breaſt, with all the other Extravagancies of a wild and deſperate Sorrow. A Story that may very fitly be coupled with another of the ſame kind, of a late Prince of our own Nation, who being at *Trent*, and having News there brought him of the Death of his elder Brother, but a Brother on whom depended the whole Support and Honour of his Houſe, and ſoon after of that of a younger Brother, the ſecond Hope of his Family, and having withſtood theſe two Aſſaults with an exemplary Reſolution, one of his Servants happening a few days after to die, he ſuffer'd his Conſtancy to be overcome by this laſt Accident; and parting with his Courage, ſo abandon'd himſelf to Sorrow and Mourning, that ſome from thence were forward to conclude, that he was only touch'd to the Quick by

by this laſt Stroak of Fortune; but, in truth, it was, that being before brim full of Grief, the leaſt Addition overflow'd the Bounds of all Patience. Which might alſo be ſaid of the former Example, did not the Story proceed to tell us, That *Cambyſes* asking *Pſammenitus, Why, not being mov'd at the Calamity of his Son and Daughter, he ſhould with ſo great Impatience bear the Misfortune of his Friend? It is* (anſwer'd he) *becauſe this laſt Affliction was only to be manifeſted by Tears, the two firſt exceeding all manner of Expreſſion.* And peradventure ſomething like this might be working in the Fancy of the ancient Painter, who being in the Sacrifice of *Iphigenia* to repreſent the Sorrow of the Aſſiſtants Proportionably to the ſeveral Degeees of Intereſt every one had in the Death of this fair innocent Virgin; and having in the other Figures laid out the utmoſt Power of his Art, when he came to that of her Father, he drew him with a veil over his Face, meaning thereby, that no kind of Countenance was capable of expreſſing ſuch a degree of Sorrow. Which is alſo the reaſon why the Poets feign the miſerable Mother *Niobe*, having firſt loſt ſeven Sons, and ſucceſſively as many Daughters, to be at laſt transform'd into a Rock,

Ovid. Met. lib. 6.

Diriguiſſe malis,

——Whom Grief alone,
Had Pow'r to ſtiffen into Stone.

Thereby to expreſs, that melancholick, dumb, and deaf Stupidity, which benumbs all our Faculties when oppreſs with Accident greater than we are able to bear; and indeed the Violence

Violence and Impreſſion of an exceſſive Grief, muſt of neceſſity aſtoniſh the Soul, and wholly deprive her of her ordinary Functions: As it happens to every one of us, who upon any ſudden Alarm of very ill News, find our ſelves ſurpriz'd, ſtupified, and in a manner depriv'd of all Power of Motion, till the Soul beginning to vent it ſelf in Sighs and Tears, ſeems a little to free and diſingage it ſelf from the ſudden Oppreſſion, and to have obtain'd ſome room to work it ſelf out at greater Liberty.

Et via vix tandem voci laxata dolore eſt. *Æneid. l.* 11.

Yet ſcarce at laſt by ſtrugling Grief, a Gate
Unbolted is for Sighs to ſally at.

In the War that *Ferdinand* made upon the Widow of King *John* of *Hungary* about *Buda*, a Man at Arms was particularly taken notice of by every one for his ſingular gallant Behaviour in a certain Encounter; unknown, highly commended, and as much lamented, being left Dead upon the Place: But by none ſo much as by *Raiſciac* a *German* Lord, who was infinitely enamour'd of ſo unparallell'd a Vertue. When the Body being brought off, and the Count, with the common Curioſity coming to view it, the Arms were no ſooner taken off, but he immediately knew him to be his own Son. A thing that added a ſecond Blow to the Compaſſion of all the Beholders; only he, without uttering a Word, or turning away his Eyes from the woful Object, ſtood fixtly contemplating the Body of his Son, till the Vehemency of Sorrow having overcome his Vital

Vital Spirits, made him ſink down ſtone-dead to the Ground.

Petrarca, Sonetto 158. *Chi puo dir com' egli arde è in picciol fuoco ?*

——What Tongue is able to proclaim
How his Soul melted in the gentle Flame ?

ſay the *Inamorato*'s, when they would repreſent an inſupportable Paſſion.

miſero quod omnes
Eripit ſenſus mihi. Nam ſimul te
Lesbia aſpexi, nihil eſt ſuper me
Quod loquar amens.
Lingua ſed torpet tenuis ſub artus
Flamma dimanat ſonitu ſuopte
Tinniunt aures, gemina teguntur
Lumina nocte.

Cat. Epig. 52.

——all-conquering *Lesbia*, thine Eyes
Have raviſh'd from me all my Faculties :
At the firſt Glance of their victorious Ray
I was ſo ſtruck I knew not what to ſay ;
Nor had a Tongue to ſpeak, a ſubtle Flame
Crept thro' my veins; my tinkling ears became
Deaf without noiſe, and my poor eyes I found
With a black Veil of double darkneſs bound.

Neither is it in the height and greateſt Fury of the Fit, that we are in a condition to pour out our Complaints, or to ſally into Courtſhip, the Soul being at that time overburthened, and labouring with profound Thoughts ; and the Body dejected and languiſhing with Deſire; and thence it is, that ſometimes proceed thoſe accidental Impotencies that ſo unſeaſonably ſurpriſe the willing Lover and

and that Frigidity which by the force of an Immoderate Ardour, ſo unhappily ſeizes him even in the very lap of Fruition: For all Paſſions that ſuffer themſelves to be reliſh'd and digeſted, are but moderate.

Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes ſtupent. *Seneca Hipol. Act. 2. Scen. 3.*

His grief's but eaſie, who his grief can tell,
But piercing Sorrow has no Article.

A ſurpriſe of unexpected Joy does likewiſe often produce the ſame effect.

Ut me conſpexit venientem, & Troja circum *Virg. Æneid. 3.*
Arma amens vidit, magnis exterrita monſtris,
Diriguit viſu in medio, calor oſſa reliquit,
Labitur & longo vix tandem tempore fatur.

Soon as ſhe ſaw me coming, and beheld
The *Trojan* Enſigns waving in the Field,
O'er-joy'd, and raviſh't at th' unlook't for ſight,
She turn'd a Statue, loſt all feeling quite;
Life's gentle Heat did her ſtiff Limbs forſake,
She ſwoon'd, and ſcarce after long ſwooning ſpake.

To theſe we have the Examples of the *Roman* Lady, who died for Joy to ſee her Son ſafe return'd from the Defeat of *Cannæ*; and of *Sophocles*, and *Dionyſius* the Tyrant, who died of Joy; and of *Talva*, who died in *Corſica*, reading News of the Honours the *Roman* Senate had decreed in his Favour. We have moreover one, in our times of Pope *Leo* the tenth, who upon News of the taking of *Milan*, a thing he had ſo ardently and paſſionately deſir'd, was rapt with ſo ſudden an exceſs of Joy, that

that he immediately fell into a Fever and died. And for a more authentick Testimony of the imbecillity of Humane Nature, it is recorded by the Ancients, that *Diodorus* the Logician died upon the Place, out of an extream Passion of Shame, for not having been able in his own School, and in the presence of a great Auditory, to disingage himself from a nice Argument that was propounded to him. I for my part am very little subject to these violent Passions; I am naturally of a stubborn Apprehension, which also by discourse, I every day harden and fortifie more and more.

CHAP. III.

That our Affections carry themselves beyond us.

Such as accuse Mankind of the folly of gaping and panting after future things, and advise us to make our benefit of those which are present, and to set up our rest upon them, as having too short a reach to lay hold upon that which is to come, and it being more impossible for us, than to retrieve what is past; have hit upon the most universal of Humane Errours, if that may be call'd an Errour to which Nature it self has dispos'd us, who in order to the subsistance, and continuation of her own Work, has, amongst several others, prepossess'd us with this deceiving Imagination, as being more jealous of our Action, than afraid

afraid of our Knowledge. For we are never preſent with, but always beyond our ſelves. Fear, Deſire and Hope, are ſtill puſhing us on towards the future, depriving us in the mean time of the ſenſe and Conſideration of that which is to amuſe us, with the thought of what ſhall be, even when we ſhall be no more.

Calamitoſus eſt Animus futuri anxius. *Seneca, Epiſt. 98.*

A Mind that anxious is of things to come,
Is ſtill abroad, finding no reſt at home.

We find this great Precept often repeated in *Plato*, *Do thine own Work, and know thy ſelf.* Of which two Parts, both the one and the other generally comprehend our whole Duty, and conſequently do each of them complicate and involve the other; for, who will do his own Work aright, will find that his firſt Leſſon is to know himſelf: And who rightly underſtands himſelf, will never miſtake another Man's Work for his own, but will love and improve himſelf above all other things, will refuſe ſuperfluous Employments, and reject all unprofitable Thoughts and Propoſitions. And, as folly on the one ſide, though it ſhould enjoy all it can poſſibly deſire, would notwithſtanding never be content; ſo on the other, Wiſdom does ever acquieſce with the preſent, and is never diſſatisfied with its immediate Condition: And that is the reaſon why *Epicurus* diſpenſes his Sages from all Fore-ſight and Care of the future. Amongſt thoſe Laws that relate to the Dead, I look upon that to be the beſt, by which the Actions of Princes are to

be

be examined and sifted after their Decease. They are equal at least, while Living, if not above the Laws, and therefore what Justice could not inflict upon their Persons, 'tis but reason should be executed upon their Reputations, and the Estates of their Successors: Things that we often value above Life it self: A Custom of singular advantage to those Countries where it is in use, and by all good Princes as much to be desired, who have reason to take it ill, that the Memories of the Tyrannical and Wicked should be us'd with the same Reverence and Respect with theirs. We owe, 'tis true, Subjection and Obedience to all our Kings, whether good or bad, alike, for that has respect unto their Office; but as to Affection and Esteem, those are only due to their Vertue. Let it be granted, that by the Rule of Government we are with Patience to endure unworthy Princes, to conceal their Vices, and to assist them in their indifferent Actions, whilst their Authority stands in need of our Support: Yet, the Relation of Prince and Subject being once at an end, there is no reason we should deny the Publication of our real wrongs and sufferings to our own Liberty and common Justice, and to interdict good Subjects the Glory of having submissively and faithfully serv'd a Prince, whose imperfections were to them so perfectly known, were to deprive Posterity of so good an Example; and such as out of respect to some private Obligation, shall, against their own Knowledge and Conscience, espouse the Quarrel, and vindicate

the

he Memory of a faulty Prince, do a particular Right at the Expence, and to the Prejudice of the Publick Juſtice. *Livy* does very truly ſay, That the Language of Men Bred up in Courts, is always ſounding of vain Oſtentation, and that their Teſtimony is rarely true, every one indifferently magnifying his own Maſter, and ſtretching his Commendation to the utmoſt extent of Vertue and Sovereign Grandeur: And 'tis not impoſſible but ſome may condemn the freedom of thoſe two Soldiers, who ſo roundly anſwer'd *Nero* to his Face, the one being ask'd by him, *Why he bore him ill Will? I lov'd thee,* anſwer'd he, *whilſt thou wert worthy of it, but ſince thou art become a Parricide, an Incendiary, a Waterman, a Fidler, a Player, and a Coachman, I hate thee as thou doſt deſerve:* and the other, *Why he ſhould attempt to kill him? Becauſe,* ſaid he, *I could think of no other Remedy againſt thy perpetual Miſchiefs.* But the publick and univerſal Teſtimonies that were given of him after his Death (and will be to all Poſterity, both of him and all other wicked Princes like him) his Tyrannies and abominable Deportment conſidered, who, of a ſound Judgment, can reprove them? I am ſcanda-liz'd, I confeſs, that in ſo ſacred a Government as that of the *Lacedæmonians*, there ſhould be mixt ſo hypocritical a Ceremony at the Enterment of their Kings; where all their Confederates and Neighbours, and all ſorts and degrees of Men and Women, as well as their Slaves, cut and ſlaſh'd their Fore-heads in Token of Sorrow, repeating in their Cries and

Ceremony of the *Lacedæmonians* at the Enterment of their Kings.

Lamentations, That that King (let him have been as wicked as the Devil) was the beſt that ever they had; by this means attributing to his Quality the Praiſes that only belong to Merit, and that of Right is properly due to the moſt ſupream Deſert, though lodg'd in the loweſt and moſt inferiour Subject. *Ariſtotle* (who will ſtill have a hand in every thing) makes a *Quære* upon the ſaying of *Solon*, *That none can be ſaid to be happy untill he be dead.* Whether then any one of thoſe who have liv'd and died according to their Hearts Deſire, if he have left an ill Repute behind him, and that his Poſterity be miſerable, can be ſaid to be happy? Whilſt we have Life and Motion, we convey our ſelves by Fancy and Preoccupation, whither and to what we pleaſe; but once out of Being, we have no more any manner of Communication with what is yet in Being: and it had therefore been better ſaid of *Solon*, *That Man is never happy, becauſe never ſo till after he is no more.*

Lucret. lib. 3.

——— *Quiſquam*
Vix radicitus è vita ſe tollit, & ejicit
Sed facit eſſe ſui quiddam ſuper inſcius ipſe,
Nec removet ſatis à projecto corpore ſeſe; &
Vindicat.

No dying Man can truſs his Baggage ſo,
But ſomething of him he muſt leave below:
Nor from his Carcaſs that doth proſtrate lie
Himſelf can clear, or far enough can fly.

Ber-

Bertrand de Gleſquin, dying before the Caſtle of *Rancon* near unto *Puy* in *Auvergne*, the Beſieg'd were afterwards, upon Surrender, enjoyn'd to lay down the Keys of the Place upon the Corps of the dead General. *Bartolomew d' Alviano*, the *Venetian* General, hapning to die in the Service of the Republick in *Braſcia*; and his Corps being to be carried thorough the Territory of *Verona*, an Enemy's Country, moſt of the Army were of Opinion to demand ſafe Conduct from the *Veroneſe*, ſuppoſing, that upon ſuch an Occaſion it would not be denied: but *Theodoro Trivulſio* highly oppos'd the Motion, rather chooſing to make his way by force of Arms, and to run the hazard of a Battel, ſaying it was by no means decent, and very unfit, that he who in his Life was never afraid of his Enemies ſhould ſeem to apprehend them when he was dead. And in truth, in Affairs of almoſt the ſame Nature, by the *Greek* Laws, he who made Suit to an Enemy for a Body to give it Burial, did by that Act renounce his Victory, and had no more Right to erect a Trophy; and he to whom ſuch Suit was made, was ever, whatever otherwiſe the Succeſs had been, reputed Victor. By this means it was, that *Nicias* loſt the Advantage he had viſibly obtain'd over the *Corinthians*, and that *Ageſilaus* on the contrary, aſſur'd that he had before very doubtfully gain'd of the *Bœotians*. Theſe Proceedings might appear very odd, had it not been a general Practice in all Ages, not only to extend the Concern of our Perſons beyond the Limits

of Life, but moreover, to fanſie that the Favour of Heaven does not only very often accompany us to the Grave, but has alſo, even after Life, a Concern for our Aſhes: of which there are ſo many ancient Examples (waving thoſe of our own Obſervation of later date) that it is not very neceſſary I ſhould longer inſiſt upon it. *Edward* King of *England*, and the firſt of that Name, having in the long Wars betwixt him and *Robert* King of *Scotland*, had ſufficient Experience of how great Importance his own immediate Preſence was to the Succeſs of his Affairs, having ever been victorious in whatever he undertook in his own Perſon; when he came to die, bound his Son in a Solemn Oath, that ſo ſoon as he ſhould be dead, he ſhould boyl his Body till the Fleſh parted from the Bones, and reſerve them to carry continually with him in his Army, ſo often as he ſhould be oblig'd to go againſt the *Scots*; as if Deſtiny had inevitably grapled Victory even to thoſe miſerable Remains. *Jean Ziſca*, the ſame who ſo often in Vindication of *Wicliffe*'s Hereſies, infeſted the *Bohemian* State, left order that they ſhould flea him after his Death, and of his Skin to make a Drum, to carry in the War againſt his Enemies, fanſying it would much contribute to the Continuation of the Succeſſes he had always obtain'd in the War againſt them. In like manner, certain of the *Indians*, in a Day of Battel, with the *Spaniards*, carried with them the Bones of one of their Captains, in conſideration of the Victories they had formerly

merly obtain'd under his Conduct. And other People of the ſame new World do yet carry about with them in their Wars the Relicks of valiant Men who have dyed in Battel, to incite their Courage, and advance their Fortune: of which Examples, the firſt reſerve nothing for the Tomb, but the Reputation they have acquir'd by their former Atchievements; but theſe proceed yet further, and attribute a certain Power of Operation. The laſt Act of Captain *Bayard* is of a much better Compoſition; who, finding himſelf wounded to Death with a Harquebuze Shot, and being by his Friends importun'd to retire out of the Fight, made Anſwer, That he would not begin at the laſt Gaſp to turn his Back to the Enemy; and accordingly ſtill fought on, till feeling himſelf too faint, and no longer able to ſit his Horſe, he commanded his Steward to ſet him down againſt the Root of a Tree, but ſo that he might die with his Face towards the Enemy, which he alſo did. I muſt yet add another Example equally remarkable, for the preſent Conſideration, with any of the former. The Emperour *Maximilian*, great Grand-father to *Philip* the Second, King of *Spain*, was a Prince endowed throughout with great and extraordinary Qualities, and amongſt the reſt, with a ſingular Beauty of Perſon; but had withall, a Humour very contrary to that of other Princes, who for the diſpatch of their moſt Important Affairs convert their Cloſe-ſtool into a Chair of State, which was, that he would never permit any of his Bed-Cham-

Modeſty of *Maximilian* the Emperor.

ber, in what familiar degree of Favour ſoever, to ſee him in that Poſture; and would ſteal aſide to make Water as religiouſly as a Virgin, and was as ſhy to diſcover either to his Phyſician, or any other whatever, thoſe Parts that we are accuſtomed to conceal: and I my ſelf, who have ſo impudent a way of Talking, am nevertheleſs naturally ſo modeſt this way, that unleſs at the Importunity of Neceſſity, or Pleaſure, I very rarely and unwillingly communicate, to the Sight of any, either thoſe Parts or Actions that Cuſtom orders us to conceal, wherein I alſo ſuffer more Conſtraint than I conceive is very well becoming a Man, eſpecially of my Profeſſion: but he nouriſh'd this modeſt Humour to ſuch a degree of Superſtition, as to give expreſs Orders in his laſt Will, that they ſhould put him on Drawers ſo ſoon as he ſhould be dead; to which methinks he would have done well to have added, that he ſhould have been hoodwink'd too that put them on. The Charge that *Cyrus* left with his Children, that neither they nor any other ſhould either ſee or touch his Body after the Soul was departed from it, I attribute to ſome ſuperſtitious Devotion of his, both his Hiſtorian, and Himſelf, amongſt other great Qualities, having ſtrew'd the whole Courſe of their Lives with a ſingular Reſpect to Religion. I was by no means pleas'd with a Story was told me by a Man of very great Quality, of a Relation of mine, and one who had given a very good Account of himſelf both in Peace and War; that coming to die in a very old

Cyrus's Reverence to Religion. *Xenophon.*

Age,

Age, of an exceſſive Pain of the Stone, he ſpent the laſt Hours of his Life in an extraordinary Solicitude about ordering the Ceremony of his Funeral, preſſing all the Men of Condition who came to ſee him, to engage their Word to attend him to his Grave, importuning this very Prince, who came to viſit him at his laſt Gaſp, with a moſt earneſt Supplication, that he would order his Family to be aſſiſting there, and withal repreſenting before him ſeveral Reaſons and Examples to prove that it was a Reſpect due to a Man of his Condition; and ſeem'd to die content, having obtain'd this Promiſe, and appointed the Method and Order of this Funeral Parade. I have ſeldom heard of ſo long-liv'd a Vanity. Another, though contrary Solitude (of which alſo I do not want domeſtick Example,) ſeems to be ſomewhat a-kin to this; That a Man ſhall cudgel his Brains at the laſt Moments of his Life, to contrive his Obſequies to ſo particular and unuſual a Parſimony, as to conclude it in the ſordid expence of one ſingle Servant with a Candle and Lanthorn; and yet I ſee this Humour commended, and the Appointment of *Marcus Æmilius Lepidus*, who forbad his Heirs to beſtow upon his Hearſe even the common Ceremonies in uſe upon ſuch Occaſions. Is it yet Temperance and Frugality to avoid the Expence and Pleaſure of which the uſe and knowledge is imperceptible to us? See here an eaſie and cheap Reformation. If Inſtruction were at all neceſſary in this Caſe, I ſhould be of Opinion, that in this, as in all other Actions of

Life, the Ceremony and Expence ſhould be regulated by the Ability of the Perſon deceas'd; and the Philoſopher *Lycon* prudently order'd his Executors to diſpoſe of his Body where they ſhould think moſt fit, and as to his Funerals, to order them neither too ſuperfluous, nor too mean. For my part, I ſhould wholly referr the ordering of this Ceremony to Cuſtom, and ſhall, when the time comes, accordingly leave it to their Diſcretion, to whoſe Lot it ſhall fall to do me that laſt Office. *Totus hic locus eſt contemnendus in nobis non negligendus in noſtris*; The Place of our Sepulture is wholly to be contemn'd by us, but not to be neglected by our Friends; and it was a holy Saying of a Saint, *Curatio funeris, conditio Sepulturæ, pompa Exequiarum, magis ſunt vivorum ſolatia, quàm ſubſidia mortuorum*; The Care of Funerals, the Place of Sepulture, and the Pomps of Exequies, are rather Conſolations to the Living than any Benefit to the Dead. Which made *Socrates* anſwer *Criton*, who at the Hour of his Death ask'd him, how he would be buried, *How you will, ſaid he.* If I could concern my ſelf further than the Preſent about this Affair, I ſhould be moſt tempted, as the greateſt Satisfaction of this kind, to imitate thoſe who in their Life-time entertain themſelves with the Ceremony of their own Obſequies before-hand, and are pleas'd with viewing their own Monument, and beholding their own dead Countenance in Marble. Happy are they who can gratifie their Senſes by Inſenſibility, and live by their Death! I am ready to conceive an implacable

Cicero Tuſc. l. 1.

Auguſt. de civit. Dei.

implacable Hatred againſt all Democracy and Popular Government, (though I cannot but think it the moſt natural and equitable of all others) ſo oft as I call to mind the inhumane Injuſtice of the People of *Athens*, who, without Remiſſion, or once vouchſafing to hear what they had to ſay for themſelves, put to death their brave Captains newly return'd triumphant from a Naval Victory they had obtained over the *Lacedæmonians* near the *Arginuſian Iſles*; the moſt bloudy and obſtinate Engagement that ever the *Greeks* fought at Sea; for no other Reaſon, but that they rather followed their Blow and purſued the Advantages preſcribed them by the Rule of War, than that they would ſtay to gather up and bury their Dead: an Execution that is yet rendred more odious by the Behaviour of *Diomedon*, who being one of the condemn'd, and a Man of moſt eminent, both politick and military Vertue, after having heard their Sentence, advancing to ſpeak, no Audience till then having been allowed, inſtead of laying before them his own Innocency, or the Impiety of ſo cruel an Arreſt, only expreſs'd a Solicitude for his Judges Preſervation, beſeeching the Gods to convert this Sentence to their own Good, and praying that for neglecting to pay thoſe Vows which he and his Companions had done (which he alſo acquainted them with) in Acknowledgment of ſo glorious a Succeſs, they might not pull down the Indignation of the Gods upon them; and ſo without more Words went courageouſly to his Death. But

Fortune

Fortune a few Years after puniſhing them in their kind, made them ſee the Error of their Cruelty: for *Chabrias*, Captain-General of their Naval Forces, having got the better of *Pollis*, Admiral of *Sparta*, about the Iſle of *Naxos*, totally loſt the Fruits of his Succeſs and Content with his Victory of very great Importance to their Affairs, not to incur the danger of this Example, and loſe a few Bodies of his dead Friends that were floating in the Sea, gave opportunity to a world of living Enemies to ſail away in Safety, who afterwards made them pay dear for this unſeaſonable Superſtition.

Seneca Troa Choro. 2.

Quæris quo jaceas poſt obitum loco?
Quo non nata jacent.

Doſt ask where thou ſhalt lie when dead?
With thoſe that never Being had.

This other reſtores the ſenſe of Repoſe to a Body without a Soul:

Cicero Tuſc. l. 1.

Neque ſepulcrum, quo recipiat, habeat portum corporis:
Ubi remiſſa humana vita, Corpus requieſcat malis.

Nor with a Tomb as with a Haven bleſt,
Where, after Life, the Corps in Peace may reſt.

As Nature demonſtrates to us, that ſeveral dead things retain yet an occult Sympathy and relation to Life; Wine changes its flavour and complexion in Cellars, according to the changes and ſeaſons of the Vine from whence it came; and the Fleſh of Veniſon alters its condition

dition and taſte in the powd'ring-tub, according to the ſeaſons of the living Fleſh of its kind, as it is obſerved by the curious.

CHAP. IV.

That the Soul diſcharges her Paſſions upon falſe Objects, where the true are wanting.

A Gentleman of my Country, who was very often tormented with the Gout, being importun'd by his Phyſicians totally to reclaim his Appetite from all manner of ſalt Meats, was wont preſently to reply, that he muſt needs have ſomething to quarrel with in the extremity of his Fits, and that he fanſy'd, that railing at, and curſing one while the *Bologna* Sawſages, and another the dry'd Tongues and the Hamms, was ſome mitigation to his pain. And in good earneſt, as the Arm when it is advanc'd to ſtrike, if it fail of meeting with that upon which it was deſign'd to diſcharge the blow, and ſpends it ſelf in vain, does offend the Striker himſelf; and as alſo, that to make a pleaſant Proſpect the Sight ſhould not be loſt and dilated in a vaſt extent of empty Air, but have ſome Bounds to limit and circumſcribe it at a reaſonable diſtance:

Ventus ut amittit vires, niſi rōbore denſæ
Occurrant Sylvæ, ſpatio diffuſus inani.

(ſtood
As Winds do loſe their ſtrength, unleſs with-
By ſome dark Grove of ſtrong oppoſing wood.

So

So it appears, that the Soul, being tranſported and diſcompos'd, turns its violence upon it ſelf, if not ſupply'd with ſomething to oppoſe it, and therefore always requires an Enemy object on which to diſcharge its Fury and Reſentment. *Plutarch* ſays very well of thoſe who are delighted with little Dogs and Monkey's; that the amorous part that is in us, for want of a legitimate Object, rather than lie idle, does after that manner forge, and create one frivolous and falſe; as we ſee that the Soul, in the exerciſe of its Paſſions, inclines rather to deceive it ſelf, by creating a falſe and fantaſtical Subject, even contrary to its own Belief, than not to have ſomething to work upon. And after this manner Brute Beaſts direct their Fury to fall upon the Stone or Weapon that has hurt them, and with their Teeth even execute their Revenge upon themſelves, for the Injury they have receiv'd from another.

Claudian. *Pannonis haud aliter poſt ictum ſævior Urſa*
Cui jaculum parva Lybis amentavit habena,
Se rotat in vulnus telumque irata receptum
Impetit, & ſecum fugientem circuit Haſtam.

So the fierce Bear, made fiercer by the ſmart
Of the bold *Lybian's* mortal guided Dart,
Turns round upon the Wound, and the tough (Spear
Contorted o'er her Breaſt does flying bear.

What cauſes of the miſadventures that befall us do we not invent? what is it that we do not

not lay the fault to right or wrong, that we may have ſomething to quarrel with? Thoſe beautiful Treſſes, young Lady, you may ſo liberally tear off, are no way guilty, nor is it the whiteneſs of thoſe delicate Breaſts you ſo unmercifully beat, that with an unlucky Bullet has ſlain your beloved Brother: quarrel with ſomething elſe. *Livy*, ſpeaking of the *Roman* Army in *Spain*, ſays, that for the loſs of two Brothers, who were both great Captains, *Flere omnes repente, & offenſare capita*, that they all wept, and tore their Hair. 'Tis the common practice of Affliction. And the Philoſopher *Bion* ſaid pleaſantly of the King, who by handfulls pull'd his Hair off his Head for Sorrow, *Does this man think that Baldneſs is a Remedy for Grief?* Who has not ſeen peeviſh Gameſters worry the Cards with their Teeth, and ſwallow whole Bales of Dice in revenge for the Loſs of their Money? *Xerxes* whip'd the Sea, and writ a Challenge to Mount *Athos*; *Cyrus* employ'd a whole Army ſeveral days at work, to revenge himſelf of the River *Gnydus*, for the Fright it had put him into in paſſing over; and *Caligula* demoliſh'd a very beautiful Palace for the Pleaſure his Mother had once enjoy'd there. I remember there was a Story currant, when I was a Boy, That one of our Neighbouring Kings having receiv'd a Blow from the Hand of *GOD*, ſwore he would be reveng'd, and in order to it, made Proclamation, that for ten Years to come no one ſhould pray to him, or ſo much as mention him throughout his Dominions: by which we are

Livy dec. 3. *l.* 5.

not

not ſo much to take meaſure of the Folly, as the Vain-Glory of the Nation of which this Tale was told. They are Vices that indeed always go together; but ſuch Actions as theſe have in them more of Preſumption than want of Wit. *Auguſtus Ceſar*, having been toſt with a Tempeſt at Sea, fell to defying *Neptune*, and in the Pomp of the *Circenſian* Games, to be reveng'd, depos'd his Statue from the place it had amongſt the other Deities. Wherein he was leſs excuſable than the former, and leſs than he was afterwards, when having loſt a Battel under *Quintilius Varus* in *Germany*, in Rage and Deſpair he went running his Head againſt the Walls, and crying out, *O Varus!* give me my Men again! for theſe exceed all Folly, forasmuch as Impiety is joyn'd with it invading God himſelf, or at leaſt Fortune, as if ſhe had Ears that were ſubject to our Batteries; like the *Thracians*, who, when it Thunders or Lightens, fall to Shooting againſt Heaven with a *Titanian* Madneſs, as if by Flights of Arrows they intended to reduce God Almighty to Reaſon. Though the ancient Poet in *Plutarch* tells us,

Plutarch.

Point ne ſe faut courroucer aux affaires,
Il ne leur chaut de toutes nos choleres.

We muſt not quarrel Heaven in our Affairs,
That little for a mortal's Anger cares.

But we can never enough decry nor ſufficiently condemn the ſenſeleſs and ridiculous Sallies of our unruly Paſſions.

CHAP. V.

CHAP. V.

Whether the Governour of a place beſieg'd, ought himſelf to go out to parley.

Lucius Marcius, the *Roman* Legate in the War againſt *Perſeus* King of *Macedon*, to gain time wherein to re-inforce his Army, ſet on foot ſome Overtures of Accommodation, with which the King being lull'd aſleep, concluded a Ceſſation for certain days; by this means giving his Enemy opportunity and leiſure to repair his Arms, which was afterward the Occaſion of his own Ruine. The elder ſort of Senators, notwithſtanding mindfull of their Fore-fathers Vertue, were by no means ſatisfied with this Proceeding; but on the contrary condemn'd it, as degenerating from their ancient Practice, which they ſaid was by Valour, and not by Artifice, Surprizes, and Night-Encounters; neither by pretended Flight, Ambuſcadoes, and deceitful Treaties, to overcome their enemies; never making War till having firſt denounc'd it, and very often aſſign'd both the Hour and Place of Battel. Out of this generous Principle it was that they deliver'd up to *Pyrrhus* his treacherous Phyſician, and to the *Hetrurians* their diſloyal School-Maſter. And this was indeed a Procedure truly *Roman*, and nothing ally'd to the *Grecian* Subtility, nor the *Punick* Cunning, where it was reputed a Victory of leſs Glory to overcome by Force than

than Fraud. Deceit may ſerve for a nee but he only confeſſes himſelf overcome wh knows he is neither ſubdued by Policy, n Miſadventure, but by dint of Valour, in a fa and manly War. And it very well appears t the Diſcourſe of theſe good old Senators, th this fine Sentence was not yet receiv'd among them,

Æneid. l. 2. ——*Dolus an virtus quis in Hoſte requirat?*

No Matter if by Valour, or Deceit,
We overcome, ſo we the better get.

The *Achaians* (ſays *Polybius*) abhorr'd a manner of double-dealing in War, not rep ting it a Victory, unleſs where the Courag of the Enemy were fairly ſubdued, *Eam v*

Tacit. in Agric. *ſanctus, & ſapiens ſciet veram eſſe victoria quæ ſalva fide, & integra dignitate parabitu An honeſt and a prudent Man will acknowled that only to be a true Victory which he has obtain without Violation of his own Faith, or any B miſh upon his own Honour,* ſays another.

Ennius. *Vosne velit, an me regnare hera quidve ferat fo Virtute experiamur.*

If you or I ſhall rule, lets fairly try,
And Force and Fortune give the Victory.

In the Kingdom of *Ternates*, amongſt tho Nations which we ſo broadly call *Barbarian* they have a Cuſtom never to commence Wa till it be firſt denounc'd; adding withall, a ample Declaration of what they have to do

withal

withall, with what, and how many Men, what Ammunitions, and what both offenſive and defenſive Arms; but that being done, they afterward conceive it lawful to employ this Power without Reproach, any way that may beſt conduce to their own ends. The ancient *Florentines* were ſo far from obtaining any Advantage over their Enemies by Surprize, that they always gave them a Months Warning before they drew their Army into the Field, by the continual Tolling of a Bell they call'd *Martinella*. For what concerns us who are not ſo ſcrupulous in this Affair, and who attributed the Honour of the War to him who has the better of it, after what manner ſoever obtain'd, and who after *Lyſander* ſay, *Where the Lion's Skin is too ſhort we muſt etch it out with the Fox's Caſe.* The moſt uſual Occaſions of Surprize are deriv'd from this Practice, and we hold that there are no moments, wherein a Chief ought to be more circumſpect, and to have his Eye ſo much at watch, as thoſe of Parlies, and Treaties of Accommodation; and it is therefore become a general Rule amongſt the Martial men of theſe latter Times, that a Governour of a Place never ought in a time of Siege to go out to parly. It was for this that in our Fathers days the Seigneurs *de Montmard* and *d' Aſſigni* defending *Mouſon* againſt the Count *de Naſſau*, were ſo highly cenſur'd; yet in this Caſe it would be excuſable in that Governour, who going out, ſhould notwithſtanding do it in ſuch manner, that the Safety and Advantage ſhould be on his ſide; as *Count Guido de Rangoni* did at *Reggio* (if we

are to believe *Bellay*, for *Guicciardin* ſays it was he himſelf) when Monſieur *de l' Eſcut* approach'd to parly, who ſtept ſo little a way from his Fort, that a Diſorder hapning in the *interim* of Parly, not only Monſieur *de l' Eſcut* and his Party who were advanc'd with him, found themſelves by much the weaker, (inſomuch that *Aleſſandro de Trivulcio* was there ſlain) but he himſelf was conſtrain'd, as the ſafeſt way, to follow the Count, and relying upon his Honour to ſecure himſelf from the danger of the Shot within the very Walls of the Town. *Eumenes*, being ſhut up in the City of *Nora* by *Antigonus*, and by him importun'd to come out to ſpeak with him, as he ſent him word it was fit he ſhould to a better Man than himſelf, and one who had now an Advantage over him, return'd this notable Anſwer, Tell him, ſaid he, that *I ſhall never think any Man better than my ſelf, whilſt I have my Sword in my hand*: and would never conſent to come out to him, till firſt, according to his own Demand, *Antigonus* had deliver'd him his own Nephew *Ptolomeus* in Hoſtage. And yet ſome have done, rather better than worſe in going out in Perſon to parly with the Aſſailant; witneſs *Henry de Vaux*, a Cavalier of *Champagne*, who being beſieg'd by the *Engliſh* in the Caſtle of *Commercy*, and *Bartholomew de Bone*, who commanded at the *Leaguer*, having ſo ſapp'd the greateſt part of the Caſtle without, that nothing remain'd but ſetting Fire to the Props to bury the Beſieg'd under the Ruines, he requeſted the ſaid *Henry* to come out

to

to ſpeak with him for his own Good; which the other accordingly doing, with three more in Company with him, and his own evident Ruine being made apparent to him, he conceiv'd himſelf ſingularly oblig'd to his Enemy, to whoſe Diſcretion after he and his Garriſon had ſurrendred themſelves, Fire being preſently apply'd to the Mine, the Props no ſooner began to fail, but the Caſtle was immediately turn'd topſy turvy, no one Stone being left upon another. I could, and do, with great Facility, relie upon the Faith of another; but I ſhould very unwillingly do it in ſuch a Caſe, as it ſhould thereby be judg'd that it was rather an Effect of my Deſpair, and want of Courage, than voluntary, and out of Confidence and Security in the Faith of him with whom I had to do.

CHAP. VI.

That the Hour of Parly is dangerous.

I Saw notwithſtanding lately at *Muſſidan*, a Place not far from my Houſe, that thoſe who were driven out thence by our Army, and others of their Party, highly complain'd of Treachery, for that during a Treaty of Accommodation, and in the very *interim* that their Deputies were treating, they were ſurprized, and cut to pieces: a thing that peradventure in another Age, might have had ſome colour of foul Play; but (as I ſaid before) the Practice of Arms in theſe days is quite another thing, and there is now no Confidence

in an Enemy excuſable, till after, the laſt Seal of Obligation; and even then the Conqueror has enough to do to keep his Word: ſo hazardous a thing it is to intruſt the Obſervation of the Faith a Man has engag'd to a Town that ſurrenders upon eaſie and favourable Conditions, to the Neceſſity, Avarice, and Licence of a victorious Army, and to give the Souldier free Entrance into it in the heat of Bloud. *Lucius Æmilius Regillus*, a *Roman* Prætor, having loſt his time in attempting to take the City of *Phocæa* by force, by reaſon of the ſingular valour wherewith the Inhabitants defended themſelves againſt him, condition'd at laſt to receive them as Friends to the People of *Rome*, and to enter the Town, as into a Confederate City, without any manner of Hoſtility; of which he alſo gave them all poſſible Aſſurance: but having for the greater Pomp brought his whole Army in with him, it was no more in his Power, with all the Endeavour he could uſe, to command his People: ſo that Avarice and Revenge deſpiſing and trampling under foot both his Authority and all Military Diſcipline, he there at once ſaw his own Faith violated, and a conſiderable part of the City ſack'd and ruin'd before his Face. *Cleomenes* was wont to ſay, *That what Miſchief ſoever a Man could do his Enemy in time of War was above Juſtice, and nothing accountable to it in the Sight of Gods and Men.* And according to this Principle, having concluded a Ceſſation with thoſe of *Argos* for ſeven days, the third Night after he fell upon them when they

The Faith of military Men very uncertain.

they were all buried in Security and Sleep, and put them to the Sword; alledging for his Excuſe, That there had no Nights been mention'd in the Truce: but the Gods puniſh'd his Perfidy. In a time of Parly alſo, and that the Citizens were intent upon their Capitulation, the City of *Caſſilinum* was taken by Surprize, and that even in the Age of the juſteſt Captains, and the beſt Diſcipline of the *Roman* Militia: for it is not ſaid, that it is not lawful for us in Time and Place, to make Advantage of our Enemies want of Underſtanding, as well as their want of Courage: and doubtleſs War has a great many Privileges, that appear reaſonable, even to the Prejudice of Reaſon. And therefore here the Rule fails, *Neminem id agere ut ex alterius prædetur inſcitia,* That no one ſhould prey upon anothers Folly. *Cicero de Offic. l.* 3. But I am aſtoniſh'd at the great Liberty allow'd by *Xenophon* in ſuch Caſes, and that both by Precept, and the Example of ſeveral Exploits of his compleat General. An Author of very great Authority, I confeſs, in thoſe Affairs, as being in his own Perſon both a great Captain and a Philoſopher of the firſt Form of *Socrates* his Diſciples; and yet I cannot conſent to ſuch a meaſure of Licence as he diſpenſes in all Things and Places. Monſieur *d' Aubigny*, having beſieg'd *Capua*, and play'd a furious Battery againſt it, Signior *Fabricio Colonne*, Governour of the Town, having from a Baſtion begun to parly, and his Souldiers in the mean time being a little more remiſs in their Guard, our People took advantage of

their Security, enter'd the Place at unawars, and put them all to the Sword. And of later Memory, at *Yvoy*, Signior *Juliano Romero* having play'd that part of a Novice to go out to Capitulate with the Conſtable, at his Return found his Place taken. But, that we might not ſcape Scot-free, the Marquiſs of *Peſcara* having laid Siege to *Genoa*, where Duke *Octavio Fregoſa* commanded under our Protection, and the Articles betwixt them being ſo far advanc'd that it was look'd upon as a done thing, and upon the Point to be concluded, ſeveral *Spaniards* in the mean time being ſlip'd in under the Privilege of the Treaty, ſeiz'd on the Gates, and made uſe of this Treachery as an abſolute and fair Victory: and ſince at *Ligny* in *Barrois*, where the Count *de Brienne* commanded, the Emperor having in his own Perſon beleagur'd that Place, and *Bartheville*, the ſaid Count's Lieutenant, going out to parly, whilſt he was Capitulating the Town was taken.

Arioſto. Cant. 15.

Fu il vincer ſempre maji laudabil coſa
Vinca ſi o per fortuna, o per ingegno.

Fame ever does the Victor's Praiſes ring,
And Conqueſt ever was a glorious thing,
Which way ſoe'er the Conqu'rour purchas'd it,
Whether by Valour, Fortune, or by Wit.

ſay they: But the Philoſopher *Chryſippus* was of another Opinion, wherein I alſo concur; for he was us'd to ſay, That thoſe who Run a Race, ought to imploy all the Force they have in

in what they are about, and to run as faſt as they can; but that it is by no means fair in them to lay any hand upon their Adverſary to ſtop him, nor to ſet a Leg before him to throw him down. And yet more generous was the Anſwer of that great *Alexander* to *Polypercon* who perſuaded him to take the Advantage of the Nights Obſcurity to fall upon *Darius*; By no means (ſaid he) it is not for ſuch a Man as I am to ſteal a Victory, *Malo me fortunæ pœnitere, quam victoriæ pudeat*, I had rather repent me of my Fortune, than be aſham'd of my Victory. *Quint. Curt* l. 4.

Atque idem fugientem haud eſt dignatus Orodem
Sternere, nec jacta cœcum dare Cuſpide vulnus: Obvius, adverſoque occurrit, ſeque viro vir
Contulit, haud furto melior, ſed fortibus armis. *Æneid.* l. 10.

His Heart diſdain'd to ſtrike *Orodes* dead,
Or, unſeen, baſely wound him as he fled;
But gaining firſt his Front, wheels round, and
Bravely oppos'd himſelf to his Career: (there
And fighting Man to Man, would let him ſee
His Valour ſcorn'd both Odds and Policy.

CHAP. VII.

That the Intention is Judge of our Actions.

'TIS a Saying, *That Death diſcharges us of all our Obligations.* However, I know ſome who have taken it in another Sence. *Henry* the Seventh, King of *England*, articled with *Don Philip*, *Son* to *Maximilian* the Emperour, and Father to the Emperour *Charles* the Fifth, when

he had him upon *Engliſh* Ground, that the ſaid *Philip* ſhould deliver up the Duke of *Suffolk* of the *White Roſe*, his mortal Enemy, who was fled into the *Low Countries*, into his Hands; which *Philip* (not knowing how to evade it) accordingly promis'd to do, but upon condition nevertheleſs, that *Henry* ſhould attempt nothing againſt the Life of the ſaid Duke, which during his own Life he perform'd; but coming to die, in his laſt Will, commanded his Son to put him to Death immediately after his Deceaſe. And lately, in the Tragedy, that the Duke of *Alva* preſented to us in the Perſons of the two Counts, *Egmont* and *Horne*, at *Bruſſels*, there were very remarkable Paſſages, and one amongſt the reſt, that the ſaid Count *Egmont* (upon the ſecurity of whoſe Word and Faith Count *Horne* had come and ſurrendred himſelf to the Duke of *Alva*) earneſtly entreated that he might firſt mount the Scaffold, to the end that Death might diſinage him from the Obligation he had paſs'd to the other. In which Caſe, methinks Death did not acquit the former of his Promiſe, and the ſecond was ſatisfied in the good Intention of the other, even though he had not died with him: for we cannot be oblig'd beyond what we are able to perform, by reaſon that the Effects and Intentions of what we promiſe are not at all in our Power, and that indeed we are Maſters of nothing but the Will, in which, by neceſſity, all the Rules and whole Duty of Mankind is founded and eſtabliſh'd. And therefore Count *Egmont*, conceiving his Soul and Will bound

and

and indepted to his Promiſe, although he had not the Power to make it good, had doubtleſs been abſolv'd of his Duty, even though he had outliv'd the other; but the King of *England* willfully and premeditately breaking his Faith was no more to be excus'd for deferring the Execution of his Infidelity till after his Death, than *Herodotus* his Maſon, who having inviolably, during the time of his Life, kept the Secret of the Treaſure of the King of *Ægypt* his Maſter, at his Death diſcover'd it to his Children. I have taken notice of ſeveral in my time, who, convinc'd by their Conſciences of unjuſtly detaining the Goods of another, have endeavour'd to make amends by their Will, and after their Deceaſe: but they had as good do nothing and delude themſelves both in taking ſo much time in ſo preſſing an Affair, and alſo in going about to repair an Injury with ſo little Demonſtration of Reſentment and Concern. They owe over and above ſomething of their own, and by how much their Payment is more ſtrict and incommodious to themſelves, by ſo much is their Reſtitution more perfect, juſt, and meritorious; for Penitency requires Penance: but they yet do worſe than theſe, who reſerve the Declaration of a mortal Animoſity againſt their Neighbour to the laſt Gaſp, having conceal'd it all the time of their Lives before, wherein they declare to have little regard of their own Honour whilſt they irritate the Party offended againſt their Memory; and leſs to their Conſcience, not having the Power, even out of Reſpect to Death it ſelf,

to

to make their Malice die with them; but extending the Life of their Hatred even beyond their own. Unjuſt Judges, who deferr Judgment to a time wherein they can have no Knowledge of the Cauſe! For my part, I ſhall take Care, if I can, that my Death diſcover nothing that my Life has not firſt openly manifeſted, and publickly declar'd.

CHAP. VIII.

Of Idleneſs.

AS we ſee ſome Grounds that have long lain idle, and untill'd, when grown rank and fertile by reſt, to abound with, and ſpend their Vertue, in the Product of innumerable ſorts of Weeds, and wild Herbs, that are unprofitable, and of no wholſome uſe, and that to make them perform their true Office, we are to culvitate and prepare them for ſuch Seeds as are proper for our Service. And as we ſee Women that without the Knowledge of Men do ſometimes of themſelves bring forth inanimate and formleſs Lumps of Fleſh, but that to cauſe a natural and perfect Generation they are to be husbanded with another kind of Seed; even ſo it is with Wits, which if not applyed to ſome certain Study that may fix and reſtrain them, run into a thouſand Extravagancies, and are eternally roving here and there in the inextricable Labyrinth of reſtleſs Imagination.

Sicut

Sicut aquæ tremulum labris ubi lumen ahenis
Sole repercuſſum, aut radiantis imagine Lunæ,
Omnia pervolitat latè loca, jamque ſub auras
Erigitur, ſummique ferit laquearia tecti. *Æneid. l. 8.*

Like as the quivering Reflexion
Of Fountain Waters, when the Morning Sun
Darts on the Baſon, or the Moon's pale Beam
Gives light and Colour to the captive Stream,
Whips with fantaſtick motion round the place,
And Walls and Roof ſtrikes with its trembling (Rays.

In which wild and irregular Agitation, there is no Folly, nor idle Fancy they do not light upon:

——*velut ægri ſomnia, vanæ*
Finguntur ſpecies —— *Hor. de Arte Poetica.*

Like Sick mens Dreams, that from a troubled (Brain
Phantaſms create, ridiculous and vain.

The Soul that has no eſtabliſh'd Limit to circumſcribe it, loſes it ſelf, as the Epigrammatiſt ſays,

Quiſquis ubiq; habitat, maxime nuſquam habitat. *Martial. lib. 7. Epig. 72.*

He that lives every where, does no where live.

When I lately retir'd my ſelf to my own Houſe, with a Reſolution, as much as poſſibly I could, to avoid all manner of Concern in Affairs, and to ſpend in privacy and repoſe the little remainder of time I have to Live: I fan-

ſi'd

ſi'd I could not more oblige my mind than to ſuffer it at full leiſure to entertain and divert it ſelf, which I alſo now hop'd it might the better be entruſted to do, as being by Time and Obſervation become more ſetled and mature; but I find,

Lucan. l. 4. —— *variam ſemper dant otia mentem.*

—— Even in the moſt retir'd Eſtate
Leaſure it ſelf does various Thoughts create.

that, quite contrary, it is like a Horſe that has broke from his Rider, who voluntarily runs into a much more violent Career than any Horſeman would put him to, and creates me ſo many *Chimæra*'s and fantaſtick Monſters one upon another, without Order or Deſign, that the better at leiſure to contemplate their Strangeneſs and Abſurdity, I have begun to commit them to Writing, hoping in time to make them aſham'd of themſelves.

CHAP. IX.

Of Lyers.

THere is not a Man living, whom it would ſo little become to ſpeak of Memory as my ſelf, for I have none at all; and do not think that the World has again another ſo treacherous as mine. My other Faculties are all very ordinary and mean; but in this I think my ſelf very ſingular, and to ſuch a Degree

of Excellence, that (beſides the inconvenience I ſuffer by it, which merits ſomething) I deſerve methinks, to be famous for it, and to have more than a common Reputation: though, in truth the neceſſary uſe of Memory conſider'd, *Plato* had Reaſon when he call'd it a great and powerful Goddeſs. In my Country, when they would decypher a Man that has no Senſe, they ſay, ſuch a one has no Memory; and when I complain of mine, they ſeem not to believe I am in earneſt, and preſently reprove me, as tho I accus'd my ſelf for a Fool, not diſcerning the Difference betwixt Memory and Underſtanding; wherein they are very wide of my Intention, and do me Wrong: Experience rather daily ſhewing us on the contrary, that a ſtrong Memory is commonly coupled with infirm Judgment: and they do me moreover (who am ſo perfect in nothing as the good Friend) at the ſame time a greater Wrong in this, that they make the ſame Words which accuſe my Infirmity, repreſent me for an ingrateful Perſon; wherein they bring my Integrity and good Nature into Queſtion upon the account of my Memory, and from a natural Imperfection, unjuſtly derive a defect of Conſcience. He has forgot, ſays one, this Requeſt, or that Promiſe; he no more remembers his Friends, he has forgot, to ſay or do, or to conceal ſuch and ſuch a thing for my ſake. And truly, I am apt enough to forget many things, but to neglect any thing my Friend has given me in charge, I never do it. And it ſhould be enough methinks, that I feel the Miſery and Inconvenience

ence of it, without branding me with Malice, a Vice ſo much a Stranger, and ſo contrary to my Nature. However, I derive theſe Comforts from my Infirmity; firſt, that it is an Evil from which Principally I have found reaſon to correct a worſe, that would eaſily enough have grown upon me; namely, Ambition; this Defect being intolerable in thoſe who take upon them the Negotiations of the World, an Employment of the greateſt Honour and Truſt among Men: ſecondly, that (as ſeveral like Examples in the Progreſs of Nature demonſtrate to us) ſhe has fortified me in my other Faculties, proportionably as ſhe has unfurniſh'd me in this; I ſhould otherwiſe have been apt implicitely to have repos'd my Wit and Judgment upon the bare Report of other Men, without ever ſetting them to work upon any Inquiſition whatever, had the ſtrange Inventions and Opinions of the Authors I have read, been ever preſent with me by the Benefit of Memory: thirdly, That by this Means I am not ſo talkative, for the Magazine of the Memory is ever better furniſh'd with matter than that of the Invention; and had mine been faithful to me, I had ere this, deaf'd all my Friends with my eternal Babble, the Subjects themſelves rowſing and ſtirring up the little Faculty I have of handling, and applying them, heating and extending my Diſcourſe. 'Tis a great Imperfection, and what I have obſerv'd in ſeveral of my intimate Friends, who, as their Memories ſupply them with a preſent and entire Review of things, derive

derive their Narratives from ſo remote a Fountain, and crowd them with ſo many impertinent Circumſtances, that though the Story be good in it ſelf, they make a ſhift to ſpoil it; and if otherwiſe, you are either to curſe the Strength of their Memory, or the Weakneſs of their Judgment: and it is a hard thing to cloſe up a Diſcourſe, and to cut it ſhort, when you are once in, and have a great deal more to ſay. Neither is there any thing wherein the Force and Readineſs of a Horſe is ſo much ſeen, as in a round, graceful, and ſudden ſtop; and I ſee even thoſe who are pertinent enough, who would, but cannot ſtop ſhort in their Career: for whilſt they are ſeeking out a handſome Period to conclude the Sence, they talk at random, and are ſo perplex'd, and entangled in their own Eloquence, that they know not what they ſay. But above all, old Men, who yet retain the Memory of things paſt, and forget how often they have told them, are the moſt dangerous Company for this fault; and I have known Stories from the Mouth of a Man of very great Quality, otherwiſe very pleaſant in themſelves, become very troubleſome, by being a hundred times repeated over and over again. The fourth Obligation I have to this infirm Memory of mine, is, that by this means I leſs remember the Injuries I have receiv'd; inſomuch, that (as the Ancient ſaid) I ſhould have a *Protocole*, a Regiſter of Injuries, or a Prompter, like *Darius*, who, that he might not forget the Offence he had receiv'd from thoſe of *Athens*, ſo oft as he ſat down to Dinner,

Dinner, order'd one of his Pages three times to whoop in his Ear, *Sir, Remember the Athenians*: and alſo, the Places which I reviſit, and the Books I read over again, ſtill ſmile upon me with a freſh Novelty. It is not without good Reaſon ſaid, That he who has not a good Memory ſhould never take upon him the Trade of Lying. I know very well, that the *Grammarians* diſtinguiſh betwixt an *Untruth* and a *Lye*, and ſay, that to tell an *Untruth* is to tell a thing that is falſe, but that we our ſelves believe to be true; and that to *Lye*, is to tell a thing which we know in our Conſcience to be utterly falſe and untrue; and it is of this laſt ſort of Lyers only that I now ſpeak. Now theſe do either wholly contrive and invent the Untruths they utter, or ſo alter and diſguiſe a true Story, that it always ends in a Lye; and when they diſguiſe and often alter the ſame Story according to their own Fancy, 'tis very hard for them at one time or another to eſcape being trap'd, by reaſon that the real Truth of the Thing having firſt taken Poſſeſſion of the Memory, and being there lodg'd, and imprinted by the way of Knowledge and Science, it will be ever ready to preſent it ſelf to the Imagination, and to ſhoulder out any Falſhood of their own contriving, which cannot there have ſo ſure and ſettled Footing as the other; and the Circumſtances of the firſt true Knowledge evermore running in their Minds, will be apt to make them forget thoſe that are illegitimate, and only forg'd by their own Fancy. In what they wholly invent, foraſmuch

foraſmuch as there is no contrary Impreſſion to juſtle their Invention, there ſeems to be leſs danger of tripping; and yet even this alſo, by reaſon it is a vain Body, and without any other Foundation than fancy only, is very apt to eſcape the Memory, if they be not careful to make themſelves very perfect in their Tale. Of which I have had very Pleaſant Experience, at the Expence of ſuch as Profeſs only to form, and accommodate their Speech to the Affair they have in hand, or to the Humour of the Perſon with whom they have to do; for the Circumſtances to which theſe men ſtick not to enſlave their Conſciences; and their Faith being ſubject to ſeveral Changes, their Language muſt accordingly vary: from whence it happens, that of the ſame thing they tell one Man, that it is this, and another that it is that, giving it ſeveral Forms and Colours; which Men, if they once come to conferr Notes, and find out the Cheat, what becomes of this fine Art? To which may be added, that they muſt of Neceſſity very often ridiculouſly trap themſelves; for, what Memory can be ſufficient to retain ſo many different Shapes as they have forg'd upon one and the ſame Subject? I have known many in my Time, very ambitious of the repute of this fine piece of Diſcretion; but they do not ſee, that if there be a Reputation of being wiſe, there is really no Prudence in it. In plain Truth, Lying is a hateful and an accurſed Vice. We are not Men, nor have other Tye upon one another, but our Word. If we did but diſcover the Horror and ill Conſequen-

ces of it, we ſhould purſue it with Fire and Sword, and more juſtly than other Crimes. I ſee that Parents commonly, and with Indiſcretion enough, correct their Children for little innocent Faults, and torment them for wanton childiſh Tricks, that have neither Impreſſion, nor tend to any Conſequence: whereas, in my Opinion, Lying only, and (what is of ſomething a lower Form) Stomach, are the Faults which are to be ſeverely whip'd out of them, both in the Infancy and Progreſs of the Vices, which will otherwiſe grow up and increaſe with them; and after a Tongue has once got the Knack of lying, 'tis not to be imagined how impoſſible almoſt it is to reclaim it. Whence it comes to paſs, that we ſee ſome, who are otherwiſe very honeſt Men, ſo ſubject to this Vice. I have an honeſt Lad to my Taylor, who I never knew guilty of one Truth, no not when it had been to his Advantage. If *Falſhood* had, like *Truth*, but one Face only, we ſhould be upon better Terms; for we ſhould then take the contrary to what the *Lyer* ſays for certain Truth; but the Reverſe of *Truth* has an hundred thouſand Figures, and a Field indefinite without Bound or Limit. The *Pythagoreans* make *Good* to be certain and finite, and *Evil*, infinite and uncertain; there are a thouſand ways to miſs the White, there is only one to hit it. For my own part, I have this Vice in ſo great horror, that I am not ſure I could prevail with my Conſcience to ſecure my ſelf from the moſt manifeſt and extream Danger, by an impudent

dent and ſolemn Lye. An ancient Father ſays, *That a Dog we know is better Company than a Man whoſe Language we do not underſtand.* Ut externus non alieno ſit hominis vice, *As a Foreigner, to one that underſtands not what he ſays, cannot be ſaid to ſupply the Place of a Man*, becauſe he can be no Company. And how much leſs ſociable is falſe Speaking than Silence? King *Francis* the Firſt bragg'd, that he had, by this means, non-plus'd *Franciſco Taverna*, the Embaſſador of *Franciſco Sforza*, Duke of *Milan*, a Man very famous for his Eloquence in thoſe days. This Gentleman had been ſent to excuſe his Maſter to his Majeſty about a thing of very great Conſequence; which was this: King *Francis*, to maintain evermore ſome intelligence in *Italy*, out of which he had lately been driven, and particularly in the Dutchy of *Milan*, had thought it (to that end) convenient to have evermore a Gentleman on his Behalf to lie Leiger in the Court of that Duke; an Ambaſſador in Effect, but in outward Appearance no other than a private Perſon who pretended to reſide there upon the ſingle Account of his own particular Affairs; which was ſo carried, by reaſon that the Duke, much more depending upon the Emperour, eſpecially at a time when he was in a Treaty of a Marriage with his Neece, Daughter to the King of *Denmark*, and ſince Dowager of *Lorrain*, could not own any Friendſhip or Intelligence with us, but very much to his own Prejudice. For this Commiſſion then one *Merveille* a *Milanois* Gentleman, and a Querry to the King, being

Plin. Nat. Hiſt. lib. 7. cap. 1.

thought very fit, he was accordingly diſpatch'd thither with private Letters of Credence, his Inſtructions of Ambaſſador, and other Letters of Recommendation to the Duke about his own private Concerns, the better to colour the Buſineſs; and ſo long continued in that Court, that the Emperour at laſt had ſome Incling of his real Employment there, and complain'd of it to the Duke, which was the Occaſion of what followed after, as we ſuppoſe; which was, that under Pretence of a Murther by him committed, his Tryal was in two days diſpatch'd, and his Head in the Night ſtruck off in Priſon. Signior *Franciſco* then being upon this Account, come to the Court of *France*, and prepar'd with a long counterfeit Story to excuſe a thing of ſo dangerous Example, (for the King had apply'd himſelf to all the Princes of *Chriſtendom*, as well as to the Duke himſelf, to demand Satisfaction for this Outrage upon the Perſon of his Miniſter) had his Audience at the morning Council; where, after he had for the Support of his Cauſe, in a long premeditated Oration, laid open ſeveral plauſible Juſtifications of the Fact, he concluded, that the Duke his Maſter had never look'd upon this *Merveille* for other than a private Gentleman, and his own Subject, who was there only in order to his own Buſineſs, neither had he ever liv'd after any other manner; abſolutely diſowning that he had ever heard he was one of the King's Domeſtick Servants, or that his Majeſty ſo much as knew him, ſo far was he from taking him for

for an Ambaſſadour. When having made an end, and the King preſſing him with ſeveral Objections and Demands, and ſifting him on all hands, gravell'd him at laſt, by asking, why then the Execution was performed by Night, and as it were by Stealth? At which the poor confounded Ambaſſador, the more handſomly to diſingage himſelf, made Anſwer, That the Duke would have been very loath, out of Reſpect to his Majeſty, that ſuch an Execution ſhould have been perform'd in the Face of the Sun. Any one may gueſs if he was not well ſchool'd when he came home, for having ſo groſly trip'd in the Preſence of a Prince of ſo delicate a Noſtril as King *Francis*. Pope *Julius* the Second, having ſent an Ambaſſadour to the King of *England*, to animate him againſt King *Francis*, the Ambaſſadour having had his Audience, and the King, before he would give a poſitive Anſwer, inſiſting upon the Difficulties he found in ſetting on foot ſo great a Preparation as would be neceſſary to attack ſo Potent a King, and urging ſome Reaſons to that Effect, the Ambaſſadour very unſeaſonably reply'd, that he had alſo himſelf conſidered the ſame difficulties, and had repreſented as much to the Pope. From which Saying of his, ſo directly oppoſite to the Thing propounded, and the Buſineſs he came about, which was immediately to incite him to War, the King firſt deriv'd Argument (which alſo he afterwards found to be true) that this Ambaſſadour, in his own private Boſom, was a Friend to the *French*; of which having advertis'd the Pope, his Eſtate at

his Return home was confiſcate and himſelf very narrowly eſcap'd the loſing of his Head.

CHAP. X.

Of quick or ſlow Speech.

Onc ne fut à tous toutes Graces donnees.

All graces by All-liberal Heaven
Were never yet to all men given.

AS we ſee in the Gift of Eloquence, wherein ſome have ſuch a Facility and Promptneſs, and that which we call a *preſent* Wit, ſo eaſie, that they are ever ready upon all Occaſions, and never to be ſurpriz'd: and others more heavy and ſlow, never venture to utter any thing but what they have long Premeditated, and taken great Care and Pains to fit and Prepare. Now, as we teach young Ladies thoſe Sports and Exerciſes which are moſt Proper to ſet out the Grace and Beauty of thoſe Parts wherein their chiefeſt Ornament and Perfection lie; ſo in theſe two advantages of Eloquence, to which the Lawyers and Preachers of our Age ſeem Principally to pretend. If I were worthy to adviſe, the ſlow Speaker, methinks, ſhould be more Proper for the Pulpit, and the other for the Bar; and that becauſe the Employment of the firſt does naturally allow him all the Leiſure he can deſire to prepare himſelf, and beſides, his Carreer is perform'd in an even and unintermitted Line, without ſtop or interruption; whereas, the Pleader's Buſineſs and Intereſt compells

compells him to enter the Liſts upon all Occaſions, and the unexpected Objections and Replies of his adverſe Party, juſtle him out of his Courſe, and put him, upon the Inſtant, to pump for new and *extempore* Anſwers and Defences. Yet, at the Interview betwixt Pope *Clement* and King *Francis* at *Marcelles*, it happened quite contrary, that *Monſieur Poyett*, a man bred up all his Life at the Bar, and in the higheſt Repute for Eloquence, having the Charge of making the Harangue to the Pope committed to him, and having ſo long meditated on it before-hand, as (as it was ſaid) to have brought it ready made along with him from *Paris*; the very day it was to have been pronounc'd, the Pope, fearing ſomething might be ſaid that might give Offence to the other Princes Ambaſſadors who were there attending on him, ſent to acquaint the King with the Argument which he conceiv'd moſt ſuiting to the Time and Place, but by chance quite another thing to that *Monſieur de Poyett* had taken ſo much Pains about: ſo that the fine Speech he had prepared, was of no uſe, and he was upon the Inſtant to contrive another; which finding himſelf unable to do, Cardinal *Bellay* was conſtrain'd to perform that Office. The Pleader's Part is, doubtleſs, much harder than that of the Preacher; and yet, in my Opinion we ſee more paſſable Lawyers than Preachers. It ſhould ſeem that the nature of Wit is, to have its operation prompt and ſudden, and that of Judgment, to have it more deliberate, and more ſlow: but he who remains totally ſilent

for want of leiſure to prepare himſelf to ſpeak well, and he alſo whom leiſure does no ways benefit to better ſpeaking, are equally unhappy. 'Tis ſaid of *Severus*, that he ſpoke beſt *extempore*, that he ſtood more oblig'd to Fortune, than his own Diligence, that it was an advantage to him to be interrupted in ſpeaking, and that his Adverſaries were afraid to nettle him, leſt his Anger ſhould redouble his Eloquence. I know experimentally, a Diſpoſition ſo impatient of a tedious and elaborate Premeditation, that if it do not go frankly and gayly to work, can perform nothing to purpoſe. We ſay of ſome Compoſitions, that they ſtink of Oyl, and ſmell of the Lamp, by reaſon of a certain rough harſhneſs that the laborious handling imprints upon thoſe where great Force has been employ'd: but beſides this, the ſolicitude of doing well, and a certain ſtriving and contending of a mind too far ſtrain'd, and over-bent upon its Undertaking, breaks, and hinders it ſelf, like Water, that by force of its own preſſing violence and abundance, cannot find a ready iſſue through the neck of a Bottle, or a narrow Sluce. In this condition of Nature, of which I was now ſpeaking, there is this alſo, that it would not be diſorder'd, and ſtimulated with ſuch a Paſſion as the Fury of *Caſſius*; for ſuch a Motion would be too violent and rude: it would not be juſtled, but ſollicited, and would be rouz'd and heated by unexpected, ſudden, and accidental Occaſions. If it be left to it ſelf, it flags and languiſhes, Agitation only gives it grace and

Severus Caſſius.

nd vigour. I am always worſt in my own poſ-eſſion, and when wholly at my own diſpoſe. ccident has more title to any thing that comes rom me, than I; Occaſion, Company, and ven the very riſing and falling of my own oice, extract more from my Fancy, than I can nd when I examine and employ it by my ſelf; y which means, the things I ſay are better han thoſe I write, if either were to be preferr'd here neither are worth any thing. This al-o befalls me, that I am at a loſs, when I ſeek, nd light upon things more by chance, than by ny inquiſition of my own Judgment. I perhaps ometimes hit upon ſomething when I write hat ſeems queint and ſpritely to me, but will ppear dull and heavy to another. But let us eave this Subject. Every one talks thus of imſelf according to his Talent. For my part, I am already ſo loſt in it, that I know not what I was about to ſay, and in ſuch caſes, a tranger often finds it out before me. If I ſhould lways carry my Razor about me, to uſe ſo oft s this inconvenience befalls me, I ſhould make lean work: but ſome Occurrence or other, may at ſome other time, lay it as viſible to me s the Light, and make me wonder what I hould ſtick at.

CHAP. XI.

Of Prognoſtications.

FOr what concerns Oracles, it is certain, that a good while before the coming of our Saviour *Chriſt*, they began to loſe their Credit;

Credit; for we ſee that *Cicero* is troubled to find out the cauſe of their decay, in theſe words; *Cur iſto modo jam Oracula Delphis non eduntur, non modo noſtra ætate, ſed jam diu, ut nihil poſſit eſſe contemptius?* What ſhould be the reaſon that the Oracles at *Delphos* are ſo utter'd, not only in this Age of ours, but moreover a great while ago, that nothing can be more contemptible? But as to the other Prognoſticks, calculated from the Anatomy of Beaſts at Sacrifices, (which *Plato* does in part attribute to the natural Conſtitution of the Inteſtines of the Beaſts themſelves) the ſcraping of Poultry, the flights of Birds: *Aves quaſdam rerum augurandarum cauſa natas eſſe putamus*; We think ſome ſorts of Birds to be Purpoſely created upon the account of Augury, Claps of Thunder, the winding of *Rivers*, *Multa cernunt Aruſpices, multa Augures provident, multa Oraculis declarantur, multa Vaticinationibus, multa Somniis, multa Portentis*, Soothſayers and Augurs conjecture, and foreſee many things, and many things are foretold in Oracles, Prophecies, Dreams and Portents; and others of the like Nature, upon which Antiquity founded moſt of their publick and Private Enterprizes, Chriſtian Religion has totally aboliſh'd. And although there yet remain amongſt us ſome Practices of Divination from the Stars, from Spirits, from the Shapes and Complexions of men, from Dreams and the like, (a notable Example of the wild curioſity of our Nature to graſp at and anticipate future things, as if we

Cic. de Divin. l. 2.

Cic. de Natura Deor. l. 2.

Ibid.

we had not enough to do to digeſt the preſent)

—— *cur hanc tibi rector Olympi* Lucan. l. 2.
Solicitis viſum mortalibus addere curam,
Noſcant venturas ut dira per omnia clades?
Sit ſubitum quodcunque paras, ſit cœca futuri
Mens hominum fati, liceat ſperare timenti.

Why, thou great Ruler of *Olympus*, why
Haſt thou to timorous Mortality
Added this Care, that Men ſhould be ſo wiſe
To know, by *Omens*, future Miſeries?
Free us from this unneceſſary care,
Unlook'd for ſend the Ills thou doſt prepare;
Let humane Minds to future things be blind,
That Hope, amidſt our Fears, ſome place may find.

(*Ne utile quidem eſt ſcire quid futurum ſit: Miſerum eſt enim nihil proficientem angi*: It is not indeed convenient to know what ſhall come to paſs; for it is a miſerable thing to be vex'd and tormented to no purpoſe.) Yet are they of much leſs Authority now than heretofore. Which makes the Example of *Francis* Marqueſs of *Saluzzo*, ſo much more remarkable; who being Lieutenant to King *Francis* the Firſt, in his Army beyond the Mountains, infinitely favour'd and eſteem'd in our Court, and oblig'd to the King's Bounty for the Marquiſate it ſelf, which had been forfeited by his Brother; and as to the reſt, having no manner of Provocation given him to do it, and even his own Affection oppoſing any ſuch Diſloyalty;

Diſloyalty; ſuffer'd himſelf to be ſo terrified (as it was confidently reported) with the fine Prognoſticks that were ſpread abroad in favour of the Emperour *Charles* the Fifth, and to our Diſadvantage, (eſpecially in *Italy*, where theſe fooliſh Prophecies were ſo far believ'd, that great Sums of Money were laid, and others ventur'd out upon return of greater when they came to paſs, ſo certain they made themſelves of our Ruine) that having bewail'd to thoſe of his Acquaintance who were moſt intimate with him, the Miſchiefs that he ſaw would inevitably fall upon the Crown of *France*, and the Friends he had in that Court, he unhandſomly revolted, and turn'd to the other ſide; but to his own Misfortune nevertheleſs, what Conſtellation ſoever govern'd at that time. But he carried himſelf in this Affair like a Man agitated with divers Paſſions; for having both Towns and Forces in his hands, the Enemy's Army under *Antonio de Leva* cloſe by him, and we not at all ſuſpecting his Deſign, it had been in his Power to have done more than he did; for we loſt no Men by this Infidelity of his, nor any Town, but *Foſſan* only, and that after a long Siege, and a brave Defence.

Hor. l. 3. Ode 29.

Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginoſa nocte premit Deus,
Ridetque ſi mortalis ultra
Fas trepidat.

Th' Eternal Mover has in Shades of Night
Future Events conceal'd from humane ſight,

And

And Laughs when he does ſee the timorous Aſs
Tremble at what ſhall never come to paſs.

——— *ille potens ſui* *Ib. Ode 41.*
Lætuſque deget, cui licet in diem
Dixiſſe vixi cras vel atra
Nube Polum pater occupato,
Vel ſole puro.

He free and merrily may live, can ſay,
As the day paſſes I have liv'd to day;
And for to morrow little does take Care,
Let the World's Ruler make it foul or fair.

Lætus in præſens animus quod ultra eſt *Id. l. 2.*
Oderit curare: *Ode 16.*

A mind that's cheerful in its preſent State,
To think of any thing beyond will hate.

And thoſe who take this Sentence in a contrary Sence, interpret it amiſs. *Iſta ſic reciprocantur, ut & ſi Divinatio ſit, Dii ſint, & ſi Dii ſint, ſit Divinatio.* *Cic. de Divin. l. 2.* Theſe things have that mutual Relation to one another, that if there be ſuch a thing as Divination, there muſt be Deities; and if Deities, Divination. Much more wiſely *Pacuvius*;

Nam iſtis qui linguam avium intelligunt,
Pluſq; ex alieno jecore ſapiunt, quam ex ſuo, *Id. ex Pacuvio.*
Magis audiendum, quàm auſcultandum cenſeo.

Who the Birds Language underſtand, and who
More from Brutes Livers than their own do know,
Are rather to be heard than hearkened to.

The

The ſo celebrated Art of Divination amongſt the *Tuſcans*, took its Beginning thus: A Labourer ſtriking deep with his Coulter into the Earth, ſaw the Demy-God * *Tages* to aſcend with an Infantine Aſpect, but endued with a mature and Senile Wiſdom. Upon the Rumour of which, all the People ran to ſee the ſight, by whom his Words and Science, containing the Principles and means to attain to this Art, were recorded, and kept for many Ages. A Birth ſuitable to its Progreſs! I for my part ſhould ſooner regulate my Affairs by the chance of a Die, than by ſuch idle and vain Dreams. And indeed, in all Republicks, a good ſhare of the Government has ever been referr'd to chance. *Plato*, in the civil Regiment that he models according to his own Fancy, leaves the Deciſion of ſeveral things of very great Importance wholly to it, and will, amongſt other things, that ſuch Marriages as he reputes legitimate and good, be appointed by Lot, and attributing ſo great Vertue, and adding ſo great a Privilege to this accidental choice, as to ordain the Children begot in ſuch Wedlock to be brought up in the Country, and thoſe begot in any other to be thruſt out as ſpurious and baſe; yet ſo, that if any of thoſe Exiles, notwithſtanding, ſhould peradventure in growing up give any early hopes of future Vertue, they were in a Capacity of being recall'd, as thoſe alſo who had been retain'd, were of being exil'd in caſe they gave little Expectation of themſelves in their greener Years. I ſee ſome who are mightily given to Study,

* *Indigenæ dixere Tagem, qui primus Hetruſcam edocuit gentem caſus aperire futuros. Ovid. Meta. l.* 15.

Study, pore and comment upon their Almanacks, and produce them for Authority when any thing has fall'n out patt: though it is hardly poſſible, but that theſe well-Wiſhers to the Mathematicks in ſaying ſo much, muſt ſometimes ſtumble upon ſome Truths amongſt an infinite Number of Lyes. *Quis eſt enim qui totum diem jaculans non aliquando conlineet?* For who ſhoots all day at Buts that does not ſometimes hit the White? I think never the better of them for ſome accidental Hits. There would be more certainty in it if there were a Rule and a Truth of always lying. Beſides, no Body records their Flimflams and falſe Prognoſticks, foraſmuch as they are infinite and common; but if they chop upon one Truth, that carries a mighty Report, as being rare, incredible, and prodigious. So *Diogenes*, ſurnam'd the *Atheiſt*, anſwer'd him in *Samothrace*, who ſhewing him in the Temple the ſeveral Offerings and Stories, in Painting, of thoſe who had eſcap'd Shipwrack, ſaid to him, *Look you* (ſaid he) *you who think the Gods have no care of humane things, what do you ſay by ſo many Perſons preſerv'd from Death by their eſpecial Favour? Why, I ſay*, (anſwer'd he) *that their Pictures are not here who were caſt away, which were by much the greater number.* *Cicero* obſerves, that of all the Philoſophers who have acknowledg'd a Deity, *Xenophanes* only has endeavour'd to eradicate all manner of Divination: which makes it the leſs a Wonder, if we have ſometimes ſeen ſome of our Princes, to their own coſt

Adagium Cic. de Divin.

relie

relie too much upon theſe Fopperies. I wiſh I had given any thing, that I had with my own Eyes ſeen thoſe two great Rareties, the Book of *Joachim* the *Calabrian* Abbot, which foretold all the future Popes, their Names and Figures; and that of the Emperour *Leo*, which propheſied of all the Emperours and Patriarchs of *Greece*. This I have been an Eye-witneſs of, that in publick Confuſions, men aſtoniſh'd at their Fortune, have abandoned their own Reaſon ſuperſtitiouſly to ſeek out in the Stars the ancient Cauſes and Menaces of their preſent miſhaps, and in my time have been ſo ſtrangely ſucceſsfull in it, as to make men believe, that this Study, being proper to fix and ſettle piercing and volatile Wits, thoſe who have been any thing vers'd in this knack of unfolding and untying Riddles, are capable in any ſort of Writing, to find out what they deſire. But above all, that which gives them the greateſt Room to play in, is the obſcure, ambiguous, and fantaſtick Gibberiſh of their prophetick Canting, where their Authors deliver nothing of clear Sence, but ſhroud all in Riddle, to the end that Poſterity may interpret, and apply it according to their own Fancy. *Socrates* his *Dæmon*, or *Familiar*, might perhaps be no other but a certain Impulſion of the will, which obtruded it ſelf upon him without the advice or conſent of his Judgment; and in a Soul ſo enlightned as his was, and ſo prepar'd by a continual exerciſe of Wiſdom and Virtue, 'tis to be ſuppos'd, thoſe Inclinations of his, though ſudden and undigeſted, were ever very important,

tant, and worthy to be follow'd. Every one finds in himſelf ſome Image of ſuch Agitations, of a prompt, vehement, and fortuitous Opinion. 'Tis I that am to allow them ſome Authority, who attribute ſo little to our own Prudence, and who alſo my ſelf have had ſome, weak in Reaſon, but violent in Perſuaſion and Diſſuaſion, (which were moſt frequent with *Socrates*) by which I have ſuffer'd my ſelf to be carried away ſo fortunately, and ſo much to my own Advantage, that they might have been judg'd to have had ſomething in them of a Divine Inſpiration.

CHAP. XII.

Of Conſtancy.

THE Law of Reſolution and Conſtancy does not imply, that we ought not, as much as in us lies, to decline, and to ſecure our ſelves from the Miſchiefs and Inconveniences that threaten us; nor conſequently, that we ſhall not fear leſt they ſhould ſurprize us: on the contrary, all decent and honeſt ways and means of ſecuring our ſelves from Harms, are not only permitted, but moreover commendable, and the Buſineſs of Conſtancy chiefly is, bravely to ſtand to, and ſtoutly to ſuffer thoſe Inconveniences which are not otherwiſe poſſibly to be avoided. There is no motion of Body, nor any guard in the handling of Arms, how irregular or ungraceful ſoever,

that we diſlike or condemn, if they ſerve to deceive or to defend the Blow that is made againſt us; inſomuch, that ſeveral very warlike Nations have made uſe of a retiring and flying way of Fight, as a thing of ſingular Advantage, and by ſo doing have made their Backs more dangerous than their Faces to their Enemies. Of which kind of Fighting, the *Turks* yet retain ſomething in their Practice of Arms to this day; and *Socrates* in *Plato*, laughs at *Laches*, who had defin'd Fortitude to be a ſtanding firm in their Ranks againſt the Enemy: *What* (ſays he) *would it then be a reputed Cowardice to overcome them by giving Ground?* urging at the ſame time the Authority of *Homer*, who commends *Æneas* for his Skill in running away. And whereas *Laches*, conſidering better on't, juſtifies his firſt Argument upon the Practice of the *Scythians*, and in general all Cavalry whatever, he again attacks him with the Example of the *Lacedæmonian* Foot, (a Nation of all other the moſt obſtinate in maintaining their Ground) who in all the Battel of *Platea*, not being able to break into the *Perſian* Phalanx, unbethought themſelves to diſperſe and retire, that by the Enemies ſuppoſing they fled, they might break, and diſunite that vaſt Body of Men in the Purſuit, and by that Stratagem obtain'd the Victory. As for the *Scythians*, 'tis ſaid of them, that when *Darius* went his Expedition to ſubdue them, he ſent, by an Herald, highly to reproach their King, *That he always retir'd before him, and declin'd a Battel*; to which *In-*

dathyrſes

dathyrſez (for that was his Name) return'd Anſwer, *That it was not for fear of him, or of any Man living, that he did ſo, but that it was the way of Marching in practice with his Nation, who had neither till'd Fields, Cities, nor Houſes to defend, or to fear the Enemy ſhould make any Advantage of: but that if he had ſuch a Stomach to fight, let him but come to view their ancient place of Sepulture, and there he ſhould have his Fill.* Nevertheleſs as to what concerns Cannon Shot, when a Body of Men are drawn up in the Face of a Train of Artillery, as the Occaſion of War does often require, 'tis unhandſome to quit their Poſt to avoid the Danger, and a fooliſh thing to boot, foraſmuch as by reaſon of its Violence and Swiftneſs we account it inevitable, and many a one, by ducking, ſteping aſide, and ſuch other motions of Fear, has been ſufficiently laugh'd at by his Companions. And yet in the Expedition that the Emperour *Charles* the Fifth made into *Provence*, the *Marquis de Guaſt* going to diſcover the City of *Arles*, and venturing to advance out of the Blind of a Wind-mill, under favour of which he had made his Approach, was perceiv'd by the Seigneurs *de Bonneval* and the *Seneſchall* of *Agenois*, who were walking upon the *Theatre Aux arenes*; who having ſhew'd him to the Sieur *de Villiers*, Commiſſary of the Artillery, he travers'd a Culverine ſo admirable well, and levell'd it ſo exactly right againſt him, that had not the Marquis, ſeeing Fire given to it, ſlip'd aſide, it was certainly concluded, the Shot had taken him full

A Theatre where publick Shews of Riding Fenceing, *&c.* were exhibited.

full in the Body. And in like manner, ſome Years before, *Lorenzo de Medici*, Duke of *Urbin*, and Father to the Queen-Mother of *France*, laying Siege to *Mondolpho*, a Place in the Territories of the *Vicariat* in *Italy*, ſeeing the Cannoneer give Fire to a Piece that pointed directly againſt him, it was well for him that he duck'd, for otherwiſe, the Shot, that only raz'd the top of his Head, had doubtleſs hit him full in the Breaſt. To ſay truth, I do not think that theſe Evaſions are perform'd upon the account of Judgment; for how is any Man living able to Judge of high or low Aim on ſo ſudden an Occaſion? And it is much more eaſie to believe, that Fortune favour'd their Apprehenſion, and that it might be a means at another time, as well to make them ſtep into the danger, as to teach them to avoid it. For my own part I confeſs, I cannot forbear ſtarting when the Rattle of a Harquebuze thunders in my Ears on a ſudden, and in a place where I am not to expect it, which I have alſo obſerv'd in others, braver Fellows than I; neither do the Stoicks pretend, that the Soul of their Philoſopher ſhould be proof againſt the firſt Viſions and Fantaſies that ſurprize him; but as a natural Subject, conſent that he ſhould tremble at the terrible noiſe of Thunder, or the ſudden clatter of ſome falling Ruine, and be affrighted even to Paleneſs and Convulſion. And ſo in other Paſſions, provided a Man's Judgment remain ſound and intire, and that the Site of his Reaſon ſuffers no Concuſſion nor Alteration,

tion, and that he yields no conſent to his Fright and Diſcompoſure. To him who is not a Philoſopher, a Fright is the ſame in the firſt part of it, but quite another thing in the ſecond; for the Impreſſion of Paſſions does not remain only ſuperficially in him, but penetrates further, even to the very Seat of Reaſon and ſo, as to infect and to corrupt it. He Judges according to his Fear, and confirms his Behaviour to it. But in this Verſe you may ſee the true State of the wiſe Stoick learnedly and plainly expreſs'd:

Mens immota manet, lachrymæ volvuntur inanes. *Virg. Æn. l. 2.*

The Eye perhaps frail, fruitleſs ſhowers rains,
Whilſt yet the Mind firm and unſhook remains.

The wiſe Peripatetick is not himſelf totally free from perturbations of Mind, but he moderates them by his Wiſdom.

CHAP. XIII.

The Ceremony of the Interview of Princes.

THere is no Subject ſo frivolous, that does not merit a Place in this Rhapſody. According to the common Rule of Civility, it would be a kind of an Affront to an Equal, and much more to a Superiour, to fail of being at home, when he has given you notice he will come to viſit you. Nay, Queen *Margaret*

garet of *Navarr* further adds, that it would be a Rudeneſs in a Gentleman to go out to meet any that is coming to ſee him, let him be of what condition ſoever; and that it is more reſpective, and more civil to ſtay at home to receive him, if only upon the account of miſſing of him by the way, and that it is enough to receive him at the door, and to wait upon him to his Chamber. For my part, who as much as I can endeavour to reduce the Ceremonies of my Houſe, I very often forget both the one and the other of theſe vain Offices, and peradventure ſome one may take Offence at it; if he do, I am ſorry, but I cannot find in my heart to help it; it is much better to offend him once, than my ſelf every day, for it would be a perpetual ſlavery; and to what end do we avoid the ſervile attendance of Courts, if we bring the ſame, or a greater trouble, home to our own private Houſes? It is alſo a common Rule in all Aſſemblies, that thoſe of leſs quality are to be firſt upon the Place, by reaſon that it is a State more due to the better Sort to make others wait and expect them. Nevertheleſs, at the Interview betwixt Pope *Clement* and King *Francis* at *Marſelles*, the King, after he had in his own Perſon taken order in the neceſſary Preparations for his Reception and Entertainment, withdrew out of the Town, and gave the Pope two or three days reſpite for his Entry, and wherein to repoſe and refreſh himſelf before he came to him. And in like manner, at the Aſſignation of the Pope

Pope and the Emperour at *Bologna*, the Emperour gave the Pope leave to come thither firſt, and came himſelf after; for which, the reaſon then given was this; that at all the Interviews of ſuch Princes, the greater ought to be firſt at the appointed Place, eſpecially before the other, in whoſe Territories the Interview is appointed to be, intimating thereby a kind of deference to the other, it appearing proper for the leſs to ſeek out, and to apply themſelves to the greater, and not the greater to them. Not every Country only, but every City, and ſo much as every Society, have their particular Forms of Civility. There was care enough taken in my Education, and I have liv'd in good Company enough to know the Formalities of our own Nation, and am able to give Leſſon in it; I love alſo to follow them, but not to be ſo ſervilely tyed to their obſervation, that my whole Life ſhould be enſlav'd to Ceremony; of which there are ſome, that provided a man omits them out of Diſcretion, and not for want of Breeding, it will be every whit as handſom. I have ſeen ſome People rude, by being over-civil, and troubleſome in their Courteſie: though, theſe Exceſſes excepted, the knowledge of Courteſie and good Manners is a very neceſſary ſtudy. It is, like Grace and Beauty, that which begets liking and an inclination to love one another at the firſt ſight, and in the beginning of an Acquaintance and Familiarity; and conſequently, that which firſt opens the door, and intromits us to Better our ſelves by the Exam-

ple of others, if there be any thing in their Society worth taking notice of.

CHAP. XIV.

That Men are juſtly puniſh'd for being obſtinate in the Defence of a Fort that is not in reaſon to be defended.

VAlour has its bounds, as well as other Vertues, which once tranſgreſs'd, the next ſtep is into the Territories of Vice, ſo that by having too large a Proportion of this Heroick Vertue, unleſs a man be very perfect in its limits, which upon the Confines are very hard to diſcern, he may very eaſily unawares run into Temerity, Obſtinacy, and Folly. From this conſideration it is, that we have deriv'd the Cuſtom in times of War, to puniſh even with Death thoſe who are obſtinate to defend a Place that is not tenable by the Rules of War. In which caſe, if there were not ſome Examples made, men would be ſo confident upon the hopes of Impunity, that not a Hen-rooſt but would reſiſt, and ſtop a Royal Army. The Conſtable *Monſieur de Montmorency*, having at the Siege of *Pavie* been order'd to paſs the *Teſine*, and to take up his Quarters in the *Fauxburg St. Antonie*, being hindred ſo to do by a Tower that was at the end of the Bridge, which was ſo impudent as to endure a Battery, hang'd every man he found within it for their labour. And

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again ſince, accompanying the *Dauphine* in his Expedition beyond the *Alpes*, and taking the Caſtle of *Villane* by Aſſault, and all within it being put to the Sword, the Governour and his Enſign only excepted, he caus'd them both to be truſs'd up for the ſame reaſon; as alſo did Captain *Martin du Bellay*, then Governour of *Turin*, the Governour of *St. Bony*, in the ſame Country, all his People being cut in pieces at the taking of the Place. But foraſmuch as the Strength or Weakneſs of a Fortreſs is always meaſur'd by the Eſtimate and Counterpoiſe of the Forces that attack it (for a Man might reaſonably enough deſpiſe two Culverines, that would be a Mad-man to abide a Battery of thirty pieces of Cannon) where alſo the greatneſs of the Prince who is Maſter of the Field, his Reputation, and the Reſpect that is due unto him, is always put into the Balance, 'tis dangerous to affront ſuch an Enemy: and beſides, by compelling him to force you, you poſſeſs him with ſo great an Opinion of himſelf and his Power, that thinking it unreaſonable any Place ſhould dare to ſhut their Gates againſt his victorious Army, he puts all to the Sword, where he meets with any Oppoſition, whilſt his Fortune continues; as is very plain in the fierce and arrogant Forms of ſummoning Towns, and denouncing War: ſavouring ſo much of *Barbarian* Pride and Inſolence in uſe amongſt the Oriental Princes, and which their Succeſſors to this day do yet retain and practiſe. And even in that remote Part of the World where the

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Portugueſe ſubdued the *Indians*, they found ſome States where it was an univerſal and inviolable Law amongſt them, that every Enemy, overcome by the King in Perſon, or by his repreſentative Lieutenant, was out of Compoſition both of Ranſome and Mercy. So that above all things, a Man ſhould take heed of falling into the hands of a Judge who is an Enemy and victorious.

CHAP. XV.

Of the Puniſhment of Cowardice.

I Once heard of a Prince, and a great Captain, having a Narration given him as he ſat at Table of the proceeding againſt Monſieur *de Vervins*, who was ſentenc'd to Death for having ſurrendred *Bullen* to the *Engliſh*, openly maintain'd, that a Souldier could not juſtly be put to Death for his want of Courage. And, in truth, a Man ſhould make a great Difference betwixt Faults that merely proceed from Infirmity, and thoſe that are viſibly the Effects of Treachery and Malice: for in the laſt they will fully act againſt the Rules of Reaſon that Nature has imprinted in us; whereas in the former it ſeems as if we might produce the ſame Nature, who left us in ſuch a ſtate of Imperfection, and defect of Courage for our juſtification. Inſomuch, that many have thought we are not juſtly queſtionable for anything, but what we commit againſt the Light of

of our own Conſcience. And it is partly upon this Rule, that thoſe ground their Opinion, who diſapprove of Capital and Sanguinary Puniſhments inflicted upon Hereticks and Miſcreants; and theirs alſo, who hold that an Advocate or a Judge are not accountable for having ignorantly fail'd in their Adminiſtration. But as to Cowardice, it is moſt certain, that the moſt uſual way of chaſtiſing that is by Ignominy and Diſgrace; and it is ſuppos'd, that this Practice was firſt brought into uſe by the Legiſlator *Cherondas*; and that before his time the Laws of *Greece* puniſh'd thoſe with Death who fled from a Battel; whereas he ordain'd only that they ſhould be three days expos'd in the publick Place dreſs'd in Womens Attire, hoping yet for ſome Service from them, having awak'd their Courage by this open Shame; *Suffundere malis hominis ſanguinem quàm effundere*, chooſing rather to bring the Blood into their Cheeks than to let it out of their Bodies. It appears alſo, that the *Roman* Laws did anciently puniſh thoſe with Death who had run away: for *Ammianus Marcellinus* ſays, that the Emperour *Julian* commanded ten of his Souldiers, who had turn'd their Backs in an Encounter againſt the *Parthians*, to be firſt degraded, and afterwards put to death, according (ſays he) to the ancient Laws, and yet elſe-where for the like Offence, he only condemns others to remain amongſt the Priſoners under the Bagage Enſign. The puniſhment the People of *Rome* inflicted upon thoſe who fled from the Battel of *Canna*, and thoſe who run away with

with *Cneius Fulvius*, at his Defeat, did not extend to death. And yet methinks Men ſhould conſider what they do in ſuch Caſes, leſt diſgrace ſhould make ſuch Delinquents deſperate, and not only faint Friends but implacable and mortal Enemies. Of late memory, the *Seigneur de Franget*, Lieutenant to the Mareſchal *de Chattilion*'s Company, having by the Mareſchal *de Chabanes* been put in Governour of *Fontarabie*, in the Place of *Monſieur de Lude*, and having ſurrender'd it to the *Spaniard*, he was for that condemn'd to be degraded from all Nobility, and both himſelf and his Poſterity declar'd ignoble, taxable, and for ever incapable of bearing Arms; which ſevere Sentence was afterwards accordingly executed at *Lions*: and ſince that all the Gentlemen who who were in *Guiſe* when *Count Naſſau* enter'd into it underwent the ſame puniſhment, as ſeveral others have done ſince for the like Offence. Notwithſtanding, in caſe of ſuch a manifeſt Ignorance or Cowardice as exceeds all other ordinary Example, 'tis but reaſon to take it for a ſufficient Proof of Treachery and Malice, and for ſuch it ought to be cenſur'd and puniſh'd.

CHAP. XVI.

A Proceeding of ſome Ambaſſadors.

I Obſerve in all my Travels this Cuſtom, ever to learn ſomething from the Information of thoſe with home I confer (which is the beſt

beſt School of all other) and to put my Company upon thoſe Subjects they are the beſt able to ſpeak of:

Baſti al nocchiero ragionar de venti,
Al bifolco de i Tori, & le ſue Pyaghe
Conti'l guerrier, conti'l Paſtor gli armenti.

Arioſto.

Navita de ventis, de tauris narrat arator. Ememorat miles vulnera, paſtor oves. Propert.

The Sea-men beſt can reaſon of the Winds,
Of Oxen none ſo well as lab'ring Hinds;
The huffing Souldier beſt of Wounds and Knocks,
And gentler Shepherds of their harmleſs Flocks.

For it often falls out, that, on the contrary, every one will rather chooſe to be prating of another Man's Province than his own, thinking it ſo much new reputation acquir'd; witneſs the ſeer *Archidamus* put upon *Periander*, *That he had quitted the Glory of being an excellent Phyſician to gain the Repute of a very bad Poet.* And do but obſerve how large and ample *Cæſar* is to make us underſtand his Invention of building Bridges, and contriving Engines of War, and how ſuccinct and reſerv'd in Compariſon, where he ſpeaks of the Offices of his Profeſſion, his own Valour, and military Conduct. His Exploits ſufficiently prove him a great Captain, and that he knew well enough; but he would be thought a good Engineer to boot; a quality ſomething rare, and not much to be expected in him. The elder *Dionyſius* was a very great Captain, as it befitted his Fortune he ſhould be; but he

he took very great Pains to get a particular Reputation by Poetry, and yet he was never cut out for a Poet. A Gentleman of the long Robe being not long ſince brought to ſee a Study furniſh'd with all ſorts of Books, both of his own and all other Faculties, took no occaſion at all to entertain himſelf with any of them, but fell very rudely and impertinently to diſcant upon a Barricado plac'd before the Study-door, a thing that a hundred Captains and common Souldiers ſee every day without taking any notice or offence.

Optat ephippia bos piger, optat arare caballus.

The lazy Oxe would Saddle have and Bit,
The Steed a Yoke, neither for either fit.

By this courſe a Man ſhall never improve himſelf, nor arrive at any Perfection in any thing. He muſt therefore make it his Buſineſs, always to put the Architect, the Painter, the Statuary, as alſo every Mechanick Artizan, upon diſcourſe of their own Capacities. And to this purpoſe, in reading Hiſtories, which is every Body's Subject, I uſe to conſider what kind of Men are the Authors; which, if Perſons that profeſs nothing but mere Learning, I, in and from them principally obſerve and learn the Stile and Language; if Phyſicians, I upon that account the rather incline to credit what they report of the Temperature of the Air, of the Health and Complexions of Princes, of Wounds, and Diſeaſes; if Lawyers, we are from them to take notice of

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the Controverſies of Right and Title, the Eſtabliſhment of Laws and Civil Government, and the like; if Divines, the Affairs of the Church, Eccleſiaſtical Cenſures, Marriages and Diſpenſations; if Courtiers, Manners and Ceremonies; if Souldiers, the things that properly belong to their Trade, and principally the Accounts of ſuch Actions and Enterprizes wherein they were perſonally engaged; and if Ambaſſadours, we are to obſerve their Negotiations, Intelligences, and Practices, and the Manner how they are to be carried on. And this is the reaſon why (which perhaps I ſhould have lightly paſs'd over in another) I dwelt upon and maturely conſider'd one Paſſage in the Hiſtory writ by Mounſieur *de Langey* (a Man of very great Judgment in things of that nature) which was, after having given a Narrative of the fine Oration *Charles* the Fifth had made in the Conſiſtory at *Rome*, and in the Preſence of the Biſhop of *Maſcon* and Monſieur *de Velley* our Ambaſſadours there, wherein he had mixed ſeveral tart and injurious Expreſſions to the Diſhonour of our Nation; and amongſt the reſt, *That if his Captains and Souldiers were not Men of another kind of Fidelity, Reſolution, and ſufficiency in the Knowledge of Arms, than thoſe of the King, he would immediately go with a Rope about his Neck and ſue to him for Mercy*, (and it ſhould ſeem the Emperour had really this, or a very little better Opinion of our military Men, for he afterward, twice or thrice in his Life, ſaid the very ſame thing) as alſo, that he challenged the

the King to fight him in his Shirt with Rapier and Poiniard in a Boat: the ſaid *Sieur de Langey* purſuing his Hiſtory, adds, that the forenam'd Ambaſſadours, ſending a Diſpatch to the King of theſe things, conceal'd the greateſt part, and particularly the two laſt Paſſages. At which I could not but wonder, that it ſhould be in the Power of an Ambaſſadour to diſpenſe with any thing which he ought to ſignifie to his Maſter, eſpecially of ſo great Importance as this, coming from the Mouth of ſuch a Perſon, and ſpoke in ſo great an Aſſembly; and ſhould rather conceive it had been the Servant's Duty faithfully to have repreſented to him the whole and naked Truth as it paſt, to the end that the Liberty of diſpoſing, Judging and concluding, might abſolutely have remain'd in him: for either to conceal, or to diſguiſe the Truth for fear he ſhould take it otherwiſe than he ought to do, and leſt it ſhould prompt him to ſome extravagant Reſolution, and in the mean time to leave him ignorant of his Affairs, ſhould ſeem, methinks, rather to belong to him who is to give the Law, than to him who is only to receive it; to him who is in ſupream Command, and beſt can judge of his own Intereſts, and not to him who ought to look upon himſelf as inferior in Authority, ſo alſo in Prudence and good Counſel: but let it be how it will, I for my part would be loth to be ſo ſerv'd in my little Concerns. We do ſo willingly ſlip the Collar of Command upon any Pretence whatever, and are ſo

ſo ready to uſurp upon Dominion, and every one does ſo naturally aſpire to Liberty and Power, that no Utility whatever deriv'd from the Wit or Valour of thoſe he does employ, ought to be ſo dear to a Superiour, as a downright and ſincere Obedience. To obey more upon the Account of Underſtanding than of Subjection, is to corrupt the Office, and to ſubvert the Power of Command; inſomuch that *P. Craſſus*, the ſame whom the *Romans* reputed five times happy, at the time when he was Conſul in *Aſia*, having ſent to a Greek Engineer to cauſe the greater of two Maſts of Ships that he had taken notice of at *Athens*, to be brought to him, to be employed about ſome Engine of Battery he had a deſign to make; the other preſuming upon his own Science and ſufficiency in thoſe Affairs, thought fit to do otherwiſe than directed, and to bring the leſs; which alſo, according to the Rules of Art, was really more proper for the uſe to which it was deſign'd: but *Craſſus*, though he gave ear to his Reaſon with great Patience, would not however take them, how ſound or convincing ſoever, for current Pay, but yet remained ſo highly offended at his Diſobedience, that he caus'd him to be ſufficiently whip'd for his Pains, valuing the Intereſt of Diſcipline much more than of the thing. Notwithſtanding, we may on the other ſide conſider, that ſo preciſe and implicite an Obedience as this, is only due to poſitive and limitted Commands. The Employment of an Ambaſſadour is never ſo confin'd;

ſeveral things in the management of Affairs, and in the various and unforeſeen Occurrences and Accidents that may fall out in the Management of a Negotiation of this nature, being wholly referr'd to the abſolute Sovereignty of their own Conduct: neither do they ſimply execute only, but alſo to their own Diſcretion and Wiſdom form and model their Maſter's Pleaſure; and I have in my time known Men of command who have been check'd for having rather obeyed the expreſs Words of the King's Letters, than the neceſſity of the Affairs they had in hand. Men of Underſtanding do yet to this day condemn the Cuſtom of the Kings of *Perſia*, to give their Lieutenants and Agents ſo little Rein, that upon the leaſt ariſing Difficulties they muſt evermore have Recourſe to their further Commands; this delay in ſo vaſt an extent of Dominion having often very much prejudic'd their Affairs. And *Craſſus*, writing to a Man whoſe Profeſſion it was beſt to underſtand thoſe things, and pre-acquainting him to what uſe this Maſt was deſign'd, did he not ſeem to conſult his Advice, and in a manner invite him to interpoſe his better Judgment.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

Of Fear.

Obſtupui, ſteteruntque comæ & vox faucibus hæſit. *Virg. Æn. l. 2.*

I was amaz'd, ſtruck Speechleſs, and my Hair
On end upon my Head did wildly ſtare.

I Am not ſo good a Naturaliſt as to diſcern by what ſecret Springs *Fear* has its motion in us; but I am wiſe enough to know, that it is a ſtrong Paſſion, and ſuch a one, that the Phyſicians ſay there is no other whatever that ſooner diſthrones our Judgment from its proper Seat; which is ſo true, that I my ſelf have ſeen very many become frantick thorough Fear; and even in thoſe of the beſt ſettled Temper, it is moſt certain, that it begets a terrible Aſtoniſhment and Confuſion during the Fit. I omit the Vulgar ſort, to whom it one while repreſents their Great-Grandſires, riſen out of their Graves in their Shrowds, another while *Hob-Goblins*, *Spectres* and *Chimæra's* but even amongſt Souldiers (a ſort of men over whom, of all others, it ought to have the leaſt Power) how often has it converted Flocks of Sheep into armed Squadrons, Reeds and Bull-ruſhes into Pikes and Launces, Friends into Enemies, and the *French* White into the Red Croſſes of *Spain!* When *Monſieur de Bourbon* took the City of *Rome*, an Enſign who was upon the Guard at the Bourg *St. Pierre*, was ſeiz'd with ſuch a

Fright upon the firſt Alarm, that he threw himſelf out at a Breach with his Colours upon upon his Shoulder, and ran directly upon the Enemy, thinking he had retreated toward the inward Defences of the City, and with much ado, ſeeing *Monſieur de Bourbon*'s, People, who thought it had been a Sally upon them, draw up to receive him, at laſt came to himſelf, and ſaw his Error; and then facing about, he retreated full ſpeed thorough the ſame Breach by which he had gone out; but not till he had firſt blindly advanc'd above three hundred Paces into the open Field. It did not however fall out ſo well with Captain *Julius* his Enſign at the time when St. *Paul* was taken from us by the Count *De Bures* and Monſieur *du Reu*, for he, being ſo aſtoniſh'd with Fear, as to throw himſelf and his Fellows out at a Skyt-gate, was immediately cut to pieces by the Enemy; and in the ſame Siege it was a very memorable Fear, that ſo ſeiz'd, contracted, and froze up the Heart of a young Gentleman, that he ſunk down ſtone dead in the Breach, without any manner of Wound or Hurt at all. The like Madneſs does ſometimes puſh on a whole Multitude; for in one of the Encounters that *Germanicus* had with the *Germans*, two great Parties were ſo amaz'd with Fear, that they ran two oppoſite ways, the one and the other to the ſame place, from which either of them had fled before. Sometimes it adds Wings to the Heels, as in the two firſt, and ſometimes nails them to the Ground, and fetters them from

from moving; as we read of the Emperour *Theophilus*, who in a Battel he loſt againſt the *Agarens*, was ſo aſtoniſh'd and ſtupified, that he had no Power to fly; *adeo pavor etiam auxilia formidat*, ſo much does Fear dread even the means of Safety; till ſuch time as *Manuel*, one of the principal Commanders of his Army, having jogg'd and ſhak'd him ſo as to rouze him out of his Trance, ſaid to him, *Sir, if you will not follow me, I will kill you: for it is better you ſhould loſe your Life, than, by being taken, to loſe your Empire.* But Fear does then manifeſt its utmoſt Power and Effect, when it throws us upon a valiant Deſpair, having before depriv'd us of all ſenſe both of Duty and Honour. In the firſt pitch'd Battel the *Romans* loſt againſt *Hannibal*, under the Conſul *Sempronius*, a Body of ten thouſand Foot, that had taken a Fright, ſeeing no other Eſcape for their Cowardice, went, and threw themſelves head-long upon the great Battalion of the Enemies, which alſo with wonderful force and fury they charg'd thorough and thorough, and routed with a very great ſlaughter of the *Carthaginians*, by that means purchaſing an ignominious flight at the ſame price they might have done a glorious Victory. The thing in the World I am moſt afraid of is *Fear*, and with good reaſon, that Paſſion alone, in the trouble of it, exceeding all other Accidents. What Affliction could be greater or more juſt than that of *Pompey's* Followers and Friends, who, in his Ship, were Spectators of that horrid and inhumane murther? Yet ſo it

Quint. Curt. l. 3.

was, that the Fear of the *Egyptian* Veſſels they ſaw coming to board them, poſſeſs'd them with ſo great a Fear, that it is obſerv'd they thought of nothing, but calling upon the Mariners to make haſte, and by force of Oars to eſcape away, till being arriv'd at *Tyre*, and deliver'd from the apprehenſion of further danger, they then had leiſure to turn their thoughts to the loſs of their Captain, and to give vent to thoſe tears and lamentations that the other more prevalent Paſſion had till then ſuſpended.

Tum pavor ſapientiam omnem mihi ex animo expectorat.

My Mind with great and ſudden fear oppreſt,
Was, for the time, of Judgment diſpoſſeſs'd.

Such as have been well bang'd in ſome Skirmiſh, may yet, all wounded and bloody as they are, be brought on again the next day to charge: but ſuch as have once conceiv'd a good ſound Fear of the Enemy, will never be made ſo much as to look him in the Face. Such as are in immediate Fear of loſing their Eſtates, of Baniſhment, or of Slavery, live in perpetual Anguiſh, and loſe all Appetite and Repoſe; whereas ſuch as are actually poor, Slaves and Exiles, oft-times live as merrily as Men in a better Condition: and ſo many People, who impatient of the perpetual Alarms of Fear, have hang'd and drown'd themſelves, give us ſufficiently to underſtand, that it is more importunate and inſupportable than Death

it

it ſelf. The *Greeks* acknowledge another kind of Fear exceeding any we have ſpoke of yet, a Paſſion that ſurprizes us without any viſible Cauſe, by an impulſe from Heaven; ſo that whole Armies and Nations have been ſtruck with it. Such a one was that, which brought ſo wonderful a Deſolation upon *Carthage*, where nothing was to be heard but Voices, and Outcries of Fear, where the Inhabitants were ſeen to ſally out of their Houſes as to an Alarm, and there to charge, wound, and kill one another, as if they had been Enemies come to ſurprize their City. All things were in ſtrange Diſorder and Fury, till with Prayers and Sacrifices they had appeas'd their Gods: and this is that they call a Panick Terror.

CHAP. XVIII.

That Men are not to judge of our Happineſs till after Death.

——— *ſcilicet ultima ſemper*
Expectanda dies homini eſt, dicique beatus,
Ante obitum nemo ſupremaque funera debet.

Ovid. Met. l. 3.

Mens laſt days ſtill to be expected are,
E're we of them our Judgments do declare;
Nor can't of any one be rightly ſaid,
That he is happy, till he firſt be dead.

EVery one is acquainted with the Story of King *Cræſus* to this purpoſe who being taken Priſoner by *Cyrus*, and by him con-

demn'd to die, as he was going to Execution, cry'd out, *O Solon, Solon!* which being preſently reported to *Cyrus*, and he ſending to enquire of him what it meant, *Cræſus* gave him to underſtand, that he now found the Advertiſement *Solon* had formerly given him true to his Coſt, which was, That men, however Fortune may ſmile upon them, could never be ſaid to be happy, till they had been ſeen to paſs over the laſt day of their Lives, by reaſon of the uncertainty and mutability of Humane things, which upon very light and trivial occaſions, are ſubject to be totally chang'd into a quite contrary condition. And therefore it was, that *Ageſilaus* made anſwer to one that was ſaying, what a happy young man the King of *Perſia* was, to come ſo young to ſo mighty a Kingdom; *'Tis true*, (ſaid he) *but neither was* Priam *unhappy at his years.* In a ſhort time, of Kings of *Macedon*, Succeſſors to that mighty *Alexander*, were made Joyners and Scriveners at *Rome*, of a Tyrant of *Sicily*, a Pedant at *Corinth*, of a Conquerour of one half of the World, and General of ſo many Armies, a miſerable Suppliant to the raſcally Officers of a King of *Ægypt*. So much the prolongation of five or ſix Months of Life coſt the Great and Noble *Pompey*, and no longer ſince than our Fathers days, *Ludovico Forza*, the tenth Duke of *Millan*, whom all *Italy* had ſo long truckled under, was ſeen to die a wretched Priſoner at *Loches*, but not till he had liv'd ten Years in Captivity, which was the worſt part of his Fortune. The faireſt

of

of all Queens, Widow to the greateſt King in *Europe*, did ſhe not come to die by the hand of an Executioner? Unworthy and barbarous Cruelty! and a thouſand more Examples there are of the ſame kind; for, it ſeems, that as Storms and Tempeſts have a Malice to the proud, and overtow'ring heights of our lofty Buildings, there are alſo Spirits above that are envious of the Grandeurs here below. *Mary, Qu. of Scots.*

Vſque adeo res humanas vis abdita quadam
Obterit, & pulcros Faſces, ſævaſque ſecures
Proculcare ac ludibrio ſibi habere videtur. *Lucret. l. 5.*

By which it does appear, a Power unſeen
Rome's awful Faſces, and her Axes keen
Spurns under foot, and plainly does deſpiſe,
Of humane Power the vain Formalities.

And it ſhould ſeem alſo that Fortune ſometimes lies in wait to ſurprize the laſt Hour of our Lives, to ſhew the Power ſhe has in a Moment to overthrow what ſhe was ſo many Years in building, making us cry out with *Laberius*, *Nimirum hac die una plus vixi, mihi quàm vivendum fuit*, I have liv'd longer by this one day than I ought to have done. And in this Sence, this good Advice of *Solon* may reaſonably be taken; but he being a Philoſopher, with which ſort of Men the Favours and Diſgraces of Fortune ſtand for nothing, either to the making a Man happy or unhappy, and with home Grandeurs and Powers, Accidents of Quality, are upon the Matter indifferent: I am apt to think that he had ſome farther *Macrob. l. 2. c. 2.*

Aim,

Aim, and that his meaning was, that the very Felicity of Life it ſelf, which depends upon the Tranquility and Contentment of a well-deſcended Spirit, and the Reſolution and Aſſurance of a well-order'd Soul, ought never to be attributed to any Man, till he has firſt been ſeen to play the laſt, and doubtleſs the hardeſt act of his Part, becauſe there may be Diſguiſe and Diſſimulation in all the reſt, where theſe fine Philoſophical Diſcourſes are only put on; and when Accidents do not touch us to the Quick, they give us leaſure to maintain the ſame ſober Gravity; but in this laſt Scene of Death, there is no more counterfeiting, we muſt ſpeak plain, and muſt diſcover what there is of pure and clean in the bottom.

Lucret. l. 3. *Nam veræ voces tum demum pectore ab imo*
Ejiciuntur, & eripitur perſona, manet res.

Then then at laſt Truth iſſues from the Heart,
The Vizor's gone, we act our own true part.

Wherefore at this laſt all the other Actions of our Life ought to be tryed and ſifted. 'Tis the Maſter-day, 'tis the day that is judge of all the reſt, *'Tis the Day* (ſays one of the Ancients) *that ought to be judge of all my foregoing Years.* To Death do I refer the Eſſay of the Fruit of all my Studies. We ſhall then ſee whether my Diſcourſes came only from my Mouth, or from my Heart. I have ſeen many by their Death give a good or an ill Repute to their whole Life. *Scipio*, the Father-in-law of *Pompey* the great, in dying well, wip'd away

away the ill Opinion, that till then every one had conceiv'd of him. *Epaminondas* being ask'd which of the three he had in greateſt eſteem, *Chabrias*, *Iphicrates*, or himſelf; *You muſt firſt ſee us die* (ſaid he) *before that Queſtion can be reſolv'd*: and in truth, he would infinitely wrong that great Man, who would weigh him without the Honour and Grandeur of his End. God Almighty has order'd all things as it has beſt pleas'd him: But I have in my time ſeen three of the moſt execrable Perſons that ever I knew in all manner of abominable living, and the moſt infamous to boot, who all dyed a very regular Death, and in all Circumſtances compos'd even to Perfection. There are brave, and fortunate Deaths. I have ſeen Death cut the Thread of the Progreſs of a prodigious Advancement, and in the height and Flower of its encreaſe of a certain Perſon, with ſo glorious an end, that in my Opinion his Ambitious, and generous Deſigns had nothing in them ſo high and great as their Interruption; and he arriv'd, without compleating his courſe, at the Place to which his Ambition pretended, with greater Glory, than he could himſelf either hope or deſire, and anticipated by his Fall the Name and power to which he aſpir'd, by perfecting his Career. In the Judgment I make of another Man's Life, I always obſerve how he carried himſelf at his Death; and the principal Concern I have for my own, is, that I may die handſomly, that is, patiently, and without noiſe.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

That to ſtudy Philoſophy, is to learn to die.

Cicero ſays, *That to ſtudy Philoſophy is nothing but to prepare a Man's ſelf to die.* The reaſon of which is, becauſe Study and Contemplation do in ſome ſort withdraw from us, and deprive us of our Souls, and employ it ſeparately from the Body, which is a kind of Learning to die, and a reſemblance of Death; or elſe becauſe all the Wiſdom and reaſoning in the World, does in the end conclude in this Point, to teach us not to fear to die. And to ſay the Truth, either our Reaſon does groſly abuſe us, or it ought to have no other Aim but our Contentment only, not to endeavour any thing but in Sum to make us live well, and, as the Holy Scripture ſays, at our Eaſe. All the Opinions of the World agree in this. That Pleaſure is our end, though we make uſe of divers means to attain unto it, they would otherwiſe be rejected at the firſt motion; for who would give Ear to him that ſhould propoſe Affliction and Miſery for his end? The Controverſies and Diſputes of the Philoſophical Sects upon this Point are merely verbal, *Tranſcurramus ſolertiſſimas nugas*, Let us skip over thoſe learned and ſubtle Fooleries and Trifles; there is more in them of Oppoſition and Obſtinacy than is conſiſtent with ſo ſacred a Profeſſion: but what kind of Perſon ſoever Man takes upon him to perſo-

Seneca Epiſt.

perſonate, he over-mixes his own part with it; and let the Philoſophers all ſay what they will, the main thing at which we all aim, even in Virtue it ſelf, is Pleaſure. It pleaſes me to rattle in their Ears this Word, which they ſo nauſeate to hear; and if it ſignifie ſome ſupream Pleaſure and exceſſive Delight, it is more due to the Aſſiſtance of Virtue than to any other Aſſiſtance whatever. This Delight, for being more gay, more ſinewy, more robuſt, and more manly, is only to be more ſeriouſly voluptuous, and we ought to give it the Name of Pleaſure, as that which is more benign, gentle, and natural, and not that of Vigour, from which we have deriv'd it: the other more mean and ſenſual part of Pleaſure, if it could deſerve this fair Name, it ought to be upon the Account of Concurrence, and not of Privilege; I find it leſs exempt from Traverſes and Inconveniences, than Vertue it ſelf; and beſides that, the Enjoyment is more momentary, fluid, and frail; it has its Watchings, Faſts, and Labours, even to Sweat and Blood; and moreover, has particular to it ſelf ſo many ſeveral ſorts of ſharp and wounding Paſſions, and ſo ſtupid a Satiety attending it, as are equal to the ſevereſt Penance. And we miſtake to think that Difficulties ſhould ſerve it for a Spur, and a ſeaſoning to its Sweetneſs, as in Nature one Contrary is quickned by another, and to ſay when we come to Vertue, that like Conſequences and Difficulties overwhelm and render it auſtere and inacceſſible; whereas, much more aptly than

than in Voluptuousnes, they enable, sharpen and heighten the Perfect and divine Pleasur they procure us. He renders himself unwor thy of it who will counterpoise his Expenc with the Fruit, and does neither understan the Blessing, nor how to use it. Those wh Preach to us, that the quest of it is craggy, dif ficult, and painful, but the Fruition pleasan and grateful, what do they mean by that bu to tell us that it is always unpleasing? Th most perfect have been forc'd to content them selves to aspire unto it, and to approach it on ly without ever possessing it. But they are de ceiv'd, and do not take notice, that of all th Pleasures we know, the very Pursuit i pleasant. The Attempt ever relishes of th quality of the thing to which it is directed for it is a good part of, and consubstantia with the Effect. The Felicity and Beati tude that glitters in Vertue, shines through out all her Apartments and Avenues, eve to the first Entry, and utmost Pale and Li mits. Now of all the Benefits that Vertu confers upon us, the Contempt of Death one of the greatest, as the means that ac commodates Humane Life with a soft and ea sie Tranquillity, and gives us a pure and plea sant Taste of Living, without which all othe pleasure would be extinct; which is the Rea son why all the Rules by which we are to live centre and concur in this one Article. An altho they all in like manner with one consen endeavour to teach us also to despise Grief Poverty, and the other Accidents to which

humane

humane Life by its own Nature and Conſtitution, is ſubjected, it is not nevertheleſs with the ſame Importunity, as well by reaſon the fore-named Accidents are not of ſo great neceſſity, the greater part of Mankind paſſing over their whole Lives without ever knowing what Poverty is, and ſome without Sorrow or Sickneſs as *Xenophilus* the Muſician, who liv'd a hundred and ſix Years in a perfect and continual Health; as alſo becauſe, at the worſt, Death can, whenever we pleaſe, cut ſhort, and put an end to all theſe Inconveniences. But as to Death, it is inevitable.

Omnes eodem cogimur, omnium
Verſatur Urna; ſerius, ocyus
Sors exitura, nos in æternum
Exilium impoſitura Cymbæ.

Horat. l. 2. Ode 3.

We all are to one Voyage bound; by turn,
Sooner or latter, all muſt to the Urn:
When *Charon* calls aboard we muſt not ſtay,
But to eternal Exile ſail away.

And conſequently, if it frights us, 'tis a perpetual Torment, and for which there is no Conſolation nor Redreſs. There is no way by which we can poſſibily avoid it, it commands all Points of the Compaſs; we may continually turn our Heads this way and that, and pry about as in a ſuſpected Country, *quæ quaſi ſaxum Tantalo ſemper impendet*, but it, like *Tantalus* his Stone, hangs over us. Our Courts of Juſtice often ſend back condemn'd Criminals to be executed upon the Place where the Fact was

Cicero de finib. l. 1.

was committed, but carry them to all fine Ho-ſes by the way, and prepare for them the be-Entertainment you can,

Hor. l. 3. Ode 1.

——*non Sicula* Dapes
Dulcem elaborabunt ſaporem:
Non Avium, Citharæque cantus
Somnum reducent.

——— the taſts of ſuch as theſe
Choiceſt *Sicilian* Dainties cannot pleaſe,
Nor yet of Birds, or Harps the Harmonies
Once charm aſleep, or cloſe their watchful (Eyes

do you think they could reliſh it? and the-the fatal end of their Journey being continually before their Eyes, would not alter and depra-their Palate from taſting theſe Regalio's?

Claud.

Audit iter numeratque dies ſpatioque viarum
Metitur vitam, torquetur peſte futura.

He time and ſpace computes, by length o-(way
Sums up the number of his few ſad days,
And his ſad thoughts, full of his fatal doom
Can dream of nothing but the blow to-(come

The end of our Race is Death, 'tis the ne-ceſſary Object of our aim, which if it fright-us, how is it poſſible to advance a ſtep with-out a Fit of an Ague? the Remedy the Vul-gar uſe, is not to think on't: but from what brutiſh ſtupidity can they derive ſo groſs a blindneſs? They muſt bridle the Aſs by the Tail.

Qui

Qui capite ipſe ſuo inſtituit veſtigia retro. Lucret. l. 4.
He who the order of his ſteps has laid
To light and natural motion retrograde,
'tis no wonder if he be often trap'd in the Pitfall. They uſe to fright People with the very mention of Death, and many croſs themſelves, as it were the name of the Devil; and becauſe the making a mans Will is in reverence to dying, not a man will be perſwaded to take a Pen in hand to that purpoſe, till the Phyſician has paſs'd ſentence upon him, and totally given him over, and then betwixt Grief and Terror, God knows in how fit a condition of Underſtanding he is to do it. The *Romans*, by reaſon that this poor ſyllable *Death* was obſerv'd to be ſo harſh to the Ears of the People, and the ſound ſo ominous; had found out a way to ſoften and ſpin it out by a *Periphraſis*, and inſtead of pronouncing bluntly, ſuch a one is dead, to ſay, *ſuch a one has liv'd*, or *ſuch a one has ceas'd to live*; for, provided there was any mention of Life in the Caſe, though paſt, it carried yet ſome ſound of Conſolation. And from them it is that we have borrow'd our expreſſion of *the late Monſieur ſuch and ſuch a one.* Peradventure (as the Saying is) the term we have liv'd is worth our money. I was born betwixt eleven and twelve a clock in the Forenoon the laſt of *February* 1533. according to our Computation, beginning the Year the firſt of *January*, and it is now but juſt fifteen days ſince I was compleat nine and thirty years old; I make account to live at leaſt as many more. The Author's birth.

In the mean time, to trouble a mans ſelf with the thought of a thing ſo far of, is a ſenſleſs Foolery. But what? Young and Old die after the very ſame manner, and no one departs out of Life otherwiſe, than if he had but juſt before enter'd into it; neither is any ſo old and decrepid, who has heard of *Methuſalem*, that does not think he has yet twenty years of Conſtitution good at leaſt. Fool that thou art, who has aſſur'd unto thee the term of Life? Thou depend'ſt upon Phyſicians Tales and Stories, but rather conſult Experience, and the fragility of humane Nature: for, according to the common courſe of things, 'tis long ſince that thou livd'ſt by extraordinary Favour. Thou haſt already out-liv'd the ordinary term of Life, and that it is ſo, reckon up thy Acquaintance, how many more have died before they arriv'd at thy Age, than have attain'd unto it, and of thoſe who have ennobled their Lives by their Renown, take but an Account, and I dare lay a Wager, thou wilt find more who have dyed before than after five and thirty years of age. It is full both of Reaſon and Piety too, to take Example by the Humanity of Jeſus Chriſt himſelf, who ended his Life at three and thirty years. The greateſt man, that ever was no more than a man, *Alexander*, died alſo at the ſame Age. How many ſeveral ways has Death to ſurprize us?

Hor. l. 2. Od. 13. *Quid quiſque vitet, nunquam homini ſatis*
Cautum eſt in horas.

Man

Man fain would ſhun, but 'tis not in his Power
T'evade the dangers of each threatning hour.

To omit Fevers and Pleuriſies, who would ever have imagin'd that a Duke of *Britanny* ſhould be preſs'd to death in a Crowd, as that Duke was at the entry of Pope *Clement* into *Lyons*? Have we not ſeen one of our * Kings kill'd at a Tilting, and did not one of his Anceſtors die by the juſtle of a Hog? *Æſchylus*, being threatned with the fall of a houſe, was to much purpoſe ſo circumſpect to avoid that danger, when he was knock'd o'th' head by a Tortoiſe-ſhell falling out of an Eagles Talons in the Fields. Another was choak'd with a Grape-ſtone; an Emperour kill'd with the ſcratch of a Comb in combing his Head. *Æmilius Lepidus*, with a ſtumble at his own threſhold, and *Auſidius* with a juſtle againſt the door, as he entred the Council Chamber. And betwixt the very Thighs of Women, *Cornelius Gallus* the *Prætor*, *Tigillinus* Captain of the Watch at *Rome*, *Ludovico* Son of *Guido de Gonzaga* Marquis of *Mantua*, and (of worſe example) *Spenſippus*, a *Platonick* Philoſopher, and one of our *Popes*. The poor Judge *Bebius*, whilſt he repriv'd a Criminal for eight days only, was himſelf condemn'd to death, and his own day of Life was expir'd. Whilſt *Caius Julius* the Phyſician was anointing the Eyes of a Patient, Death clos'd his own; and, if I may bring in an Example of my own Bloud; A Brother of mine, Captain *St. Martin*, a young man, of three and twenty years old,

* *Henry II.* of *France*, running againſt *Montgomery*.

2. *Philip* the eldeſt ſon of *Lewis* the Groſs, the 40th. King of *France*.

old, who had already given ſufficient teſtimony of his Valour, playing a match at Tennis, receiv'd a blow of a Ball a little above his right Ear, which, though it was without any manner of ſign of Wound, or depreſſion of the Skull, and though he took no great notice of it, nor ſo much as ſate down to repoſe himſelf, he nevertheleſs died within five or ſix hours after, of an Apoplexy occaſion'd by that blow. Which ſo frequent and common Examples paſſing every day before our Eyes, how is it poſſible a man ſhould diſingage himſelf from the thought of Death; or avoid fanſying that it has us every moment by the Collar? What matter is it, you will ſay, which way it comes to paſs, provided a man does not terrifie himſelf with the expectation? For my part, I am of this mind, that if a man could by any means avoid it, though by creeping under a Calves skin, I am one that ſhould not be aſhamed of the ſhift: all I aim at is, to paſs my time pleaſantly, and without any great Reproach, and the Recreations that moſt contribute to it, I take hold of, as to the reſt, as little glorious and exemplary as you would deſire.

Horace, Epiſt. 2. l. 2. ——— *prætulerim delirus inerſque videri,*
Dum mea delectant mala me, vel deniq; fallant,
Quàm ſapere, & ringi.

A Fool, or Coward, let me cenſur'd be,
Whilſt either Vice does pleaſe, or cozen me,
Rather, than be thought wiſe, and feel the (ſmart
Of a perpetual aking, anxious Heart.
But 'tis folly to think of doing any thing that way.

way. They go, they come, they gallop and dance, and not a word of Death. All this is very fine, but withall, when it comes either to themſelves, their Wives, their Children, or Friends, ſurprizing them at unawares, and unprepar'd, then what torment, what out-cries, what madneſs and deſpair! Did you ever ſee any thing ſo ſubdu'd, ſo chang'd and ſo confounded? A man muſt therefore make more early tryal of it; and this brutiſh negligence, could it poſſibly lodge in the Brain of any man of Senſe (which I think utterly impoſſible) ſells us its merchandize too dear. Were it an Enemy that could be avoided, I would then adviſe to borrow Arms even of Cowardize it ſelf to that effect: but ſeeing it is not, and that it will catch you as well flying, and playing the Poltron, as ſtanding to't like a man of Honour.

Nempe & fugacem perſequitur virum,
Nec parcit imbellis juventæ
Poplitibus timidoque tergo.

Idem l. 3. *Ode* 2.

No ſpeed of foot prevents Death of his prize,
He cuts the Hamſtrings of the man that flies;
Nor ſpares the tender Stripling's back, does ſtart
T' out-run the diſtance of his mortal Dart.

And ſeeing that no temper of Arms is of proof to ſecure us,

Ille licet ferro, cautus ſe condat, & ære
Mors tamen incluſum protrahet inde caput.

Propert. l. 3. *Eleg.* 17. *alias* 16.

Shell thee with Steel or Braſs, advis'd by dread Death from the Cask will pull thy cautious Head.

let us learn bravely to ſtand our ground, and fight him. And to begin to deprive him of the greateſt Avantage he has over us, let us take a way quite contrary to the common courſe. Let us diſarm him of his Novelty and Strangeneſs, let us converſe, and be familiar with him, and have nothing ſo frequent in our thoughts as Death; Let us upon occaſions repreſent him in all his moſt dreadful ſhapes to our imagination; at the ſtumbling of a Horſe, at the falling of a Tile, at the leſt prick with a Pin, let us preſently conſider, and ſay to our ſelves, Well, and what if it had been Death it ſelf? and thereupon let us encourage and fortifie our ſelves. Let us evermore amidſt our jollity and Feaſting, ſet the remembrance of our frail condition before our Eyes, never ſuffering our ſelves to be ſo far tranſported with our Delight, but that we have ſome intervals of reflecting upon, and conſidering how many ſeveral ways this Jollity of ours tends to Death, and with how many dangers it threatens it. The *Egyptians* were wont to do after this manner, who in the height of their Feaſting and Mirth, caus'd a dried Skeleton of a Man to be brought into the Room to ſerve for a *Memento* to their Gueſts.

Horat. l. 1. Epiſt. 4.

Omnem crede diem tibi diluxiſſe ſupremum,
Grata ſuperveniet, quæ non ſperabitur hora.

Think every day, ſoon as the day is paſt,
Of thy Lives date, that thou haſt liv'd the laſt;
The next day's joyful Light thine Eyes ſhall ſee,
As unexpected, will more welcome be.

Where

Where Death waits for us is uncertain; let us every where look for him. The Premeditation of Death is the Premeditation of Liberty; who has learnt to die has forgot to ſerve. There is nothing of Evil in Life, for him who rightly comprehends, that Death is no Evil: to know how to die delivers us from all Subjection and Conſtraint. *Paulus Æmylius* anſwer'd him whom the miſerable King of *Macedon*, his Priſoner, ſent to entreat him that he would not lead him in his Triumph, *Let him make that Requeſt to himſelf.* In truth, in all things, if Nature do not help a little, it is very hard for Art and Induſtry to perform any thing to purpoſe. I am in my own Nature not melancholick, but thoughtfull; and there is nothing I have more continually entertain'd my ſelf withall than the Imaginations of Death, even in the gayeſt and moſt wanton time of my Age.

Jucundum cum ætas florida ver ageret. *Catullus. Num.* 69.

Of florid Age in the moſt pleaſant Spring.

In the Company of Ladies, and in the height of Mirth, ſome have perhaps thought me poſſeſs'd with ſome jealouſie, or meditating upon the Uncertainty of ſome imagin'd Hope, whilſt I was entertaining my ſelf with the Remembrance of ſome one ſurprizd a few days before with a burning Fever of which he died returning from an Entertainment like this with his Head full of idle Fancies of Love and Jollity, as mine was then, and that for ought

I knew the ſame Deſtiny was attending me.

Lucret, l. 3. *Jam fuerit, nec poſt unquam revocare licebit.*

But now he had a Being amongſt Men,
Now gone, and ne'er to be recall'd agen.

Yet did not this Thought wrinkle my Forehead any more than any other. It is impoſſible but we muſt feel a ſting in ſuch Imaginations as theſe at firſt; but with often revolving them in a Man's Mind, and having them frequent in our Thoughts, they at laſt become ſo familiar as to be no trouble at all: otherwiſe, I for my Part ſhould be in a perpetual Fright and Frenzy; for never Man was ſo diſtruſtful of his Life, never Man ſo indifferent for its Duration. Neither Health, which I have hitherto ever enjoyed very ſtrong and vigorous, and very ſeldom interrupted, does prolong, nor Sickneſs contract my Hopes. Methinks I ſcape every minute, and it eternally runs in my Mind, that what may be done to morrow may be done to day. Hazards and Dangers do, in truth, little or nothing haſten our end; and if we conſider how many more remain and hang over our Heads, beſides the accident that immediately threatens us, we ſhall find that the Sound and the Sick, thoſe that are abroad at Sea, and thoſe that ſit by the Fire, thoſe who are engag'd in Battle, and thoſe who ſit idle at home, are the one as near it as the other: *Nemo altero fragilior eſt; nemo in craſtinum ſui certior*, No Man is more frail than another; no more certain of the mor-

Senec. Ep. 91.

row.

ow. For any thing I have to do before I die, the longeſt leiſure would appear too ſhort, were it but an Hours Buſineſs I had to do. A Friend of mine the other day turning over my Table-Book, found in it a *Memorandum* of ſomething I would have done after my Deceaſe, whereupon I told him, as it was really true, that though I was no more than a League's diſtance only from my own Houſe, and merry and well, yet when that thing came into my Head, I made haſte to write it down there, becauſe I was not certain to live till I came home. As a man that am eternally brooding over my own thoughts, and who confine them to my own particular Concerns, I am upon the matter at all hours as well prepar'd as I am ever like to be, and Death, whenever he ſhall come, can bring nothing along with him I did not expect long before. We ſhould always (as near as we can) be booted and ſpurr'd, and ready to go, and above all things to take care at that time to have no buſineſs with any one but a man's ſelf:

Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa? *Horat. l. 2. Ode 16.*

Why cut'ſt thou out ſuch mighty Work, vain man? (poor ſpan?
Whoſe Life's ſhort date's compriz'd in one

For we ſhall there find work enough to do, without any need of Addition; One complains, more than of Death, that he is thereby prevented of a glorious Victory; another, that

that he muſt die before he has married his Daughter, or ſettled, and provided for his Children; a third ſeems only troubled that he muſt loſe the ſociety of his beloved Wife; a fourth, the converſation of his Son, as the principal Concerns of his Being. For my part, I am, thanks be to God, at this inſtant in ſuch a condition, that I am ready to diſlodge, whenever it ſhall pleaſe him, without any manner of regret. I diſengage my ſelf throughout from all Worldly Relations, my leave is ſoon taken of all but my ſelf. Never did any one prepare to bid adieu to the World more abſolutely and purely, and to ſhake hands with all manner of Intereſt in it, than I expect to do. The deadeſt Deaths are the beſt.

Lucret. l. 3. ——— *miſer, o miſer, (aiunt) omnia ademit*
Una dies infeſta mihi tot præmia vitæ;

Wretch that I am (they cry) one fatal day
So many joys of Life has ſnatch'd away.

And the Builder,

Æneid. l. 4. ——*manent (dit il.) opera interrupta, minæque*
Murorum ingentes, æquataque machina Cœlo.

Stupendious Piles (ſays he) neglected lie,
And Tow'rs whoſe Pinacles do pierce the Sky.

A man muſt deſign nothing that will require ſo much time to the finiſhing, or at leaſt with no ſuch paſſionate deſire to ſee it brought to Perfection. We are born to action.

Cum

Cum moriar medium ſolvar & inter opus. *Ovid. Amor. lib. 2. Eleg.* 10.

When Death ſhall come, he me will doubtleſs find
Doing of ſomething that I had deſign'd.

I would always have a man to be doing, and, as much as in him lies, to extend, and ſpin out the Offices of life; and then let Death take me planting Cabages, but without any careful thought of him, and much leſs of my Garden's not being finiſhed. I ſaw one die, who at his laſt gaſp ſeem'd to be concern'd at nothing ſo much, as that Deſtiny was about to cut the thread of a Chronicle Hiſtory he was then compiling, when he was gone no farther than the fifteenth or ſixteenth of our Kings.

Illud in his rebus non addunt, nec tibi earum *Lucret. l. 3.*
Jam deſiderium rerum, ſuperinſidet una.

They tell us not that dying we've no more
The ſame deſires and thoughts that heretofore.

We are to diſcharge our ſelves from theſe vulgar and hurtful Humours and Concerns. To this purpoſe it was, that men firſt appointed the places of Sepulture, and Dormitories of the dead, near adjoyning to the Churches, and in the moſt frequent places of the City, to accuſtom (ſays *Lycurgus*) the common People, Women and Children, that they ſhould not be ſtartled at the ſight of a dead Coarſe; and to the end, that the continual Objects of Bones, Graves, Monuments, and Funeral Obſequies ſhould put us in Mind of our frail condition.

Quin-

*Silius Italicus, l.*11.

Quinetiam exhilarare viris convivia cæde
Mos olim, & miſcere epulis ſpectacula dira
Certatum ferro, ſæpe & ſuper ipſa cadentum
Pocula, reſperſis non parco ſanguine menſis.

(Feaſt

'Twas therefore that the Ancients at their
With tragick Objects us'd to treat their Gueſts
Making their Fencers with their utmoſt ſpite
Skill, Force, and Fury, in their preſence fight
Till ſtreams of Blood of thoſe at laſt muſt fall
Daſh'd o'er their Tables, Diſhes, Cups and all.

And as the *Egyptians* after their Feaſts were wont to preſent the Company with a great Image of *Death*, by one that cry'd out to them, *Drink and be merry, for ſuch ſhalt thou be when thou art dead*; ſo it is my Cuſtom to have Death not only in my Imagination, but continually in my Mouth; neither is there any thing of which I am ſo inquiſitive, and delight to inform my ſelf, as the manner of mens Deaths, their Words, Looks, and Geſtures; nor any places in Hiſtory I am ſo intent upon; and it is manifeſt enough, by my crowding in Examples of this kind, that I have a particular fancy for that Subject. If I were a Writer of Books, I would compile a Regiſter with a Comment of the various Deaths of men, and it could not but be uſeful, for who ſhould teach men to die, would at the ſame time teach them to live. *Dicearchus* made one, to which he gave that Title; but it was deſign'd for another, and leſs profitable end. Peradventure ſome one may object, and ſay, that the

the pain and terror of dying indeed does ſo infinitely exceed all manner of imagination, that the beſt Fencer will be quite out of his Play when it comes to the Puſh: but let them ſay what they will, to premeditate is doubtleſs a very great Advantage; and beſides, is it nothing to come ſo far, at leaſt, without any viſible Diſturbance or Alteration? But moreover, Nature her ſelf does aſſiſt and encourage us. If the Death be ſudden and violent, we have not leiſure to fear; if otherwiſe, I find, that as I engage further in my Diſeaſe, I naturally enter into a certain loathing, and diſdain of Life. I find I have much more ado to digeſt this Reſolution of dying when I am well in Health than when ſick languiſhing of a Fever; and by how much I have leſs to do with the Commodities of Life, by reaſon I even begin to loſe the uſe and Pleaſure of them, by ſo much I look upon Death with leſs Terror and Amazement; which makes me hope, that the further I remove from the firſt, and the nearer I approach to the latter, I ſhall ſooner ſtrike a bargain, and with leſs Unwillingneſs exchange the one for the other. And, as I have experimented in other Occurrences, that, as *Cæſar* ſays, things often appear greater to us at diſtance than near at hand, I have found, that being well, I have had Diſeaſes in much greater Horror than when really afflicted with them. The Vigour wherein I now am, and the Jollity and Delight wherein I now live, make the contrary Eſtate appear in ſo great a diſproportion

to

to my preſent condition, that by Imagination I magnifie and make thoſe inconveniences twice greater than they are, and apprehend them to be much more troubleſome, than I find them really to be, when they lie the moſt heavy upon me, and I hope to find Death the ſame. Let us but obſerve in the ordinary changes and Declinations our Conſtitutions daily ſuffer, how Nature deprives us of all ſight and ſenſe of our bodily decay. What remains to an old man of the vigour of his Youth and better days?

Corn. Galli. vel potius Maximian. Eleg. 1. *Heu ſenibus vitæ portio quanta manet?*

Alas, to men, of youthful Heat bereft,
How ſmall a Portion of Life is left?

Cæſar, to an old weather-beaten Souldier of his Guards, who came to ask him leave that he might kill himſelf, taking notice of his wither'd Body, and decrepid motion, pleaſantly anſwer'd, *Thou fanſieſt then that thou art yet alive.* Should a man fall into the Aches and impotencies of Age, from a ſpritely and vigorous Youth on the ſudden, I do not think Humanity capable of enduring ſuch a change: but Nature, leading us by the hand, an eaſie, and as it were, an inſenſible pace, ſtep by ſtep, conducts us to that miſerable condition, and by that means makes it familiar to us, ſo that we perceive not, nor are ſenſible of the ſtroak then, when our Youth dies in us, though it be really a harder Death, than the final Diſſolution of a languiſhing Body, which is only the Death of old Age; foraſmuch as the Fall is not

not ſo great from an uneaſie Being to none at all, as it is from a ſpritely and florid Being to one that is unweildy and Painful. The Body, when bow'd beyond its natural ſpring of Strength, has leſs Force either to riſe with, or ſupport a Burthen; and it is with the Soul the ſame, and therefore it is, that we are to raiſe her up firm and erect againſt the Power of this Adverſary: for as it is impoſſible ſhe ſhould ever be at reſt, or at Peace within her ſelf, whilſt ſhe ſtands in fear of it; ſo if ſhe once can aſſure her ſelf, ſhe may boaſt (which is a thing as it were above Humane Condition) that it is impoſſible that Diſquiet, Anxiety, or Fear, or any other Diſturbance, ſhould inhabit, or have any Place in her.

Horat. l. 3. Ode 3.

Non vultus inſtantis tyranni
Mente quatit ſolida, neque Auſter
Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus.

A Soul well ſettled is not to be ſhook
With an incenſed Tyrant's threatning Look;
Nor can loud *Auſter* once that Heart diſmay,
The ruffling Prince of ſtormy *Adria*;
Nor yet th' advanced hand of mighty *Jove*,
Though charg'd with Thunder, ſuch a Temper move.

She is then become Sovereign of all her Luſts and Paſſions, Miſtreſs of Neceſſity, Shame, Poverty, and all the other Injuries of Fortune. Let us therefore, as many of us as can, get this Advantage, which is the true and ſovereign Liberty here on Earth, and that fortifies

fortifies us wherewithal to defie Violenc and Injuſtice, and to contemn Priſons a Chains.

Hor. l. 1. Epiſt. 16.

——— *in Manicis, & Compedibus, ſævo te ſub cuſtode tenebo.*
Ipſe Deus ſimul atque volam, me ſolvet, opinor, Hoc ſentit, moriar: mors ultima linea rerum e

With rugged Chains I'll load thy Hands and
And to a ſurly Keeper thee commit; (Fee
Why let him ſhew his worſt of Cruelty,
God will, I think, for asking, ſet me free:
Ay, but he thinks I'll die; that Comfort brings,
For Death's the utmoſt Line of Human things.

The contempt of Death a certain Foundation of Religion.

Our very *Religion* it ſelf has no ſurer fo mane Foundation than the Contempt of Death Not only the Argument of Reaſon invites u to it; for why ſhould we fear to loſe thing, which being loſt, can never be miſs'd or lamented? but alſo ſeeing we are threat ned by ſo many ſorts of Death, is it not infi nitely worſe eternally to fear them all, tha once to undergo one of them? And wha matter is it when it ſhall happen, ſince it i once inevitable? To him that told *Socrates the thirty Tyrants have ſentenc'd thee to Death and Nature them*, ſaid he. What a ridiculou thing it is to trouble and afflict our ſelves about taking the only Step that is to deliver us from all Miſery and Trouble? As our Birth brought us the Birth of all things, ſo in our

our Death is the Death of all things included. And therefore to lament and take on, that we ſhall not be alive a hundred Years hence, is the ſame Folly as to be ſorry we were not alive a hundred Years ago. Death is the beginning of another Life. So did we weep, and ſo much it coſt us to enter into this, and ſo did we put off our former Veil in entring into it. Nothing can be grievous that is but once, and is it reaſonable ſo long to fear a thing that will ſo ſoon be diſpatch'd? Long Life and ſhort, are by Death made all one; for there is no long, nor ſhort, to things that are no more. *Ariſtotle* tells us, that there are certain little Beaſts upon the Banks of the River *Hypanis*, that never live above a day: they which die at eight of the Clock in the Morning, die in their Youth, and thoſe that die at five in the Evening, in their extreameſt Age: which of us would not laugh to ſee this Moment of Continuance put into the conſideration of Weal or Woe? The moſt, and the leaſt of ours in compariſon of Eternity, or yet to the Duration of Mountains, Rivers, Stars, Trees, and even of ſome Animals, is no leſs ridiculous. But Nature compels us to it; *Go out of this World, ſays ſhe, as you entr'd into it; the ſame Paſs you made from Death to Life, without Paſſion or Fear, the ſame, after the ſame manner, repeat from Life to Death.* Your Death is a part of the Order of the Univerſe, 'tis a part of the Life of the World.

Lucret. l. 2. ——*Inter ſe mortales mutua vivunt,*
Et quaſi curſores vitai lampada tradunt.

Alluding to the *Athenian* Games, wherein thoſe that run a Race carried Torches in their Hands; and the Race being done, deliver'd them into the Hands of thoſe who were to run next.

Mortals amongſt themſelves by turns do live,
And Life's bright Torch to the next Runner give.

'Tis the Condition of your Creation; Death is a part of you, and whilſt you endeavour to evade it, you avoid your ſelves. This very Being of yours that you now enjoy is equally divided betwixt Life and Death. The day of your Birth is one days advance towards the Grave.

Senec. Her. fur. chor. 3. *Prima, quæ vitam dedit, hora, carpſit.*

The Hour that gave of Life the benefit,
Did alſo a whole Hour ſhorten it.

Manil. Aſt. l. 4. *Naſcentes morimur, finiſque ab origine pendet.*

As we are born, we die, and our Life's end
Upon our Life's beginning does depend.

All the whole time you live you purloin from Life, and live at the expence of Life it ſelf; the perpetual work of our whole Life is but to lay the foundation of Death; you are in Death whilſt you live, becauſe you ſtill are after Death, when you are no more alive. Or if you had rather have it ſo, you are dead after Life, but dying all the while you live and

and Death handles the dying much more rudely than the dead. If you have made your profit of Life, you have had enough of it, go your way ſatisfied.

Cur non ut plenus vitæ conviva recedis. *Lucret. l. 3.*

Why ſhould'ſt thou not go like a full gorg'd Gueſt,
Sated with Life, as he is with a Feaſt?

If you have not known how to make the beſt uſe of it, and if it was unprofitable to you, what need you care to loſe it, to what end would you deſire longer to keep it?

——cur amplius addere quæris (omne? Rurſum quod pereat malè & ingratum occidat *Ibid.*

And why renew thy time, to what intent
Live o'er again a Life that was ill ſpent?

Life in it ſelf is neither good nor evil, it is the Scene of good or evil, as you make it; and, if you have liv'd a day, you have ſeen all; one day is equall, and like to all other days; there is no other Light, no other Shade, this very Sun, this Moon, theſe very Stars, this very Order and Revolution of things, is the ſame your Anceſtors enjoy'd, and that ſhall alſo entertain your Poſterity.

Non alium videre patres, aliumve nepotes Aſpicient. *Lucret. vel Manil.*

Your Grandſires ſaw no other things of old,
Nor ſhall your Nephews other things behold.

And come the worſt that can come, the diſtribution and variety of all the Acts of my Comedy, is perform'd in a Year. If you have obſerv'd the Revolution of the four Seaſons, they comprehend, the Infancy, Youth, Virility, and old Age of the World. The Year has play'd his part, and knows no other way, has no new Farce, but muſt begin and repeat the ſame again; it will always be the ſame thing.

Lucret. l. 3. *Verſamur ibidem, atque inſumus uſque.*

Where ſtill we plot, and ſtill contrive in vain;
For in the ſame ſtate ſtill we do remain.

Virg. Georg. l. 2. *Atque in ſe ſua per veſtigia volvitur annus.*

By its own footſtepts led, the Year doth bring
Both ends together in an annual Ring.

Time is not reſolv'd to create you any new Recreations.

Lucret. l. 3. *Nam tibi præterea quod machiner, inveniamq;*
Quod placeat, nihil eſt: eadem ſunt omnia ſemper.

More pleaſures than are made Time will not frame,
For to all times, all things ſhall be the ſame.

Give place to others, as others have given place to you. Equality is the Soul of Equity. Who can complain of being comprehended in the ſame Deſtiny wherein all things are involv'd? Beſides, live as long as you can, you ſhall by that nothing ſhorten the ſpace you are to lie dead in the Grave; 'tis all to no purpoſe;

poſe; you ſhall be every whit as long in the condition you ſo much fear, as if you had died at Nurſe.

——*licet quotvis, vivendo vincere ſecla,* *Ibidem.*
Mors æterna tamen, nihilominus illa manebit.

And live as many Ages as you will,
Death ne'ertheleſs ſhall be eternal ſtill.

And yet I will place you in ſuch a condition as you ſhall have no reaſon to be diſpleaſed;

In vera neſcis nullum fore morte alium te *Ibidem.*
Qui poſſit vivus tibi te lugere peremptum.
Stanſque jacentem.

When dead, a living ſelf thou canſt not have
Or to lament, or trample on thy grave.

Nor ſhall you ſo much as wiſh for the Life you are ſo concern'd about.

Nec ſibi enim quiſquam tum ſe vitamq; requirit, *Ibidem.*
Nec deſiderium noſtri nos afficit ullum.

Life, nor our ſelves we wiſh in that Eſtate,
Nor Thoughts of what we were at firſt create.

Death were leſs to be fear'd than nothing, if there could be any thing leſs than nothing.

——*multo mortem minus ad nos eſſe putandum,* *Ibidem.*
Si minus eſſe poteſt quam quod nihil eſſe videmus.

If leſs than nothing any thing can ſhew, (ſo.
Death then would both appear, and would be

Neither can it any way concern you, whether you are living or dead: living, by reaſon that

you are ſtill in being; dead, becauſe you are no more. Moreover, no one dies before his Hour; and the Time you leave behind was no more yours, than that was laps'd, and gone before you came into the World; nor does it any more concern you.

Ibidem. *Reſpice enim quam nil ad nos anteacta vetuſtas Temporis æterni fuerit.*

Look back and tho Times paſt eternal were,
In thoſe before us yet we had no ſhare.

Where-ever your Life ends it is all there; neither does the Utility of living conſiſt in the length of days, but in the well husbanding and improving of Time, and ſuch an one may have been who has longer continued in the World than the ordinary Age of Man; that has yet liv'd but a little while. Make uſe of Time while it is preſent with you. It depends upon your Will, and not upon the number of Days, to have a ſufficient length of Life. Is it poſſible you can imagine never to arrive at the Place towards which you are continually going? and yet there is no Journey but hath its end. But if Company will make it more pleaſant, or more eaſie to you, does not all the World go the ſelf ſame way?

Ibidem. ——*omnia te vita perfuncta ſequentur.*

When thou art dead, let this thy Comfort be,
That all the World, by turn, muſt follow thee.

Does not all the World dance the ſame Brawl that you do? Is there any thing that does not grow

grow old as well as you? A thouſand Men, a thouſand Animals, and a thouſand other Creatures, die at the ſame Moment that you expire.

Nam nox nulla diem, neque noctem aurora ſecuta eſt, Lucret. l. 2.
Quæ non audierit miſtos vagitibus ægris
Ploratus mortis comites, & funeris atri.

No Night ſucceeds the Day, nor Mornings Light
Riſes to chaſe the ſullen Shades of Night,
Wherein there is not heard the diſmal Groans
Of dying Men, mix'd with the woful moans
Of living Friends, as alſo with the Cries
And Dirges fitting fun'ral Obſequies.

To what end ſhould you endeavour to avoid, unleſs there were a poſſibility to evade it? you have ſeen Examples enough of thoſe who have received ſo great a benefit by Dying, as thereby to be manifeſtly deliver'd from infallible Miſeries; but have you Talkt with any of thoſe who have feared a Diſadvantage by it? It muſt therefore needs be very fooliſh to condemn a thing you neither experimented in your own Perſon, nor by that of any other. Why (ſays *Nature*) doſt thou complain of me and Deſtiny? Do we do thee any wrong? Is it for thee to govern us, or for us to diſpoſe of thee? Though peradventure thy Age may not be accompliſh'd, yet thy Life is. A Man of low Stature is as much a man as a Gyant; neither Men, nor their Lives, are meaſur'd by the Ell. *Chiron*

refus'd to be immortal, when he was acquainted with the Conditions under which he was to enjoy it, by the God of time it ſelf, and its Duration, his Father *Saturn.* Do but ſeriouſly conſider how much more inſupportable an immortal and painful Life would be to man than what I have already deſign'd him. If you had not Death to eaſe you of your Pains and Cares, you would eternally curſe me for having depriv'd you of the Benefit of Dying. I have, 'tis true mix'd a little Bitterneſs with it, to the end, that ſeeing of what Conveniency and Uſe it is, you might not too greedily and indiſcreetly ſeek and embrace it: and that you might be ſo eſtabliſh'd in this Moderation, as neither to nauſeate Life, nor have an Antipathy for dying, which I have decreed you ſhall once do, I have temper'd the one and the other betwixt Pleaſure and Pain: and 'twas I that firſt taught *Thales*, the moſt eminent of all your *Sages*, that to Live and to Die were indifferent; which made him very wiſely anſwer him who ask'd him, Why then he did not die? becauſe (ſays he) *it is indifferent.* The Elements of Water, Earth, Fire, and Air, and the other Parts of this Creation of thine, are no more the Inſtruments of thy Life than they are of thy Death. Why doſt thou fear thy laſt day, it contributes no more to thy diſſolution than every one of the reſt? The laſt Step is not the cauſe of laſſitude, it does but confeſs it. Every Day travels towards Death, the laſt only arrives at it. Theſe are the good Leſſons our Mother Nature

Nature teaches. I have often conſider'd with my ſelf whence it ſhould proceed, that in War the Image of Death, whether we look upon it as to our own particular danger, or that of another, ſhould without Compariſon appear leſs dreadful than at home in our own Houſes, (for if it were not ſo, it would be an Army of whining Milk-ſops) and that being ſtill in all Places the ſame, there ſhould be notwithſtanding much more Aſſurance in Peaſants, and the meaner ſort of People, than others of better Quality and Education: and do verily believe, that it is thoſe terrible Ceremonies and Preparations wherewith we ſet it out, that more terrifie us than the thing it ſelf; a new quite contrary way of living, the Cries of Mothers, Wives and Children, the Viſits of aſtoniſh'd and afflicted Friends, the Attendance of pale and blubber'd Servants, a dark Room ſet round with burning Tapers, our Beds environed with Phyſicians and Divines; in ſum, nothing but Ghoſtlineſs and Horror round about us, render it ſo formidable, that a Man almoſt fanſies himſelf dead and buried already. Children are afraid even of thoſe they love beſt, and are beſt acquainted with, when diſguiſed in a Vizor, and ſo are we; the Vizor muſt be removed as well from Things as Perſons; which being taken away, we ſhall find nothing underneath but the very ſame Death that a mean Servant, or a poor Chamber-maid, died a day or two ago, without any manner of Apprehenſion or Concern. Happy therefore is the Death that

deprives

deprives us of the leiſure to prepare things requiſite for this unneceſſary Pomp, a Pomp that only renders that more terrible which ought not to be fear'd, and that no Man upon Earth can poſſibly avoid.

CHAP. XX.

Of the Force of Imagination.

Axiom. Scholaſt. *Fortis imaginatio generat caſum,* A ſtrong Imagination begets Accident, ſay the School-men. I am one of thoſe who are moſt ſenſible of the Power of Imagination: Every one is juſtled, but ſome are overthrown by it. It has a very great Impreſſion upon me; and I make it my Buſineſs to avoid wanting force to reſiſt it. I could live by the ſole help of healthful and jolly Company. The very ſight of anothers Pain does materially work upon me, and I naturally uſurp the Senſe of a third Perſon to ſhare with him in his Torment. A perpetual Cough in another tickles my Lungs and Throat. I more unwillingly viſit the ſick I love, and am by Duty intereſted to look after, than thoſe I care not for, and from whom I have no expectation. I take poſſeſſion of the Diſeaſe I am concern'd at, and lay it too much to heart, and do not at all wonder that Fancy ſhould diſtribute Fevers, and ſometimes kill ſuch as allow too much Scope, and are too willing to entertain it. *Simon Thomas*

Thomas was a great *Phyſician* of his time: I remember, that hapning one day at *Tholouze* to meet him at a rich old Fellows Houſe, who was troubled with naughty Lungs, and diſcourſing with his Patient about the method of his Cure; he told him, that one thing which would be very conducing to it, was, to give me ſuch Occaſion to be pleaſed with his Company, that I might come often to ſee him, by which means, and by fixing his Eyes upon the Freſhneſs of my Complexion, and his Imagination upon the Sprightlineſs and Vigour that glowed in my Youth, and poſſeſſing all his Senſes with the flouriſhing Age wherein I then was, his Habit of Body might peradventure be amended, but he forgot to ſay that mine at the ſame time might be made worſe. *Gallus Vibius* ſo long cudgell'd his Brains to find out the Eſſence and Motions of Folly, till by the Inquiſition, in the end he went directly out of his Wits, and to ſuch a Degree, that he could never after recover his Judgment; and he might brag that he was become a Fool by too much Wiſdom. Some there are who thorough Fear prevent the Hangman; like him whoſe Eyes being unbound to have his Pardon read to him, was found ſtark dead upon the Scaffold, by the Stroak of Imagination. We ſtart, tremble, turn pale, and bluſh, as we are variouſly mov'd by Imagination; and being a-bed, feel our Bodies agitated with its Power to that degree, as even ſometimes to Expiration. And boyling Youth when faſt aſleep, grows ſo warm

Imagination occaſions Diſeaſes and Death.

warm with Fancy, as in a Dream to ſatisfie amorous Deſires.

Lucret. l. 4. Ut quaſi tranſactis ſæpe omnibus rebus, profundant Fluminis ingentes fluctus veſtemque cruentent.

Who fanſie gulling Lyes, his enflamed Mind
Lays his Loves Tribute there, where not deſign'd.

Although it be no new thing to ſee Horns grown in a Night on the Fore-head of one that had none when he went to Bed; notwithſtanding, what befell *Cyppus*, a noble *Roman*, is very memorable; who having one day been a very delighted Spectator of a Bull-baiting, and having all the night dreamt that he had Horns on his Head, did by the Force of Imagination really cauſe them to grow there. Paſſion made the Son of *Cræſus* to ſpeak, who was born dumb, by that means ſupplying him with ſo neceſſary a Faculty, which Nature had deny'd him. And *Antiochus* fell into a Fever, enflam'd with the Beauty of *Stratoniſſa*, too deeply imprinted in his Soul. *Pliny* pretends to have ſeen *Lucius Croſſitius*, who from a Woman was turn'd into a Man upon her very Wedding day. *Pontanus*, and others, report the like Metamorphoſes that in theſe latter days have hapned in *Italy*, and through the vehement Deſire of him and his Mother

Ovid. Vota puer ſolvit, quæ fœmina voverat Iphis.

Iphis, a Boy, the Vow defray'd
That he had promis'd when a Maid.

My ſelf paſſing by *Vitry le Francois*, a Town in *Champagne*, ſaw a Man, the Biſhop of *Soiſſons*

Soiſſons had in Confirmation, call'd *German*, whom all the Inhabitants of the Place had known to be a Girl till two and twenty Years of Age, call'd *Mary*. He was at the time of my being there very full of Beard, Old, and not Married, who told us, that by ſtraining himſelf in a Leap, his male Inſtruments came out; and the Maids of that Place have to this day a Song, wherein they adviſe one another not to take too great Strides, for fear of being turn'd into Men, as *Mary German* was. It is no wonder if this ſort of Accident frequently happen; for if Imagination have any Power in ſuch things, it is ſo continually and vigorouſly bent upon this Subject, that to the end it may not ſo often relapſe into the ſame Thought, and Violence of Deſire, it were better once for all to give theſe young Wenches the Things they long for. Some ſtick not to attribute the Scars of King *Dagobert*, and St. *Francis*, to the Force of Imagination; and it is ſaid, that by it Bodies will ſometimes be removed from their Places; and *Celſus* tells us of a Prieſt whoſe Soul would be raviſh'd into ſuch an Ecſtaſie, that the Body would, for a long time remain without Senſe or Reſpiration. St. *Auguſtine* makes mention of another, who, upon the hearing of any lamentable or doleful Cries, would preſently fall into a Swoon, and be ſo far out of himſelf, that it was in vain to call, hollow in his Ears, pinch, or burn him, till he voluntarily came to himſelf; and then he would ſay that he had heard Voices as it were a-far off, and did feel when they

they pinch'd and burn'd him: and to prove that this was no obſtinate Diſſimulation in defiance of his Senſe of Feeling, it was manifeſt, that all the while he had neither Pulſe nor Breathing. 'Tis very probable, that Viſions, Exchantments, and all extraordinary Effects of that Nature, derive their Credit principally from the Power of Imagination, working and making its chiefeſt Impreſſion upon vulgar and more eaſie Souls, whoſe Belief is ſo ſtrangely impos'd upon as to think they ſee what they do not. I am not ſatisfied, and make a very great Queſtion, Whether thoſe pleaſant Ligatures with which this Age of ours is ſo fetter'd, and there is almoſt no other Talk, are not mere voluntary Impreſſions of Apprehenſion and fear; for I know by experience, in the Caſe of a particular Friend of mine, one for whom I can be as Reſponſible as for my ſelf, and a Man that cannot poſſibly fall under any manner of Suſpicion of inſufficiency, and as little of being enchanted, who having heard a Companion of his make a Relation of an unuſual Frigidity that ſurpriz'd him at a very unſeaſonable time, being afterwards himſelf engag'd upon the ſame Account; the Horror of the former Story on a ſudden ſo ſtrangely poſſeſs'd his Imagination, that he ran the ſame Fortune the other had done; and from that time forward (the ſcurvy Remembrance of his Diſaſter running in his Mind, and tyrannizing over him) was extreamly ſubject to Relaſpe into the ſame Misfortune. He found ſome Remedy, however, for this

this Inconvenience, by himſelf franckly confeſſing, and declaring before-hand to the Party with whom he was to have to do, the Subjection he lay under, and the Infirmity he was Subject to, by which means the Contention of his Soul was in ſome ſort appeas'd; and knowing that now ſome ſuch Misbehaviour was expected from him, the Reſtraint upon thoſe Faculties grew leſs, and he leſs ſuffer'd by it, and afterwards, at ſuch times as he could be in no ſuch Apprehenſion, as not being about any ſuch Act (his Thoughts being then diſengag'd and free, and his Body being in its true and natural Eſtate) by cauſing thoſe Parts to be handled and communicated to the Knowledge of others, he was at laſt totally freed from that vexatious Infirmity. After a Man has once done a Woman right, he is never after in danger of misbehaving himſelf with that Perſon, unleſs upon the account of a manifeſt and inexcuſable Weakneſs. Neither is this Diſaſter to be fear'd, but in Adventures where the Soul is over-extended with Deſire or Reſpect, and eſpecially where we meet with an unexpected Opportunity that requires a ſudden and quick Diſpatch; and in thoſe Caſes, there is no poſſible means for a Man always to defend himſelf from ſuch a Surprize as ſhall put him damnably out of Countenance. And yet I have known ſome, who have ſecured themſelves from this Miſchance by coming half fated elſewhere, purpoſely to abate the ardour of his Fury; and others, who by being grown old,

find

find themſelves leſs impotent by being leſs able; and particularly one, who found an Advantage by being aſſur'd by a Friend of his, that he had a Counter-charm againſt certain Enchantments that would defend him from this Diſgrace. The Story it ſelf is not much amiſs, and therefore you ſhall have it. A Count of a very great Family, and with whom I had the Honour to be very familiarly intimate, being Married to a very fair Lady, who had formerly been pretended to, and importunately courted by one who was invited to, and preſent at the Wedding: all his Friends were in very great Fear, but eſpecially an old Lady his Kinſwoman, who had the ordering of the Solemnity, and in whoſe Houſe it was kept, ſuſpecting his Rival would, in Revenge, offer foul-Play, and procure ſome of theſe kind of Sorceries to put a Trick upon him; which Fear ſhe alſo communicated to me, who, to comfort her, bad her not trouble her ſelf, but relie upon my Care to prevent or fruſtrate any ſuch Deſigns. Now I had, by chance, about me a certain flat Plate of Gold whereon were graven ſome Cœleſtial Figures, good to prevent Frenzy occaſion'd by the Heat of the Sun, or for any Pains of the Head, being applied to the Suture; where, that it might the better remain firm, it was ſowed to a Ribban to be tyed under the Chin. A Foppery Cozen-German to this of which I am ſpeaking, was by *Jaques Pelletier*, who liv'd in my Houſe, preſented to me for a ſingular Rarety, and a thing of

of Sovereign Vertue. I had a fancy to make ſome uſe of this Knack, and therefore privately told the Count, that he might poſſibly run the ſame Fortune other Bridegrooms had ſometimes done; eſpecially ſome Perſons being in the Houſe, who no doubt would be glad to do him ſuch a Courteſie, but let him boldly go to Bed, for I would do him the Office of a Friend, and if need were, would not ſpare a Miracle that it was in my Power to do, provided he would engage to me, upon his Honour, to keep it to himſelf, and only when they came to bring him his Cawdle, if Matters had not gone well with him, to give me ſuch a Sign, and leave the reſt to me. Now he had his Ears ſo batter'd, and his mind ſo prepoſſeſs'd with the eternal Tattle of this Buſineſs, that when it came to't he did really find himſelf tied with the Trouble of his Imagination, and accordingly at the time appointed gave me the Sign. Whereupon, I whiſper'd him in the Ear, That he ſhould riſe under Pretence of putting us out of the Room, and after a jeſting manner pull my Night-gown from my Shoulders, throw it over his own, and there keep it till he had perform'd what I had appointed him to do, which was, that when we were all gone out of the Chamber he ſhould withdraw to make Water, ſhould three times repeat ſuch and ſuch Words, and as often do ſuch and ſuch Actions: that at every of the three times he ſhould tie the Ribban I put into his Hand about his Middle, and be ſure to place the Medal was faſtned

A Cuſtom in *France* to bring the Bridegroom a Cawdle in the middle of the night, on his Wedding-night

to it (the Figures in ſuch a Poſture) exactly upon his Reins, which being done, and having the laſt of the three times ſo well girt and faſt tied the Ribban that it could neither untie nor ſlip from its Place, let him confidently return to his Buſineſs, and withall not to forget to ſpread my Gown upon the Bed, ſo that it might be ſure to cover them both. Theſe ridiculous Circumſtances are the main of the Effect, our Fancy being ſo far ſeduc'd as to believe, that ſo ſtrange and uncouth Formalities muſt of neceſſity proceed from ſome abſtruſe Science. Their Inanity gives them Reverence and Weight. However, certain it is, that my Figures approv'd themſelves more *Venerean* than *Solar*, and the fair Bride had no reaſon to complain. Now I cannot forbear to tell you, it was a ſudden Whimſey, mix'd with a little Curioſity, that made me do a thing ſo contrary to my Nature; for I am an Enemy to all ſubtile, and counterfeit Actions, and abominate all manner of Fraud, though it be but for Sport; for though the Action may not be wicked in it ſelf, yet 'tis done after a wicked manner. *Amaſis* King of *Ægypt*, married *Laodicea* a marvellous beautiful *Greek* Virgin, who, tho famous for her Abilities elſewhere found himſelf quite another Man with his Wife, and could by no means enjoy her; at which he was ſo enrag'd that he threatned to kill her, ſuſpecting her to be a Witch. As 'tis uſual in things that conſiſt in Fancy; ſhe put him upon Devotion, who having accordingly made his Vows to

Venus

Venus, he found himſelf divinely reſtor'd the very firſt Night after his Oblations and Sacrifices. Now in plain truth, Women are to blame, to entertain us with that diſdainful, coy, and angry Countenance they commonly do, which extinguiſhes our Vigour, as it kindles our Deſire; which made the Daughter-in-Law of *Pythagoras* to ſay, That *the Woman who goes to Bed to a Man, muſt put of her Modeſty with her Petticoat, and put it on again with the ſame.* The Soul of the Aſſailant being diſturb'd with many ſeveral Alarms, is eaſily aſtoniſh'd, and ſoon loſes the Power of Performance; and whoever the Imagination has once put this Trick upon and confounded with the Shame of it, (and ſhe never does it but at the firſt Acquaintance, by reaſon Men are then more ardent and eager, and alſo at this firſt Account a Man gives of himſelf, he is much more timorous of miſcarrying) having made an ill Beginning, he enters into ſuch Indignation and Deſpite at the Accident, as will in following Opportunities be apt to remain, and continue him in the ſame Condition. As to what concerns Married People, having the Year before them (as we ſay) they ought never to compell, or ſo much as to offer at the Feat, if they do not find themſelves very ready: and it is better indecently to fail of handſelling the Nuptial Sheets, and of paying the Ceremony due to the Wedding-night, when a Man perceives himſelf full of Agitation and Trembling, expecting another opportunity at a better and more private Leiſure,

when his Fancy ſhall be better compos'd, than to make himſelf perpetually miſerable, for having misbehav'd himſelf, and being baffled at the firſt Aſſault. Till poſſeſſion be taken, a man that knows himſelf ſubject to this Infirmity, ſhould leiſurely and by degrees make ſeveral little tryals and light offers, without obſtinately attempting at once to force an abſolute conqueſt over his own mutinous and indiſpos'd Faculties; ſuch as know their members to be naturally obedient to their deſires, need to take no other care but only to counterplot their Fancy. The indocile and rude liberty of this ſcurvy Member, is ſufficiently remarkable, by its importunate, unruly, and unſeaſonably tumidity and impatience, at ſuch times as we have nothing for it to do, and by its more unſeaſonable ſtupidity and diſobedience, when we ſtand moſt in need of his Vigour, ſo imperiouſly conteſting the Authority of the Will, and with ſo much obſtinacy denying all ſollicitation both of Hand and Fancy. And yet though his Rebellion is ſo univerſally complain'd of, and that proofs are not wanting to condemn him, if he had nevertheleſs fee'd me to plead his Cauſe. I ſhould peradventure bring the reſt of his fellow-members into ſuſpicion of complotting this miſchief againſt him, out of pure envy at the importance, and raviſhing pleaſure particular to his Employment, ſo as to have by Confederacy arm'd the whole World againſt him, by malevolently charging him alone with their common offence. For let any one conſider,

whether

whether there is any one Part of our Bodies that does not often refuſe to perform its Office at the Precept of the Will, and that does not often exerciſe its Function in defiance of her Command. They have every one of them proper Paſſions of their own, that rouze and awake, ſtupifie and benumb them, without our Leave or Conſent. How often do the involuntary motions of the Countenance diſcover our inward Thoughts, and betray our moſt private Secrets to the Knowledge of the Standers by? The ſame Cauſe that animates this Member, does alſo, without our Knowledge, animate the Lungs, Pulſe, and Heart, the ſight of a pleaſing Object imperceptibly diffuſing a Flame through all our Parts with a febrifick motion. Is there nothing but theſe Veins and muſcles that ſwell, and flag without the Conſent, not only of the Will, but even of our Knowledge alſo? We do not command our Hairs to ſtand an end, nor our Skin to ſhiver either with Fear or Deſire. The Hands often convey themſelves to Parts to which we do not direct them. The Tongue will be interdict, and the Voice ſometimes ſuffocated when we know not how to help it. When we have nothing to eat, and would willingly forbid it, the Appetite of Eating and Drinking does not for all that forbear to ſtir up the Parts that are ſubjected to it, no more nor leſs than the other Appetite we were ſpeaking of, and in like manner does as unſeaſonably leave us. The Veſſels that ſerve to diſcharge the Belly have their proper Dilata-

tions and Compreſſions, without, and beyond our Intelligence, as well as thoſe which are deſtin'd to purge the Reins. And that which to juſtifie the Prerogative of the Will, St. *Auguſtine* urges, of having ſeen a Man who could command his Back-ſide to diſcharge as often together as he pleas'd, and that *Vives* does yet fortifie with another Example in his time of one that could Fart, in Tune, does nothing ſuppoſe any more pure Obedience of that Part; for is any thing commonly more tumultuary or indiſcreet? To which let me add, that I my ſelf knew one ſo rude and ungovern'd, as for forty Years together made his Maſter-Vent with one continued and unintermitted Hurricane, and 'tis like will do till he expire that way, and vaniſh in his own Smoak. And I could heartily wiſh, that I only knew by Reading, how oft a Man's Belly, by the Denial of one ſingle Puff, brings him to the very door of an exceeding painful Death; and that the Emperour, who gave Liberty to let fly in all Places, had at the ſame time given us Power to do it. But for our Will, in whoſe behalf we prefer this Accuſation, with how much greater Similitude of Truth may we reproach even her her ſelf with Mutiny and Sedition for her Irregularity and Diſobedience? Does ſhe always will what we would have her to do? Does ſhe not often will what we forbid her to will, and that to our manifeſt Prejudice? Does ſhe ſuffer her ſelf any more than any of the other, to be govern'd and directed by the Reſults of our Reaſon? To conclude,

clude, I ſhould move in the Behalf of the Gentleman, my Client, it might be conſider'd, that in this Fact, his Cauſe being inſeparably conjoyn'd with an Acceſſary, yet he is only call'd in Queſtion, and that by Arguments and Accuſations, that cannot be charg'd, nor reflect upon the other: whoſe Buſineſs indeed is ſometimes inopportunely to invite, but never to refuſe, and to allure after a tacite and clandeſtine manner; and therefore is the Malice and Injuſtice of his Accuſers moſt manifeſtly apparent. But be it how it will, proteſting againſt the proceedings of the Advocates and Judges, Nature will, in the mean time, proceed after her own way, who had done but well, if ſhe had endow'd this Member with ſome particular Privilege. The Author of the ſole immortal Work of Mortals, A divine Work according to *Socrates*, and of Love, Deſire of Immortality, and himſelf an immortal *Dæmon*. Some one perhaps by ſuch an Effect of Imagination may have had the good luck to leave * that behind him here in *France*, which his Companion who has come after, and behav'd himſelf better, has carried back with him into *Spain*. And that you may ſee why Men in ſuch caſes require a mind prepar'd for the thing they are to do, why do the Phyſicians tamper with, and prepoſſeſs before-hand their Patients credulity with many falſe promiſes of Cure, if not to the end, that the effect of imagination may ſupply the impoſture and defect of their Apozem? They know very well, that a great Maſter of

Cazzo.

* *Videlicet* the Pox.

their Trade has given it under his hand, that he has known ſome with whom the very ſight of a potion would work: which Examples of Fancy and Conceit come now into my head, by the remembrance of a ſtory was told me by a domeſtick Apothecary of my Father's, a blunt *Swiſſe* (a Nation not much addicted to vanity and lying) of a Merchant he had long known at *Tholouſe*, who being a valetudinary, and much afflicted with Fits of the Stone, had often occaſion to take Clyſters, of which he caus'd ſeveral ſorts to be preſcrib'd him by the Phyſicians, according to the accidents of his Diſeaſe: one of which being one time brought him, and none of the uſual forms, as feeling if it were not too hot, and the like, being omitted, he was laid down on his Belly, the Syringe put up, and all Ceremonies perform'd, injection excepted; after which, the Apothecary being gone, and the Patient accommodated as if he had really receiv'd a Clyſter, he found the ſame operation and effect that thoſe do who have taken one indeed; and if at any time the Phyſician did not find the Operation ſufficient, he would uſually give him two or three more after the ſame manner. And the Fellow moreover ſwore to me, that to ſave charges (for he pay'd as if he had really taken them) this ſick mans Wife, having ſometimes made tryal of warm Water only, the effect diſcover'd the Cheat, and finding theſe would do no good, was fain to return to the old way. A Woman fanſying ſhe had ſwallow'd a pin in a piece of Bread,

Bread, cry'd out of an intolerable pain in her Throat, where ſhe thought ſhe felt it ſtick: but an ingenious Fellow that was brought to her, ſeeing no outward Tumour nor alteration, ſuppoſing it to be only Conceit taken at ſome Cruſt of Bread that had hurt her as it went down, caus'd her to vomit, and cunningly, unſeen, threw a crooked Pin into the Baſon, which the Woman no ſooner ſaw, but believing ſhe had caſt it up, ſhe preſently found her ſelf eas'd of her pain. I my ſelf knew a Gentleman, who having treated a great deal of good Company at his houſe, three or four days after bragg'd in jeſt (for there was no ſuch thing) that he had made them eat of a bak'd Cat; at which, a young Gentlewoman, who had been at the Feaſt, took ſuch a horror, that falling into a violent vomitting and a Fever, there was no poſſible means to ſave her. Even brute Beaſts are alſo ſubject to the force of Imagination as well as we; as is ſeen by Dogs, who die of grief for the loſs of their Maſters, and are ſeen to queſt, tremble, and ſtart, as Horſes will kick and whinney in their ſleep. Now all this may be attributed to the affinity and relation betwixt the Souls and Bodies of Brutes, but 'tis quite another thing when the Imagination works upon the Souls of rational men, and not only to the prejudice of their own particular Bodies, but of others alſo. And as an infected Body communicates its Malady to thoſe that approach, or live near it, as we ſee in the Plague, the ſmall Pox, and ſore Eyes that run through whole Families and Cities; *Dum*

Ovid. Amor. l. 2. *Dum ſpectant oculi læſos, læduntur & ipſi:*
Multáque corporibus tranſitione nocent.

Viewing ſore eyes, eyes to be ſore are brought,
And many ills are by tranſition caught.

So the Imagination being vehemently agitated, darts out Infection capable of offending the ſtranger Object. The Ancients had an opinion of certain Women of *Scythia*, that being animated and inrag'd againſt any one, they kill'd them only with their looks. Tortoiſes and Oſtriches hatch their Eggs with only looking on them, which inferrs, that their Eyes have in them ſome ejaculative vertue. And the Eyes of Witches are ſaid to be dangerous and hurtful.

Virg. Eclog. 3. *Neſcio quis teneros oculus mihi faſcinat agnos.*

What Eye it is, I do not know,
My tender Lambs bewitches ſo.

Magicians are no very good Authority for me, but we experimentally ſee, that Women impart the Marks of their Fancy to the Children they carry in their Wombs; witneſs her that was brought to Bed of a Moor: and there was preſented to *Charles* the Emperour, and King of *Bohemia*, a Girl from about *Piſa*, all over rough, and cover'd with Hair, whom her Mother ſaid to be ſo conceiv'd by reaſon of a Picture of St *John Baptiſt*, that hung within the Curtains of her Bed. It is the ſame with Beaſts, witneſs *Jacob*'s ring-ſtreaked and ſpotted-

ted Goats, and Sheep, and the Hares and Partridges that the Snow turns white upon the Mountains. There was at my Houſe a little while ago, a Cat ſeen watching a Bird upon the top of a Tree, who for ſome time mutually fixing their Eyes upon one another, the Bird at laſt let her ſelf fall as dead into the Cats Claws, either dazled and aſtoniſh'd by the Force of her own Imagination, or drawn by ſome attractive Power of the Cat. Such as are addicted to the Pleaſures of the Field, have, I make no queſtion, heard the Story of the Faulconer, who having earneſtly fix'd his Eyes upon a Kite in the Air, lay'd a Wager, that he would bring her down with the ſole Power of his Sight, and did ſo, as it was ſaid; for the Tales I borrow, I charge upon the Conſciences of thoſe from whom I have them. The Diſcourſes are my own, and found themſelves upon the Proofs of Reaſon, not of Experience; to which every one has Liberty to add his own Examples: and who has none, (the Number and Varieties of Accidents conſider'd) let him not forbear to believe that theſe I ſet down are enough: and if I do not apply them well, let ſome other do it for me. And alſo in the Subjects of which I treat, *viz.* of our Manners and Motions, the Teſtimonies and Inſtances I produce, how fabulous ſoever, provided they are poſſible, ſerve as well as the true; whether it has really happen'd or no, at *Rome* or at *Paris*, to *Peter* or *John*, 'tis ſtill within the Verge of Poſſibility, and humane Capacity, which ſerves me to good uſe, and

ſupplies

ſupplies me with Variety in the things I write. I ſee, and make my Advantage of it as well in Shadow as in Subſtance; and amongſt the various Examples I every where meet with in Hiſtory, I cull out the moſt rare and memorable to fit my own Turn. There are ſome Authors whoſe only end and Deſign it is, to give an Account of things that have hapned; mine, if I could arrive unto it, ſhould be to deliver what may come to paſs. There is a juſt Liberty allow'd in the Schools of ſuppoſing and contriving *Simile*'s, when they are at a Loſs for them in their own Reading: I do not, however, make any uſe of that Privilege, and as to that Affair in ſuperſtitious Religion ſurpaſs all Hiſtorical Authority. In the Examples which I here bring in, of what I have heard, read, done, or ſaid, I have forbid my ſelf to dare to alter even the moſt light and indifferent Circumſtances; my Conſcience does not falſifie one Tittle, what my Ignorance may do I cannot ſay. And this it is that makes me ſometimes enter into Diſpute with my own Thoughts, whether or no a Divine, or a Philoſopher, Men of ſo exact and tender Wiſdom and Conſcience, are fitto write Hiſtory: for, how can they ſtake their Reputation upon the Publick Faith? how be reſponſible for the Opinions of Men they do not know? and with what Aſſurance deliver their Conjectures for current Pay? Of Actions perform'd before their own Eyes, wherein ſeveral Perſons were Actors, they would be unwilling to give Evidence upon Oath before a Judge;

Judge; and cannot be ſo familiarly and thoroughly acquainted with any for whoſe Intentions they would become abſolute Caution. For my part, I think it leſs hazardous to write things paſt, than preſent, by how much the Writer is only to give an Account of things every one knows he muſt of neceſſity borrow upon Truſt. I am ſollicited to write the Affairs of my own Time by ſome who fanſie I look upon them with an Eye leſs blinded with Prejudice, or Partiality, than another, and have a clearer Inſight into them by reaſon of the free Acceſs Fortune has given me to the Heads of both Factions; but they do not conſider, that to purchaſe the Glory of *Saluſt*, I would not give my ſelf the Trouble, being a ſworn Enemy as I am to all Obligation, Aſſiduity, and Perſeverance: beſides that, there is nothing ſo contrary to my Stile, as a continued and extended Narrative, I ſo often interrupt, and cut my ſelf ſhort in my Writing only for want of Breath. I have neither Fancy, nor Expreſſion worth any thing, and am ignorant beyond a Child, of the Phraſes, and even the very Words proper to expreſs the moſt common things; and for that Reaſon it is, that I have undertaken to ſay only what I can ſay, and have accommodated my Subject to my Force. Should I take one to be my Guide, peradventure I ſhould not be able to keep Pace with him, and in the Precipitancy of my Career might deliver Things, which upon better Thoughts, in my own Judgment, and according to Reaſon, would be criminal, and puniſhable in the higheſt

higheſt degree. *Plutarch* would tell us of what he has deliver'd to the Light, that it is the Work of others, that his Examples are all, and every where exactly true, that they are uſeful to Poſterity, and are preſented with a Luſtre that will light us the way to Vertue, which was his Deſign: but it is not of ſo dangerous conſequence as in a Medicinal Drug, whether an old Story be ſo or ſo.

CHAP. XXI.

That the Profit of one Man is the Inconvenience of another.

Demades the *Athenian* condemn'd one of his City, whoſe Trade it was to ſell the Neceſſaries for Funeral Ceremonies, upon Pretence that he demanded unreaſonable Profit, and that that Profit could not accrue to him, but by the Death of a great Number of People. A Judgment that appears to be ill grounded, for as much as no Profit whatever can poſſibly be made but at the Expence of another, and that by the ſame Rule he ſhould condemn all manner of Gain of what kind ſoever. The Merchant only thrives, and grows rich, by the Pride, Wantonneſs, and Debauchery of Youth; the Husbandman by the Price and Scarcity of Grain; the Architect by the Ruine of Buildings; Lawyers, and Officers of Juſtice, by Suits and Contentions of Men; nay even the Honour and Office of Divines are deriv'd from our

our Death and Vices; a Phyſician takes no Pleaſure in the Health even of his Friends, ſays the ancient Comical *Greek*, nor a Souldier in the Peace of his Country; and ſo of the reſt. And, which is yet worſe, let every one but dive into his own Boſom, and he will find his private Wiſhes ſpring and his ſecret Hopes grow up at anothers Expence. Upon which Conſideration it comes into my Head, that Nature does not in this ſwerve from her general Polity; for Phyſicians hold, that the Birth, Nouriſhment, and Encreaſe of every thing, is the Corruption and Diſſolution of another.

Nam quodcumque ſuis mutatum finibus exit,
Continuo hoc mors eſt illius, quod fuit ante. *Lucret. l. 2.*

For what from its own Confines chang'd doth paſs,
Is ſtraight the Death of what before it was.

CHAP. XXII.

Of Cuſtom, and that we ſhould not eaſily change a Law receiv'd.

HE ſeems to me to have had a right and true apprehenſion of the power of Cuſtom, who firſt invented the Story of a Country-woman, who having accuſtom'd her ſelf to play with, and carry a young Calf in her Arms, and daily continuing to do ſo as it grew up, obtain'd

obtain'd this by Cuſtom, that when grown to be a great Ox ſhe was ſtill able to bear it. For in truth, Cuſtom is a violent and treacherous School-miſtriſs. She, by little and little, ſlily, and unperceiv'd, ſlips in the foot of her Authority, but having by this gentle and humble beginning, with the benefit of Time, fix'd and eſtabliſh'd it, ſhe then unmasks a furious and tyrannick Countenance, againſt which we have no more the Courage or the power ſo much as to lift up our Eyes. We ſee it at every turn forcing and violating the Rules of Nature: *Uſus efficaciſſimus rerum omnium magiſter*; Cuſtom is the greateſt Maſter of all things. I believe *Plato*'s care in his Republick, and the Phyſicians, who ſo often ſubmit the Reaſons of their Art to the authority of Habit; as alſo the ſtory of that King, who by Cuſtom brought his Stomach to that paſs, as to live by Poiſon, and the Maid that *Albertus* reports to have liv'd upon Spiders; and in that new World of the *Indies*, there were found great Nations, and in very differing Climates, who were of the ſame Diet, made proviſion of them, and fed them for their Tables; as alſo, they did Graſhoppers, Mice, Bats and Lizards; and in a time of ſcarcity of ſuch Rareties, a Toad was ſold for ſix Crowns, all which they cook, and diſh up with ſeveral Sawces. There were alſo others found, to whom our Diet, and the Fleſh we eat were venomous and mortal. *Conſuetudinis magna vis eſt: Pernoctant venatores in nive: in montibus uri ſe patiuntur: Pugiles Cæſtibus contuſi,*

Plin. l. 6.

Cicero Tuſc. l. 2.

ni

ne ingemiſcunt quidem. The Power of Cuſtom is very great: Hunts-men will one while lie out all night in the Snow, and another ſuffer themſelves to be parch'd in the Mountains; and Fencers, inur'd to beating, when bang'd almoſt to pulp with Clubs and Whirle-Batts, diſdain ſo much as to groan. Theſe are ſtrange Examples, but yet they will not appear ſo ſtrange if we conſider what we have ordinary experience of, how much Cuſtom ſtupifies our Senſes; neither need we go to be ſatisfied of what is reported of the Cataracts of *Nile*; and of what Philoſophers believe of the Muſick of the Spheres, that the Bodies of thoſe Circles being ſolid and ſmooth, and coming to touch, and rub upon one another, cannot fail of creating a wonderful Harmony, the changes and cadencies of which, cauſe the Revolutions and Dances of the Stars: but that the hearing Senſe of all Creatures here below, being univerſally, like that of the *Ægyptians*, deaf'd, and ſtupified with the continual Noiſe, cannot, how great ſoever perceive it. Smiths, Millers, Pewterers, Forge-men, and Armorers, could never be able to live in the perpetual Noiſe of their own Trades, did it ſtrike their Ears with the ſame Violence that it does ours. My perfum'd Doublet gratifies my own Smelling at firſt, as well as that of others; but after I have worn it three or four Days together, I no more perceive it; but it is yet more ſtrange, that Cuſtom, notwithſtanding the long Intermiſſions and Intervals, ſhould yet have the Power to unite

and eſtabliſh the Effect of its Impreſſions up
on our Senſes, as is manifeſt in ſuch as liv
near unto Steeples, and the frequent noiſe
the Bells. I my ſelf lie at home in a Tow
er, where every Morning and Evening a v
ry great Bell rings out the *Ave Maria*, t
Noiſe of which ſhakes my very Tower, an
at firſt ſeem'd inſupportable to me; but h
ving now a good while kept that Lodging,
am ſo us'd to't, that I hear it without an
manner of Offence, and often without awa
ing at it. *Plato* reprehending a Boy for pla
ing at ſome childiſh Game; Thou reprov
me (ſays the Boy) for a very little thing
Cuſtom (reply'd *Plato*) *is no little Thing.* A
he was in the right; for I find that our grea
eſt Vices derive their firſt Propenſity fro
our moſt tender Infancy, and that our prin
pal Education depends upon the Nurſe. M
thers are mightily pleas'd to ſee a Chi
writhe off the Neck of a Chicken, or to plea
it ſelf with hurting a Dog or a Cat; and ſu
wiſe Fathers there are in the World, wh
look upon it as a notable Mark of a Marti
Spirit, when he hears his Son miſ-call, or ſe
him domineer over a poor Peaſant, or a La
quey, that dares not reply, nor turn again
and a great ſign of Wit when he ſees hi
cheat and over-reach his Play-fellow by ſom
malicious Trick of Treachery and Deceit
but for all that, theſe are the true Seeds an
Roots of Cruelty, Tyranny, and Treaſo
They bud and put out there, and afterward
ſhoot up vigorouſly, and grow to a prodigio
Bul

Deceit ought to be correct-ed in the greeneſt Years.

Bulk and Stature, being cultivated and improv'd by Cuſtom: and it is a very dangerous Miſtake to excuſe theſe vile Inclinations upon the Tenderneſs of their Age, and the trivialſty of the Subject, firſt, it is Nature that ſpeaks, whoſe Declaration is then more ſincere, and inward thoughts more undiſguiſed, as it is more weak and young: ſecondly the Deformity of Cozenage does not conſiſt, nor depend upon the Difference betwixt Crowns and Pins; but merely upon it ſelf, for a Cheat is a Cheat be it more or leſs; which makes me think it more juſt to conclude thus, Why ſhould he not cozen in Crowns ſince he does it in Pins, than as they do, who ſay, they only play for Pins, he would not do it if it were for Money. Children ſhould carefully be inſtructed to abhor even the Vices of their own contriving; and the natural Deformity of thoſe Vices ought ſo to be repreſented to them, that they may not only avoid them in their Actions, but eſpecially ſo to abominate them in their Hearts, that the very Thought ſhould be hateſull to them, with what Mask ſoever they may be palliated or diſguis'd. I know very well, for what concerns my ſelf, that for having been brought up in my Childhood to a plain, and ſincere way of dealing, and for having then had an Averſion to all manner of juggling and foul Play in my Childiſh Sports and Recreations (and indeed it is to be noted, that the Plays of Children are not perform'd in Play, but are to be judg'd in them as their moſt ſerious Actions) there is

no Game ſo ſmall wherein from my own Boſom naturally, and without ſtudy or endeavour, I have not an extream Averſion for Deceit. I ſhuffle, and cut, and make as much clatter with the Cards, and keep as ſtrict Account for Farthings, as it were for double Piſtols, when winning or loſing againſt my Wife and Daughter is indifferent to me, as when I play in good earneſt with others for the roundeſt Sums. At all Times, and in all Places, my own Eyes are ſufficient to look to my Fingers; I am not ſo narrowly watch'd by any other, neither is there any I more fear to be diſcover'd by, or to offend.

I ſaw the other day, at my own Houſe, a little Fellow who came to ſhew himſelf for Money, a Native of *Nants*, born without Arms, who has ſo well taught his Feet to perform the Services his Hands ſhould have done him, that indeed they have half forgot their natural Office, and the uſe for which they were deſign'd; the Fellow too calls them his Hands, and we may allow him ſo to do, for with them he cuts any thing, charges and diſcharges a Piſtol, threds a Needle, Sows, Writes, and puts off his Hat, combs his Head, plays at Cards and Dice, and all this with as much Dexterity as any other could do who had more, and more proper Limbs to aſſiſt him; and the Money I gave him he carried away in his Foot, as we do in our Hand. I have ſeen another, who being yet a Boy, flouriſh'd a two-handed Sword, and (if I may ſo ſay) handled a Halbert with the mere Motions

ons and Writhing of his Neck and Shoulders for want of hands, toſt them into the Air, and catch'd them again, darted a Dagger, and crack'd a Whip as well as any Coach-man in *France.* But the Effects of Cuſtom are much more manifeſt in the ſtrange Impreſſions ſhe imprints in our Minds, where ſhe meets with leſs Reſiſtance, and has nothing ſo hard a Game to play. What has ſhe not the Power to impoſe upon our Judgments and Belief? Is there any ſo fantaſtick Opinion (omitting the groſs Impoſtures of Religions, with which we ſee ſo many populous Nations and ſo many underſtanding men, ſo ſtrangely beſotted; for this being beyond the reach of Humane Reaſon, any Error is more excuſable in ſuch as through the Divine Bounty are not endued with an extraordinary Illumination from above) but of other Opinions, are there any ſo ſenſleſs and extravagant, that ſhe has not planted and eſtabliſh'd for Laws in thoſe Parts of the World upon which ſhe has been pleaſed to exerciſe her Power? And therefore that ancient Exclamation was exceeding juſt, *Non pudet Phyſicum, id eſt, ſpeculatorem, venatoremque naturæ, ab animis conſuetudine imbutis quærere teſtimonium veritatis*? Is it not a Shame for a Philoſopher, that is, for an Obſerver and Hunter of Nature, to derive Teſtimony from Minds prepoſſeſs'd with Cuſtom? I do believe, that no ſo abſurd or ridiculous Fancy can enter into Humane Imagination, that does not meet with ſome Example of Publick Practice, and that conſequently our Reaſon

Cicero de Nat. Deor.

does not ground, and ſupport it ſelf upon. There are People amongſt whom it is the Faſhion to turn their Backs upon him they ſalute, and never look upon the Man they intend to honour. There is a Place, where, whenever the King ſpits, the greateſt Ladies of his Court put out their hands to receive it; and another Nation, where the moſt eminent Perſons about him ſtoop to take up his Ordure in a Linen-cloth. Let us here ſteal room to inſert a Story. A *French* Gentleman, of my acquaintance, was always wont to blow his Noſe with his Fingers, (a thing very much againſt our Faſhion) would juſtifie himſelf for ſo doing, and was a man very famous for pleaſant Repartees, who, upon that occaſion, ask'd me what Privilege this filthy Excrement had, that we muſt carry about us a fine Handkerchief to receive it, and which was more, afterwards to lap it carefully up, and carry it all day about in our Pockets, which, he ſaid, could not but be much more nauſeous and offenſive, than to ſee it thrown away, as we did all other Evacuations. I found that what he ſaid was not altogether without Reaſon, and by being frequently in his Company, that ſlovenly action of his was at laſt grown familiar to me; which nevertheleſs we make a face at, when we hear it reported of another Country. Miracles appear to be ſo, according to our ignorance of Nature, and not according to the Eſſence of Nature. The continually being accuſtom'd to any thing, blinds the eye of our Judgment. *Barbarians* are no more

more a wonder to us, than we are to them; nor with any more reaſon, as every one would confeſs, if after having travell'd over thoſe remote Examples, Men could ſettle themſelves to reflect upon, and rightly to confer them. Humane Reaſon is a Tincture equally infus'd almoſt into all our Opinions and Cuſtoms, of what form ſoever they are, infinite in Matter, infinite in Diverſity. But I return to my Subject.

There are a People, where (his Wife and Children excepted) no one ſpeaks to the King but through a Trunk. In one and the ſame Nation the Virgins diſcover thoſe Parts that Modeſty ſhould perſwade them to hide, and the married Women carefully cover and conceal. To which, this Cuſtom in another Place has ſome Relation, where Chaſtity, but in Marriage, is of no Eſteem, for unmarried Women may proſtitute themſelves to as many as they pleaſe, and being got with Child, may lawfully take Phyſick in the ſight of every one to deſtroy their Fruit. And in another Place, if a Tradeſman marry, all of the ſame Condition, who are invited to the Wedding, lie with the Bride before him; and the greater number of them there is, the greater is her Honour, and the Opinion of her Ability and Strength: if an Officer marry, 'tis the ſame, the ſame with a Nobleman, and ſo of the reſt, excepting it be a Labourer, or one of mean Condition, for then it belongs to the Lord of the Place to perform that Office; and yet a ſevere Loyalty during Marriage is afterward

ward ſtrictly enjoyn'd. There is a place where Bawdy-houſes of Young-men are kept for the Pleaſure of Women, as we know there are of Women for the Neceſſities of Men; and alſo Marriages, where the Wives go to War as well as the Husbands, and not only ſhare in the dangers of Battel, but moreover in the Honours of Command. Others, where they wear Rings not only through their Noſes, Lips, Cheeks, and on their Toes, but alſo weighty Gymmals of Gold thruſt through their Paps and Buttocks: Where, in eating, they wipe their Fingers upon their Thighs, Genitories, and the Soles of their Feet: Where Children are excluded, and Brothers and Nephews only inherit; and elſewhere, Nephews only, ſaving in the Royal Family, and the Succeſſion of the Crown: where, for the Regulation of Community in Goods and Eſtates obſerv'd in the Country, certain Sovereign Magiſtrates have committed to them the univerſal Charge, and over-ſeeing of the Agriculture, and Diſtribution of the Fruits according to the Neceſſity of every one: Where they lament the Death of Children, and Feaſt at the Deceaſe of old Men: Where they lie ten or twelve in a Bed, Men and their Wives together: Where Women, whoſe Husbands come to violent Ends, may marry again, and others not: Where the ſervile Condition of Women is look'd upon with ſuch Contempt, that they kill all the native Females, and buy Wives of their Neighbours to ſupply their Uſe; Where Husbands

may

may repudiate their Wives, without ſhewing any Cauſe, but Wives cannot part from their Husbands, for what cauſe ſoever. Where Husbands may ſell their Wives in caſe of ſterility; Where they boyl the Bodies of their dead, and afterwards pound them to a pulp, which they mix with their Wine, and drink it; Where the moſt coveted Sepulture is to be eaten with Dogs, and elſewhere by Birds; Where they believe the Souls of the happy live in all manner of Liberty, in delighful Fields, furniſh'd with all ſorts of Delicacies, and that it is thoſe Souls, repeating the words we utter, which we call *Echo*. Where they fight in the Water, and ſhoot their Arrows with the moſt mortal Aim, ſwimming; Where, for a ſign of Subjection, they lift up their Shoulders, and hang down their Heads, and put off their ſhooes when they enter the King's Palace. Where the Eunuchs, who take charge of the Religious Women, have moreover their Lips and Noſes cut away, and diſguis'd, that they may not be lov'd; and the Prieſts put out their own Eyes, to be better acquainted with their *Dæmons*, and the better to receive and retain their Oracles: Where every one creates to himſelf a Deity of what he likes beſt, according to his own Fancy; the Hunter, a Lyon or a Fox; the Fiſher, ſome certain Fiſh, and Idols of every Humane Action or Paſſion; in which place the Sun, the Moon, and the Earth are the principal Deities, and the form of taking an Oath is to touch the Earth, looking up to Heaven; and there both

Fleſh

Fleſh and Fiſh is eaten raw; Where the greateſt Oath they take is, to ſwear by the Name of ſome dead Perſon of Reputation, laying their hand upon his Tomb; Where the New-years Gift the King ſends every Year to the Princes, his Subjects, is Fire, which being brought, all the old Fire is put out, and the neighbouring People are bound to fetch of the new, every one for themſelves upon pain of Treaſon; Where, when the King, to betake himſelf wholly to Devotion, retires from his Adminiſtration, (which often falls out) his next Succeſſor is oblig'd to do the ſame; by which means the Right of the Kingdom devolves to the third in Succeſſion; Where they vary the Form of Government, according to the ſeeming neceſſity of Affairs; Depoſe the King when they think good, ſubſtituting ancient men to govern in his ſtead, and ſometimes transferring it into the hands of the Common People; Where Men and Women are both Circumciz'd and alſo Baptiz'd; Where the Souldier, who in one, or ſeveral Engagements, has been ſo fortunate, as to preſent ſeven of the Enemies Heads to the King, is made noble: where they live in that rare and ſingular Opinion of the Mortality of the Soul: Where the Women are deliver'd without Pain or Fear: Where the Women wear Copper Fetters upon both their Legs, and if a Louſe bite them, are bound in Magnanimity to bite them again, and dare not marry till firſt they have made their King a Tender of their Virginity, if he pleaſe to accept it: Where the ordinary way

of

of Salutation is by putting a Finger down to the Earth, and then pointing it up towards Heaven: Where Men carry Burthens upon their Heads, and Women on their Shoulders, the Women piſſing ſtanding, and the Men cowring down: Where they ſend their Blood in token of Friendſhip, and cenſe the men they would honour, like Gods: Where not only to the fourth, but in any other remote Degree, Kindred are not permitted to marry: Where the Children are four Years at Nurſe, and ſometimes twelve; in which Place alſo it is accounted mortal to give the Child ſuck the firſt day after it is born: Where the Correction of the male Children is peculiarly deſign'd to the Fathers and to the Mothers of the Females; the Puniſhment being to hang them by the Heels in the Smoak: Where they eat all ſorts of Herbs, without other Scruple, than of the Illneſs of the Smell: Where all things are open, the fineſt Houſes, and that are furniſh'd with the richeſt Furniture, without Doors, Windows, Trunks, or Cheſts to lock, a Thief being there puniſh'd double to what they are in other Places: Where they crack Lice with their Teeth like Monkeys, and abhorr to ſee them kill'd with ones Nails: Where in all their Lives they neither cut their Hair, nor pare their Nails; and in another Place, pare thoſe of the Right-hand only, letting the Left grow for Ornament and Bravery: Where they ſuffer the Hair on the right ſide to grow as long as it will, and ſhave the other; and in the neighb'ring Provinces, ſome let

let their Hair grow long before, and ſome be-
hind, ſhaving cloſe the reſt: Where Parent
let out their Children, and Husbands their
Wives, to their Gueſts to hire: Where a
man may get his own Mother with Child, and
Fathers make uſe of their own Daughters, or
their Sons, without Scandal or Offence:
Where, at their ſolemn Feaſts, they inter-
changeably lend their Children to one ano-
ther, without any conſideration of Nearneſs of
Blood. In one Place Men feed upon Humane
Fleſh, in another, 'tis reputed a charitable
Office for a Man to kill his Father at a certain
Age; and elſewhere, the Fathers diſpoſe of
their Children whilſt yet in their Mothers
Wombs, ſome to be preſerv'd and carefully
brought up, and others they proſcribe either
to be thrown off, or made away. Elſewhere
the old Husbands lend their Wives to Young-
men; and in another place they are in com-
mon, without offence; in one place parti-
cularly, the Women take it for a mark of
Honour to have as many gay fring'd Taſſels at
the bottom of their Garment, as they have
lain with ſeveral men. Moreover, has not
Cuſtom made a Republick of Women ſeparate-
ly by themſelves? Has it not put Arms into
their Hands, made them to raiſe Armies, and
fight Battels? and does ſhe not by her own
Precept inſtruct the moſt ignorant Vulgar,
and make them perfect in things which all the
Philoſophy in the World could never beat in-
to the Heads of the wiſeſt men? For we know
entire Nations, where Death was not only
deſpis'd

deſpis'd, but entertain'd with the greateſt Triumph; where Children of ſeven years old offer'd themſelves to be whip'd to death, without changing their Countenance; where Riches were in ſuch Contempt, that the pooreſt and moſt wretched Citizen would not have deign'd to ſtoop to take up a Purſe of Crowns. And we know Regions very fruitful in all manner of Proviſions, where, notwithſtanding the moſt ordinary Diet, and that they are moſt pleas'd with, is only Bread, Creſſes, and Water. Did not Cuſtom moreover work that Miracle in *Chios*, that of ſeven hundred Years it was never known that ever Maid or Wife committed any act to the prejudice of her Honour? To conclude; there is nothing in my opinion, that ſhe does not, or may not do; and therefore with very good reaſon it is, that *Pindar* calls her the Queen, and Empreſs of the World. He that was ſeen to beat his Father, and reprov'd for ſo doing, made anſwer, that it was the Cuſtom of their Family; that in like manner his Father had beaten his Grand-father, his Grand-father his great Grand-father, and this, ſays he, pointing to his Son, when he comes to my Age, ſhall beat me. And the Father, whom the Son dragg'd and hal'd along the ſtreets, commanded him to ſtop at a certain Door, for he himſelf, he ſaid, had dragg'd his Father no farther, that being the utmoſt limit of the hereditary Inſolence the Sons us'd to practiſe upon the Fathers in their Family. It is as much by Cuſtom as Infirmity, (ſays *Ariſtotle*) that Women tear their

their Hair, bite their Nails, and eat Coals, Chalk, and ſuch Traſh, and more by Cuſtom than Nature, that men abuſe themſelves with one another. The Laws of Conſcience, which we pretend to be deriv'd from Nature, proceed from Cuſtom; every one having an inward Veneration for the Opinions and Manners, approv'd and receiv'd amongſt his own People, cannot without very great Reluctancy depart from them, nor apply himſelf to them without applauſe. In times paſt, when thoſe of *Creet* would curſe any one, they pray'd the Gods to engage them in ſome ill Cuſtom. But the principal effect of the power of Cuſtom is, ſo to ſeize and enſnare us, that it is hardly in our power to diſengage our ſelves from its gripe; or ſo to come to our ſelves, as to conſider of, and to weigh the things it enjoyns. To ſay the truth, by reaſon that we ſuck it in with our Milk, and that the face of the World preſents it ſelf in this poſture to our firſt ſight, it ſeems as if we were born upon condition to purſue this Practice; and the common Fancies that we find in repute every where about us, and infus'd into our Minds with the Seed of our Fathers, appear to be moſt univerſal and genuine. From whence it comes to paſs, that whatever is off the hinge of Cuſtom, is believ'd to be alſo off the hinges of Reaſon; and how unreaſonably for the moſt part, God knows. If, as we who ſtudy our ſelves, have learn'd to do, every one who hears a good Sentence, would immediately conſider how it does any way touch his own private Concern,

every

every one would find, that it was not ſo much a good Saying, as a ſevere Laſh to the ordinary Beſtiality of his own Judgment: but men receive the Precepts and Admonitions of Truth, as generally directed to the Common Sort, and never particularly to themſelves; and inſtead of applying them to their own manners, do only very ignorantly and unprofitably commit them to memory, without ſuffering themſelves to be at all inſtructed, or converted by them: But let us return to the Empire of Cuſtom. Such People as have been bred up to Liberty, and ſubject to no other Dominion but the authority of their own Will, every one being a Sovereign to himſelf, or at leaſt govern'd by no wiſer Heads than their own, do look upon all other Form of Government as monſtrous, and contrary to Nature. Thoſe who are inur'd to Monarchy do the ſame; and what opportunity ſoever Fortune preſents them with to change, even then, when with the greateſt difficulties they have diſengag'd themſelves from one Maſter, that was troubleſome and grievous to them, they preſently run, with the ſame difficulties, to create another; being not able, how roughly dealt with ſoever, to hate the Government they were born under, and the obedience they have ſo long been accuſtom'd to. 'Tis by the mediation and perſwaſion of Cuſtom, that every one is content with the place where he is planted by Nature; and the *High-landers* of *Scotland* no more pant after the better Air of *Tourain*, than the ſtarv'd *Scythian* after the delightful

Democracy.

Monarchy.

delightful Fields of *Theſſaly*. *Darius* asking certain *Greeks* what they would take to aſſume the Cuſtom of the *Indians*, of eating the dead Corps of their Fathers, (for that was their Uſe, believing they could not give them a better, nor more noble Sepulture, than to bury them in their own Bodies) they made anſwer, That nothing in the World ſhould hire them to do it; but having alſo tryed to perſuade the *Indians* to leave their barbarous Cuſtom, and after the *Greek* manner, to burn the Bodies of their Fathers, they conceiv'd a much greater horrour at the motion. Every one does the ſame, for as much as Uſe veils from us the true Aſpect of things.

Lucret. l. 2. *Nil adeo magnum, nec tam mirabile quicquam Principio, quod non minuant mirarier omnes Paulatim.*

Nothing at firſt ſo great, ſo ſtrange appears,
Which by degrees, Uſe in ſucceeding Years
Renders not more familiar.

Taking upon me once to juſtifie ſomething in uſe amongſt us, and that was receiv'd with abſolute Authority for a great many Leagues round about us, and not content, as men commonly do, to eſtabliſh it only by force of Law, and Example, but enquiring ſtill farther into its Original, I found the foundation ſo weak, that I who made it my buſineſs to confirm others, was very near being diſſatisfy'd my ſelf. 'Tis by this Receipt that *Plato* undertakes to cure this unnatural and prepoſterous

Loves

Love of his Time, which he eſteems of ſovereign Virtue; namely That the publick Opinion condemns them; That the Poets, and all other ſorts of Writers, relate horrible Stories of them. A *Recipe*, by virtue of which the moſt beautiful Daughters no more allure their Fathers Luſt; nor Brothers of the fineſt Shape and Faſhion their Siſters deſire. The very Fables of *Thyeſtes*, *Oedipus*, and *Macareus*, having with the Harmony of their Song infus'd this wholſome Opinion and Belief into the tender Brains of Infants. Chaſtity is in truth a great and ſhining Vertue, and of which the Utility is ſufficiently known; but to govern, and prevail with it according to Nature, is as hard, as 'tis eaſie to do it according to Cuſtom, and the Laws and Precepts of ſober Practice. The original and fundamental Reaſons are of very obſcure and difficult ſearch, and our Maſters either lightly paſs them over, or not daring ſo much as to touch them, precipitate themſelves into the Liberty and Protection of Cuſtom: ſuch as will not ſuffer themſelves to be withdrawn from this original Source, do yet commit a greater Error, and ſubmit themſelves to wild and beaſtly Opinions; witneſs *Chryſippus*, who in ſo many of his Writings has ſtrew'd the little Account he made of inceſtuous Conjunctions, committed with how near Relations ſoever. Whoever would diſengage himſelf from this violent Prejudice of Cuſtom, would find ſeveral things receiv'd with abſolute and undoubting Opinion, that have no other Support than the hoary Head

and rivell'd Face of ancient Uſe; and thing being referr'd to the Deciſion of Truth an Reaſon, he will find his Judgment convinc and overthrown, and yet reſtor'd to a muc more ſure Eſtate. For Example, I ſhall as him, what can be more ſtrange than to ſee People oblig'd to obey and pay a Reverence t Laws they never underſtood, and to be bou in all their Affairs, both of private and pu lick Concern, as Marriages, Donations, Wil Sales, and Purchaſes, to Rules they cann poſſibly know, being neither writ nor pu liſh'd in their own Language, and of whi they are of Neceſſity to purchaſe both t Interpretation and the Uſe? Not according t the ingenious Opinion of *Socrates*, who co ſell'd his King to make the Trafficks and Neg tiations of his Subjects, free, frank, and Profit to them, and their Quarrels and Debat burdenſom, and tart, and loaden with he Impoſitions and Penalties; but by a prodig ous Opinion to make ſale of Reaſon it ſe and to allow the Law a courſe of Traffick. think my ſelf oblig'd to Fortune that (as o Hiſtorians report) it was a *Gaſcon* Gentlem a Country-man of mine, who firſt oppo *Charlemain*, when he attempted to impoſe u on us Latin and Imperial Laws. What c be more ſevere or unjuſt, than to ſee a Natio where, by lawful Cuſtom, the Office of a Jud is to be bought and ſold, where Judgmen are paid for with ready Money, and whe Juſtice may legally be denied to him that h not wherewithal to pay; a Merchandice in

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great Repute, as in a Government to ſerve a fourth Eſtate of wrangling Lawyers, to add to the three ancient ones of the Church, Nobility, and People; which fourth Eſtate, having the Laws in their hands, and ſovereign Power over Mens Lives and Fortunes, make another ſeparate Body of Nobility: from whence it comes to paſs, that there are double Laws, thoſe of Honour, and thoſe of Juſtice, in many things poſitively oppoſite to one another, the Nobles as rigorouſly condemning a *Lye* taken, as the other do a *Lye* reveng'd: By the Law of Arms, he ſhall be degraded from all Nobility and Honour who puts up an Affront; and by the Civil Law, he who vindicates his Reputation by Revenge incurs a Capital Puniſhment: who applies himſelf to the Law for Reparation of an Offence done to his Honour, diſgraces himſelf; and who does not, is cenſur'd and puniſh'd, by the Law. Yet of theſe two ſo different things, both of them referring to one Head, the one has the Charge of Peace, the other of War; thoſe have the Profit, theſe the Honour; thoſe the Wiſdom, theſe the Vertue; thoſe the Word, theſe the Action; thoſe Juſtice, theſe Valour; thoſe Reaſon theſe Force, thoſe the *long Robe*, theſe the ſhort divided betwixt them.

For what concerns indifferent things, as Cloaths, who would debauch them from their true and real uſe, which is the Bodies Service and Convenience, and upon which their original Grace and Decency depend, for the moſt fantaſtick, in my Opinion, that can be imagin'd: I will inſtance amongſt others, our

flat Caps, that long Tail of Velvet that hangs down from our Womens Heads, and that laſcivious and abominable model of a Member we cannot in Modeſty ſo much as name, which nevertheleſs we ſhamefully ſtrut withall in publick. Theſe Conſiderations notwithſtanding will not prevail upon any underſtanding Man to decline the common Mode; but on the contrary, methinks all ſingular and particular Faſhions are rather marks of Folly and vain Affection, than of ſound Reaſon, and that a wiſe man ought within to withdraw and retire his Soul from the Crowd, and there keep it at Liberty, and in power to Judge freely of things; but as to this outward Garb and Appearance, abſolutely to follow and conform himſelf to the Faſhion of the Time. Publick Society has nothing to do with our Thoughts, but the reſt, as our Actions, our Labours, our Fortunes and our Lives, we are to lend and abandon them to the common Opinion and Publick Service, as did that good and great *Socrates* who refus'd to preſerve his Life by a Diſobedience to the Magiſtrate, though a very wicked and unjuſt one: for it is the Rule of Rules, and the general Law of Laws, that every one obſerve thoſe of the Place wherein he lives.

νόμοις ἕπεσθαι τοῖσιν ἐγχωρίοις καλόν.

The Countries Cuſtoms to obſerve
Is decent, and does Praiſe deſerve.

Beſides it is a very great doubt, whether any ſo manifeſt benefit and Advantage can accrue from

from the Alteration of a Law or Cuſtom receiv'd, let it be what it will, as there is Danger and Inconvenience in doing it; foraſmuch as Government is a Structure compos'd of ſeveral Parts and Members joyn'd and united together, with ſo ſtrict Affinity and Union, that it is almoſt impoſſible to ſtir ſo much as one Brick or Stone, but the whole Body will ſettle and be ſenſible of it. The Legiſlator of the *Thurians* ordain'd, That whoſoever would go about either to aboliſh old Laws, or to eſtabliſh new, ſhould preſent himſelf with a Halter about his Neck to the People, to the end, that if the Innovation he would introduce ſhould not be approv'd by every one, he might immediately be hang'd; and that of the *Lacedæmonians* made it the Buſineſs of his whole Life, to obtain from his Citizens a faithful Promiſe, that none of his Laws ſhould be violated. The *Ephorus* who ſo rudely cut the two Strings that *Phrynis* had added to Muſick, never ſtood to examine whether that Addition made better Harmony, or that by that means the Inſtrument was more full and compleat; it was enough to him to condemn the Invention, that it was a Novelty, and an Alteration of the old Faſhion. Which alſo is the Meaning of the old ruſty Sword carried before the Magiſtracy of *Marcelles*. For my own part, I have my ſelf a very great Averſion for Novelty, what Face, or what Pretence ſoever it may carry along with it, and have reaſon, having been an Eye-witneſs of the great Inconveniences it has produc'd. A man

cannot, I confeſs, truly ſay, That the Miſeries, which for ſo many Years have lain ſo heavy upon the Kingdom of *France*, are wholly occaſion'd by it; but a Man may ſay, and with colour enough, that it has accidently produc'd and begot both the Miſchiefs and Ruines that are ſince continued both without and againſt it, and it principally that we are to accuſe for theſe Diſorders.

Ovid. in Ep.

Heu patior telis vulnera facta meis.

Alas! the Wounds I now endure
Which my own Weapons did procure.

They who give the firſt ſhock to a State, are voluntarily the firſt over-whelm'd in its Ruine; the Fruits of publick Commotion are ſeldom enjoy'd by him who was the firſt Motor, he only troubles the Water for another's Net, and beats the Buſh whilſt another gets the Hare. The Unity and Contexture of this Monarchy, having been manifeſtly in her old Age rip'd and torn by this thing call'd Innovation, has ſince laid open a Rent, and given ſufficient Admittance to the like Injuries in theſe latter Times. The Royal Majeſty does with greater Difficulty ſtoop and debaſe it ſelf from the height to the Middle, than it falls and tumbles headlong from the Middle, to the Foundation. But if the Inventors did the greater miſchief, the Imitators are more vicious, to follow Examples of which they have felt, and puniſh'd both the Horror and the Offence. And if there can be

be any degree of Horror in ill doing, theſe laſt are indebted to the other for the Glory of contriving, and the Courage of making the firſt Attempt. All ſorts of new Diſorder eaſily draw from this primitive and over-flowing Fountain, Examples and Preſidents to trouble and diſcompoſe our Government. We read in our very Laws made for the remedy of this firſt Evil, the Beginning and Pretences of all ſorts of naughty Enterprizes; and in favour of publick Vices, give them new and more plauſible Names for their Excuſe, ſweetning and diſguiſing their true Titles, which muſt be done to win forſooth, and reclaim us; *Honeſta oratio eſt*, but the beſt Pretence for Innovation is of very dangerous Conſequence; and freely to ſpeak my Thoughts, it argues methinks a ſtrange ſelf Love, and a great Preſumption of a Man's ſelf, to be ſo fond of his own Opinions, that a publick Peace muſt be overthrown to eſtabliſh them, and to introduce ſo many inevitable Miſchiefs, and ſo dreadful a Corruption of Manners, as a Civil War, and the Mutations of State conſequent to it, always brings in its Train; and to introduce them in a thing of ſo high Concern, into the Bowels of a Man's own Country. Can there be worſe Hus-bandry than to ſet up ſo many certain and detected Vices againſt Errors, that are only conteſted, and diſputable whether they be ſuch or no? And are there any worſe ſorts of Vices than thoſe committed againſt a man's own Conſcience, and the natural Light of his own Reaſon? The Senate, upon

on the Diſpute betwixt it and the People about the Adminiſtration of their Religion, was bold enough to return this Evaſion for current Pay: *Ad Deos, id magis quàm ad ſe pertinere: ipſos viſuros, ne ſacra ſua polluantur:* That thoſe things more belong to the Gods to determine, than to them, let them therefore have a care their ſacred Myſteries were not prophan'd: according to that the Oracle anſwer'd to thoſe of *Delphos*, who, fearing to be invaded by the *Perſians*, in the *Median* War, enquir'd of *Apollo*, how they ſhould diſpoſe of the holy Treaſure of his Temple, whether they ſhould hide, or remove it to ſome other Place? He return'd them Anſwer, that they ſhould ſtir nothing from thence, and only take care of themſelves, for he was ſufficient to look to what belong'd to him. Chriſtian Religion has all the Marks of the utmoſt Utility and Juſtice: but none more manifeſt than the ſevere Injunction it lays indifferently upon all to yield abſolute Obedience to the Civil Magiſtrate, and to maintain and defend the Laws: of which, what a wonderful Example has the Divine Wiſdom left us, who to work and eſtabliſh the Salvation of Mankind, and to conduct this his glorious Victory over Death and Sin, would do it after no other way, but at the Mercy of our ordinary forms of Juſtice, ſubmitting the Progreſs and Iſſue of ſo high, and ſo ſalutiferous an Effect, to the blindneſs and injuſtice of our Cuſtoms and Obſervations, ſuffering the innocent Blood of ſo many of his Elect, and

ſo

ſo long a loſs of ſo many Years to the maturing of this ineſtimable Fruit? There is a vaſt difference betwixt the Caſes of one that follows the Forms and Laws of his Country, and another that will undertake to regulate and change them; of which the firſt pleads Simplicity, Obedience, and Example for his Excuſe, who, whatever he ſhall do, it cannot be imputed to Malice, 'tis at the worſt but Misfortune. *Quis eſt enim, quem non moveat clariſſimis monumentis teſtata, conſignataque antiquitas?* For who is it that Antiquity, ſealed, and atteſted with ſo many glorious Monuments cannot move? Beſides what *Iſocrates* ſays, that Defect is nearer ally'd to Moderation than Exceſs. The other is a much more ruffling Gameſter: for whoſoever ſhall take upon him to chooſe, to alter, and uſurp the Authority of judging, ought to look well about him, and make it his Buſineſs to Diſcover the Defect of what he would aboliſh, and the vertue of what he his about to introduce. This ſo eaſie, and ſo vulgar conſideration, is that which ſetled me in my Station, and kept even my moſt extravagant and ungovern'd Youth under the rein, ſo as not to burthen my Shoulders with ſo great a weight, as to render my ſelf reſponſible for a Science of that importance; and in this to dare, what in my better and more mature Judgment, I durſt not do in in the moſt eaſie, and indifferent things I had been inſtructed, and wherein the temerity of judging is of no conſequence at all. it ſeeming to me very unjuſt to go about to ſubject

Cicero de Divin. 1.

ject publick and eſtabliſh'd Cuſtoms and Inſti-tutions, to the weakneſs, and inſtability of a private and particular Fancy, (for private Reaſon is but a private Juriſdiction) and to attempt that upon the Divine, which no Government will endure a Man ſhould do upon the Civil Laws. With which, though humane Reaſon has much more Commerce, than with the other; yet are they ſoverignly judg'd by their own proper Judges, and the utmoſt ſufficiency, ſerves only to expound, and ſet forth the Law, and Cuſtom receiv'd, and neither to wreſt it, nor to introduce any thing of Innovation. And if ſometimes the Divine Providence have gone beyond the Rules, to which it has neceſſarily bound, and oblig'd us Men; it is not to give us any Diſpenſation to do the ſame; thoſe are only maſter ſtroaks of the Divine hand, which we are not to imitate, but admire, and extraordinary Examples, marks of purpos'd, and particular Teſtimonies of Power, of the Nature of Miracles, preſented before us for Manifeſtations of its Almighty Operation, equally above both our Rules and Forces, which it would be folly, and Impiety to attempt to repreſent and imitate; and that we ought not to follow, but to contemplate with the greateſt Reverence and Aſtoniſhment. Arts proper for his Perſon who has Power to do them, and not for us. *Cotta* very opportunely declares, that when Matter of Religion is in queſtion, he will be govern'd by *T. Coruncanus*, *P. Scipio*, *P. Scævola*, who were the High Prieſts, and not by *Zeno*, *Cleanthes*, or *Chryſippus*, who were

were Philoſophers. God knows in the preſent Quarrel of our Civil War, where there are a hundred Articles to daſh out and to put in, and thoſe great and very conſiderable ones too, how many there are who can truly boaſt, they have exactly and perfectly weigh'd and underſtood the grounds and Reaſons of the one and the other Party. 'Tis a Number (if it make any number) that would be able to procure us very little Diſturbance: but what becomes of of all the reſt, under what Enſigns do they march, in what Quarter do they lie? Theirs have the ſame Effect with other weak and ill apply'd Medicines, they have only ſet the Humours they would Purge, more violently in working, ſtirr'd and exaſperated them by the Conflict, and left them ſtill behind. The Apozem was too weak to Purge, but ſtrong enough to weaken us; ſo that it does not work, but we keep it ſtill in our Bodies, and reap nothing from the Operation but inteſtine Gripes and Dolours; ſo it is nevertheleſs, that Fortune ſtill reſerving her Authority in Defiance of whatever we are able to do or ſay, does ſometimes preſent us with a Neceſſity ſo urgent, that 'tis requiſite the Laws ſhould a little yield, and give way; and when one oppoſes the Encreaſe of an Innovation that thus intrudes it ſelf by Violence, to keep a Man's ſelf in ſo doing in all Places, and in all things, within the Bounds and Rules preſcrib'd, againſt thoſe who have the Power, and to whom all Things are lawful, that may any way ſerve to advance their Deſign, who have

no

no other Law nor Rule but what ſerves beſt to their own Purpoſe; is a dangerous Obligation, and an intolerable Inequality.

Aditum nocendi perfido præſtat fides.

Seneca in Oedip. Act. 3. Scen. 1.

So ſimple Truth does her fair Breaſt diſarm,
And gives to Treachery a Power to harm.

Foraſmuch as the ordinary Diſcipline of a healthful State does not provide againſt theſe extraordinary Accidents, ſhe preſuppoſes a Body that ſupports it ſelf in its principal Members and Offices, and a common Conſent to its Obedience and Obſervation. A legal Proceeding is cold, heavy and conſtrain'd, and not fit to make Head againſt a head-ſtrong and unbridled Proceeding. 'Tis known to be to this day caſt in the Diſh of thoſe two great Men, *Octavius* and *Cato*, in the two Civil Wars of *Scylla* and *Cæſar*, that they would rather ſuffer their Country to undergo the laſt Extremities, than to relieve their Fellow Citizens at the Expence of its Laws, or to be guilty of any Innovation; for in truth, in theſe laſt Neceſſities, where there is no other Remedy, it would peradventure be more diſcreetly done, to ſtoop, and yield a little to receive the Blow, than by oppoſing without Poſſibility of doing any good, to give occaſion to Violence to trample all under foot; and better to make the Laws do what they can, when they cannot do what they would. After this manner did he who ſuſpended them for four and twenty Hours, and he who for once

once ſhifted a Day in the Calendar, and that other who in the the Month of *June* made a Second of *May*. The *Lacedæmonians* themſelves, who were ſo religious Obſervers of the Laws of their Country, being ſtraitned by one of their own Edicts, by which it was expreſly forbidden to chooſe the ſame Man to be Admiral; and on the other ſide, their Affairs neceſſarily requiring, that *Lyſander* ſhould again take upon him that Command, they made one *Aratus* Admiral, 'tis true, but withall, *Lyſander* went Superintendent of the Navy. And by the ſame Subtilty and Equivocation, one of their Ambaſſadours being ſent to the *Athenians* to obtain the Revocation of ſome Decree, and *Pericles* remonſtrating to him, that it was forbid to take away the Tablet wherein a Law had once been engroſs'd, he advis'd him to turn it only, that being not forbidden at all; and *Plutarch* commends *Philopœmen*, that being born to Command, he knew how to do it, not only according to the Laws, but alſo to over-rule even the Laws themſelves, when the publick Neceſſity ſo requir'd.

CHAP. XXIII.

Various Events from the ſame Counſel.

JAques *Amiot*, great Almoner of *France*, one day related to me this Story, much to the Honour of a Prince of ours (and ours he is upon

on ſeveral very good Accounts, though originally of Foreign Extraction) that in the time of our firſt Commotions at the Siege of *Roüen*, this Prince, having been advertis'd by the Queen-Mother of a Conſpiracy againſt his Life, and in her Letters particular notice being given him of the Perſon who was to execute the Buſineſs, (who was a Gentleman of *Anjou*, or elſe of *Mayne*, and who to this Effect did frequently haunt this Prince's Houſe) diſcover'd not a Syllable of this Intelligence to any one whatever, but going the next day to St. *Katharines* Mount, from whence our Battery play'd againſt the Town (for it was during the time of a Siege) and having in Company with him the ſaid Lord Almoner, and another Biſhop, he was preſently aware of this Gentleman, who had been denoted to him, and preſently caus'd him to be call'd to his Preſence; to whom being come before him, ſeeing him pale, and trembling with the Conſcience of his Guilt, he thus ſaid, *Monſieur* ſuch a one, *You already gueſs what I have to ſay to you, your Countenance diſcovers it, and therefore 'tis in vain to diſguiſe your Practice; for I am ſo well inform'd of your Buſineſs, that it will but make worſe for you, to go about to conceal or to deny it: you know very well ſuch and ſuch Paſſages,* (which were the moſt ſecret Circumſtances of his Conſpiracy) *and therefore be ſure, as you tender your own Life, to confeſs to me the whole Truth of your Deſign.* The poor Man ſeeing himſelf thus trap'd, and convinc'd (for the whole Buſineſs had been diſcover'd to the

the Queen by one of the Complices) was in ſuch a Taking, he knew not what to do; but joyning his Hands to beg and ſue for Mercy, he meant to throw himſelf at this Prince's Feet, who taking him up, proceeded to ſay, *Come on Sir, and tell me, have I at any time heretofore done you any Injury? or have I, through my particular Hatred or private Malice, offended any Kinſman or Friend of yours? It is not above three Weeks that I have known you; What Inducement then could move you to attempt my Death?* To which the Gentleman, with a trembling Voice, reply'd, *That it was no particular Grudge he had to his Perſon, but the general Intereſt and Concern of his Party, and that he had been put upon it by ſome who had perſwaded him it would be a meritorious Act, by any means to extirpate ſo great and ſo powerful an Enemy of their Religion. Well* ſaid the Prince, *I will now let you ſee, how much more charitable the Religion is that I maintain, than that which you profeſs; Yours has perſwaded you to kill me, without hearing me to ſpeak, and without ever having given you any cauſe of Offence; and mine commands me to forgive you, convict as you are, by your own Confeſſion, of a Deſign to murther me without Reaſon. Get you gone, that I ſee you no more; and if you are wiſe, chooſe hence-forward honeſter Men for your Councellors in your Deſigns.* The Emperour *Auguſtus*, being in *Gaule*, had certain information of a Conſpiracy *L. Cinna* was contriving againſt him, who thereupon reſolv'd to make him an Example; and to that end ſent to ſummon his Friends

Friends to meet the next morning in Counſel; but the night between he paſt over, with unquietneſs of Mind, conſidering that he was to put to death a young man, of an illuſtrious Family, and Nephew to the great *Pompey*, which made him break out into ſeveral ejaculations of Paſſion; What then, ſaid he, Shall it be ſaid, that I ſhall live in perpetual Anxiety, and continual Alarm, and ſuffer my Aſſaſſinates in the mean time to walk abroad at Liberty? Shall he go unpuniſhed after having conſpir'd againſt my Life, a Life that I have hitherto defended in ſo many Civil Wars, and ſo many Battels both by Land and Sea? And after having ſettled the Univerſal Peace of the whole World, ſhall this man be pardoned, who has conſpired not only to Murther, but to Sacrifice me? For the Conſpiracy was to kill him at Sacrifice. After which, remaining for ſome time ſilent, he re-begun louder, and ſtraining his Voice more than before to exclaim againſt himſelf, and ſay, Why liv'ſt thou? If it be for the good of many that thou ſhould'ſt Die? muſt there be no end of thy Revenges and Cruelties? Is thy Life of ſo great value, that ſo many Miſchiefs muſt be done to preſerve it? His Wife *Livia*, ſeeing him in this perplexity; Will you take a Woman's Counſel, ſaid ſhe? Do as the Phyſicians do, who, when the ordinary *Recipe*'s will do no good, make Tryal of the contrary. By ſeverity you have hitherto prevail'd nothing; *Lepidus* has follow'd *Savidienus*, *Murena Lepidus*, *Cæpio Murena*, and *Egnatius Cæpio*. Begin now, and try

try how Sweetneſs and Clemency will ſucceed. *Cinna* is convict, forgive him, he will never henceforth have the Heart to hurt thee, and it will be an Act of Glory. *Auguſtus* was glad that he had met with an Advocate of his own Humour; wherefore, having thank'd his Wife, and in the Morning countermanded his Friends he had before ſummon'd to Council, he commanded *Cinna* all alone to be brought to him; who being accordingly come, and a Chair by his Appointment ſet him, having commanded every one out of the Room, he ſpake to him after this manner: In the firſt place, *Cinna*, I demand of thee patient Audience; do not interrupt me in what I am about to ſay, and I will afterwards give thee Time and Leiſure to anſwer. Thou know'ſt, *Cinna*, that having taken thee Priſoner in the Enemies Camp, and that an Enemy not only made, but born ſo, I gave thee thy Life, reſtor'd thee all thy Goods, and finally put thee in ſo good a poſture, by my Bounty of living well, and at thy eaſe, that the Victorious envy'd the Conquer'd. The Sacerdotal Office which thou mad'ſt Suit to me for, I conferr'd upon thee, after having deny'd it to others, whoſe Fathers have ever born Arms in my Service: and after ſo many Obligations thou haſt undertaken to kill me. At which *Cinna* crying out, that he was very far from entertaining any ſo wicked a Thought; Thou doſt not keep thy Promiſe, *Cinna*, (continued *Auguſtus*) that thou would'ſt not interrupt me. Yes, thou haſt undertaken to murther me in

ſuch a Place, ſuch a Day, in ſuch and ſuch Company, and in ſuch a Manner. At which Words ſeeing *Cinna* aſtoniſh'd and ſilent, not upon the Account of his Promiſe ſo to be, but interdict with the Conſcience of his Crime; Why, proceeded *Auguſtus*, to what end would'ſt thou do it? Is it to be Emperour? Believe me, the Republick is in a very ill Condition, if I am the only Man betwixt thee and the Empire. Thou art not able ſo much as to defend thy own Houſe, and but t'other day waſt baffled in a Suit, by the oppos'd Intereſt of a mean manumitted Slave. What, haſt thou neither Means nor Power in any other thing, but only to attempt againſt *Cæſar*? I quit claim to the Empire, if there is no other but I to obſtruct thy Hopes. Can'ſt thou believe, that *Paulus*, that *Fabius*, that the *Caſſians* and *Servilians*, and ſo many Noble *Romans*, not only ſo in Title, but who by their Virtue honour their Nobility, would ſuffer or endure thee? After this, and a great deal more that he ſaid to him, (for he was two long Hours in ſpeaking) Well, *Cinna*, go thy way, ſaid he, I again give thee that Life in the Quality of a Traytor and a Parricide, which I once before gave thee in the Quality of an Enemy. Let Friendſhip from this time forward begin betwixt us, and let us try to make it appear whether I have given, or thou haſt receiv'd thy Life with the better Faith; and ſo departed from him. Some time after, he preferr'd him to the Conſular Dignity, complaining, that he had not the Confidence

to

to demand it; had him ever after for his very great Friend, and was at laſt made by him ſole Heir to all his Eſtate. Now from the time of this Accident, which befell *Auguſtus* in the fortieth Year of his Age, he never had any Conſpiracy or Attempt againſt him, and therein reap'd the due Reward of this his ſo generous and exemplary Clemency. But it did not ſo well ſucceed with our Prince in the former Story, his Moderation and Mercy not being ſufficient ſo to ſecure him, that he did not afterwards fall into the toils of the like Treaſon, ſo vain and frivolous a thing is Humane Prudence; and in ſpite of all our Projects, Counſels, and Præcautions, Fortune will ſtill be Miſtreſs of Events. We repute Phyſicians fortunate when they hit upon a lucky Cure, as if there was no other Art but theirs that could not ſtand upon its own Legs, and whoſe Foundations are too weak to ſupport it ſelf upon its own Baſis; and as if no other Art ſtood in need of Fortunes Hand to aſſiſt in its Operations. For my part, I think of Phyſick as much good or ill as any one would have me: for, Thanks be to God, we have no great Traffick together. I am of a quite contrary Humour to other men, for I always deſpiſe it; but when I am ſick, inſtead of recanting, or entring into Compoſition with it, I begin yet more to hate, Nauſeate, and fear it, telling them who importune me to enter into a courſe of Phyſick, that they muſt give me time to recover my Strength and Health, that I may be the better able to ſupport and

encounter the violence and danger of the Potion: ſo that I ſtill let Nature work, ſuppoſing her to be ſufficiently arm'd with Teeth and Claws to defend her ſelf from the Aſſaults of Infirmity, and to uphold that Contexture, the Diſſolution of which ſhe flies and abhors: for I am afraid, leaſt inſtead of Aſſiſting her when grappled, and ſtrugling with the Diſeaſe, I ſhould Aſſiſt her Adverſary, and procure new Work, and new Accidents to encounter. Now I ſay, that not in Phyſick only, but in other more certain Arts, Fortune has a very great intereſt and ſhare. The Poetick Raptures, and thoſe prodigious flights of Fancy, that raviſh and tranſport the Author out of himſelf, why ſhould we not attribute them to his good Fortune, ſince the Poet himſelf confeſſes they exceed his Sufficiency and Force, and acknowledges them to proceed from ſomething elſe than himſelf, and has them no more in his Power than the Orators ſay they have thoſe extraordinary Motions and Agitations that ſometimes puſh them beyond their Deſign. It is the ſame in Painting, where Touches ſhall ſometimes ſlip from the hand of the Painter, ſo ſurpaſſing both his Fancy and his Art, as to beget his own Admiration. But Fortune does yet more accidentally manifeſt the ſhare ſhe has in all things of this kind, by the Graces and Elegancies are found out in them, not only beyond the Intention, but even without the Knowlege of the Artiſt. A judicious Reader does often find out in other Mens Writings, other kind of Perfections, and finds in them a better

better Sence and more quaint Expreſſion than the Author himſelf either intended or perceiv'd. And, as to military Enterprizes and Executions, every one ſees how great a hand Fortune has in all thoſe Affairs; even in our very Counſels and Deliberations there muſt certainly be ſomething of Chance and good Luck mix'd with Humane Prudence, for all that our Wiſdom can do alone is no great matter; the more piercing, quick, and apprehenſive it is, the weaker it finds it ſelf, and is by ſo much more apt to miſtruſt its own Vertue. I am of *Sylla*'s Opinion, and when I moſt ſtrictly and nearer hand examine the moſt glorious Exploits of War, I perceive, methinks, that thoſe who carry them on, make uſe of Counſel and Debate only for Cuſtoms ſake, and leave the beſt part of the Enterprize to Fortune, and relying upon her Favour and Aſſiſtance, tranſgreſs at every turn the Bounds of Military Conduct, and the Rules of War. There happen ſometimes accidental Alacrities and ſtrange Furies in their Deliberations, that for the moſt part prompt them to follow the worſt, and worſt grounded Counſels, and that ſwell their Courages beyond the Limits of Reaſon: from whence it falls out, that many great Captains, to juſtifie thoſe temerarious Deliberations, have been forc'd to tell their Souldiers, that they were by ſome Inſpiration and good *Omen* encourag'd and invited to ſuch Attempts. Wherefore, in this Doubt and Uncertainty that the ſhort-ſightedneſs of Humane Wiſdom to ſee and chooſe the beſt, (by

Monlyc in his *Commentariſſe.*

reaſon of the Difficulties that the various Accidents and Circumſtances of things bring along with them) does perplex us withall, the ſureſt way in my Opinion, did no other Conſideration invite us to it, were to pitch upon that wherein is the greateſt Appearance of Honeſty and Juſtice, and not being certain of the ſhorteſt, to go the ſtraiteſt and moſt direct way; as in theſe two Examples I have before laid down; there is no queſtion to be made but it was more noble and generous in him who had receiv'd the Offence, to pardon it, as they both did, than to do otherwiſe; and if the former miſcarried in it, he is not nevertheleſs to be blam'd for his good Intention: neither does any one know if he had proceeded otherwiſe, whether by that means he had avoided the end his Deſtiny had appointed for him; and he had however loſt the Glory of ſo generous an Act. You will find in Hiſtory, many who have been in this apprehenſion, that the moſt part have taken the courſe to meet, and prevent Conſpiracies by Puniſhment and Revenge; but I find but very few who have reap'd any Advantage by this proceeding; witneſs ſo many *Roman* Emperours: and whoever finds himſelf in this danger, ought not to expect much either from his Vigilancy or Power; for how hard a thing is it for a man to ſecure himſelf from an Enemy, who lies conceal'd under the countenance of the moſt officious Friend we have, and to diſcover and know the Wills and inward Thoughts of thoſe who are continually doing us ſervice? 'Tis to much

much purpoſe to have a Guard of Strangers about a man's Perſon, and to be always fenced about with a Pale of armed men; whoſoever deſpiſes his own Life, is always Maſter of that of another man. And moreover, this continual ſuſpicion, that makes a Prince jealous of all the World, muſt of neceſſity be a ſtrange Torment to him, and therefore it was, that *Dion*, being advertis'd that *Calippus* watch'd all opportunities to take away his Life, had never the Heart to enquire more particularly into it, ſaying, that he had rather die, than live in that miſery, that he muſt continually ſtand upon his Guard, not only againſt his Enemies, but his Friends alſo; which *Alexander* much more lively manifeſted in effect, when having notice by a Letter from *Parmenio*, that *Philip*, his moſt beloved Phyſician, was by *Darius* his money corrupted to poyſon him, at the ſame time that he gave the Letter to *Philip* to read, ſup'd of the Potion he had brought him. Was not this by ſuch a Reſolution to expreſs, that if his Friends had a mind to diſpatch him out of the World, he was willing to give them opportunity to do it? This Prince is indeed the Sovereign Preſident of all hazardous Actions; but I do not know whether there be another paſſage in his Life wherein there is ſo much ſteadineſs and conſtancy as in this, nor ſo illuſtrious an Image of the greatneſs of his Mind. Thoſe who preach to Princes ſo circumſpect and vigilant a jealouſie and diſtruſt, under colour of Security, preach to them ruine and diſhonour. Nothing

Noble can ever be perform'd without Danger. I know a Perſon, naturally of a very great daring and enterprizing Courage, whoſe good fortune is continually prevented, and foreſtall'd by ſuch perſuaſions, that he muſt retire into the groſs of his own Body, and keep thoſe he knows are his Friends continually about him, that he muſt not hearken to any Reconciliation with his ancient Enemies, that he muſt ſtand off, and not truſt his Perſon in hands ſtronger than his own, what promiſes or offers ſoever they may make him, or what advantages ſoever he may ſee before him. And I know another, who has unexpectedly made his Fortune by following a contrary Advice. Courage, the Reputation and Glory of which men ſeek with ſo greedy an Appetite, repreſents and ſets it ſelf out when need requires, as magnificently in Querpo, as in the neateſt Arms, in a Cloſet, as well as a Camp; and this overcircumſpect and wary Prudence is a mortal Enemy to all high and generous Exploits. *Scipio*, to ſound *Syphax* his intention, leaving his Army, and abandoning *Spain*, not yet ſecure, nor well ſettled in his new Conqueſt, could paſs over into *Africk* in two contemptible Bottoms, to commit himſelf, in an Enemies Countrey, to the power of a *Barbarian* King, to a Faith untry'd and unknown, without Precaution, without Hoſtage, under the ſole ſecurity of the greatneſs of his own Courage, his good Fortune, and the promiſe of his elevated Hopes. *Habita fides ipſam plerumque fidem obligat.* Truſt oftentimes obliges Fidelity.

Livius.

Fidelity. On the contrary, Fear and Diffidence invite and draw on injury and offence. The moſt miſtruſtful of all our Kings ſettled his Affairs principally by voluntarily giving up his Life and Liberty into his Enemies hands, by that action manifeſting that he had an abſolute confidence in them, to the end they might repoſe as great an aſſurance in him. *Ceſar* did only oppoſe the Authority of his Countenance, and the ſharpneſs of his Rebukes to his mutinous Legions, and rebellious Army.

——— *ſtetit aggere fulti* *Lucan. l. 5.*
Ceſpitis, intrepidus vultu, meruitque timeri
Nil metuens.

Upon a Parapet of Turf he ſtood,
His manly face with Reſolution ſhone,
And froze the Mutineers rebellious bloud,
Challenging fear from all by fearing none.

But it is true withall, that this undaunted aſſurance is not to be repreſented in its true and lively form, but by ſuch whom the apprehenſion of Death, and the worſt that can happen, does no way terrifie and affright; for to repreſent a pretended Reſolution with a pale and doubtful Countenance, and trembling Limbs for the forc'd Service of an important Reconciliation, will effect nothing to purpoſe. 'Tis an excellent way to gain the Heart, and conquer the Will of another, to go ſubmit, and intruſt a man's Perſon to him, provided it appear to be frankly done, and without the

the conſtraint of Neceſſity, and in ſuch a condition, that a man manifeſtly does it out of a pure and entire confidence in the Party, at leaſt with a Countenance clear from any Cloud of ſuſpicion. I ſaw, when I was a Boy, a Gentleman, who was Governour of a great City, upon occaſion of a Popular Commotion and Fury, not knowing what other courſe to take, go out of a Place of very great Strength and Security, and commit himſelf to the mercy of the ſeditious Rabble, in hopes by that means to appeaſe the Tumult before it grew to a more formidable Head: but it was ill for him that he did ſo, for he was there miſerably ſlain. But I am not nevertheleſs of opinion, that he committed ſo great an Errour in going out, as men commonly reproach his Memory withall, as he did in chooſing a gentle and ſubmiſſive way for the effecting his purpoſe, and in endeavouring to quiet this ſtorm, rather by obeying than commanding, and by Entreaty rather than Remonſtrance; and am inclin'd to believe, that a gracious Severity, with a Souldier-like way of commanding, full of Security, and confidence ſuitable to the Quality of his Perſon, and the Dignity of his Command, would have ſucceeded better with him; at leaſt, he had periſh'd with greater Decency and Reputation. There is nothing ſo little to be expected, or hop'd for from this many-headed Monſter, when ſo incens'd, as Humanity and good Nature; it is much more capable of Reverence and Fear. I ſhould alſo reproach him, that having taken a Reſolution

(in

(in my Judgment rather brave than raſh) to expoſe himſelf weak and naked in this tempeſtuous Sea of enraged Franticks; he ought boldly to have ſtemm'd the Current, and to have born himſelf bravely aloft; whereas comming to diſcover his Danger nearer hand, and his Noſe thereupon happning to bleed, he again chang'd that demiſs and fawning Countenance he had at firſt put on, into another of Fear and Amazement, and filling both his Voice and Eyes with Entreaties and Tears, and in that Poſture endeavouring to withdraw and ſecure his Perſon, that Carriage more enflam'd their Fury, and ſoon brought the Effects of it upon him. It was upon a time in a certain Place order'd by ſome, who had no very good Meaning in it, that there ſhould be a general Maſter of ſeveral Troops in Arms (for that is the moſt proper Scene of ſecret Revenges, and there is no Place where they can be executed with greater Safety) and there were publick and manifeſt Appearances, that there was no ſafe coming for ſome, whoſe principal and neceſſary Office it was to view them. Whereupon, a Conſultation was call'd, and ſeveral Counſels were propos'd, as in a caſe that was very nice, and of great Difficulty; and moreover, of important conſequence. Mine, amongſt the reſt, was, that they ſhould by all means avoid giving any ſign of Suſpicion, but that the Officers who were moſt in danger ſhould boldly go, and with cheerful and erect Countenances ride boldly and confidently thorough the Files and Diviſions, and that inſtead

ſtead of ſparing Fire (which the Counſels of the major part tended to) they ſhould entreat the Captains to command the Souldiers to give round and full Volleys in Honour of the Spectators, and not to ſpare their Powder: which was accordingly done, and ſerv'd to ſo good uſe, as to pleaſe and gratifie the ſuſpected Troops, and thenceforward to beget a mutual and wholſome Confidence and Intelligence amongſt them. I look upon *Julius Ceſar*'s way of winning Men to him as the beſt, and moſt plauſible, that can poſſibly be put in practice. Firſt, he try'd by Clemency to make himſelf belov'd even by his very Enemies, contenting himſelf in detected Conſpiracies, only publickly to declare, that he was pre-acquainted with them; which being done, he took a noble Reſolution to expect, without Sollicitude or Fear, whatever might be the Event, wholly reſigning up himſelf to the Protection of the Gods and Fortune: for queſtionleſs in this very Eſtate he was at the time when he was kill'd. A Stranger having publickly ſaid, that he could teach *Dionyſius* the Tyrant of *Syracuſa* an infallible way to find out and diſcover all the Conſpiracies his Subjects ſhould contrive againſt him, if he would give him a good Sum of Money for his Pains: *Dionyſius*, hearing of it, caus'd the Man to be brought to him, that he might learn an Art ſo neceſſary to his Preſervation; and having ask'd him by what Art he might make ſuch Diſcoveries, the Fellow made Anſwer, That all the Art he knew, was, That he ſhould give him a Talent,

Talent, and afterwards boaſt that he had obtain'd a ſingular Secret from him. *Dionyſius* lik'd the Invention, and accordingly caus'd ſix hundred Crowns to be counted out to him. It was not likely he ſhould give ſo great a Sum to a Perſon unknown, but upon the account of ſome extraordinary Diſcovery, the belief of which ſerv'd to keep his Enemies in awe. Princes however do very wiſely, to publiſh the Informations they receive of all the Practices againſt their Lives, to poſſeſs men with an opinion they have ſo good Intelligence, and ſo many Spies abroad, that nothing can be plotted againſt them, but they have preſent notice of it. The Duke of *Athens* did a great many ridiculous things to eſtabliſh his new Tyranny over *Florence*: but this eſpecially was moſt remarkable, that having receiv'd the firſt intimation of the Conſpiracies the People were hatching againſt him, by *Mattheo di Moroſo*, one of the Conſpirators, he preſently put him to death, to ſuppreſs that Rumour, that it might not be thought any of the City diſlik'd his Government. I remember I have formerly read a Story of ſome *Roman* of great Quality, who, flying the Tyranny of the *Triumvirate*, had a thouſand times, by the ſubtilty of as many Inventions, eſcap'd from falling into the hands of thoſe that purſu'd him. It hap'ned one day, that a Troop of Horſe which was ſent out to take him, paſs'd cloſe by a Brake where he was ſquat, and miſs'd very narrowly of ſpying him: but he conſidering, upon the inſtant,

inſtant, the Pains and Difficulties wherein he had ſo long continued, to evade the ſtrict and continual Searches were every day made for him, the little Pleaſure he could hope for in ſuch a kind of Life, and how much better it was for him to die once for all, than to be perpetually at this paſs, he ſtarted from his Seat himſelf, call'd them back, ſhew'd them his Form, and voluntarily deliver'd himſelf up to their Cruelty, by that means to free both himſelf and them from further Trouble. To invite a man's Enemies to come and cut his Throat, was a Reſolution that appears a little extravagant and odd; and yet I think he did better to take that courſe, than to live in a *Quotidian* Ague; and for which there was no Cure. But ſeeing all the Remedies a Man can apply to ſuch a Diſeaſe, are full of Unquietneſs, and uncertain, 'tis better with a manly Courage to prepare ones ſelf for the worſt that can happen, and to extract ſome Conſolation from this, That we are not certain the thing we fear will ever come to paſs.

CHAP. XXIV.

Of Pedantry.

I Was often, when a Boy, wonderfully concern'd to ſee in the *Italian* Farces a *Pedant* always brought in for the Fool of the Play, and that the Title of *Magiſter* was in no greater Reverence amongſt us: for being deliver'd up to

to their Tuition, what could I do leſs than be jealous of their Honour and Reputation? I ſought, I confeſs, to excuſe them by the natural incompatibility betwixt the Vulgar ſort, and men of a finer thread, both in Judgment and Knowledge, for as much as they go a quite contrary way to one another: But in this, the thing I moſt ſtumbled at was, that the braveſt men were thoſe who moſt deſpis'd them; witneſs our famous Poet *du Bellay*,

Mais je hay par ſur tout un ſcavoir pedanteſque. *Du Bellay.*

But of all ſorts of Learning, that
Of the Pedant I moſt do hate.

And they us'd to do ſo in former times; for *Plutarch* ſays, that *Gracian*, and *Scholar*, were names of reproach and contempt amongſt the *Romans*. But ſince, with the better experience of Age, I find they had very great reaſon ſo to do, and that *magis magnos Clericos non ſunt magis magnos ſapientes.* The greateſt *Rabelais.* Clerks are not the wiſeſt men. But whence it ſhould come to paſs, that a Mind enrich'd with the knowledge of ſo many things, ſhould not become more quick and ſpritely, and that a groſs and vulgar underſtanding ſhould yet inhabit there without correcting and improving it ſelf, where all the Diſcourſes, and Judgments of the greateſt Wits the World ever had, are collected, and ſtor'd up, I am yet to ſeek. To admit ſo many ſtrange Conceptions, ſo great and ſo high Fancies, it is neceſſary, (as a young Lady, and one of the greateſt

teſt Princeſſes of the Kingdom, ſaid to me once) that a man's own be crowded, and ſpueez'd together into a leſs compaſs, to make room for the other. I ſhould be apt to conclude, that as Plants are ſuffocated, and drown'd with too much nouriſhment, and Lamps with too much Oyl, ſo is the active part of the Underſtanding with too much ſtudy and Matter, which being embaraſs'd, and confounded with the diverſity of things, is depriv'd of the Force and Power to diſengage it ſelf; and that by the preſſure of this weight, it is bow'd, ſubjected, and rendred of no uſe. But it is quite otherwiſe, for a Soul ſtretches and dilates it ſelf proportionably as it fills. And in the Examples of elder times, we ſee quite contrary, men very proper for publick Buſineſs, great Captains, and great Statesmen, very Learned withall; whereas the Philoſophers, a ſort of men retir'd from all Publick Affairs, have been, ſometimes alſo deſpis'd, and render'd contemptible by the Comical liberty of their own Times; their Opinions, and ſingularity of Manners, making them appear to men of another method of living, ridiculous and abſurd. Would you make them Judges of a Controverſie of common Right, or of the Actions of Men? they are ready to take it upon them, and ſtrait begin to examine, if he has Life, if he has Motion, if Man be any other than an Oxe? What it is to do, and to ſuffer? and what Animals Law and Juſtice are? Do they ſpeak of the Magiſtrates, 'tis with a rude, irreverent, and indecent

cent liberty. Do they hear a Prince, or a King commended for his Vertue, they make no more of him, than of a Shepherd, Goat-herd, or Neat-herd; a lazy *Corydon*, that buſies himſelf only about milking, and ſhearing his Herds and Flocks, and that after the rudeſt manner. Do you repute any man the greater for being Lord of two thouſand Acres of Land? they laugh at ſuch a pitiful Pittance, as laying claim themſelves to the whole World for their poſſeſſion. Do you boaſt of your Nobility and Blood, for being deſcended from ſeven rich ſucceſſive Anceſtors? they will look upon you with an eye of Contempt, as men who have not a right Idea of the Univerſal Image of Nature, and that do not conſider how many Predeceſſors every one of us has had, Rich, Poor, Kings, Slaves, Greeks, and Barbarians. And though you where the fiftieth deſcent from *Hercules*, they look upon it as a great vanity, ſo highly to value this, which is only a gift of Fortune. And even ſo did the Vulgar ſort of men nauſeate them, as men ignorant of the beginning of things, where all things were common, accuſing them of Preſumption and Inſolence. But this *Platonick* Picture is far different from that theſe Pedants are preſented by: For thoſe were envied for raiſing themſelves above the common ſort of men, for deſpiſing the ordinary Actions and Offices of Life, for having aſſum'd a particular and inimitable way of living, and for uſing a certain Method of Bumbaſte and obſolete Language, quite dif-

ferent from the ordinary way of ſpeaking: but theſe are contemn'd for being as much below the uſual form, as incapable of Publick Employment, for leading a Life, and conforming themſelves to the mean and vile manners of the Vulgar. *Odi homines, ignava opera, Philoſophica Sententia.* I hate men who talk like Philoſophers, but do worſe than the moſt ſlothful of men. For what concerns thoſe true Philoſophers, I muſt needs ſay, that if they were great in Science, they were yet much greater in Action. And, as it is ſaid of the Geometrician of *Syracuſa*, who having been diſturb'd from his Contemplation, to put ſome of his Skill in Practice for the Defence of his Country, that he ſuddenly ſet on foot dreadful and prodigious Engines, and that wrought Effects beyond all humane expectation; himſelf notwithſtanding diſdain'd his own handy-work, thinking in this he had play'd the Mechanick, and violated the Dignity of his Art, of which theſe Performances of his, (though ſo highly cry'd up by the Publick Voice) he accounted but trivial Experiments, and inferiour Models: ſo they, whenever they have been put upon the Proof of Action, have been ſeen to fly to ſo high a Pitch, as made it very well appear, their Souls were ſtrangely elevated, and enrich'd with the Knowledge of Things. But ſome of them, ſeeing the Reins of Government in the hands of ignorant and unskilful Men, have avoided all Places and Intereſt in the Management of Affairs; and he who demanded of *Crates*, How

Pacuvius.

Archimedes.

How long it was neceſſary to Philoſophize, receiv'd this Anſwer, Till our Armies (ſaid he) are no more commanded by Fools and Coxcombs. *Heraclitus* reſign'd the Royalty to his Brother; and to the *Epheſians*, who reproach'd him that he ſpent his time in playing with Boys before the Temple; *Is it not better*, ſaid he, *to do ſo, than to ſit at the Helm of Affairs in your Company*? Others having their Imagination advanc'd above the thoughts of the World and Fortune, have look'd upon the Tribunals of Juſtice, and even the Thrones of Kings, with an Eye of Contempt and Scorn; inſomuch, that *Empedocles* refus'd the Royalty that the *Agrigentines* offer'd to him. *Thales*, once inveighing in Diſcourſe againſt the Pains and Care Men put themſelves to, to become rich; was anſwer'd by one in the Company, that he did like the Fox, who found fault with what he could not obtain. Whereupon, he had a mind, for the Jeſt's ſake, to ſhew them to the contrary; and having upon this Occaſion for once made a muſter of all his Wits, wholly to employ them in the Service of Profit, he ſet a Traffick on foot, which in one Year brought him in ſo great Riches, that the moſt experienc'd in that Trade could hardly in their whole Lives, with all their Induſtry, have rak'd ſo much together. That which *Ariſtotle* reports of ſome who ſaid of him, *Anaxagoras*, and others of their Profeſſion, that they were wiſe but not prudent, in not applying their Study to more profitable things (though I do not well digeſt this nice Diſtinction)

ction) that will not however ſerve to excuſe my Pedantick ſort of Men, for to ſee the low and neceſſitous Fortune wherewith they are content, we have rather Reaſon to pronounce that they are neither wiſe, nor prudent. But letting this firſt Reaſon alone, I think it better to ſay, that this Inconvenience proceeds from their applying themſelves the wrong way to the Study of Sciences; and that after the manner we are inſtructed, it is no wonder if neither the Scholars nor the Maſters become, though more learned, ever the wiſer, or more fit for Buſineſs. In plain Truth, the Cares and Expence our Parents are at in our Education, point at nothing, but to furniſh our Heads with Knowlege; but not a Word of Judgment and Vertue. Cry out of one that paſſes by, to the People, O, what a Learned! and of another, O, what a good man goes there! they will not fail to turn their Eyes, and addreſs their Reſpect to the former. There ſhould then be a third Cryer, O the Puppies and Coxcombs! Men are apt preſently to enquire, Does ſuch a one underſtand Greek? Is he a Critick in Latine? Is he a Poet? or does he only pretend to Proſe? But whether he be grown better or more diſcreet, which are Qualities of greater Value and Concern, thoſe are never enquir'd into; whereas, we ſhould rather examine, who is better learned, than who is more learned. We only toil and labour to ſtuff the Memory, and in the mean time leave the Conſcience and the Underſtanding unfurniſh'd and void. And, like

Birds

Birds who fly, abroad to forage for Grain, bring it home in the Beak, without taſting it themſelves, to feed their Young; ſo our Pedants go picking Knowledge here and there, out of ſeveral Authors, and hold it at the Tongues end, only to ſpit it out, and diſtribute it amongſt their Pupils. And here I cannot but ſmile to think how I have paid my ſelf in ſhewing the Foppery of this kind of Learning, who my ſelf am ſo manifeſt an Example; for, do I not the ſame thing throughout almoſt this whole Treatiſe? I go here and there, culling out of ſeveral Books the Sentences that beſt pleaſe me, not to keep them (for I have no Memory to retain them in) but to tranſplant them into this; where, to ſay the Truth, they are no more mine than in their firſt Places. We are, I conceive, knowing only in preſent Knowledge, and not at all in what is paſt, no more than in that which is to come. But the worſt on't is, their Scholars and Pupils are no better nouriſh'd by this kind of Inſpiration, nor it makes no deeper Impreſſion upon them, than the other, but paſſes from hand to hand, only to make a ſhew, to be tolerable Company, and to tell pretty Stories, like a counterfeit Coyn in Counters, of no other uſe nor value, but to reckon with, or to ſet up at Cards. *Apud alios loqui didicerunt, non ipſi ſecum. Non eſt loquendum, ſed gubernandum*; They have learn'd to ſpeak from others, not from themſelves. Speaking is not ſo neceſſary as Governing. Nature, to ſhew that there is nothing barbarous where ſhe has

Seneca Epiſt. 105.

the ſole Command, does oftentimes, in Nations, where Art has the leaſt to do, cauſe productions of Wit, ſuch as may rival the greateſt Effects of Art whatever. As in relation to what I am now ſpeaking of, the *Gaſcon* Proverb, deriv'd from a Corn-pipe, is very quaint and ſubtle. *Bouha prou bouha, mas a remuda lous dits qu'em.* You may blow till your Eyes ſtart out; but if once you offer to ſtir your Fingers, you will be at the end of your Leſſon. We can ſay, *Cicero* ſays thus; that theſe were the Manners of *Plato*, and that theſe are the very Words of *Ariſtotle*: but what do we ſay our ſelves that is our own? What do we do? What do we judge? A Parrot would ſay as much as that. And this kind of Talking puts me in mind of that rich Gentleman of *Rome*, who had been ſollicitous, with very great Expence, to procure Men that were excellent in all ſorts of Science, which he had always attending his Perſon, to the end, that when amongſt his Friends any occaſion fell out of ſpeaking of any Subject whatſoever, they might ſupply his Place, and be ready to prompt him, one with a Sentence of *Seneca*, another with a Verſe of *Homer*, and ſo forth, every one according to his Talent; and he fanſied this Knowledge to be his own, becauſe in the Heads of thoſe who liv'd upon his Bounty. As they alſo do whoſe Learning conſiſts in having noble Libraries. I know one, who, when I queſtion him about his Reading, he preſently calls for a Book to ſhew me, and dare not venture to tell me ſo much, as that he

he has Piles in his Poſteriours, till firſt he has conſulted his Dictionary, what Piles and what Poſteriours are. We take other Mens Knowledge and Opinions upon Truſt; which is an idle and ſuperficial Learning: we muſt make it our own. We are in this very like him, who having need of Fire, went to a Neighbours Houſe to fetch it, and finding a very good one there, ſat down to warm himſelf without remembring to carry any with him home. What good does it do us to have the Stomach full of Meat, if it do not digeſt, and be not incorporated with us, if it does not nouriſh and ſupport us? Can we imagine that *Lucullus*, whom Letters, without any manner of Experience made ſo great and ſo exact a Leader, learnt to be ſo after this perfunctory manner? We ſuffer our ſelves to lean and relie ſo over-ſtrongly upon the Arm of another, that by ſo doing we prejudice our own Strength and Vigour. Would I fortifie my ſelf againſt the fear of Death? It muſt be at the Expence of *Seneca*: Would I extract Conſolation for my ſelf, or my Friend? I borrow it from him, or *Cicero*; whereas I might have found it in my ſelf, had I been train'd up to make uſe of my own Reaſon. I do not fanſie this relative, mendicant, and precarious Underſtanding; for though we could become learned by other Mens Reading, I am ſure a Man can never be wiſe but by his own Wiſdom.

Proverb. Iamb. μισῶ σοφιστὴν ὅστις οὐχ αὑτῷ σοφός.

Who in his own Concern's not wiſe,
I that Man's Wiſdom do deſpiſe.

Cicero Epiſt. 6. l. 7. ex Ennio. From whence *Ennius*, *Nequidquam ſapere ſapientem, qui ipſi ſibi prodeſſe non quiret*; That wiſe man knows nothing, who cannot profit himſelf by his Wiſdom. *Cicero de Finib. l. 1.* *Non enim paranda nobis ſolum, ſed fruenda ſapientia eſt*; For Wiſdom is not only to be acquir'd, but enjoy'd. *Dionyſius* laught at the Grammarians, who cudgell'd their Brains to enquire into the Miſeries of *Ulyſſes*, and were ignorant of their own; at *Muſicians*, who were ſo exact in tuning their Inſtruments, and never tun'd their Manners; and at Orators, who ſtudied to declare what was Juſtice, but never took care to do it. If the Mind be not better diſpos'd, if the Judgment be no better ſettled, I had much rather my Scholar had ſpent his time at *Tennis*, for at leaſt his Body would by that Means be in better Exerciſe and Breath. Do but obſerve him when he comes back from School, after fifteen or ſixteen Years that he has been there, there is nothing ſo aukward and maladroit, ſo unfit for Company or Employment; and all that you ſhall find he has got, is, that his *Latine* and *Greek* have only made him a greater and more conceited Coxcomb than when he went from home. He ſhould bring his Soul repleat with good Literature, and he brings it only ſwell'd, and puff'd up with vain and empty Shreds and Snatches of

of Learning, and has really nothing more in him than he had before. Theſe Pedants of ours, as *Plato* ſays of the *Sophiſts*, their Couſin-Germans, are, of all Men living, they who moſt pretend to be uſeful to Mankind, and who alone, of all Men, not only do not better and improve that is committed to them, as a Carpenter or a Maſon would do, but make them much worſe, and make them pay for being made ſo to boot. If the Rule which *Protagoras* propos'd to his Pupils were followed, either that they ſhould give him his own Demand, or make Affidavit upon Oath in the Temple how much they valued the Profit they had receiv'd under his Tuition, and accordingly ſatisfie him, our Pedagogues would find themſelves baſely gravell'd, eſpecially if they were to be judg'd by the Teſtimony of my Experience. Our vulgar Perigordin *Patois* does pleaſatnly call them Pretenders to Learning, *Lettre-ferits*, as a Man ſhould ſay, Letter-mark'd; a man on whom Letters have been ſtamp'd by the Blow of a Mallet; and in truth for the moſt part, they appear to have a ſoft place in their Skulls, and to be depriv'd even of common Senſe. For you ſee the Husbandman, and the Cobler, go ſimply and honeſtly about their Buſineſs, ſpeaking only of what they know and underſtand; whereas theſe Fellows, to make perade, and to get opinion, muſtering this ridiculous knowledge of theirs that ſwims and floats in the Superficies of the Brain, are perpetually perplexing and entangling themſelves in their own Nonſence.

They

They ſpeak fine words ſometimes, 'tis true, but let ſome body that is wiſer apply them. They are wonderfully well acquainted with *Galen*, but not at all with the Diſeaſe of the Patient; they have already deaf'd you with a long ribble-row of Laws, but underſtand nothing of the caſe in hand; They have the Theories of all things, let who will put it in practice. I have ſate by, when a Friend of mine, in my own Houſe, for ſport ſake, has with one of theſe Fellows counterfeited a canting Galimatias, patcht up of ſeveral Expreſſions without head or foot, ſaving that he now and then interlarded here and there ſome terms that had relation to their Diſpute, and held the Coxcomb in play a whole Afternoon together, who all the while thought he had anſwer'd pertinently, and learnedly to all his Objections. And yet this was a man of Letters, and Reputation, and no worſe than one of the long Robe.

Perſius, Sat. 1.

Vos O patricius ſanguis quos vivere par eſt
Occipiti cæco, poſticæ occurrite ſannæ.

O you Patrician blouds, whoſe Laws commend
To have your Heads from retroſpection blind,
Take this poor counſel of a faithful Friend,
Beware of having a *Caldeſe* behind.

Whoſoever ſhall narrowly pry into, and thoroughly ſift this ſort of People, wherewith the World is ſo peſtered, will, as I have done, find, that for the moſt part, they neither underſtand others, nor themſelves; and that

that their Memories are full enough, 'tis true, but the Judgment totally void and empty; ſome excepted, whoſe own Nature has of it ſelf form'd them into better faſhion. As I have obſerv'd for Example in *Adrianus Turnebus*, who having never made other profeſſion, than that of mere Learning only, and in that, in my opinion, the greateſt man that has been theſe thouſand years, had nothing at all in him of the Pedant, but the wearing of his Gown, and a little exteriour faſhion, that could not be civiliz'd to the Garb, which are nothing; and I hate our People, who can worſe endure a Pedantick Mode, than an ill contriv'd Mind, and take their meaſures by the Leg a man makes, by his behaviour, and ſo much as the very faſhion of his Boots, what a kind of man he is. For within all this, there was not a more illuſtrious and polite Soul living upon Earth. I have often purpoſely put him upon Arguments quite wide of his Profeſſion, wherein I found he had ſo clear an inſight, ſo quick an apprehenſion, and ſo ſolid a Judgment: that a man would have thought he had never practis'd any other thing but Arms, and been all his life employ'd in Affairs of State. And theſe are great and vigorous Natures,

Teſtimony of *Adrianus Turnebus.*

——— *Queis arte benigna,*
Et meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan.

Juven. Sat. 14.

——— With greater Art whoſe mind
The Sun has made of Clay much more refin'd.

that

that can keep themſelves upright in defiance of a Pedantick Education. But it is not enough that our Education does not ſpoil us; it muſt moreover alter us for the better. Some of our Parliaments, when they are to admit Officers, examine only their Talent of Learning; to which ſome of the others alſo add the tryal of Underſtanding, by asking their Judgment of ſome Caſe in Law, of which the latter methinks proceed with the better Method: for although both are neceſſary, and that it is very requiſite they ſhould be defective in neither, yet, in truth, Knowledge is not ſo abſolutely neceſſary as Judgment, and the laſt may make ſhift without the other, but the other never without this. For as the Greek Verſe ſays.

Menande in Gnom.

ὡς ἐδὲν ἡ μάθησις ὢν μὴ νοῦς παρῇ.

Learning is nothing worth, if Wit
And Underſtanding be not joyn'd with it.

To what Uſe ſerves Learning, if the Underſtanding be away? Would to God, that, for the good of our Judicature, thoſe Societies were as well furniſh'd with Underſtanding and Conſcience, as they are with Knowledge. *Non Vitæ, ſed Scholæ diſcimus*; We do not ſtudy for the ſervice of our future Life, but only for the preſent uſe of the School. Whereas we are not to tye Learning to the Soul, but to work and incorporate them together; not to tincture it only, but to give it a thorough and perfect dye; which, if it will not

Sen. Epiſt. 106.

not take colour, and meliorate its imperfect ſtate, it were without queſtion better to let it alone. 'Tis a dangerous weapon, and that will endanger to wound its maſter, if put into an aukward, and unskilful hand: *Ut fuerit melius non didiciſſe.* So that it were better never to have learn'd at all. And this peradventure is the reaſon, why neither we, nor indeed Chriſtian Religion, require much Learning in Women; and that *Francis* Duke of *Brittany*, Son of *John* the Fifth (one being talking with him about his Marriage with *Iſabelle* the Daughter of *Scotland*, and adding that ſhe was homely bred, and without any manner of Learning) made anſwer, That he lik'd her the better, and that a Woman was wiſe enough, if ſhe could diſtinguiſh her Husband's Shirt and his Doublet. So that it is no ſo great wonder, as they make of it, that our Anceſtors had Letters in no greater Eſteem, and that even to this day, they are but rarely met with in the Privy Councils of Princes; and if this End and Deſign of acquiring Riches (which is the only thing we propoſe to our ſelves, by the means of Law, Phyſick, Pedantry, and even Divinity it ſelf) did not uphold, and keep them in credit, you would without doubt ſee them as poor and unregarded as ever. And what loſs would it be if they neither inſtruct us to think well, nor to do well? *Poſtquam docti prodierunt, boni deſinunt*; After once they become Learned, they ceaſe to be good. All other knowledge is hurtful to him, who has not the Science of Honeſty and good Nature. But the reaſon I glanc'd

glanc'd upon but now, may it not alſo proceed from hence, that our Study, having almoſt no other Aim, but Profit, fewer of thoſe, who by Nature are born to Offices and Employments, rather of Glory than Gain, addict themſelves to Letters; or for ſo little a while (being taken from their Studies before they can come to have any taſte of them, to a Profeſſion that has nothing to do with Books) that there ordinarily remain no other to apply themſelves wholly to Learning, but People of mean Condition, who in that only ſtudy to live, and have Preferment only in their Proſpect; and by ſuch People, whoſe Souls are both by Nature, and Education, and domeſtick Example, of the baſeſt Metal and Allay, the Fruits of Knowledge are both immaturely gathered, ill-digeſted, and deliver'd to their Pupils quite another thing. For it is not for Knowledge to enlighten a Soul that is dark of it ſelf; nor to make a blind man to ſee. Her Buſineſs is not to find a man Eyes, but to guide, govern, and direct his ſteps, provided he have ſound Feet, and ſtraight Legs to go upon. Knowledge is an excellent Drug, but no Drug has virtue enough to preſerve it ſelf from Corruption and Decay, if the Veſſel be tainted and impure wherein it is put to keep. Such a one may have a Sight clear and good enough, who looks a ſquint, and conſequently ſees what is good, but does not follow it, and ſees Knowledge, but makes no uſe of it. *Plato*'s principal Inſtitution in his Republick is, to fit his Citizens with Employments ſuitable

ble to their Nature. Nature can do all, and does all. Cripples are very unfit for Exerciſes of the Body, and lame Souls for Exerciſes of the Mind. Degenerate and vulgar Souls are unworthy of Philoſophy. If we ſee a Shooe-maker with his Shooes out at the Toes, we ſay, 'tis no wonder; for, commonly, none go worſe ſhod than their Wives and they. In like manner, Experience does often preſent us a Phyſician worſe phyſick'd, a Divine worſe reform'd, and frequently, a Scholar of leſs Sufficiency than another. *Ariſto* of *Chios* had anciently Reaſon to ſay, That Philoſophers did their Auditories harm, foraſmuch as moſt of the Souls of thoſe that heard them were not capable of making benefit of their Inſtructions, and if they did not apply them to good, would certainly apply them to ill: *ἀσώτους ex Ariſtippi, acerbos ex Zenonis Schola exire.* They proceeded effeminate Prodigals from the School of *Ariſtippus*, and Churls and Cynicks from that of *Zeno*. In that excellent Inſtitution that *Xenophon* attributes to the *Perſians*, we find, that they taught their Children Vertue, as other Nations do Letters. *Plato* tells us, that the eldeſt Son in their Royal Succeſſion, was thus brought up; So ſoon as he was born he was deliver'd, not to Women, but to Eunuchs of the greateſt Authority about their Kings for their Vertue, whoſe Charge it was to keep his Body healthful, and in good plight; and after he came to ſeven Years of Age, to teach him to ride, and to go a Hunting: when he arriv'd at fourteen he was transferr'd into the

Cicero de Natu. Deor. l. 2.

the hands of four, the wiſeſt, the moſt juſt, the moſt temperate, and moſt valiant of the Nation; of which, the firſt was to inſtruct him in Religion, the ſecond to be always upright and ſincere, the third to conquer his Appetites and Deſires, and the fourth to deſpiſe all Danger. 'Tis a thing worthy of very great Conſideration, that in that excellent, and, in truth, for its Perfection, prodigious form, and civil Regiment ſet down by *Lycurgus*, though ſollicitous of the Education of Children, as a thing of the greateſt Concern, and even in the very Seat of the Muſes, he ſhould make ſo little mention of Learning; as if their generous Youth, diſdaining all other Subjection, but that of Vertue only, ought to be ſupply'd, inſtead of Tutors to read to them Arts and Sciences, with ſuch Maſters, as ſhould only inſtruct them in Valour, Prudence, and Juſtice. An Example that *Plato* has followed in his Laws; the manner of whoſe Diſcipline was to propound to them Queſtions upon the Judgment of Men, and of their Actions; and if they commended or condemned this or that Perſon, or Fact, they were to give a Reaſon for ſo doing; by which means they at once ſharp'ned their Underſtanding, and became skillful in the Laws. *Mandane*, in *Xenophon*, asking her Son *Cyrus* how he would do to learn Juſtice, and the other Vertues amongſt the *Medes*, having left all his Maſters behind him in *Perſia*? He made Anſwer, that he had learn'd thoſe things long ſince; that his Maſter had often made him a Judge of the Differences amongſt

amongſt his School-Fellows, and had one day whip'd him for giving a wrong Sentence; and thus it was, A great Boy in the School, having a little ſhort Caſſock, by force took a longer from another that was not ſo tall as he, and gave him his own in exchange: whereupon, I being appointed Judge of the Controverſie, gave Judgment, That I thought it beſt either of them ſhould keep the Coat he had, for that they both of them were better fitted with that of one another than with their own: upon which, my Maſter told me, I had done ill, in that I had only conſider'd the Fitneſs and Decency of the Garments, whereas I ought to have conſider'd the Juſtice of the thing, which requires that no one ſhould have any thing forcibly taken from him that is his own. But it ſeems poor *Cyrus* was whip'd for his Pains, as we are in our Villages, for forgetting the firſt Aoriſt of τυπτω: my Pedant muſt make me a very learned Oration, *in genere demonſtrativo*, before he can perſwade me, that his School is like unto that. They knew how to go the readieſt way to work; and ſeeing that Science, when moſt rightly apply'd, and beſt underſtood, can do no more but teach us Prudence, moral Honeſty, and Reſolution, they thought fit to initiate their Children with the knowledge of Effects, and to inſtruct them, not by Hear-ſay, and by Rote, but by the Experiment of Action, in lively forming and moulding them; not only by Words and Precepts, but chiefly Works and Examples; to the end it might not be a Knowledge of the

Mind only, but a Complexion and a Habit; and not an Acquiſition, but a natural Poſſeſſion. One asking to this Purpoſe, *Ageſilaus*, what he thought moſt proper for Boys to learn? What they ought to do when they come to be Men, ſaid he. It is therefore no wonder, if ſuch an Inſtitution have produc'd ſo admirable Effects. They us'd to go, 'tis ſaid, in the other Cities of *Greece*, to enquire out Rhetoricians, Painters, and Muſick-Maſters; but in *Lacedæmon*, Legiſlators, Magiſtrates, and Generals of Armies; at *Athens* they learnt to ſpeak well, and here to do well, there to diſengage themſelves from a ſophiſtical Argument, and to unravel Syllogiſms, here to evade the Baits and Allurements of Pleaſure, and with a noble Courage and Reſolution to confute and conquer the menaces of Fortune and Death; thoſe cudgell'd their Brains about Words, theſe made it their Buſineſs to enquire into things; there was an eternal Babble of the Tongue, here a continual Exerciſe of the Soul. And therefore it is nothing ſtrange, if, when *Antipater* demanded of them fifty Children for Hoſtages, they made Anſwer, quite contrary to what we ſhould do, That they would rather give him twice as many full grown Men, ſo much did they value the loſs of their Country's Education. When *Ageſilaus* courted *Xenophon* to ſend his Children to *Sparta* to be bred, it is not, ſaid he, there to learn Logick or Rhetorick, but to be inſtructed in the nobleſt of all Sciences, namely, the Science to Obey, and to Command. It is very pleaſant to ſee *Socrates*,

after

after his manner, rallying *Hippias*, who recounts to him what a World of Money he has got, eſpecially in certain little Villages of *Sicily*, by teaching School, and that he got never a Penny at *Sparta*. What a Sottiſh and ſtupid People (ſays *Socrates*) are they, without Senſe or Underſtanding, that make no Account either of Grammar, or Poetry, and only buſie themſelves in ſtudying the Genealogies and Succeſſions of their Kings, the Foundations, Riſes, and Declenſions of States, and ſuch Tales of a Tub! After which, having made *Hippias* particularly to acknowledge the Excellency of their Form of Publick Adminſtration, and the Felicity and Vertue of their Private Life, he leaves him to gueſs at the Concluſion he makes of the Inutilities of his Pedantick Arts. Examples have Demonſtrated to us, that in Military Affairs, and all others of the like Active Nature, the Study of Sciences does more ſoften and untemper the Courages of Men, than any way fortifie and incite them. The moſt Potent Empire, that at this Day appears to be in the whole World, is that of the *Turks*, a People equally inclin'd to the Eſtimation of Arms, and the Contempt of Letters. I find, *Rome* was more Valiant before ſhe grew ſo Learned; and the moſt Warlike Nations at this time in Being, are the moſt ignorant: of which, the *Scythians*, *Parthians*, and the great *Tamerlane*, may ſerve for ſufficient Proof. When the *Goths* over-ran *Greece*, the only thing that preſerv'd all the Libraries from the Fire, was, that ſome one poſſeſs'd them

with an Opinion, that they were to leave this kind of Furniture entire to the Enemy, as being moſt proper to divert them from the Exerciſe of Arms, and to fix them to a lazy and ſedentary Life. When our King *Charles* the Eighth, almoſt without ſtriking a Blow, ſaw himſelf poſſeſs'd of the Kingdom of *Naples*, and a conſiderable part of *Tuſcany*, the Nobility about him attributed this unexpected Facility of Conqueſt to this, that the Princes and Nobles of *Italy*, more ſtudied to render themſelves ingenious and learned, than vigorous and warlike.

CHAP. XXV.

Of the Education of Children. To Madam Diana *of* Foix, *Counteſs of* Gurſon.

I Never yet ſaw that Father, but let his Son be never ſo decrepid, or deform'd, would notwithſtanding own him: nevertheleſs, if he were not totally beſotted, and blinded with this Paternal Affection, that he did not well enough diſcern his Defects: but that all Defaults notwithſtanding, he is ſtill his. Juſt ſo do I, I ſee better than any other, that all I write are but the idle Whimſies of a man that has only nibbled upon the outward Cruſt of Sciences in his Nonage, and only retain'd a general and formleſs Image of them, who have got a little ſnatch of every thing, and nothing of the whole

whole *a la mode de France*: For I know in general, that there is ſuch a thing as Phyſick, a knowledge in the Laws, four Parts in Mathematicks, and, in part, what all theſe aim and point at; and peradventure I yet know farther, what Sciences in general pretend unto, in order to the Services of Humane Life: but to dive farther than that, and to have cudgell'd my Brains in the ſtudy of *Ariſtotle*, the Monarch of all Modern Learning; or particularly addicted my ſelf to any one Science, I have never done it; neither is there any one Art of which I am able to draw the firſt Lineaments and dead colour; inſomuch that there is not a Boy of the loweſt Form in a School, that may not pretend to be wiſer than I, who am not able to poſe him in his firſt Leſſon, which if I am at any time forc'd upon, I am neceſſitated in my own defence, to ask him ſome Univerſal Queſtions, ſuch as may ſerve to try his natural Underſtanding; a Leſſon as ſtrange and unknown to him, as his is to me. I never ſeriouſly ſettled my ſelf to the reading any Book of ſolid Learning, but *Plutarch* and *Seneca*; and there, like the *Danaides*, I eternally fill, and it as conſtantly runs out; ſomething of which drops upon this Paper, but very little or nothing ſtays behind. Hiſtory is my delight, as to matter of Reading, or elſe Poetry, for which I have I confeſs, a particular kindneſs and eſteem: for, as *Cleanthes* ſaid, as the Voice, forc'd through the narrow paſſage of a Trumpet, comes out more forcible and ſhrill; ſo, me-

thinks, a Sentence couch'd in the Harmony of Verſe, darts more briskly upon the underſtanding, and ſtrikes both my Ear and Apprehenſion with a ſmarter, and more pleaſing Power. As to the Natural Parts I have, of which this is the Eſſay, I find them to bow under the burthen; my Fancy and Judgment do but grope in the dark, trip and ſtumble in their way, and when I have gone as far as I can, I diſcover ſtill a new and greater extent of Land before me, but with a troubled and imperfect ſight, and wrapt up in Clouds, that I am not able to penetrate. And taking upon me to write indifferently of whatever comes into my Head, and therein making uſe of nothing but my own proper and natural Force and Ammunition, if it befell me, as oft-times it does, accidentally to meet in any good Author, the ſame Heads and Common-places upon which I have attempted to write, (as I did but a little before in *Plutarch*'s Diſcourſe *of the Force of Imagination*) to ſee my ſelf ſo weak and ſo forlorn, ſo heavy, and ſo flat, in compariſon of thoſe better Writers, I at once pity and deſpiſe my ſelf. Yet do I flatter, and pleaſe my ſelf with this, that my Opinions have often the honour and good fortune to jump with theirs, and that I follow in the ſame Path, though at a very great diſtance; I am farther ſatisfied to find, that I have a Quality, which every one is not bleſt withall, which is, to diſcern the vaſt difference betwixt them and me; and notwithſtanding all that, ſuffer my own Inventions,

ventions, low, and contemptible as they are, to run on in their Career, without mending or plaſtering up the Defects that this Compariſon has laid open to my own View; and in plain Truth, a Man had need of a good ſtrong Back to keep Pace with theſe People. The indiſcreet Scriblers of our Times, who amongſt their laborious Nothings, inſert whole Sections, Paragraphs, and Pages, out of ancient Authors, with a Deſign by that means to illuſtrate their own Writings, do quite contrary; for this infinite Diſſimilitude of Ornaments renders the Complexions of their own Compoſitions, ſo pale, ſallow and deform'd, that they loſe much more than they get. The Philoſophers, *Chryſippus* and *Epicurus*, were, in this, of too quite contrary Humours; for the firſt did not only in his Books mix the Paſſages and Sayings of other Authors, but entire Pieces, and in one the whole *Medea* of *Euripides*; which gave *Apollodorus* occaſion to ſay, That ſhould a Man pick out of his Writings all that was none of his, he would leave him nothing but blank Paper: whereas the latter, quite contrary, in three hundred Volumes that he left behind him, has not ſo much as any one Quotation. I happened the other day upon this Piece of Fortune; I was reading a *French* Book, where after I had a long time run dreaming over a great many Words, ſo dull, ſo inſipid, ſo void of all Wit, or common Senſe, that indeed they were only words; after a long and tedious travel, I came at laſt to meet with a piece

that was lofty, rich, and elevated to the very Clouds: of which, had I found either the Declivity eaſie, or the Aſcent acceſſible, there had been ſome excuſe; but it was ſo perpendicular a Precipice, and ſo wholly cut off from the reſt of the Work, that by the ſix firſt words I found my ſelf flying into the other World, and from thence diſcover'd the Vale from whence I came ſo deep and low, that I had never ſince the Heart to deſcend into it any more. If I ſhould ſet out my Diſcourſes with ſuch rich Spoils as theſe, the Plagiary would be too manifeſt in his own Defects, and I ſhould too much diſcover the imperfection of my own Writing. To reprehend the fault in others, that I am guilty of my ſelf, appears to me no more unreaſonable, than to condemn, as I often do, thoſe of others in my ſelf. They are to be every where reprov'd, and ought to have no Sanctuary allow'd them. I know very well how imprudently I my ſelf at every turn attempt to equal my ſelf to my theſts, and to make my ſtyle go hand in hand with them, not without a temerarious hope of deceiving the eyes of my Reader from diſcerning the difference; but withall, it is as much by the benefit of my Application, that I hope to do it, as by that of my Invention, or any Force of my own. Beſides, I do not offer to contend with the whole Body of theſe Champions, nor hand to hand with any one of them, 'tis only by ſlights and little light attempts that I engage them; I do not grapple with them, but

try

try their ſtrength only, and never engage ſo far as I make a ſhew to do; and if I could hold them in play, I were a brave Fellow; for I never attaque them, but where they are moſt ſinewy and ſtrong. To cover a man's ſelf (as I have ſeen ſome do) with another man's Arms, ſo as not to diſcover ſo much as their fingers ends; to carry on a Deſign (as it is not hard for a Man that has any thing of a Scholar in him, in an ordinary Subject to do) under old Inventions, patcht up here and there with his own Trumpery: and then to endeavour to conceal the theft, and to make it paſs for his own, is firſt injuſtice, and meanneſs of Spirit in whoever do it, who having nothing in them of their own fit to procure them a Reputation, endeavour to do it by attempting to impoſe things upon the World in their own Name, which they have really no manner of title to; and then a ridiculous Folly to content themſelves with acquiring the ignorant approbation of the Vulgar by ſuch a pitiful Cheat, at the price at the ſame time of diſcovering their inſufficiency to men of Underſtanding, who will ſoon ſmell out and trace them in thoſe borrow'd Allegories, and from whom alone they are to expect a legitimate Applauſe. For my own part, there is nothing I would not ſooner do than that, neither have I ſaid ſo much of others, but to get a better Opportunity to excuſe my ſelf: neither in this do I in the leaſt glance at the Compoſers of Cento's, who declare themſelves for ſuch; of which

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ſort of Writers, I have in my time known many very ingenious, and have their Rhapſodies in very great Eſteem, and particularly one, under the Name of *Capilulus*, beſides the Ancients. Theſe are really Men of Wit, and that make it appear they are ſo, both by that and other ways of Writing; as for Example, *Lipſius*, in that learned and laborious Contexture of his Politicks. But, be it how it will, and how inconſiderable ſoever theſe Eſſays of mine may be, I will ingeniouſly confeſs, I never intended to conceal them, no more than my old bald grizled Picture before them, where the graver has not preſented you with a perfect Face, but the Reſemblance of mine. And theſe alſo are but my own particular Opinions and Fancies, and I deliver them for no other, but only, what I my ſelf believe, and not for what is really to be believ'd. Neither have I any other end in this Writing, but only to diſcover my ſelf, who alſo ſhall peradventure be another thing to morrow, if I chance to meet any Book, or Friend, to convince me in the mean time. I have no Authority to be believ'd, neither do I deſire it being too conſcious of my own inerudition to be able to inſtruct others.

A Friend of mine then having read the precedent Chapter, the other day told me, that I ſhould a little longer have inſiſted upon the Education of Children; and farther have extended my Diſcourſe upon ſo neceſſary a point: which, how fit I am to do, let my Friends flatter me if they pleaſe, I have in the mean time

time no ſuch Opinion of my own Talent, as to promiſe my ſelf any very good ſucceſs from my endeavour; but (Madam) if I had any ſufficiency in this Subject, I could not poſſibly better employ it, than to preſent my beſt Inſtructions to the little Gentleman that threatens you ſhortly with a happy Birth; (for you are too generous to begin otherwiſe than with a male) for having had ſo great a hand in the treaty of your Marriage, I have a certain particular right and intereſt in the greatneſs and proſperity of the Iſſue that ſhall ſpring from it; beſides that, your having had the beſt of my Services ſo long in poſſeſſion, does ſufficiently oblige me to deſire the Honour and Advantage of all wherein you ſhall be concerned. But, in truth, all I underſtand as to that particular is only this, that the greateſt and moſt important difficulty of Humane Science is the Education of Children. For as in Agriculture, the Husbandry that is to precede planting, as alſo Planting it ſelf, is certain, plain, eaſie, and very well known; but after that which is planted comes to take root, to ſpread, and ſhoot up, there is a great deal more to be done, more Art to be us'd, more care to be taken, and much more difficulty to cultivate and bring them to Perfection: ſo it is with Men; it is no hard matter to get Children; but after they are born, then begins the Trouble, Solliciude, and Care, vertuouſly to train, principle, and bring them up. The Symptoms of their Inclinations in that young and tender Age are ſo obſcure, and the Promiſes ſo uncer-

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tain and fallacious, that it is very hard to eſtabliſh any ſolid Judgment or Conjecture upon them. As *Simon*, for Example, and *Themiſtocles*, and a thouſand others, who have very much deceiv'd the little Expectation the World had of them: Cubs of Bears, and Bitches Puppies, do truly and indeed diſcover their natural Inclination; but Men, ſo ſoon as ever grown up, immediately applying themſelves to certain Habits, engaging themſelves in certain Opinions, and conforming themſelves to particular Laws and Cuſtoms, do eaſily alter, or at leaſt diſguiſe, their true and real Diſpoſition. And yet it is hard to force the Propenſion of Nature; whence it comes to paſs, that for not having choſen the right Courſe, a Man often takes very great Pains, and conſumes a good part of his Age in training up Children to things, for which, by their natural Averſion, they are totally unfit. In this Difficulty, nevertheleſs, I am clearly of Opinion, that they ought to be elemented in the beſt and moſt advantageous Studies, without taking too much notice of, or being too ſuperſtitious in thoſe light Prognoſticks they give of themſelves in their tender Years; to which *Plato*, in his Republick, gives, methinks, too much Authority. But (*Madam*) Science is doubtleſs a very great Ornament, and a thing of marvellous uſe, eſpecially in Perſons rais'd to that degree of Fortune you are; and in truth, in Perſons of mean and low Condition, cannot perform its true and genuine Office, being naturally more prompt

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to aſſiſt in the Conduct of War, in the Government of Armies and Provinces, and in negotiating the Leagues and Friendſhips of Princes and foreign Nations, than in forming a Syllogiſm in Logick, in pleading a Proceſs in Law, or in preſcribing a Doſe of Pills in Phyſick. Wherefore, *Madam*, believing you will not omit this ſo neceſſary Embelliſhment in the Education of your Poſterity, who your ſelf have taſted the Fruits of it, and of a Learned extraction (for we yet have the Writings of the ancient Counts of *Foix*, from whom my Lord, your Husband, and your ſelf, are both of you deſcended, and *Monſieur de Candale*, your Uncle, does every day oblige the World with others, which will extend the knowledge of this Quality in your Family ſo many ſucceeding Ages) I will upon this occaſion preſume to acquaint your Ladiſhip with one particular Fancy of my own, contrary to the common Method, which alſo is all I am able to contribute to your Service in this Affair. The charge of the Tutor or Governour you ſhall provide for your Son, upon the choice of whom depends the whole Succeſs of his Education, has ſeveral other great and conſiderable Parts and Duties requir'd in ſo important a Truſt, beſides that of which I am about to ſpeak, which how ever I ſhall not mention, as being unable to add any thing of moment to the common Rules, that every one who is qualified for a Governour is perfect in: and alſo in this wherein I take upon me to adviſe, he may follow it ſo far only as it ſhall appear rational and conducing to the end at which he does aim and intend. For

For a Boy of Quality then, who pretends to Letters not upon the account of Profit, (for ſo mean an Object as that is unworthy of the grace and favour of the Muſes; and moreover, in that a man directs his Service to, and profeſſes to depend upon others) nor ſo much for outward ornament, as for his own proper and peculiar uſe, and to furniſh and enrich himſelf within, having rather a Deſire to go out an accompliſh'd Cavalier, and a fine Gentleman, than a mere Scholar, and a Learned Man; for ſuch a one, I ſay, I would alſo have his Friends ſollicitous to find him out a Tutor, who has rather an Elegant than a Learned Head, and both, if ſuch a Perſon can be found; but however, to prefer his Manners and his Judgment before his Reading, and that this Man ſhould purſue the Exerciſe of his Charge after a new method. 'Tis the Cuſtom of School-maſters, to be eternally thundring in their Pupils Ears, as they were pouring into a Funnel, whilſt their Buſineſs is only to repeat what the other have ſaid before: Now I would have a Tutor to correct this Error, and that at the very firſt, he ſhould according to the Capacity he has to deal with, put it to the Teſt, permitting his Pupil himſelf to taſte and reliſh things, and of himſelf to chooſe and diſcern them, ſometimes opening the way to him, and ſometimes making him to break the Ice himſelf; that is, I would not have him alone to invent and ſpeak, but that he ſhould alſo hear his Pupil ſpeak in turn. *Socrates*, and ſince him *Arceſi-*

laus,

laus, made firſt their Scholars ſpeak, and then they ſpoke to them. *Obeſt plerumque iis qui diſcere volunt, authoritas eorum qui docent*; The Authority of thoſe who teach, is very oft an impediment to thoſe who deſire to learn. It is good to make him, like a young Horſe, trot before him, that he may judge of his going and how much he is to abate of his own Speed, to accommodate himſelf to the Vigour and Capacity of the other. For want of which due proportion, we ſpoil all; which alſo to know how to adjuſt, and to keep within an exact and due meaſure, is one of the hardeſt things I know, and an effect of a judicious and well-temper'd Soul, to know how to condeſcend to his Puerile Motions, and to govern and direct them. I walk firmer, and more ſecure up hill than down, and ſuch as accordingt o our common way of Teaching undertake, with one and the ſame Leſſon and the ſame meaſure of direction, to inſtruct ſeveral Boys of ſo differing and unequal Capacities, are infinitely miſtaken in their Method; and at this rate, 'tis no wonder, if in a multitude of Scholars, there are not found above two or three who bring away any good account of their Time and Diſcipline. Let the Maſter not only examine him about the Grammatical Conſtruction of the bare words of his Leſſon, but of the ſence and meaning of them, and let him judge of the Profit he has made, not by the teſtimony of his Memory, but by that of his Underſtand. Let him make him put what he hath learn'd into an hundred ſeveral Forms, and

Cic. de Nat. Deor. l. 1.

and accommodate it to ſo many ſeveral Subjects, to ſee if he yet rightly comprehend it, and have made it his own, taking inſtruction by his progreſs from the Inſtitutions of *Plato*. 'Tis a ſign of Crudity and Indigeſtion to vomit up what we eat in the ſame condition it was ſwallow'd down, and the Stomach has not perform'd its office, unleſs it have altered the form and condition of what was committed to it to concoct: ſo our minds work only upon truſt, being bound and compell'd to follow the Appetite of anothers Fancy, enſlav'd and captivated under the Authority of another's Inſtruction, we have been ſo ſubjected to the Tramel, that we have no free, nor natural Pace of our own, our own Vigour and Liberty is extinct and gone. *Nunquam tutelæ ſuæ fiunt*; They are ever in Wardſhip, and never left to their own Tuition. I was privately at *Piſa* carried to ſee a very honeſt man; but ſo great an *Ariſtotelian*, that his moſt uſual Theſis was, *That the Touch-ſtone and Square of all ſolid Imagination, and of the Truth, was an abſolute conformity to* Ariſtotle's *Doctrine*; *and that all beſides was nothing but Inanity and* Chimæra; *for that he had ſeen all, and ſaid all.* A Poſition, that for having been a little too injuriouſly, and malitiouſly interpreted, brought him firſt into, and afterwards long kept him in great trouble in the Inquiſition at *Rome*. Let him make him examine, and thoroughly ſift every thing he reads, and lodge nothing in his Fancy upon ſimple Authority, and upon truſt, *Ariſtotle*'s Principles will then be no

Sen. Ep. 33.

no more Principles to him, than thoſe of *Epicurus* and the Stoicks: only let this Diverſity of Opinions be propounded to, and laid before him, he will himſelf chooſe, if he be able; if not, he will remain in doubt.

Che non menche ſaper dubiar m' aggrada. *Dante Inferno, Canto 12.*

I love ſometimes to doubt, as well as know.

For if he embrace the Opinions of *Xenophon* and *Plato*, by maintaining them, they will no more be theirs, but become his own. Who follows another, follows nothing, finds nothing, nay is inquiſitive after nothing. *Non ſumus ſub Rege, ſibi quiſque ſe vindicet*; Let him at leaſt know, that he knows. It will be neceſſary that he imbibe their knowledge, not that he be corrupted with their Precepts; and no matter if he forget where he had his Learning, provided he know how to apply it to his own Uſe; Truth and Reaſon are common to every one, and are no more his who ſpake them firſt, than his who ſpeaks them after. 'Tis no more according to *Plato*, than according to me, ſince both he and I equally ſee and underſtand them. Bees cull their ſeveral Sweets from this Flower, and that Bloſſom, here and there where they find them, but themſelves after make the Honey, which is all, and purely their own, and no more Time and Marjoram: ſo the ſeveral Fragments he borrows from others, he will transform and ſuffle together to compile a Work that ſhall be abſolutely his own; that is to ſay, his Judg-

ment, his Inſtruction, Labour, and Study, tend to nothing elſe but to incline, and make him capable ſo to do. He is not oblig'd to diſcover whence he had his Ammunition, but only to produce what he has himſelf compos'd. Men that live upon Rapine, and borrowing, expoſe their Purchaſes and Buildings to every ones knowledge and view: but do not proclaim how they came by the Money. We do not ſee the Fees, and Perquiſites belonging to the Function and Offices of a Gentleman of the long Robe; but we ſee the Noble Alliances wherewith he fortifies himſelf and his Family, and the Titles and Honours he has obtain'd for him and his. No man divulges his Revenue; or at leaſt which way it comes in: but every one publiſhes his Purchaces, and is content the World ſhould know his good Condition. The Advantages of our Study are to become better and more wiſe. 'Tis (ſays *Epicharmus*) the Underſtanding that ſees and hears, 'tis the Underſtanding that improves every thing, that orders every thing, and that acts, rules, and reigns: all other Faculties are blind, and deaf, and without Soul; and certainly, we render it timorous and ſervile, in not allowing it the Liberty and Privilege to do any thing of it ſelf. Who ever ask'd his Pupil what he thought of Grammar and Rhetorick, or of ſuch and ſuch a Sentence of *Cicero*? Our Maſters dart and ſtick them full feather'd in our Memories, and there eſtabliſh them like Oracles, of which the very Letters and Syllables are of the ſubſtance of the thing.

thing. To know by rote, is no Knowledge, and ſignifies no more but only to retain what one has intruſted to his Memory. That which a man rightly knows and underſtands, he is the free Diſpoſer of at his own full Liberty, without any regard to the Author from whence he had it, or fumbling over the Leaves of his Book. A mere Bookiſh Learning is both troubleſome and ungraceful; and though it may ſerve for ſome kind of Ornament, there is yet no Foundation for any Superſtructure to be built upon it, according to the Opinion of *Plato*, who ſays, that Conſtancy, Faith, and Sincerity, are the true Philoſophy, and the other Sciences, that are directed to other ends, to be adulterate and falſe. I could wiſh, that *Paluel* or *Pompey*, the two famous Dancing-Maſters of my Time, could have taught us to cut Capers, by only ſeeing them do it, without ſtirring from our Places, as theſe men pretend to inform the Underſtanding, without ever ſetting them to work; or that we could learn to Ride, handle a Pike, touch a Lute, or Sing, without the trouble of Practice, as theſe attempt to make us Judge, and Speak well, without exerciſing us in Judging and Speaking. Now in this Initiation of our Studies, and in the Progreſs of them, whatſoever preſents it ſelf before us is Book ſufficient; a Roguy Trick of a Page, a ſottiſh Miſtake of a Servant, or a Jeſt at the Table, are ſo many new Subjects. And for this very Reaſon, Converſation with men is of very great Uſe, and Travel into Foreign Countries of ſingular

What true Philoſophy is, according to *Plato*.

Advantage; not to bring back (as moſt of our young Monſieurs do an account only of how many Paces *Santa Rotonda* is in Circuit; or of the Richneſs of *Signiora Livia*'s Attire; or, as ſome others, how much *Nero*'s Face, in a Statue in ſuch an old Ruine, is longer and broader than that made for him at ſuch another Place: but to be able chiefly to give an Account of the Humours, Manners, Cuſtoms, and Laws of thoſe Nations where he has been. And, that we may whet and ſharpen our Wits by rubbing them upon thoſe of others. I would that a Boy ſhould be ſent abroad very young (and principally to kill two Birds with one Stone) into thoſe neighb'ring Nations whoſe Language is moſt differing from our own, and to which, if it be not form'd betimes, the Tongue will be grown too ſtiff to bend. And alſo 'tis the general Opinion of all, that a Child ſhould not be brought up in his Mother's Lap. Mothers are too tender, and their natural Affection is apt to make the moſt diſcreet of them all ſo over-fond, that they can neither find in their Hearts to give them due Correction for the Faults they commit, nor ſuffer them to be brought up in thoſe Hardſhips and Hazards they ought to be. They would not endure to ſee them return all Duſt and Sweat from their Exerciſe, to drink cold Drink when they are hot, nor ſee them mount an unruly Horſe, nor take a Foil in hand againſt a rude Fencer, or ſo much as to diſcharge a Carbine: and yet there is no Remedy; whoever will breed a Boy to be good for any thing when

Fondneſs of Mothers pernicious to Education.

when he comes to be a Man, muſt by no means ſpare him, even when ſo young, and muſt very often tranſgreſs the Rules of Phyſick:

Vitámque ſub dio, & trepidis agat
In rebus. *Horat. l. 1 Ode 2.*

He muſt ſharp Cold and ſcortching Heat deſpiſe,
And moſt tempt Danger where moſt Danger lies.

It is not enough to fortifie his Soul, you are alſo to make his Sinews ſtrong; for the Soul will be oppreſt, if not aſſiſted by the Members, and would have too hard a Task to diſcharge two Offices alone. I know very well, to my Coſt, how much mine groans under the Burthen, for being accommodated with a Body ſo tender and indiſpoſed, as eternally leans and preſſes upon her; and often in my Reading perceive, that our Maſters, in their Writings, make Examples paſs for Magnanimity and Fortitude of Mind, which really is rather Toughneſs of Skin and Hardneſs of Bones; for I have ſeen Men, Women, and Children, naturally born of ſo hard and inſenſible a Conſtitution of Body, that a ſound cudgelling has been leſs to them, than a Flirt with a Finger would have been to me, and that would neither cry out, wince, nor quitch for a good ſwinging Beating; and when Wreſtlers counterfeit the Philoſophers in patience, 'tis rather Strength of Nerves than Stoutneſs of Heart. Now to be inur'd to undergo Labour, is to be accuſtomed to endure Grief: *Labor callum obducit dolori*: Labour ſupplies *Cicero Tuſc. l. 2.*

ſupplies Grief with a certain Callus, that defends it from the Blow. A Boy is to be inur'd to the Toil and Vehemency of Exerciſe, to train him up to the Pain, and ſuffering of Diſlocations, Cholicks, Cauteries, and even Impriſonment, and the Rack it ſelf; for he may come, by Misfortune, to be reduc'd to the worſt of theſe which (as this World goes) is ſometimes inflicted on the Good, as well as the Bad. As for Proof, in our preſent Civil war, whoever draws his Sword againſt the Laws, threatens all honeſt Men with the Whip and the Halter. And moreover, by living at home, the Authority of this Governour, which ought to be ſovereign over the Boy he has receiv'd into his Charge, is often check'd, interrupted, and hindred by the Preſence of Parents; to which may alſo be added, that the Reſpect the whole Family pay him, as their Maſter's Son, and the Knowledge he has of the Eſtate and Greatneſs he is Heir to, are in my Opinion, no ſmall Inconveniences in theſe tender Years. And yet even in this converſing with Men I ſpoke of but now, I have obſerv'd this Vice, That inſtead of gathering Obſervations from others, we make it our whole Buſineſs to lay our ſelves open to them, and are more concern'd how to expoſe and ſet out our own Commodities, than how to increaſe our Stock by acquiring new. Silence therefore, and Modeſty, are very advantageous Qualities in Converſation: and one ſhould therefore train up this Boy to be ſparing, and a good Husband of his Talent of Underſtanding, when once acquir'd;

acquir'd; and to forbear taking Exceptions at, or reproving every idle Saying, or ridiculous Story, is ſpoke or told in his Preſence; for it is a Rudeneſs to controvert every thing that is not agreeable to our own Palate. Let him be ſatisfied with correcting himſelf, and not ſeem to condemn every thing in another he would not do himſelf, nor diſpute againſt common Cuſtoms. Let him be wiſe without Arrogancy, without Envy. Let him avoid theſe vain and uncivil Images of Authority, this childiſh Ambition of coveting to appear better bred, and more accompliſh'd, than he really will by ſuch Carriage diſcover himſelf to be, and, as if Opportunites of interrupting and reprehending were not to be omitted, to deſire from thence to derive the Reputation of ſomething more than ordinary: for, as it becomes none but great Poets to make uſe of the Poetical Licence, allow'd only to thoſe of celebrate Art; it is alſo intolerable, that any but Men of great and illuſtrious Souls ſhould be privileg'd above the Authority of Cuſtom; *Si quid Socrates, & Ariſtippus contra morem, & conſuetudinem fecerunt, idem ſibi ne arbitratur licere: magnis enim illi, & divinis bonis hanc licentiam aſſequebantur*, If *Socrates* and *Ariſtippus* have trangreſs'd the Rules of Cuſtom, let him not Imagine that he is licens'd to do the ſame; for it was by great and ſovereign Vertues that they obtain'd this Privilege. Let him be inſtructed not to engage in Diſcourſe, or diſpute but with a Champion worthy of him, and even there not to make uſe of all the little Fallacies and Subtleties that are

Cic de Offic. l. 1.

pat for his Purpoſe; but only ſuch as may beſt ſerve him upon that Occaſion. Let him be taught to be curious in the Election and Choice of his Reaſons, to abominate Impertinence, and conſequently, to affect Brevity; but above all, let him be leſſon'd to acquieſce and ſubmit to Truth ſo ſoon as ever he ſhall diſcover it, whether in his Opponent's Argument, or upon better Conſideration of his own; for he ſhall never be preferr'd to the Chair for a mere clatter of Words and Syllogiſms, and is no further engag'd to any Argument whatever, than as he ſhall in his own Judgment approve it: nor yet is Arguing a Trade, where the liberty of Recantation, and getting off upon better Thoughts, are to be ſold for ready Money. *Neque, ut omnia, quæ præſcripta & imperata ſint, defendat, neceſſitate ulla cogitur:* Neither is there any Neceſſity or Obligation upon him at all, that he ſhould defend all things that are recommended to, and enjoyn'd him. If his Governour be of my Humour, he will form his Will to be a very good and Loyal Subject to his Prince, very affectionate to his Perſon, and very ſtout in his Quarrel; but withall, he will cool in him the deſire of having any other tye to his Service, than merely a Publick Duty; becauſe, beſides ſeveral other Inconveniences, that are very inconſiſtent with the honeſt Liberty every honeſt man ought to have, a man's Judgment being brib'd and preposſeſs'd by theſe particular Obligations and Favours, is either blinded, and leſs free to exerciſe

Cic. Acad. l. 4.

exerciſe its Function, or ſhall be blemiſh'd either with Ingratitude or Indiſcretion. A man that is purely a Courtier, can neither have Power nor Wit to ſpeak or think otherwiſe than favourably and well of a Maſter, who, amongſt ſo many millions of other Subjects has pick'd out him with his own hand to nouriſh and advance. This Favour, and the Profit flowing from it, muſt needs, and not without ſome ſhew of Reaſon, corrupt his underſtanding and deprive him of the freedom of ſpeaking: and alſo we commonly ſee theſe People ſpeak in another kind of Phraſe than is ordinarily ſpoken by others of the ſame Nation, though what they ſay in that Courtly Language, is not much to be believ'd in ſuch Caſes. Let his Conſcience and Vertue be eminently manifeſt in his ſpeaking, and have only Reaſon for their guide. Make him underſtand, that to acknowledge the Errour he ſhall diſcover in his own Argument, though only found out by himſelf, is an Effect of Judgment and ſincerity, which are the principal things he is to ſeek after. That Obſtinacy and contention are common qualities, moſt appearing in, and beſt becoming, a mean and illiterate Soul. That to recollect, and to correct himſelf, and to forſake an unjuſt Argument in the height and heat of Diſpute, are great, and philoſophical Qualities. Let him be advis'd, being in Company, to have his Eye and Ear in every corner of the Room; for I find that the Places of greateſt Honour are commonly poſſeſt by Men that have leaſt in them,

Dependance upon Princes.

them, and that the greateſt Fortunes are not always accompanied with the ableſt Parts. I have been preſent, when, whilſt they at the upper end of the Chamber have been only commending the Beauty of the *Arras*, or the Flavour of the Wine, many things that have been very finely ſaid, have been loſt and thrown away at the lower end of the Table. Let him examine every Mans Talent, a Peaſant, a Bricklayer, or a Paſſenger; a Man may learn ſomething from every one of theſe in their ſeveral Capacities, and ſomething will be pick'd out of their Diſcourſe, whereof ſome uſe may be made at one time or another; nay even the Folly and Impertinence of others will contribute to his Inſtruction. By obſerving the Graces and Faſhions of all he ſees, he will create to himſelf an Emulation of the good, and a contempt of the bad. Let an honeſt curioſity be ſuggeſted to his Fancy of being inquiſitive after every thing, and whatever there is of ſingular and rare near the Place where he ſhall reſide, let him go and ſee it; a fine Houſe, a delicate Fountain, an eminent Man, the Place where a Battel has been anciently fought, and the paſſages of *Caſar* and *Charlemain*.

Obſervation.

Propert. l. 4. Eleg. 39. *Quæ Tellus ſit lenta gelu, quæ putris ab æſtu,*
Ventus in Italiam quis bene vela ferat.

What Countries to the Bear objected lie,
What with the Dog-ſtar Heats are parch'd and dry,
And what Wind faireſt ſerves for *Italy*.

Let

Let him enquire into the Manners, Revenues, and Alliances of Princes, things in themſelves very pleaſant to learn, and very uſeful to know. In this Converſing with Men, I mean, and principally thoſe who only live in the Records of Hiſtory, he ſhall by reading thoſe Books, converſe with thoſe great and heroick Souls of former and better Ages. 'Tis an idle and vain Study I confeſs, to thoſe who make it ſo, by doing it after a negligent manner, but to thoſe who do it with care and Obſervation, 'tis a ſtudy of ineſtimable Fruit and value; and the only one, as *Plato* reports, the *Lacedæmonians* reſerv'd to themſelves. What profit ſhall he not reap as to the Buſineſs of Men, by reading the Lives of *Plutarch*? But withall, let my Governour remember to what end his Inſtructions are principally directed, and that he do not ſo much imprint in his Pupils Memory, the date of the Ruine of *Carthage*, as the manners of *Hannibal* and *Scipio*; nor ſo much where *Marcellus* dy'd, as why it was unworthy of his Duty that he di'd there. That he do not teach him ſo much the Narrative part, as the Buſineſs of Hiſtory. The reading of which, in my Opinion, is a thing that of all others we apply our ſelves unto with the moſt differing, and uncertain Meaſures. I have read an hundred things in *Livy* that another has not, or not taken notice of at leaſt, and *Plutarch* has read an hundred more there than ever I could find, or then peradventure that Author ever Writ. To ſome it is meerly a Grammar Study, to others the very

Reading Hiſtory.

Elegy of *Plutarch.*

ry Anatomy of Philoſophy, by which the moſt ſecret, and abſtruſe parts of our humane Nature are penetrated into. There are in *Plutarch* many long Diſcourſes very worthy to be carefully read and obſerv'd, for he is, in my Opinion, of all other, the greateſt Maſter in that kind of Writing; but withall, there are a thouſand others which he has only touch'd, and glanc'd upon, where he only points with his Finger to direct us which way we may go if we will, and contents himſelf ſometimes with giving only one brisk hit in the niceſt Article of the Queſtion; from whence we are to grope out the reſt: as for Example, where he ſays, *That the Inhabitants of* Aſia *came to be Vaſſals to one only, for not having been able to pronounce one Syllable, which is,* No. Which Saying of his, gave perhaps matter and occaſion to *Boetius* to write his *Voluntary Servitude.* Even this but to ſee him pick out a light Action in a man's Life, or a Word, that does not ſeem to be of any ſuch Importance, is it ſelf a whole Diſcourſe. 'Tis to our Prejudice that men of Underſtanding ſhould ſo immoderately affect Brevity; no doubt but their Reputation is the better by it: but in the mean time we are the worſe. *Plutarch* had rather we ſhould applaud his Judgment, than commend his Knowledge, and had rather leave us with an Appetite to read more, than glutted with that we have already read. He knew very well, that a Man may ſay too much even upon the beſt Subjects, and that *Alexandrides* did juſtly reproach him who made

made very elegant, but two long Speeches to the *Ephori*, when he ſaid, *O Stranger! thou ſpeakeſt the things thou oughteſt to ſpeak, but not after the manner that thou ſhould'ſt ſpeak them.* Such as have lean and ſpare Bodies ſtuff themſelves out with Cloaths; ſo they who are defective in Matter, endeavour to make amends with Words. Humane underſtanding is marvellouſly enlightened by daily Converſation with men, for we are otherwiſe of our ſelves ſo ſtupid as to have our Sight limited to the length of our own Noſes. One asking *Socrates* of what Country he was, he did not make Anſwer of *Athens*, but of the World; he whoſe Imagination is better levell'd, could carry further, embrac'd the whole World for his Country, and extended his Society and Friendſhip to all Mankind; not as we do, who look no further than our Feet. When the Vines of our Village are nip'd with the Froſt, the Pariſh Prieſt preſently concludes, that the Indignation of God is gone out againſt all Humane Race, and that the *Cannibals* have already got the Pip. Who is it, that ſeeing the bloudy Havock of theſe Civil Wars of ours, does not cry out, That the machine of the World is near Diſſolution, and that the Day of Judgment is at hand; without conſidering, that many worſe Revolutions have been ſeen, and that, in the mean time, People are very merry in a thouſand other Parts of the Earth for all this? For my Part, conſidering the Licenſe and Impunity that always attend ſuch Commotions, I admire they are ſo moderate,

moderate, and that there is more Miſchief done. To him that feels the Hail-ſtones patter about his Ears, the whole Hemiſphear appears to be in Storm and Tempeſt; like the ridiculous *Savoyard*, who ſaid very gravely, That if that ſimple King of *France* could have manag'd his Fortune as he ſhould have done, he might in time have come to have been Steward of the Houſhold to the Duke his Maſter: the Fellow could not, in his ſhallow Imagination, conceive that there could be any thing greater than a Duke of *Savoy*. And in truth we are all of us inſenſibly in this Error, an Error of a very great Train, and very pernicious Conſequence. But whoever ſhall repreſent to his Fancy, as in a Picture, that great Image of our Mother Nature, poutrayed in her full Majeſty and Luſtre, whoever in her Face ſhall read ſo general and ſo conſtant a Variety, whoever ſhall obſerve himſelf in that Figure, and not himſelf but a whole Kingdom, no bigger than the leaſt Touch or Prick of a Pencil in compariſon of the whole, that man alone is able to value things according to their true Eſtimate and Grandeur. This great World which ſome do yet multiply as ſeveral *Species* under one *Genus*, is the Mirror wherein we are to behold our ſelves, to be able to know our ſelves as we ought to do. In ſhort, I would have this to be the Book my young Gentleman ſhould ſtudy with the moſt Attention; for ſo many Humours, ſo many Sects, ſo many Judgments, Opinions, Laws, and Cuſtoms, teach us to judge aright of our own, and inform

our

our Underſtandings to diſcover their Imperfection and natural Infirmity, which is no trivial Speculation. So many Mutations of States and Kingdoms, and ſo many Turns and Revolutions of publick Fortune, will make us wiſe enough to make no great wonder of our own. So many great Names, ſo many famous Victories and Conqueſts drown'd and ſwallow'd in Oblivion, render our Hopes ridiculous of eternizing our Names by the taking of half a ſcore light Horſe, or a paltry Turret, which only derives its Memory from its Ruine. The Pride and Arrogancy of ſo many foreign Pomps and Ceremonies, the tumorous Majeſty of ſo many Courts and Grandeurs, accuſtom and fortifie our Sight without Aſtoniſhment to behold and endure the luſtre of our own. So many millions of men buried before us, encourage us not to fear to go ſeek ſo good Company in the other World: and ſo of all the reſt. *Pythagoras* was wont to ſay, That our Life retires to the great and populous Aſſembly of the *Olympick* Games, wherein ſome exerciſe the Body, that they may carry away the Glory of the Prize in thoſe Contentions, and others carry Merchandiſe to ſell for profit. There are alſo ſome (and thoſe none of the worſt ſort) who purſue no other Advantage than only to look on, and conſider how, and why every thing is done, and to be unactive Spectators of the Lives of other men, thereby the better to judge of, and to regulate their own; and indeed, from Examples, all the Inſtruction couch'd in Philoſophical Diſcourſes, may naturally

rally flow, to which all humane Actions, as to their beſt Rule, ought to be eſpecially directed: where a Man ſhall be taught to know,

Perſius, Sat. 3.

——*Quid fas optare, quid aſper*
Utile nummus habet, patriæ chariſq; propinquis
Quantum elargiri deceat, quem te Deus eſſe
Juſſit, & humana qua parte locatus es in re,
Quid ſumus, aut quidnam victuri gignimur.

What he may wiſh, what's Money's natural uſe,
What to be liberal is, and what profuſe, (be,
What God commands an honeſt Man ſhould
And here on Earth to know in what Degree
That God has plac'd thee, what we are, and
He gave us Being, and Humanity. (why,

What it is to know, and what to be ignorant, what ought to be the End and Deſign of Study, what Valour, Temperance, and juſtice are, the difference betwixt Ambition and Avarice, Servitude and Subjection, Licence and Liberty, by what Token a man may know the true and ſolid Contentation, how far Death, Affliction, and Diſgrace, are to be apprehended.

Virg. Æn. l. 6. *Et quo quemque modo fugiatq; feratq; laborem.*

And which way every one may know
Labour t'avoid or undergo.

By what ſecret Springs we move, and the Reaſon of our various Agitations and Irreſolutions: for methinks the firſt Doctrine with which one ſhould ſeaſon his Underſtanding, ought

ought to be that which regulates his Manners and his Senſe; that teaches him to know himſelf, and how both well to die, and well to live. Amongſt the Liberal Sciences, let us begin with that that makes us free; not that they do not all ſerve in ſome meaſure to the Inſtruction and Uſe of Life, as all other things in ſome ſort alſo do; but let us make choice of that which directly and profeſs'dly ſerves to that end. If we are once able to reſtrain the Offices of Humane Life within their juſt and natural Limits, we ſhall find that moſt of the Sciences in uſe are of no great uſe to us, and even in thoſe that are, that there are many very unneceſſary Cavities and Dilatations which we were better to let alone, and following *Socrates* his Direction, limit the Courſe of our Studies to thoſe things only where a true and real Utility and Advantage are to be expected and found.

——— *Sapere aude,* *Horat. l. 1.*
Incipe videndi, qui rectè prorogat horam, *Epiſt. 2.*
Ruſticus expectat dum defluat amnis, at ille
Labitur, & labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

Dare to be wiſe; begin, who to their wrong,
The Hour of living well defert too long,
Like Ruſtick Fools, ſit with a patient Eye
Expecting when the murm'ring Brook runs (dry,
Whoſe Springs can never fail, 'till the laſt Fire
Lick up the Ocean, and the World expire.

'Tis a great foolery to teach our Children

Propert. l. 4. Eleg. 1.

Quid moveant Piſces, animoſaque ſigna Leonis,
Lotus, & Heſperia quid Capricornus aqua.

What influence *Piſces* have, o'er what the ray
Of angry *Leo* bears the greateſt ſway,
Or *Capricornus* Province, who ſtill laves
His threatning Fore-head in the *Heſperian* (Waves.

the Knowledge of the Stars and the Motion of the eighth Sphere, before their own.

Anacreon Ode 17.

τὴν πλειάδα δεσποινάριον
τὴν δ' ἀστράσι βοώτην.

How ſwift the ſeven Siſters Motions are,
Or the dull Churls how ſlow, what need I (care.

Anaximenes writing to *Pythagoras*, *To what purpoſe*, ſaid he, *ſhould I trouble my ſelf in ſearching out the Secrets of the Stars having Death or Slavery continually before my Eyes?* For the Kings of *Perſia* were at that time preparing to invade his Country. Every one ought to ſay the ſame, *Being aſſaulted, as I am by Ambition, Avarice, Temerity, and Superſtition, and having within ſo many other Enemies of Life, ſhall I go cudgel my Brains about the World's Revolutions?* After having taught him what will make him more wiſe and good, you may then entertain him with the Elements of Logick, Phyſick, Geometry, and Rhetorick, and the Science which he ſhall then himſelf moſt incline to, his Judgment being before-hand

hand form'd and fit to chooſe, he will quickly make his own. The Way of inſtructing him ought to be ſometimes by Diſcourſe, and ſometimes by reading, ſometimes his Governor ſhall put the Author himſelf, which he ſhall think moſt proper for him, into his Hands, and ſometimes only the Marrow and Subſtance of it; and if himſelf be not converſant enough in Books to turn to all the fine Diſcourſes the Book contains, there may ſome Man of Learning be joyn'd to him, that upon every occaſion ſhall ſupply him with what he deſires, and ſtands in need of, to recommend to his Pupil. And who can doubt, but that this way of teaching is much more eaſie and natural, than that of *Gaza*? In which the precepts are ſo intricate, and ſo haſh, and the Words ſo vain, lean, and inſignificant, that there is no hold to be taken of them, nothing that quickens and elevates the Wit and Fancy, whereas here the Mind has what to feed upon, and to digeſt: this Fruit therefore is not only without compariſon, much more fair and beautiful; but will alſo be much more early, and ripe. 'Tis a thouſand pities, that Maſters ſhould be at ſuch a paſs in this Age of ours, that Philoſophy, even with Men of Underſtanding, ſhould be look't upon as a vain, and fantaſtick Name, a thing of no uſe, no value, either in Opinion or Effect, of which I think theſe lowſie Ergotiſms, and little Sophiſtry, by prepoſſeſſing the Avenues unto it, are the cauſe. And People are much to blame to repreſent it to Children for a thing of ſo

difficult acceſs, and with ſuch a frowning, grim, and formidable aſpect: who has diſguis'd it thus, with this falſe, pale, and ghoſtly Countenance? There is nothing more aery, more gay, more frolick, and I had like to have ſaid, more wanton. She preaches nothing but Feaſting and Jollity; a melancholick thoughtful look ſhews that ſhe does not inhabit there. *Demetrius* the Grammarian finding in the Temple of *Delphos* a Knot of Philoſophers ſet chatting together, ſaid to them, *Either I am much deceiv'd, or by your cheerful and pleaſant Countenances, you are engag'd in no very deep Diſcourſe.* To which one of them, *Heracleon* the Magician, reply'd, 'Tis for ſuch as are puzzled about enquiring whether the future Tenſe of the Verb Βάλλω be ſpelt with a double λ, or that hunt after the Derivation of the Comparatives χεῖρον, βέλτιον, and the Superlatives Χείριστον, Βέλτιστον, to knit their Brows whilſt diſcourſing of their Science: but as to Philoſophical Diſcourſes, they always divert and cheer up thoſe they entertain, and never deject them or make them ſad.

Juven. Sat. 9. *Deprendas animi tormenta latentis in ægro*
Corpore, deprendas, & gaudia, ſumit utrumq;
Inde habitum facies.

Th' internal Anguiſh of a ſick Man's mind
Your Eye may ſoon diſcern, and alſo find
The Joys of thoſe in better Health that are,
For ſtill the Face does the Mind's Livery wear.

The

The Soul that entertains Philoſophy, ought to be of ſuch a Conſtitution of Health, as to render the Body in like manner healthfull too; ſhe ought to make her Tranquillity and Satisfaction ſhine ſo as to appear without, and her Contentment ought to faſhion the outward Behaviour to her own Mould, and conſequently to fortifie it with a graceful Confidence, an active Carriage, and with a ſerene and contented Countenance. The moſt manifeſt ſign of Wiſdom is a continual Chearfulneſs; her Eſtate is like that of things in the Regions above the Moon, always clear and ſerene. 'Tis *Baraco* and *Baralipton* that render their Diſciples ſo dirty and ill-favour'd, and not ſhe; they do not ſo much as know her but by Hear-ſay. It is ſhe that calms and appeaſes the Storms and Tempeſts of the Soul, and who teaches Famine and Fevers to laugh and ſing; and that, not by certain imaginary Epicycles, but by natural and manifeſt Reaſons. She has Vertue for her end; which is not, as the School-men ſay, ſituate upon the ſummity of a perpendicular Rock, and an inacceſſible Precipice. Such as have approach'd her, find it quite contrary, to be ſeated in a fair, fruitful, and flouriſhing Plain, from whence She eaſily diſcovers all things ſubjected to her; to which Place any one may however arrive, if he know but the eaſieſt and the neareſt way, thorough ſhady green, and ſweetly flouriſhing Walks and Avenues, by a pleaſant, eaſie, and ſmooth Deſcent, like that of the Cœleſtial Arches. 'Tis for not having

Cheerfulneſs a ſign of Wiſdom.

frequented this ſupreme, this beautiful, triumphant, and amiable, this equally delicious and courageous Vertue, this ſo profeſs'd and implacable Enemy to Anxiety, Sorrow, Fear and Conſtraint, who, having Nature for her Guide, has Fortune and Pleaſure for her Companions, that they have gone according to their own weak Imagination, and created this ridiculous, this ſorrowful, querulous, deſpiteful, threatning, terrible Image of it to themſelves and others, and plac'd it upon a ſolitary Rock amongſt Thorns and Brambles, and made of it a Hobgoblin to fright people from daring to approach it. But the Governour that I would have, that is ſuch a one as knows it to be his Duty to poſſeſs his Pupil with as much or more Affection than Reverence to Vertue, will be able to inform him, that the Poets have evermore accommodated themſelves to the Publick Humour, and make him ſenſible, that the Gods have planted more Toil and Sweat in the Avenues of the Cabinets of *Venus*, than thoſe of *Minerva*, which, when he ſhall once find him begin to apprehend, and ſhall repreſent to him a *Bradamanta* or an *Angelica* for a Miſtriſs, a natural, active, generous, and not a mankind, but a manly Beauty, in compariſon of a ſoft, delicate, artificial, ſimpring, and affected form; the one diſguis'd in the Habit of an Heroick Youth, with her beautiful face ſet out in a glitterring Helmet, the other trick'd up in Curls and Ribbons like a wanton Minx; he will then look upon his own Affection as brave and Maſculine, when he ſhall chooſe

chooſe quite contrary to that Effæminate Shepherd of *Phrygia.* Such a Tutor will make a Pupil to digeſt this new Doctrine, that the height and value of true Vertue conſiſts in the Facility, Utility, and Pleaſure of its Exerciſe; ſo far from Difficulty, that Boys, as well as Men, and the innocent as well as the ſubtle, may make it their own; and it is by Order and good Conduct, and not by Force, that it is to be acquir'd. *Socrates*, her firſt Minion, is ſo averſe to all manner of Violence, as totally to throw it aſide, to ſlip into the more natural Facility of her own Progreſs: 'Tis the Nurſing-Mother of all humane Pleaſures, who in rendring them juſt renders, them alſo pure and permanent; in moderating them, keeps them in Breath and Appetite; in interdicting thoſe which ſhe her ſelf refuſes, whets our Deſire to thoſe that ſhe allows; and, like a kind and liberal Mother, abundantly allows all that Nature requires, even to Satiety, if not to Laſſitude; unleſs we will declaim, That the Regiment of Health ſtops the Toper's Hand before he hath drank himſelf Drunk, the Guttons before he hath eaten to a Surfeit, and the Whore-maſters Career before he have got the Pox, is an Enemy to Pleaſure. If the ordinary Fortune fail, and that ſhe meet with an indocile Diſpoſition, ſhe paſſes that Diſciple by, and takes another, not ſo fickle and unſteady as the other, which ſhe forms wholly her own. She can be Rich, be Potent and Wiſe, and knows how to lie upon ſoft Down, and perfum'd Quilts too: ſhe

loves Life, Beauty, Glory, and Health; but her proper and peculiar Office is to know regularly how to make uſe of all theſe good things, and how to part with them without Concern: an Office much more noble than troubleſome, and without which the whole Courſe of Life is unnatural, turbulent, and deform'd; and there it is indeed, that men may juſtly repreſent thoſe Monſters upon Rocks and Precipices. If this Pupil ſhall happen to be of ſo croſs and contrary a Diſpoſition that he had rather hear a Tale of a Tub than the true Narrative of ſome noble Expedition, or ſome wiſe and learned Diſcourſe; who at the Beat of Drum, that excites the youthful Ardour of his Companions, leaves that to follow another that calls to a Morrice or the Bears, and who would not wiſh, and find it more delightful, and more pleaſing, to return all Duſt and Sweat victorious from a Battel, than from Tennis, or from a Ball, with the Prize of thoſe Exerciſes; I ſee no other Remedy, but that he be bound Prentice in ſome good Town to learn to make minc'd Pyes, though he were the Son of a Duke, according to *Plato*'s Precept, That Children are to be plac'd out, and diſpos'd of, not according to the Wealth, Qualities, or Condition of the Father, but according to the Faculties and the Capacity of their own Soul. But ſince Philoſophy is that which inſtructs us to live, and that Infancy has there its Leſſons as well as other Ages, why is it not communicated

to

to Children betimes? And why are they not more early initated in it?

Udum, & molle lutum eſt, nunc, nunc properandus, & acri
Fingendus ſine fine rota. *Perſ. Sat. 3.*

The Clay is moiſt and ſoft, now, now make haſte,
And form the Pitcher, for the Wheel turns faſt.

They begin to teach us to live when we have almoſt done living. A hundred Students have got the Pox before they have come to read *Ariſtotle*'s Lecture of Temperance. *Cicero* ſaid, that though he ſhould live two Mens Ages, he ſhould never find leiſure to ſtudy the *Lyrick* Poets; and I find theſe Sophiſters yet more deplorably unprofitable. The Boy we would breed has a great deal leſs time to ſpare; he owes but the firſt fifteen or ſixteen Years of his Life to Diſcipline, the Remainder is due to Action: let us therefore employ that ſhort time in neceſſary Inſtruction. Away with the Logical Subtilties, they are Abuſes, things by which our Lives can never be amended: take me the plain Philoſophical Diſcourſes, learn firſt how rightly to chooſe, and then rightly to apply them, they are more eaſie to be underſtood than one of *Bocace* his Novels; a Child from Nurſe is much more capable of them, than of learning to read or to write. Philoſophy has Diſcourſes equally proper for Childhood, as for the decrepid Age of Men; and I am of *Plutarch*'s mind, that *Ariſtotle* did

Ariſtotle's method of Inſtructing *Alexander* the Great.

did not ſo much trouble his great Diſciple with the Knack of forming Syllogiſms, or with the Elements of Geometry, as with infuſing into him good Precepts concerning Valour Proweſs, Magnanimity, Temperance, and the Contempt of Fear; and with this Ammunition, ſent him, whilſt yet a Boy, with no more than 30000 Foot, 4000 Horſe, and but 42000 Crowns to ſubjugate the Empire of the whole Earth. For the other Arts and Sciences, *Alexander* ſays, he highly indeed commended their Excellency and Quaintneſs, and had them in very great Honour and Eſteem, but not raviſh'd with them to that degree, as to be tempted to affect the Practice of them in his own Perſon.

Perſ. Sat. 5. ——— *Petite hinc juvenesque, ſenesque*
Finem animo certum, miſerique viatica canis.

Young men, and old, from hence your ſelves befriend, (and end;
For both your Minds, with ſome ſure aim
And both therein againſt the time to come,
Wretched old Age, get a *Viaticum*.

Epicurus, in the beginning of his Letter to *Menicens*, ſays, That neither the youngeſt ſhould refuſe to Philoſopize, nor the eldeſt grow weary of it: and who does otherwiſe, ſeems tacitely to imply, that either the time of living happily is not yet come, or that it is already paſt: and yet for all that, I would not have this Pupil of ours impriſon'd, and made a Slave to his Book; nor would I have him given up to the Moroſity, and melancholick Humour,

Humour, of a ſour, ill-natur'd Pedant. I would not have his Spirit cow'd and ſubdu'd, by applying him to the Rack, and tormenting him as ſome do, 14 or 15 Hours a day, and ſo make a Pack-Horſe of him. Neither ſhould I think it good, when, by reaſon of a ſolitary and melancholick Complexion, he is diſcover'd to be much addicted to his Book, to nouriſh that Humour in him, for that renders them unfit for Civil Converſation, and diverts them from better Employments. And how many have I ſeen in my time totally brutified by an immoderate Thirſt after Knowledge? *Carneades* was ſo beſotted with it, that he would not find time ſo much as to comb his Head, or to pare his Nails; neither would I have his generous Manners ſpoil'd and corrupted by the Incivility and Barbarity of thoſe of another. The *French* Wiſdom has anciently been turn'd into Proverb, *Early, but of no Continuance*; and in truth, we yet ſee, that nothing can be more ingenious and pretty than the Children of *France*; but they ordinarily deceive the Hope and Expectation hath been conceiv'd of them; and grown up to be men, have nothing extraordinary, or worth taking notice of. I have heard men of good Underſtanding ſay, theſe Colleges of ours to which we ſend our young People (and of which we have but too many) make them ſuch Animals as they are. But to our little *Monſieur*, a Cloſet, a Garden, the Table, his Bed, Solitude and Company, Morning and Evening, all Hours ſhall be the ſame, and all Pla-

ces

ces to him a Study; for philoſophy, who as the Formatrix of Judgment and Manners, ſhall be his principal Leſſon, has that privilege to have a hand in every thing. The orator *Iſocrates*, being at a Feaſt intreated to ſpeak of his Art, All the Company were ſatisfied with, and commended his Anſwer; *It is not now a time*, ſaid he, *to do what I can do; and that which it is now time to do, I cannot do.* For to make Orations and Rhetorical Diſputes in a Company met together to laugh and make good cheer, had been very unſeaſonable and improper, and as much might have been ſaid of all the other Sciences: But as to what concerns Philoſophy, that part of it at leaſt that treats of Man, and of his Offices and Duties, it has been the joynt Opinion of all wiſe men, that, out of reſpect to the ſweetneſs of her Converſation, ſhe is ever to be admitted in all Sports and Entertainments. And *Plato*, having invited her to his Feaſt, we ſhall ſee after how gentle and obliging a manner, accommodated both to Time and Place, ſhe entertain'd the Company, though in a Diſcourſe of the higheſt and moſt important nature.

Horat. l. 1. *Epiſt.* 1.

Æquè pauperibus prodeſt, locupletibus æquè,
Et neglecta æquè pueris, ſenibuſque nocebit.

It profits poor and rich alike, but when
Neglected, t' old and young as hurtful then.

By which method of Inſtruction, my young Pupil will be much more, and better employ'd than thoſe of the College are: but as the

ſteps

ſteps we take in walking to and fro in a Gallery, tho three times as many, do not tire a man ſo much as thoſe we employ in a formal journey, ſo our Leſſon, as it were accidentally occurring, without any ſet obligation of Time or Place, and falling naturally into every action, will inſenſibly inſinuate it ſelf. By which means our very Exerciſes and Recreations, Running, Wreſtling, Muſick, Dancing, Hunting, Riding, and Fencing, will prove to be a good part of our ſtudy. I would have his outward faſhion and mien, and the diſpoſition of his Limbs form'd at the ſame time with his Mind. 'Tis not a Soul, 'tis not a Body that we are training up, but a man, and we ought not to divide him. And, as *Plato* ſays, we are not to faſhion one without the other, but make them draw together like two Horſes harneſs'd to a Coach. By which Saying of his, does he not ſeem to allow more time for, and to take more care of Exerciſes for the Body and to believe that the Mind in a good Proportion does her Buſineſs at the ſame time too? As to the reſt, this Method of Education ought to be carried on with a ſevere ſweetneſs, quite contrary to the practice of our Pedants, who, inſtead of tempting and alluring Children to Letters by apt and gentle ways, do in truth preſent nothing before them but Rods and Ferula's, Horror and Cruelty. Away with this Violence! away with this Compulſion! than which, I certainly believe nothing more dulls and degenerates a well-deſcended Nature. If you would have him apprehend

Behaviour.

Exerciſes.

Sverity an Enemy to Education.

ſhame

ſhame and chaſtiſement, do not harden him to them. Inure him to Heat and Cold, to Wind and Sun, and to Dangers that he ought to deſpiſe. Wean him from all effeminacy, and delicacy in Cloaths and Lodging, Eating and Drinking; accuſtom him to every thing, that he may not be a Sir *Paris*, a Carpet-Knight, but a ſinewy, hardy, and vigorous young man. I have ever from a Child to the age wherein I now am, been of this opinion, and am ſtill conſtant to it. But amongſt other things, the ſtrict Government of moſt of our Colleges has evermore diſpleas'd me, and peradventure they might have err'd leſs perniciouſly on the indulgent ſide. 'Tis the true Houſe of Correction of Impriſon'd youth. they are taught to be debauch'd, by being puniſh'd before they are ſo. Do but come in when they are about their Leſſon, and you ſhall hear nothing but the out-cries of Boys under execution, with the thund'ring noiſe of their *Pedagogues*, drunk with Fury, to make up the Conſort. A very pretty way this! to tempt theſe tender and timorous Souls to love their Book, with a furious Countenance, and a Rod in hand! A curſed and pernicious way of Proceeding! Beſides what *Quintilian* has very well obſerv'd, that this inſolent Authority is often attended by very dangerous Conſequences, and particularly our way of Chaſtiſing. How much more decent would it be to ſee their Claſſes ſtrew'd with green Leaves and fine Flowers, than with the bloody Stumps of Birch and Willows? Were it left to my ordering, I ſhould paint

paint the School with the Pictures of Joy and Gladneſs; *Flora*, and the *Graces*, as the Philoſopher *Spencippus* did his; that where their Profit is, they might there have their Pleaſure too. Such Viands as are proper and wholſome for Children, ſhould be ſeaſon'd with Sugar, and ſuch as are dangerous to to them, with Gall. A Man would admire to ſee how ſollicitous *Plato* is in his Laws concerning the Gayety and Diverſion of the Youth of his City, and how much he enlarges himſelf upon their Races, Sports, Songs, Leaps, and Dances: of which, he ſays, that Antiquity has given the ordering and Patronage particularly to *Apollo*, *Minerva*, and the Muſes. He inſiſts long upon, and is very particular in giving innumerable Precepts for Exerciſes; but as to the Lettered Sciences, ſays very little, and only ſeems particularly to recommend Poeſie upon the Account of Muſick. All Singularity in our Manners and Conditions, is by all means to be avoided as inconſiſtent with civil Society. Who would not be aſtoniſh'd at ſo ſtrange a Conſtitution as that of *Demophon*, Steward to *Alexander* the Great, who ſweat in the Shade, and ſhiver'd in the Sun? I have ſeen thoſe who have run from the ſmell of a mellow Apple with greater Precipitation than from a Harquebuze Shot; others run away from a Mouſe; others vomit at the ſight of Cream; others ready to ſwoon at the ſight of a Cat, as *Germanicus*, who could neither endure the Sight nor the Crowing of a Cock. I will not

not deny, but that there may peradventure be ſome occult Cauſe and natural Averſion in theſe Caſes; but certainly a Man might conquer it, if he took it in time. Precept has in this wrought ſo effectually upon me, though not without ſome Endeavour on my part I confeſs, that Bear excepted, my Appetite accommodates it ſelf indifferently to all ſorts of Diet. Young Bodies are ſupple, one ſhould therefore in that Age bend and ply them to all Faſhions and Cuſtoms: and provided a Man can contain the Appetite and the Will within their due Limits, let a Young-man, a Gods Name he rendred fit for all Nations and all Companies, even to Debauchery and Exceſs if occaſion be; that is, where he ſhall do it out of Complacency to the Cuſtoms of the Place. Let him be able to do every thing, but love to do nothing but what is good. The Philoſophers themſelves do not juſtifie *Calliſthenes* for forfeiting the Favour of his Maſter *Alexander* the Great, by refuſing to pledge him a Cup of Wine. Let him laugh, play and drink with his Prince: nay I would have him, even in his Debauches, too hard for the reſt of the Company, and to excel his Companions in Ability and Vigour, and that he may not give overdoing it, either thorough Defect of Power or Knowledge how to do it, but for want of Will. *Multum intereſt, utrum peccare quis nolit, aut neſciat*; There is a vaſt Difference betwixt forbearing to ſin, and not knowing how to ſin. I thought I paſt a Complement upon a Lord, as free from thoſe Exceſſes as any man whatever in

Seneca, Epiſt. 60.

France,

France, by asking him before a great deal of very good Company, how many times in his Life he had been drunk in *Germany*, in the time of his being there about his Majeſty's Affairs; which he alſo took as it was intended, and made Anſwer, Three times; and withall, told us the whole Story of his Debauches. I know ſome, who for want of this Faculty, have found a great Inconvenience by it in negotiating with that Nation. I have often with great Admiration reflected upon the wonderful Conſtitution of *Alcibiades*, who ſo eaſily could transform himſelf to ſo various Faſhions without any Prejudice to his Health; one while out-doing the *Perſian* Pomp and Luxury, and another, the *Lacedæmonian* Auſterity and Frugality, as reform'd in *Sparta*, as voluptuous in *Jonia*.

Horat. l. 1. *Epiſt.* 17.

Omnis Ariſtippum decuit color, & ſtatus, & res.

All Shapes and Colors you can Name
Ariſtippus well became.

I would have my Pupil to be ſuch a one,

Id. Ibid.

—Quem duplici panno patientia velat,
Mirabor vitæ via ſi converſa decebit,
Perſonamque feret non inconcinnus utramque.

Whom Patience in patch'd Cloaths does meanly ſhade,
Where a new Fortune a new Suit has made,
I ſhall admire if gracefully he can
Th' old Beggar hide in the new Gentleman.

Theſe are my Leſſons, and he who puts them in Practice ſhall reap more advantage than he who has had them read to him only, and only knows them. If you ſee him, you hear him: if you hear him, you ſee him. God forbid, ſays one in *Plato*, that to Philoſophize were only to read a great many Books, and to learn the Arts. *Hanc ampliſſimam omnium artium bene vivendi diſciplinam, vita magis quem literis perſequuti ſunt.* They have more illuſtrated and improv'd this Diſcipline of living well, which of all Arts is the greateſt, by their Lives, than by their Reading. *Leo*, Prince of the *Phliaſians*, asking *Heraclides Ponticus* of what Art or Science he made Profeſſion; I know, ſaid he, neither Art nor Science, but I am a Philoſopher. One reproaching *Diogenes*, that being ignorant, he ſhould pretend to Philoſophy; I therefore, anſwer'd he, pretend to it with ſo much the more reaſon. *Hegeſias* intreated that he would read a certain Book to him; you are pleaſant, ſaid he, you chooſe thoſe Figs that are true and naturally, and not thoſe that are painted; why do you not alſo chooſe Exerciſes which are natural true, rather than thoſe written and preſcrib'd? A Man cannot ſo ſoon get his Leſſon by Heart, as he may practice it: he will repeat it in his Actions. We ſhall diſcover if there be Prudence in his Exerciſes, if there be Sincerity and Juſtice in his Deportments, if there be Grace and Judgment in his Speaking, if there be conſtancy in his Sickneſs, if there be Modeſty in his Mirth, Temperance in

Cic. Tuſc. 4.

in his Pleaſures, Order in his Oeconomy, and indifferency in his Palate, whether what he eats or drinks be Fleſh or Fiſh, Wine or Water. *Qui diſciplinam ſuam non oſtentationem ſcientiæ, ſed legem vitæ putet, quique obtemperet ipſe ſibi, & decretis pareat*; who conſiders his own Diſcipline, not as a vain Oſtentation of Science, but as a Law and Rule of Life; and who obeys his own Decrees, and obſerves that Regiment he has preſcrib'd to himſelf. The Conduct of our Lives is the true mirror of our Doctrine. *Zeupidamus*, to one who ask'd him, Why the *Lacedæmonians* did not commit their Conſtitutions of Chivalry to Writing, and deliver them to their Young-Men to read, made Anſwer, that it was becauſe they would inure them to Action, and not amuſe them with Words: with ſuch a one, after fifteen or ſixteen Years ſtudy, compare one of our College *Latiniſts*, who has thrown away ſo much time in nothing but learning to ſpeak. The World is nothing but Babble; and I hardly ever yet ſaw that Man who did not rather prate too much, than ſpeak too little; and yet half of our Age is embezled this way. We are kept four or five Years to learn Words only, and to tack them together into Clauſes; as many more to make Exerciſes, and to divide a continued Diſcourſe into ſo many Parts; and other five Years at leaſt to learn ſuccinctly to mix and interweave them after a ſubtle and intricate manner. Let us leave it to the learned Profeſſors. Going one Day to *Orleans*, I met *Cic. ibid.*

in the Plain on this ſide *Clery*, two Pedants travelling towards *Bourdeaux*, about fifty Paces diſtant from one another, and a good way further behind them, I diſcovered a Troop of Horſe, with a Gentleman in the Head of them, which was the late *Monſieur le Comte de la Rochefoucaut*; one of my People enquir'd of the formoſt of theſe *Domines*, who that Gentleman was that came after him, who having not ſeen the Train that followed after, and I thinking he meant his Compani-

A pleaſant Anſwer of a Pedant.

on, pleaſantly anſwer'd, *He is not a Gentleman, Sir, he is a Grammarian, and I am a Logician.* Now we who quite contrary, do not here pretend to breed a Grammarian, or a Logician, but a compleat Gentleman, let us leave them to throw away their Time at their own Fancy: our Buſineſs lies elſe-where. Let but our Pupil be well furniſh'd with Things, Words will follow but too faſt; he will pull them after him if they do not voluntarily follow. I have obſerv'd ſome to make Excuſes, that they cannot expreſs themſelves, and pretend to have their Fancies full of a great many very fine things, which yet, for want of Elocution, they cannot utter; a meer Shift, and nothing elſe. Will you know what I think of it? I think they are nothing but ſhadows of ſome imperfect Images and Conceptions that they know not what to make of within, nor conſequently bring them out: they do not yet themſelves underſtand what they would be at, and if you but obſerve how they haggle, and ſtammer upon the point of

Partu-

Parturition, you will ſoon conclude, that their Labour is not to Delivery, but about Conception, and that they are but licking their formleſs Embryo. For my part, I hold, and *Socrates* is poſitive in it, That whoever has in his Mind a ſpritely and clear Imagination, he will expreſs it well enough in one kind or another, and, though he were Dumb, by Signs.

Verbaque previſam rem non invita ſequentur. *Hor. de Arte Poetic.*

When once a thing conceiv'd is in the Wit, Words ſoon preſent themſelves to utter it.

And as another as poetically ſays in Proſe, *cum Res Animum occupavere, Verba ambiunt.* When things are once form'd in the Fancy, Words offer themſelves in muſter: and this other, *ipſæ res Verba rapiunt.* The things themſelves force Words to expreſs them. He knows nothing of Ablative, Conjunctive, Subſtantive, or Grammar, no more than his Lacquey, or a Fiſh-Wife of the *Petit-Pont*; and yet theſe will give you a Belly full of talk, if you will hear them, and peradventure ſhall trip as little in their Language as the beſt Maſters of Art in *France*. He knows no Rhetorick, nor how in a Preface to bribe the Benevolence of the courteous Reader; neither does he care, nor is it very neceſſary he ſhould know it. Indeed all this Decoration of Painting is eaſily obſcur'd and put down by the Luſtre of a ſimple and blunt Truth; theſe fine Flouriſhes ſerve only to amuze the Vul-

Seneca.

Cicero de fin. l. 3.

gar of themselves incapable of more solid and nutritive Diet, as *Afer* does very evidently demonstrate in *Tacitus*. The Ambassadors of *Samos*, prepar'd with a long and elegant Oration, came to *Cleomenes* King of *Sparta*, to incite him to a War against the Tyrant *Polycrates*, who after he had heard their Harangue with great Gravity and Patience, gave them this short Answer; As to the *Exordium*, I remember it not, nor consequently the middle of your Speech, but for what concerns your Conclusion, I will not do what you desire; A very pretty Answer this, methinks, and a pack of learned Orators no doubt most sweetly confounded. And what did this other say? The *Athenians* were to choose one of two Architects for a Surveyor to a very great Building they had design'd; of which, the first, a pert affected Fellow, offer'd his Service in a long premeditated Discourse upon the Subject, and by his Oratory inclin'd the Voices of the People in his Favour; but the other in three Words, Lords of *Athens*, *All that this Man hath said I will do*. When *Cicero* was in the height and heat of his Eloquence, many were struck with Admiration; but *Cato* did only laugh at it, saying, *We have a pleasant* * *Consul*. Let it go before, or come after, a good Sentence, or a thing well said, is always in Season, if it neither suit well with what went before, nor has any very good Coherence with what follows after, it is however good in it self. I am none of those who think that good Rhyme makes a good Poem. Let him make

* *Ridiculum Consulem.*

short

ſhort long, and long ſhort if he will, 'tis no great matter; if there be invention, and that the Wit and Judgment have well perform'd their Offices, I will ſay here's a good Poet, but an ill Rhymer.

Emunctæ naris, durus componere verſus. *Hor. ſer. lib. ſat. 4.*

His Fancy's rich, his Sence is clear
In Verſe, though he has no good Ear.

Let a Man, ſays *Horace*, diveſt his work of all Ornaments and Meaſure,

Tempora certa, modoſque, & quod prius ordine verbum eſt,
Poſterius faciat, præponens ultima primis,
Invenias etiam diſjecti membra Poetæ:

Let Tenſe, and Mood, and Words be all miſplac'd,
Thoſe laſt that ſhould be firſt, thoſe firſt the laſt,
Tho all things be thus ſhuffled out of Frame,
You'll yet a Poem find in * Anagram.

* According to that of Doctor *Donne*, D. of S. *Paul's.*

He will never the more forfeit his Praiſe for that, the very pieces will be fine by themſelves. *Menander*'s Anſwer had this meaning, who being reprov'd by a Friend, the time drawing on at which he had preciſely promis'd a Comedy that he had not yet fall'n in Hand with it, it is made, and ready, ſaid he, all to the Verſes. Having contriv'd the Subject, and diſpos'd the Scenes in his Fancy, he took little care for the reſt. Since *Ronſard* and *du Bellay* have given Reputation to our *French*

Poeſie, every little Dabler, for ought I ſee, ſwells his Words as high, and makes his Cadences very near as harmonious as they. *Plus ſonat, quam valet*; There were never ſo many Poetaſters as now, but though they find it no hard matter to Rhime as muſically as they, they yet fall infinitely ſhort of imitating the brave Deſcriptions of the one, and the curious Invention of the other. But what will become of our young Gentleman, if he be attack'd with the Sophiſtick Subtilty of ſome Syllogiſm? A *Weſtphalia* Ham makes a Man drink, quenches Thirſt; therefore a *Weſtphalia* Ham quenches Thirſt. Why let him laugh at it, and it will be more Diſcretion to do ſo, than to go about to anſwer it, or let him borrow this pleaſant Evaſion from *Ariſtippus*, why ſhould I trouble my ſelf to untye that, which, bound as it is, gives me ſo much trouble? One offering at this dialectick Jugling againſt *Cleanthes*, *Chryſippus* took him ſhort, ſaying, reſerve theſe Baubles to play with Children, and do not by ſuch Fooleries, divert the ſerious Thoughts of a man of Years. If theſe ridiculous Subtilties, *contorta, & aculeata Sophiſmata*, as *Cicero* calls them, are deſign'd to poſſeſs him with an Untruth, they are then dangerous, but if they ſignifie no more than only to make him laugh, I do not ſee why they ſhould be ſo conſiderable, that a Man need to be fortified againſt them. There are ſome ſo ridiculous, as to go a Mile out of their way to hook in a fine Word: *Aut qui non verba rebus aptant, ſed res arceſſunt, quibus*

Seneca, Epiſt. 40.

Cicero Acad. l. 4.

Quint. l. 8.

bus verba conveniant; *who do not fit Words to the Subject, but ſeek out for things quite from the Purpoſe, to fit thoſe Words they are ſo enamour'd of.* And as another ſays, *Qui alicujus verbi decore placentis vocentur ad id, quod non propoſuerant ſcribere*; *Who by their fondneſs of ſome fine ſounding Word, are tempted to ſomething they had no Intention to treat of.* I for my part rather bring in a fine Sentence by Head and Shoulders to fit my Purpoſe, than divert my Deſigns to hunt after a Sentence. On the contrary, words are to ſerve, and to follow a Man's Purpoſe; and let *Gaſcon* come in play where *French* will not do. I would have things ſo exceed, and wholly poſſeſs the Imagination of him that hears, that he ſhould have ſomething elſe to do, than to think of Words. The way of ſpeaking that I love, is natural and plain, as well in Writing as Speaking, and a ſinewy and ſignificant way of expreſſing a Man's ſelf, ſhort and pithy, and not ſo elegant and artificial as prompt and vehement. *Sen. Ep. 59.*

Hec demum ſapiet dictio, quæ feriet. *Epiſt. Lucani.*

(bear,
Moſt Weight and Wiſdom does that Language
Does pierce and captivate the Hearers Ear.

Rather hard than harſh, free from Affectation; irregular, incontiguous, and bold, where every Piece makes up an entire Body; not like a Pedant, a Preacher, or a Pleader, but rather a Souldier-like Stile, as *Suetonius* calls that of *Julius-Cæſar*; and yet I ſee no reaſon why he ſhould

ſhould call it ſo. I have never yet been apt to imitate the negligent Garb, which is yet obſervable amongſt the Youngmen of our time, to wear my Cloak on one Shoulder, my Bonnet on one ſide, and one Stocking in ſomething more Diſorder than the other, which ſeems to expreſs a kind of manly Diſdain of thoſe exotick Ornaments, and a Contempt of Art; but I find that Negligence of much better uſe in the form of Speaking. All Affectation, particularly in the *French* Gayety and Freedom, is ungraceful in a Courtier, and in a Monarchy every Gentleman ought to be faſhion'd according to the Court Model; for which reaſon, an eaſie and natural Negligence does well. I no more like a Web where the Knots and Seams are to be ſeen, than a fine Proportion, ſo delicate, that a man may tell all the Bones and Veins. *Quæ veritati operam dat oratio, incompoſita ſit, & ſimplex. Quis accurate loquitur, niſi qui vult putidè loqui? Let the Language that is dedicated to Truth be plain and unaffected. For who ſtudies to ſpeak quaintly and accurately, that does not at the ſame time deſign to perplex his Auditory?* That Eloquence prejudices the Subject it would advance, that wholly attracts us to it ſelf. And as in our outward Habit, 'tis a ridiculous Effeminacy to diſtinguiſh our ſelves by a particular and unpractis'd Garb or Faſhion; ſo in Language, to ſtudy new Phraſes, and to affect Words that are not of current uſe, proceeds from a Childiſh and Scholaſtick Ambition. Shall I be bound to ſpeak no other Language than what is

Affectation unbecoming a Courtier.

Seneca, Epiſt. 40.

is ſpoken in the Courts of *Paris*? *Ariſtophanes* the Grammarian was a little out, when he reprehended *Epicurus* for this plain way of delivering himſelf, the End and Deſign of his Oratory being only Perſpicuity of Speech, and to be underſtood. The Imitation of Words by its own Facility, immediately diſperſes it ſelf thorough a whole People: but the imitation of inventing, and fitly applying thoſe Words, is of a ſlower Progreſs. The Generality of Readers, for having found a like Robe, very miſtakingly imagine they have the ſame Body and inſide too, whereas Force and Sinews are never to be borrowed; the Gloſs and outward Ornament, that is, Words and Elocution, may. Moſt of thoſe I converſe with, I ſpeak the ſame Language I here write; but whether they think the ſame Thoughts I cannot ſay. The *Athenians* (ſays *Plato*) are obſerv'd to ſtudy length and elegancy of ſpeaking; the *Lacedæmonians* to affect Brevity; and thoſe of *Crete* to aim more at the Fecundity of Conception than the Fertility of Speech; and theſe are the beſt. *Zenon* us'd to ſay, that he had two ſorts of Diſciples, one that he call'd φιλόλογος, curious to learn things, and theſe were his Favourites; the other, λογοφίλους, that cared for nothing but Words: not that fine Speaking is not a very good and commendable Quality; but not ſo excellent and ſo neceſſary as ſome would make it; and I am ſcandaliz'd that our whole Life ſhould be ſpent in nothing elſe. I would firſt underſtand my own Language, and that of my Neighbours with whom moſt

moſt of my Buſineſs and Converſation lies. No doubt but *Greek* and *Latin* are very great Ornaments, and of very great uſe, but we buy them too dear: I will here diſcover one way, which alſo has been experimented in my own Perſon, by which they are to be had better cheap, and ſuch may make uſe of it as will. My Father having made the moſt preciſe Enquiry that any man could poſſibly make amongſt Men of the greateſt Learning and Judgment, of an exact method of Education, was by them caution'd of the Inconvenience then in uſe, and made to believe, that the tedious time we applyed to the learning of the Tongues of them who had them for nothing, was the ſole cauſe we could not arrive to that Grandeur of Soul, and Perfection of Knowledge with the ancient *Greeks* and *Romans*: I do not however believe that to be the only Cauſe: but the Expedient my Father found out for this, was, that in my Infancy, and before I began to ſpeak, he committed me to the care of a *German*, who ſince died a famous Phyſician in *France*, totally ignorant of our Language, but very fluent, and a great Critick in Latin. This Man, whom he had fetch'd out of his own Country, and whom he entertained with a very great Salary for this only end, had me continually in his Arms: to whom there were alſo joyn'd two others of the ſame Nation, but of inferiour Learning, to attend me, and ſometimes to relieve him; who all of them entertain'd me with no other Language but Latin. As to the reſt of his Fami-

The Author's Education.

ly,

ly, it was an inviolable Rule, that neither Himſelf, nor my Mother, Man nor Maid, ſhould ſpeak any thing in my Company, but ſuch Latin Words as every one had learnt only to gabble with me. It is not to be imagin'd how great an advantage this prov'd to the whole Family, my Father, and my Mother, by this means learning Latin enough to underſtand it perfectly well, and to ſpeak it to ſuch a Degree, as was ſufficient for any neceſſary Uſe; as alſo thoſe of the Servants did, who were moſt frequent with me. To be ſhort, we did Latin it at ſuch a Rate, that it overflowed to all the Neighbouring Villages, where there yet remain, that have eſtabliſh't themſelves by Cuſtom, ſeveral Latin Appellations of Artizans and their Tools. As for what concerns my ſelf, I was above ſix years of Age before I underſtood either French or Perigordin, any more than Arabick, and without Art, Book, Grammar, or Precept, Whipping, or the expence of a Tear, had by that time learn'd to ſpeak as pure Latin as my Maſter himſelf. If (for Example) they were to give me a Theam after the College faſhion, they gave it to others in *French*, but to me they were of neceſſity to give it in the worſt Latin, to turn it into that which was pure and good; and *Nicholas Grouchi*, who writ a Book *de Comitiis Romanorum*; *William Guirentes*, who has writ a Comment upon *Ariſtotle*; *George Bucanan*, that great *Scotch* Poet, and *Marcus Antonius Muretus* (whom both *France* and *Italy* have acknowledg'd for the beſt Orator of his time) my domeſtick

domeſtick Tutors, have all of them often told me, that I had in my Infancy that Language ſo very fluent and ready, that they were afraid to enter into Diſcourſe with me; and particularly *Buchanan*, whom I ſince ſaw attending the late *Mareſchal de Briſſac*, then told me, that he was about to write a Treatiſe of Education, the Example of which, he intended to take from mine, for he was then Tutor to that Count *de Briſſac*, who afterwards prov'd ſo valiant and ſo brave a Gentleman. As to Greek, of which I have but a very little Smattering, my Father alſo deſign'd to have it taught me by a Trick; but a new one, and by way of ſport; toſſing our Declenſions to and fro, after the manner of thoſe, who by certain Games at Tables and Cheſs, learn Geometry and Arithmetick: for he, amongſt other Rules, had been adviſ'd to make me reliſh Science and Duty by an unforc'd Will, and of my own voluntary motion, and to educate my Soul in all Liberty and Delight, without any Severity or Conſtraint. Which alſo he was an Obſerver of to ſuch a degree even of Superſtition, if I may ſay ſo, that ſome being of Opinion, it did trouble and diſturb the Brains of Children ſuddenly to wake them in the Morning, and to ſnatch them violently and over-haſtily from Sleep, (wherein they are much more profoundly envolv'd than we) he only caus'd me to be wak'd by the Sound of ſome muſical Inſtrument, and was never unprovided of a Muſician for that purpoſe; by which Example you may judge of the reſt, this

this alone being ſufficient to recommend both the Prudence and the Affection of ſo good a Father; who therefore is not to be blam'd if he did not reap Fruits anſwerable to ſo exquiſite a Culture: of which, two things were the cauſe. Firſt, a ſteril and improper Soil: for, tho I was of a ſtrong and healthful Conſtitution, and of a Diſpoſition tolerably ſweet and tractable; yet I was withall ſo heavy, idle, and indiſpos'd, that they could not rouze me from this Stupidity to any Exerciſe of Recreation, nor get me out to play. What I ſaw, I ſaw clearly enough, and under this lazy Complexion nouriſh'd a bold Imagination, and Opinions above my Age. I had a ſlothful Wit, that would go no faſter than it was led, a ſlow Underſtanding, a languiſhing Invention, and after all, incredible defect of Memory; ſo that it is no wonder, if from all theſe nothing conſiderable can be extracted. Secondly, (like thoſe, who, impatient of a long and ſteady cure, ſubmit to all ſorts of Preſcriptions and Receipts) the good Man being extreamly timorous of any way failing in a thing he had ſo wholly ſet his Heart upon, ſuffer'd himſelf at laſt to be over-rul'd by the common Opinion, and complying with the method of the time, having no more thoſe Perſons he had brought out of *Italy*, and who had given him the firſt Model of Education, about him, he ſent me at ſix Years of Age to the College of *Guienne*, at that time the beſt and moſt flouriſhing in *France*. And there it was not poſſible to add any thing to the care he had to

provide

provide me the moſt able Tutors, with all other Circumſtances of Education, reſerving alſo ſeveral particular Rules contrary to the College Practice; but ſo it was, that with all theſe Precautions, it was a College ſtill. My Latin immediately grew corrupt, of which alſo by Diſcontinuance I have ſince loſt all manner of uſe: ſo that this new way of Inſtitution ſerv'd me to no other end, than only at my firſt coming to preferr me to the firſt Forms: for at thirteen Years old, that I came out of the College, I had run thorough my whole Courſe (as they call it) and in truth without any manner of Improvement, that I can honeſtly brag of, in all this time. The firſt thing that gave me any Taſte of Books, was the Pleaſure I took in reading the Fables of *Ovid*'s Metamorphoſes, and with them I was ſo taken, that being but Seven or Eight Years old, I would ſteal from all other Divertiſements to read them, both by reaſon that this was my own natural Language, the the eaſieſt Book that I was acquainted with, and for the Subject, the moſt accommodated to the Capacity of my Age: for as for *Lancelot du Lake*, *Amadis de Gaule*, *Huon* of *Bourdeaux*, and ſuch Trumpery, which Children are moſt delighted with, I had never ſo much as heard their Names, no more than I yet know what they contain; ſo exact was the Diſcipline wherein I was brought up. But this was enough to make me neglect the other Leſſons were preſcrib'd me; and here it was infinitely to my advantage, to have to do with an under-

underſtanding Tutor, who very well knew diſcreetly to connive at this and other Truantries of the ſame nature; for by this means I ran thorough *Virgil's Æneids*, *Terence*, *Plautus*, and ſome *Italian* Comedies, allur'd by the Softneſs and Pleaſure of the Subject; whereas had he been ſo fooliſh as to have taken me off this Diverſion, I do really believe, I had brought nothing away from the College but a Hatred of Books, as almoſt all our young Gentlemen do: but he carried himſelf very diſcreetly in that Buſineſs, ſeeming to take no notice, and allowing me only ſuch time as I could ſteal from my other regular, and yet moderate Studies, which whetted my Appetite to devour thoſe Books I was naturally ſo much in love with before. For the chief things my Father expected from their Endeavour to whom he had deliver'd me for Education, was Affability of Manners, and good Humour; and, to ſay the Truth, mine had no other Vice but Sloth and want of Mettle. Three was no fear that would do ill, but that I would do nothing; no body ſuſpected that I would be wicked, but uſeleſs; they foreſaw an Idleneſs, but no Malice in my Nature; and I find it falls out accordingly. The Complaints I hear of my ſelf are theſe, He is idle, cold in the Offices of Friendſhip and Relation, and remiſs in thoſe of the Publick; he is too particular, he is too proud: but the moſt Injurious do not ſay, Why has he taken ſuch a thing? Why has he not paid ſuch a one? But why does he part with nothing? Why does he not give? And I

ſhould take it for a Favour that Men would expect from me no greater Effects of Supererogation than theſe. But they are unjuſt to exact from me what I do not owe; and in condemning me to it, they Efface the Gratification of the Act, and deprive me of the Gratitude that would be due to me upon ſuch a Bounty; whereas the active Benefit ought to be of ſo much the greater Value from my hands, by how much I am not paſſive that way at all. I can the more freely diſpoſe of my Fortune the more it is mine, and of my ſelf, the more I am my own. Nevertheleſs, if I were good at ſetting out my own Actions, I could peradventure very well repell theſe Reproaches, and could give ſome to underſtand, that they are not ſo much offended, that I do not enough, as that I am able to do a great deal more than I do. Yet for all this heavy Diſpoſition of mine, my Mind, when retir'd into it ſelf, was not altogether idle, nor wholly depriv'd of ſolid Inquiſition, nor of certain and infallible Reſults about thoſe Objects it could comprehend, and could alſo without any Helps digeſt them; but amongſt other things, I do really believe, it had been totally impoſſible to have made it to ſubmit by Violence and Force. Shall I here acquaint you with one Faculty of my Youth? I had great Boldneſs and Aſſurance of Countenance, and to that a Flexibility of Voice and Geſture to any Part I undertook to act.

Virg. Bucol. 8. *Alter ab undecimo tum me vix ceperat annus.*

For

For the next Year to my eleventh had
Me but a very few days older made;

When I play'd the chiefeſt Parts in the Latin Tragedies of *Bucanan*, *Guerente*, and *Muretus*, that were preſented in our College of *Guienne*, with very great Applauſe: wherein *Andreas Goveanus*, our Principal, as in all other Parts of his Undertaking, was without Compariſon, the beſt of that Employment in *France*; and I was look'd upon as one of the chief Actors. 'Tis an Exerciſe that I do not diſapprove in young People of Condition, and have ſince ſeen our Princes, by the Example of the Ancients, in Perſon handſomly and commendably perform theſe Exerciſes; and it was moreover allow'd to perſons of the greateſt Quality to profeſs, and make a Trade of it in *Greece*. *Ariſtoni Tragico actori rem aperit: huic & genus, & fortuna honeſta erant: nec Ars, quia nihil tale apud Græcos pudori eſt ea deformabat.* *He imparted this Affair to* Ariſto *the* Tragedian, *a man of a good Family and Fortune, which nevertheleſs, did neither of them receive any Blemiſh by that Profeſſion; nothing of that kind being reputed a Diſparagement in* Greece. Nay, I have always tax'd thoſe with Impertinence who condemn theſe Entertainments, and with Injuſtice thoſe who refuſe to admit ſuch Comedians as are worth ſeeing into the good Towns, and grudge the People that publick Diverſion. Well-govern'd Corporations take care to aſſemble their Citizens, not only to the ſolemn Duties of Devotion, but alſo to Sports and Specta-

Lib. 1. 6. 20.

Spectacles. They find Society and Friendſhip augmented by it; and beſides, can there poſſibly be allow'd a more orderly and regular Diverſion than what is perform'd in the Sight of every one, and very often in the Preſence of the Supream Magiſtrate himſelf? And I, for my part, ſhould think it reaſonable, that the Prince ſhould ſometimes gratifie his People at his own Expence; and that in great and populous Cities there might be Theatres erected for ſuch Entertainments, if but to divert them from worſe and more private Actions. But, to return to my Subject, there is nothing like alluring the Appetite and Affection, otherwiſe you make nothing but ſo many Aſſes loaden with Books, and by vertue of the Laſh, give them their Pocket full of Learning to keep; whereas, to do well, you ſhould not only lodge it with them, but make them to eſpouſe it.

CHAP. XXVI.

That it is Folly to meaſure Truth and Error by our own Capacity.

'TIS not perhaps without Reaſon, that we attribute Facility of Belief, and eaſineſs of Perſuaſion, to Simplicity and Ignorance, and I have heard the Belief compar'd to the Impreſſion of a Seal ſtamp'd upon the Soul, which by how much ſofter and of leſs reſiſtance it is, is the more eaſie to be impos'd upon.

upon. *Ut neceſſe eſt lancem in libra ponderibus impoſitis de primis ſic animum perſpicuis cedere*; *As the Scale of the Balance muſt give way to the Weight that preſſes it down, ſo the mind muſt of neceſſity yield to Demonſtration*; and by how much the Soul is more empty, and without Counterpoiſe, with ſo much greater Facility it dips under the weight of the firſt Perſwaſion. And this is the reaſon that Children, the common People, Women, and ſick Folks, are moſt apt to be led by the Ears. But then on the other ſide, 'tis a very great Preſumption, to ſlight and condemn all things for falſe that do not appear to us likely to be true; which is the ordinary Vice of ſuch as fanſie themſelves wiſer than their Neighbours. I was my ſelf once one of thoſe; and if I heard talk of dead Folks walking, of Prophecies, Enchantments, Witchcrafts, or any other Story, I had no mind to believe,

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, ſagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Theſſala;

Dreams, Magick Terrors, Wonders, Sorceries, Hob-goblins, or *Theſſalian* Prodigies.

I preſently pitied the poor People that were abus'd by theſe Follies; whereas I now find, that I my ſelf was to be pitied as much at leaſt as they; not that Experience has taught me any thing to convince my former Opinion, tho' my Curioſity has endeavoured that way; but Reaſon has inſtructed me, that thus reſo-

lutely to condemn any thing for falſe and impoſſible, is arrogantly and impiouſly to circumſcribe and limit the Will of God, and the Power of Nature, within the Bounds of my own Capacity, than which no folly can be greater. If we give the Names of Monſter and Miracle to every thing our Reaſon cannot comprehend, how many are continually preſented before our Eyes? Let us but conſider through what Clouds, and as it were groping in the Dark, our Teachers lead us to the Knowlege of moſt of the things we apply our Studies to, and we ſhall find that it is rather Cuſtom than Knowledge that takes away the Wonder, and renders them eaſie and familiar to us.

Lucret. l. 2. —— *Jam nemo ceſſus, ſaturuſque videndi,*
Suſpicere in Cæli dignatur lucida Templa.

Already glutted with the Sight, now none
Heaven's lucid Temples deigns to look upon.

And that if thoſe things were now newly preſented to us, we ſhould think them as ſtrange and incredible, if not more, than any others.

Id. ibid. —— *Si nunc primum mortalibus adſint*
Ex improviſo, ſeu ſint objecta repentè,
Nil magis his rebus poterat mirabile dici,
Aut minus ante quod auderent fore credere gentes.

Where things are ſuddenly, and by ſurprize
Juſt now objected new to mortal Eyes,
At nothing could they be aſtoniſh'd more,
Nor leſs than what they ſo admir'd before.

He

He that had never ſeen a River, imagin'd the firſt he met with to be the Sea, and the greateſt things that have fall'n within our Knowledge, we conclude the Extreams that Nature makes of the kind.

Scilicet & fluvius qui non eſt maximus, ei eſt *Id. ibid.*
Qui non ante aliquem majorem videt, & ingens;
Arbor, homoq; videtur, & omnia de genere omni
Maxime quæ vidit quiſque, hæc ingentia fingit.

A little River unto him does ſeem,
That bigger never ſaw, a mighty Stream:
A Tree, a Man, any thing ſeems to his view
O'th kind the greateſt, that ne'er greater knew.

Conſuetudine Oculorum, aſſueſcunt Animi, neque *Cicero de*
admirantur, neque requirunt rationes earum re- *Nat. Deor.*
rum, quas ſemper vident. Things grow familiar *lib. 2.*
to Mens Minds by being often ſeen; ſo that they neither admire, nor are inquiſitive into things they daily ſee. The Novelty, rather than the greatneſs of things, tempts us to enquire into their Cauſes. But we are to judge with more reverence, and with greater Acknowledgment of our own Ignorance and Infirmity of this infinite Power of Nature. How many unlikely things are there teſtified by People of very good Repute, which if we cannot perſuade our ſelves abſolutely to believe, we ought at leaſt to leave them in Suſpence; for to conclude them impoſſible, is by a temerarious Preſumption to pretend to know the utmoſt Bounds of Poſſibility. Did we rightly underſtand the difference betwixt impoſſible betwixt extraordinary, and what

is contrary to the common Opinion of Men, in believing raſhly, and on the other ſide, in being not too incredulous, we ſhould then obſerve the Rule of *Ne quid nimis*, enjoyn'd by *Chilo*. When we find in *Froiſſard*, that the *Count de Foix* knew in *Bearn* the defeat of *John* King of *Caſtile* at *Juberoth* the next day after, and the means by which he tells us he came to do ſo, we may be allow'd to be a little merry at it, as alſo at what our Annals report, that Pope *Honorius*, the ſame day that King *Philip Auguſtus* died at *Mant* —— performed his publick Obſequies at *Rome*, and commanded the like throughout all *Italy*; the Teſtimony of theſe Authors not being perhaps of Authority enough to reſtrain us. But what if *Plutarch*, beſides ſeveral Examples that he produces out of Antiquity, tells us, he is aſſur'd by certain Knowledge, that in the time of *Domitian*, the News of the Battel loſt by *Antonius* in *Germany*, was publiſh'd at *Rome*, many days Journey from thence, and diſpers'd throughout the whole World, the ſame day it was fought: and if *Cæſar* was of Opinion, that it has often happened, that the report has preceeded the accident; ſhall we not ſay, that theſe ſimple People have ſuffer'd themſelves to be deceived with the Vulgar, for not having been ſo clear ſighted as we? Is there any thing more delicate, more clear, more ſpritely, than *Pliny*'s Judgment, when he is pleaſed to ſet it to work? Any thing more remote from vanity? Setting aſide his Learning, of which I make leſs account, in which of theſe do any of us excell him? And yet

yet there is ſcarce a Puiſne Sophiſter that does not convince him of untruth, and that pretends not to inſtruct him in the Progreſs of the Works of Nature: When we read in *Bouchet* the Miracles of St. *Hilary*'s Relicks; away with it, his Authority is not ſufficient to bear us the liberty of contradicting him: but generally to condemn all ſuch like Stories, ſeems to me an impudence of the worſt Character. The great St. *Auguſtine*, profeſſes himſelf to have ſeen a blind Child recover ſight upon the Relick of St. *Gervaſe*, and St. *Protaſius* at *Milan*, a Woman at *Carthage* cur'd of a Cancer, by the ſign of the Croſs made upon her by a Woman newly Baptiz'd. *Heſperius*, a familiar Friend of his, to have driven away the Spirits that haunted his Houſe, with a little Earth of the Sepulchre of our Lord; which Earth being alſo tranſported thence into the Church, a Paralytick to have there been ſuddenly cur'd by it. A Woman in Proceſſion, having touch'd St. *Stephen's* Shrine with a Noſegay, and after rubbing her Eyes with it, to have recovered her Sight loſt many Years before; with ſeveral other Miracles, of which he profeſſes himſelf to have been an Eye-Witneſs. Of what ſhall we accuſe him and the two Holy Biſhops, *Aurelius* and *Maximinus*, both which he atteſts to the Truth of theſe things? Shall it be of Ignorance, Simplicity, and Facility; or of Malice, and Impoſture? Is any Man now living ſo impudent, as to think himſelf comparable to them, *either in Virtue, Piety, Learning, Judgment, or any kind of Perfection? Qui ut Rationem* *Cicero 2. de Div. l. 2.*

nem nullam afferent, ipſa Authoritate me frangerent. Who though they ſhould give me no Reaſon for what they affirm, would yet convince me with their Authority. 'Tis a Preſumption of great Danger and Conſequence, beſides the abſurd Temerity it draws after it, to contemn what we do not comprehend. For after that, according to your fine Underſtanding, you have eſtabliſh'd the Limits of Truth and Error, and that afterwards there appears a Neceſſity upon you of believing ſtranger things than thoſe you have contradicted, you are already oblig'd to quit your hold, and to aquieſce. That which ſeems to me ſo much to diſorder our Conſciences in the Commotions we are now in concerning Religion, is the Catholicks diſpenſing ſo much with their Belief; they fanſie they appear Moderate, and Wiſe, when they grant to the *Huguenots* ſome of the Articles in Queſtion; but beſides that, they do not diſcern what advantage it is to thoſe with whom we contend, to begin to give Ground, and to retire, and how much this animates our Enemy to follow his blow: theſe Articles which they inſiſt upon as things indifferent, are ſometimes of very great importance, and dangerous Conſequence. We are either wholly and abſolutely to ſubmit our ſelves to the Authority of our Eccleſiaſtical Polity, or totally throw off all Obedience to it. 'Tis not for us to determine what and how much Obedience we owe to it, and this I can ſay, as having my ſelf made trial of it, that having formerly taken the liberty of my own Swing and Fancy, and omitted or neglected

neglected certain Rules of the Diſcipline of our Church, which ſeem'd to me vain, and of no Foundation: coming afterwards to diſcourſe it with learned Men, I have found thoſe very things to be built upon very good and ſolid Ground, and ſtrong Foundation; and that nothing but Brutality and Ignorance makes us receive them with leſs Reverence than the reſt: Why do we not conſider what Contradictions we find in our own Judgments, how many things were yeſterday Articles of our Faith, that to day appear no other than Fables? Glory and Curioſity are the Scourges of the Soul; of which the laſt prompts us to thruſt our Noſes into every thing, and the other forbids us to leave any thing doubtful and undecided.

CHAP. XXVII.

Of Friendſhip.

HAving conſidered the Fancy of a Painter, I have that ſerves me, I had a mind to imitate his way; For he chooſes the faireſt Place, and middle of any Wall, or pannel of Wainſcote, wherein to draw a Picture which he finiſhes with his utmoſt care and Art, and the vacuity about it he fills with *Groteſque*; which are odd Fantaſtick Figures, without any Grace, but what they derive from their variety, and the extravagancy of their Shapes. And in truth, what are theſe things I ſcribble,

other

other than *Groteſques*, and monſtrous Bodies, made of diſſenting parts, without any certain Figure, or any other than accidental Order, Coherence or Proportion?

Hor. de Art. Poetica. *Deſinit in piſcem Mulier formoſa ſuperne.*

That a fair Woman's Face above doth ſhow;
But in a Fiſhes Tail doth end below.

In the ſecond part I go Hand in Hand with my Painter, but fall very ſhort of him in the firſt, and the better, my power of handling not being ſuch, that I dare to offer at a brave piece, finely painted, and ſet off according to Art. I have therefore thought fit to borrow one of *Eſtienno de Boitic*, and ſuch a one as ſhall honour and adorn all the reſt of my work; namely, a Diſcourſe that he called, *The voluntary Servitude*, a piece writ in his younger Years, by way of Eſſay, in honour of Liberty againſt Tyrants, and which has ſince run through the hands of ſeveral Men of great Learning and Judgment, not without ſingular, and merited commendation, for it is finely writ, and as full, as any thing can poſſibly be: Though a Man may confidently ſay it is far ſhort of what he was able to do; and if in that more mature Age, wherein I had the happineſs to know him, he had taken a deſign like this of mine, to commit his thoughts to writing, we ſhould have ſeen a great many rare things, and ſuch as would have gone very near to have rival'd the beſt Writings of Antiquity: For in Natural parts eſpecially,

I know no man comparable to him. But he has left nothing behind him, ſave this Treatiſe only, (and that too by chance, for I believe he never ſaw it after it firſt went out of his hands,) and ſome Obſervations upon that Edict of *January*, made Famous by our Civil Wars, which alſo ſhall elſewhere peradventure find a place. Theſe were all I could recover of his Remains, I to whom, with ſo affectionate a remembrance, upon his Death-bed, he by his laſt Will bequeath'd his Library, and Papers, the little Book of his Works only excepted, which I committed to the preſs. And this particular obligation I have to this Treatiſe of his, that it was the occaſion of my firſt coming acquainted with him; for it was ſhew'd to me long before I had the good fortune to know him; and gave me the firſt knowledge of his name; proving ſo the firſt cauſe and foundation of a Friendſhip, which we afterward improv'd, and maintain'd, ſo long as God was pleas'd to continue us together, ſo perfect, Inviolate, and entire, that certainly the like is hardly to be found in Story, and amongſt the Men of this Age, there is no ſign nor trace of any ſuch thing in uſe; ſo much concurrence is requir'd to the building of ſuch a one, that 'tis much, if Fortune bring it but once to paſs in three Ages. There is nothing to which Nature ſeems ſo much to have enclin'd us, as to Society; and *Ariſtotle* ſays, that the good *Legiſlators* had more reſpect to Friendſhip, than to Juſtice. Now the moſt ſupream point of its

Perfect Friendſhip, what.

its perfection is this: for generally all thoſe, that pleaſure, Profit, Publick or Private Intereſt, Create and Nouriſh, are ſo much the leſs Generous, and ſo much the leſs Friendſhips, by how much they mix another cauſe, and deſign, than ſimple, and pure Friendſhip it ſelf. Neither do the four Ancient Kinds, Natural, Sociable, Hoſpitable and Venerean, either ſeparately, or jointly, make up a true and perfect Friendſhip. That of Children to Parents is rather reſpect: Friendſhip being nouriſht by Communication, which cannot, by reaſon of the great diſparity, be betwixt them: but would rather perhaps violate the duties of Nature; for neither are all the ſecret thoughts of Fathers fit to be communicated to Children, leſt it beget an indecent familiarity betwixt them; neither can the advices, and reproofs, which is one of the principal offices of Friendſhip, be properly perform'd by the Son to the Father. There are ſome Countries, where 'tis the Cuſtom for Children, to kill their Fathers; and others, where the Fathers kill'd their Children, to avoid being ſometimes an impediment to one another in their deſigns; and moreover the expectation of the one does naturally depend upon the ruine of the other. There have been great Philoſophers who have made nothing of this tie of Nature, as *Ariſtippus* for one, who being preſt home about the affection he ow'd to his Children, as being come out of him, preſently fell to ſpit, ſaying, that that alſo came out of him, and that he did alſo breed Worms, and Lice; and that other, that

that *Plutarch* endeavoured to reconcile to his Brother, I make never the more account of him, ſaid he, for coming out of the ſame hole. This name of Brother does indeed carry with it an amicable and affectionate ſound, and for that reaſon, he and I call'd Brothers: but the complication of Intereſt, the diviſion of Eſtates, and that the raiſing of the one, ſhould be the undoing of the other, does ſtrangely unnerve and ſlacken this fraternal tie: And Brothers purſuing their Fortune and Advancement by the ſame Path, 'tis hardly poſſible, but they muſt of neceſſity often juſtle, and hinder one another. Beſides, why is it neceſſary that the correſpondence of Manners Parts and Inclinations, which beget theſe true and perfect Friendſhips, ſhould always meet and concurr in theſe relations. The Father and the Son may be of quite contrary humours, and Brothers without any manner of Sympathy in their Natures. He is my Son, he is my Brother, or he and I are Couſin-germans; but he is Paſſionate, ill Natur'd, or a Fool. And moreover, by how much theſe are Friendſhips, that the Law, and Natural Obligation, impoſe upon us; ſo much leſs is there of our own choice, and voluntary freedom. Whereas that voluntary liberty of ours, has nothing but that of Affection and Friendſhip, properly its own. Not that I have not in my own perſon experimented all can poſſibly be expected of that kind, having had the beſt, and moſt indulgent Father, even to an extream old Age, that ever was, and who was himſelf deſcended from a Family

Family, for many Generations Famous, and Exemplary for Brotherly Concord:

Hor. l. 2. Ode 2. ——— *Et ipse*
Notus in fratres animi Paterni.

And he himself noted the rest above,
Towards his Brothers for paternal Love.

We are not here to bring the Love we bear to Women, though it be an Act of our own Choice, into comparison; nor rank it with the others; the Fire of which I confess,

(Neque enim est Dea nescia nostri
Catullus. *Quæ dulcem curis miscet amaritiem.)*

(Nor is my Goddess ign'rant what I am,
Who pleasing Sorrows mixes with my Flame.)

is more active, more eager, and more sharp: but withal, 'tis more precipitous, fickle, moving and inconstant: a Fever subject to Intermission, and Paroxisms, that has seiz'd but on one part, one corner of the Building; whereas in Friendship, 'tis a general and universal Fire, but temperate, and equal, a constant establish'd heat, all easie, and smooth, without poynancy or roughness. Moreover, in Love, 'tis no other than Frantick Desire, to that which flies from us.

Ariosto. Canto. 10. *Come segue la lepre il cacciatore*
Al freddo, al caldo, alla montagna, al litto:
Ne piu l'estima poi, che presa vede,
Et sol dietro a chi fugge affretta il piede.

Like

Like Hunters, that the flying Hare purſue
O'er Hill, and dale, through Heat, and Morning (Dew,
Which being ta'ne, the Quarry they deſpiſe,
Being only pleas'd in following that which flies.

So ſoon as ever they enter into terms of Friendſhip, that is to ſay, into a concurrence of Deſires, it vaniſhes, and is gone, fruition deſtroys it, as having only a fleſhly end, and ſuch a one as is ſubject to Satiety. Friendſhip on the contrary, is enjoy'd proportionably, as it is deſir'd, and only grows up, is nouriſht and improves by enjoyment, as being of it ſelf Spiritual, and the Soul growing ſtill more perfect by practice. Under, and ſubſellious to this perfect Friendſhip, I cannot deny, but that the other vain Affections, have in my younger Years found ſome place in my thoughts that I may ſay nothing of him, who himſelf confeſſes but too much in his Verſes: So that I had both theſe Paſſions, but always ſo, that I could my ſelf well enough diſtinguiſh them, and never in any degree of compariſon with one another. The firſt maintaining its flight in ſo lofty and ſo brave a place, as with diſdain to look down, and ſee the other flying at a far humbler pitch below. As concerning Marriage, beſides, that it is a Covenant, the entrance into which, is only free, but the continuance in it, forc'd and compell'd, having another dependance, than that of our own Free-will, and a Bargain commonly contracted to other ends, there almoſt always

happens a Thouſand Intricacies in it, to unravel, enough to break the Thred, and to divert the Current of a Lively Affection: whereas Friendſhip has no manner of Buſineſs or Traffick with any but it ſelf. Moreover, to ſay truth, the ordinary Talent of Women, is not ſuch, as is ſufficient to maintain the Conference and Communication required, to the ſupport of this Conjugal Tie; nor do they appear to be endu'd with Conſtancy of Mind, to endure the pinch of ſo hard and durable a Knot. And doubtleſs, if without this, there could be ſuch a free and voluntary familiarity contracted, where not only the Souls might have this entire fruition, but the Bodies alſo might ſhare in the Alliance, and a Man be engag'd throughout, the Friendſhip would certainly be more full and perfect; but it is without example, that this Sex could ever arrive at ſuch perfection, and by the Ancient Schools, is wholly rejected; as alſo that other *Grecian* Licence is juſtly abhorr'd by our manners; which alſo for having, according to their practice, a ſo neceſſary diſparity of Age, and difference of Offices betwixt the Lovers, hold no more proportion with the perfect Union and Harmony that we here require, than the other. *Quis eſt enim iſte amor amicitiæ? cur neque deformem adoleſcentem quiſquam amat, neque formoſam ſenem? For what is that Love of Friendſhip? why does no one Love a deform'd Youth, or a comely Old Man?* Neither will that very Picture that the Academy preſents of it, as

Cicero Tuſ. lib. 4.

I

I conceive, contradict me, when I ſay, that the firſt fury inſpir'd by the Son of *Venus* into the heart of the Lover, upon the ſight of the Flower, and prime of a Springing and bloſſoming Youth, to whom they allow all the Inſolencies, and Paſſionate Attempts, that an immoderate Ardour can produce, was ſimply founded upon an external Beauty, the falſe image of Corporal Generation; for upon the Soul it could not ground this Love, the ſight of which, as yet lay conceal'd, was but now ſpringing, and not of maturity to Bloſſom. Which fury, if it ſeiz'd upon a mean Courage, the means by which he preferr'd his ſuit, were rich Preſents, favour in advancement to Dignities, and ſuch Trumpery, which they by no means approve: If on a more generous Soul, the purſuit was ſuitably generous, by Philoſophical Inſtructions, Precepts to revere Religion, to obey the Laws, to die for the good of his Country; by examples of Valour, Prudence and Juſtice, the Lover ſtudying to render himſelf acceptable by the Grace and Beauty of his Soul, that of his Body being long ſince faded and decay'd, hoping by this mutual Society to eſtabliſh a more firm and laſting Contract. When this Courtſhip came to affect in due ſeaſon, (for that which they do not require in the Lover, namely, Leiſure and Diſcretion in his purſuit, they ſtrictly require in the perſon Loved; forasmuch as he is to judge of an internal Beauty, of difficult Knowledge, and obſcure Diſcovery,) then there ſprung in the Perſon Loved the deſire of

a ſpiritual Conception, by the mediation of a ſpiritual Beauty. This was the Principal, the Corporeal, Accidental, and Second Cauſes, are all the wrong ſide of the Lover. For this reaſon they preferr the Perſon Beloved, maintaining, that the Gods in like manner preferr him too, and very much blame the Poet *Æſchylus*, for having, in the Loves of *Achilles*, and *Patroclus*, given the Lovers part to *Achilles*, who was in the firſt flower and pubeſcency of his Youth, and the handſomeſt of all the *Greeks*. After this general Familiarity, & mutual Community of Thoughts, is once ſetled, ſuppoſing the ſoveraign and moſt worthy Part to preſide and govern, and to perform its proper Offices, they ſay, that from thence great Utility deriv'd, both to private and publick Concerns, that the force and power of Countries receiv'd their beginning from thence, and that it was the chiefeſt ſecurity of Liberty and Juſtice. Of which, the Salutiferous Loves of *Harmonius* and *Ariſtogiton* is a good inſtance; and therefore it is, that they call'd it Sacred and Divine, and do conceive, that nothing but the Violence of Tyrants, and the Baſeneſs of the common People, is mimical to it: finally, all that can be ſaid in favour of the Academy, is, that it was a Love which ended in Friendſhip; which alſo well enough agrees with the Stoical definition of Love. *Amorem conatum eſſe amicitiæ faciendæ ex pulchritudinis ſpecie.* *That Love is a deſire of contracting Friendſhip by the Beauty of the Object.* I return to my own more juſt and true deſcription. *Omnino amicitiæ, corroboratis jam confirmatis ingeniis,*

Cicero. Ibid.

Cicero. Amic.

geniis, & ætatibus, judicandæ ſunt. Thoſe are only to be reputed Friendſhips, that are fortified and confirmed by Judgment, and length of time. For the reſt, which we commonly call Friends, and Friendſhips, are nothing but Acquaintance, and Familiarities, either occaſionally contracted, or upon ſome deſign, by means of which, there happens ſome little intercourſe betwixt our Souls: but in the Friendſhip I ſpeak of, they mix and work themſelves into one piece, with ſo univerſal a mixture, that there is no more ſign of the Seam by which they were firſt conjoyn'd. If a Man ſhould importune me to give a reaſon why I Lov'd him; I find it could no otherwiſe be expreſt, than by making anſwer, becauſe it was he, becauſe it was I. There is beyond I am able to ſay, I know not what inexplicable and fatal power that brought on this Union. We ſought one another long before we met, and by the Characters we heard of one another, which wrought more upon our Affections, than in reaſon, meer reports ſhould do, I think by ſome ſecret appointment of Heaven, we embrac'd in our Names; and at our firſt meeting, which was accidentally at a great City entertainment, we found our ſelves ſo mutually taken with one another, ſo acquainted, and ſo endear'd betwixt our ſelves, that from thenceforward nothing was ſo near to us as one another. He writ an excellent Latin Satyr, which I ſince Printed, wherein he excuſes the precipitation of our intelligence, ſo ſuddenly come to perfection, ſaying, that being to have ſo ſhort

continuance, as being begun ſo late, (for we were both full grown Men, and he ſome Years the older,) there was no time to loſe; nor was ti'd to conform it ſelf to the example of thoſe ſlow and regular Friendſhips, that require ſo many precautions of a long præliminary Converſation. This has no other Idea, than that of its ſelf: this is no one particular conſideration, nor two, nor three, nor four, nor a thouſand; 'tis I know not what quinteſſence of all this mixture, which, ſeizing my whole Will, carried it to plunge and loſe it ſelf in his, and that having ſeiz'd his whole Will; brought it back with equal concurrence and appetite, to plunge and loſe it ſelf in mine. I may truly ſay, loſe, reſerving nothing to our ſelves, that was either his or mine. When *Lælius*, in the preſence of the *Roman* Conſuls, (who after they had ſentenc'd *Tiberius Gracchus*, proſecuted all thoſe who had had any familiarity with him alſo,) came to ask *Cajus Bloſius*, (who was his chief-eſt Friend and Confident,) how much he would have done for him? And that he made Anſwer, All things. How! All things! ſaid *Lælius*, And what if he had commanded you to Fire our Temples? he would never have commanded me that, repli'd *Bloſius*, But what if he had? ſaid *Lælius*; Why, if he had, I would have Obey'd him, ſaid the other. If he was ſo perfect a Friend to *Gracchus*, as the Hiſtories report him to have been, there was yet no neceſſity of offending the Conſuls by ſuch a bold confeſſion, though he might

might ſtill have retain'd the aſſurance he had of *Gracchus* his diſpoſition. However, thoſe who accuſe this Anſwer as Seditious, do not well underſtand the Myſtery; nor preſuppoſe, as it was true, that he had *Gracchus* his Will in his ſleeve, both by the power of a Friend, and the perfect knowledge he had of the Man. They were more Friends, than Citizens, and more Friends to one another, than either Friends or Enemies to their Country, or than Friends to Ambition and Innovation. Having abſolutely given up themſelves to one another, either held abſolutely the reins of the others Inclination, which alſo they govern'd by Vertue, and guided by the conduct of Reaſon, (which alſo without theſe, it had not been poſſible to do,) and therefore *Bloſius* his Anſwer was ſuch as it ought to be. If either of their Actions flew out of the handle, they were neither (according to my meaſure of Friendſhip,) Friends to one another; nor to themſelves. As to the reſt, this Anſwer carries no worſe ſound, than mine would do to one that ſhould ask me, If your Will ſhould command you to Kill your Daughter, would you do it? And that I ſhould make Anſwer, that I would, for this expreſſes no conſent to ſuch an Act, foraſmuch as I do not in the leaſt ſuſpect my own Will, and as little that of ſuch a Friend. 'Tis not in the power of all the Eloquence in the World, to diſpoſſeſs me of the certainty I have of the intenſions and reſolutions of mine; nay, no one Action of his, what face ſoever it might bear, could be pre-

ſented to me, of which I could not preſently, and at firſt ſight, find out the moving cauſe: Our Souls have drawn ſo unanimouſly together, and we have with ſo mutual a confidence laid open the very bottom of our hearts to one anothers view, that I not only know his as well as my own; but ſhould certainly in any concern of mine, have truſted my intereſt much more willingly with him, than with my ſelf. Let no one therefore rank other common Friendſhips with ſuch a one as this. I have had as much experience of theſe, as another, and of the moſt perfect of their kind: but I do not adviſe, that any ſhould confound the Rules of the one, and the other, for they would then find themſelves much deceiv'd. In thoſe other ordinary Friendſhips, you are to walk with a Bridle in your hand, with Prudence and Circumſpection, for in them the Knot is not ſo ſure, that a Man may not half ſuſpect it will ſlip: Love him (ſaid *Chilo*) ſo, as if you were one Day to Hate him; and Hate him ſo, as you were one Day to Love him. A Precept, that though abominable in the Soveraign, and perfect Friendſhip which I intend, is nevertheleſs very ſound, as to the practice of the ordinary ones, now in faſhion, and to which the ſaying that *Ariſtotle* had ſo frequent in his Mouth, *O my Friends, there is no Friend*; may very fitly be apply'd. And this glorious Commerce of good Offices, Preſents and Benefits, by which other Friendſhips are ſupported and maintain'd, do not deſerve ſo much as to be mention'd here; and is by this concurrence

and

and conſent of Wills, totally taken away, and rendred of no uſe; as the kindneſs I have for my ſelf, receives no increaſe, for any thing I relieve my ſelf withall in time of need, (whatever the Stoicks ſay,) and as I do not find my ſelf oblig'd to my Self, for any Service I do my Self: So the Union of ſuch Friends, being really perfect, deprives them of all acknowledgment of ſuch Duties, and makes them loath and baniſh from their Converſation, theſe words of Diviſion, Diſtinction, Benefit, Obligation, Acknowledgledgment, Entreaty, Thanks, and the like: All Things, Wills, Thoughts, Opinions, Goods, Wives, Children, Honours and Lives, being in effect, common betwixt them, and that abſolute concurrence of Affections being no other than one Soul in two Bodies, (according to that very proper definition of *Ariſtotle*) they can neither lend, nor give any thing to one another. This is the reaſon why the Law-givers, to honour Marriage with ſome imaginary reſemblance of this divine Alliance, interdict all Gifts betwixt Man and Wife; inferring by that, that all ſhould belong to each of them, and that they have nothing to divide; or to give. If, in the Friendſhip of which I ſpeak, one could give to the other, the receiver of the Benefit would be the Man that oblig'd his Friend; for each of them contending, and above all things, ſtudying how to be uſeful to one another, he that adminiſters the occaſion, is the liberal Man, in giving his Friend the Satisfaction of doing that towards

towards him, which above all things he does moſt deſire. When the Philoſopher *Diogenes* wanted Money, he uſed to ſay, that he redemanded it of his Friends, not that he demanded it; and to let you ſee the effectual practice of this, I will here produce an ancient and a rare Example; *Eudamidas* a *Corinthian*, had two Friends, *Charixenus* a *Sycionian*, and *Arethæus* a *Corinthian*; this Man coming to Die, being Poor, and his two Friends Rich, he made his Will after this manner, I bequeath to *Arethæus* the Maintenance of my Mother, to ſupport and provide for her in her old Age, and to *Charixenus* I bequeath the care of marrying my Daughter, and to give her as good a Portion as he is able; and in caſe that one of theſe chance to Die, I hereby ſubſtitute the Surviver in his Place. They who firſt ſaw this Will, made themſelves very merry at the Contents; but the Executors being made acquainted with it, accepted the Legacies with very great Content; and one of them, *Charixenus*, dying within five Days after, and *Arethæus* by that means having the Charge of both devolved ſolely to him, he nouriſht that old Woman with very great Care and Tenderneſs, and of five Talents he had in Eſtate, he gave two and a half in Marriage with an only Daughter he had of his own, and two and a half in Marriage with the Daughter of *Eudamidas*, and in one and the ſame day ſolemnized both their Nuptials. This Example is very full, if one thing were not to be objected, namely, the multitude of Friends; for the perfect Friendſhip I ſpeak of, is indiviſible, every one gives himſelf ſo entirely

entirely to his Friend, that he has nothing left to diſtribute to others: But on the Contrary, is ſorry, that he is not double, treble, or quadruple, and that he has not many Souls, and many Wills, to conferr them all upon this one Subject. Common Friendſhips will admit of Diviſion, one may love the Beauty of this, the good humour of that Perſon, the liberty of a third, the paternal Affection of the fourth, the fraternal Love of a fifth, and ſo of the reſt. But this Friendſhip that poſſeſſes the whole Soul, and there rules and ſways with an abſolute Soveraignty, can poſſibly admit of no Rival. If two at the ſame time ſhould call to you for ſuccour, to which of them would you run? Should they require of you contrary Offices; how could you ſerve them both? Should one commit a thing to your Secrecy, that it were of importance to the other to know, how would you diſingage your ſelf? A ſingular and particular Friendſhip diſunites and diſſolves all other Obligations whatſoever. The ſecret I have ſworn not to reveal to any other, I may without Perjury communicate to him who is not another, but my ſelf. 'Tis Miracle enough certainly, for a Man to double himſelf, and thoſe that talk of tripling, talk they know not of what. Nothing is extream, that has its like; and who ſhall preſuppoſe, that of two, I love one as much as the other, that they Love one another too, and love me as much as I love them, does multiply in Friendſhip, the moſt ſingle and united of all things, and wherein more-

moreover, one alone, is the hardeſt thing in the World to find. The remaining part of this Story ſuits very well with what I ſaid before; for *Eudamidas* as a Bounty and Favour, Bequeaths to his Friends a Legacy of employing themſelves in his Neceſſity; he leaves them Heirs to this Liberality of his, which conſiſts, in giving them the Opportunity of conferring a Benefit upon him, and doubtleſs, the force of Friendſhip is more eminently apparent in this act of his, than in that of *Arethæus*. In ſhort, theſe are effects not to be imagin'd nor comprehended by ſuch as have not experience of them, and which makes me infinitely honour and admire the anſwer of that young Soldier to *Cyrus*, by whom being askt how much he would take for a Horſe, with which he had won the prize of a Courſe, and whether he would exchange him for a Kingdom? No, truly Sir, ſaid he, but I would give him with all my Heart, to find a true Friend, could I find out any Man worthy of that Relation. He did not ſay ill in ſaying, could I find, for though a Man may almoſt every where meet with Men ſufficiently qualified for a ſuperficial acquaintance; yet in this, where a Man is to deal from the very bottom of his Heart, without any manner of reſervation, it will be requiſite, that all the Wards and Springs be neatly and truly wrought, and perfectly ſure. In Leagues that hold but by one end, we are only to provide againſt the imperfections, that particularly concern that end. It can be of no importance to me, of what

what Religion my Phyſician or my Lawyer is, provided the one be a good Lawyer, and the other a good Phyſician; this conſideration hath nothing in common with the Offices of Friendſhip, and I am of the ſame indifferency in the domeſtick acquaintance, my Servants muſt neceſſarily contract with me; I never enquire, when I am to take a Footman, if he be Chaſte, but if he be Diligent; and am not ſollicitous, if my Chair-man be given to Gaming, as if he be ſtrong and able, or if my Cook be a Sweater, or a good Cook. I do not however take upon me to direct what other Men ſhould do in the Government of their Families, there are enow that meddle enough with that; but only give an account of my method in my own.

Mihi ſic uſus eſt: tibi, ut opus eſt facto, face. (do, *Terence Hea. Act. 1. Sce. 1.*

This has my Practice been; but thou mayſt What thy Affairs or Fancy prompt thee to.

In Table talk, I preferr the Pleaſant and Witty, before the Learned and the Grave: In Bed, Beauty before Modeſty, and in common Diſcourſe, Eloquence, whether or no there be ſincerity in that Caſe. And, as he that was found aſtride upon a Hobby-Horſe, playing with his Children, entreated the Perſon who had ſurpriſed him in that poſture, to ſay nothing of it, till himſelf came to be a Father, ſuppoſing, that the fondneſs that would then poſſeſs his own Soul, would render him

a more equal Judge of ſuch an Action: So I alſo could wiſh to ſpeak to ſuch as have had experience of what I ſay; though, knowing how remote a thing ſuch a Friendſhip is from the common Practice, and how rarely ſuch are to be found, I deſpair of meeting with any one qualified to ſuch a degree of competency. For even theſe Diſcourſes left us by Antiquity upon this Subject, ſeem to me flat and low, in compariſon of the Senſe I have of it, and in this particular, the effects ſurpaſs the very precepts of Philoſophy.

Hor. l. 1. Sat. 5. *Nil ego contulerim jucundo ſanus amico.*

I nothing to my ſelf can recommend,
Like the delight of a facetious Friend.

The ancient *Menander* declar'd him to be happy, that had had the good Fortune to meet with but the ſhadow of a Friend; and doubtleſs he had good Reaſon to ſay ſo, eſpecially, if he ſpoke by experience; for in good earneſt, if I compare all the reſt of my Life, though thanks be to God, I have always paſs'd my time pleaſantly enough, and at my eaſe, and the loſs of ſuch a Friend excepted, free from any grievous Affliction, and in great tranquility of Mind, having been contented with my natural and original Conveniences, without being ſollicitous after others; if I ſhould compare it all, I ſay, with the four years I had the Happineſs to enjoy the ſweet Society of this excellent Man; 'tis nothing but ſmoak, but an obſcure and tedious Night, from the Day that I loſt him.

——— Quem ſemper acerbum, *Virg. Æne.*
Semper honoratum (ſic Dii voluſtiſtis) habebo. I. 5.

Which ever till I ſtep into my Grave,
I ſhall in ſad, but kind remembrance have.

I have only led a ſorrowful and languiſhing Life; and the very Pleaſures that preſent themſelves to me, inſtead of adminiſtring any thing of Conſolation, double my affliction for his loſs. We were halves throughout, and to that degree, that methinks, by out-living him, I defraud him of his part.

Nec jus eſſe ulla me voluptate hic frui *Terence*
Decrevi, tantiſper dum ille abeſt meus particeps. *Heau. Act.*
I. Sce. 1.

And this againſt my ſelf I have decreed,
Nothing of Pleaſure ſhall my fancy feed,
Since he is gone, for ever gone alas!
Who in all Joys my dear Co-partner was.

I was ſo accuſtomed to be always his ſecond in all places, and in all intereſts too, that methinks, I am no more than half a Man, and have but half a being.

Illam meæ ſi partem animæ tulit *Horat. l. 2.*
Maturior vis, quid moror alteram, *Ode. 4.*
Nec charius eque nec ſuperſtes
Integer? Ille dies utramque
Duxit ruinam.

Since that half of my Soul was ſnatcht away
By riper Age, why does the other ſtay?

Which

Which now's not dear, nor truly does ſur-
(vive
That day our double Ruine did contrive.

There is no Action or Imagination of mine, wherein I do not want him; I know that his Advice and Aſſiſtance would be uſeful to me: for as he ſurpaſt me by infinite degrees in Vertue, and all other Accompliſhments; ſo he alſo did in all Offices of Friendſhip.

Horat. l. 1. *Ode* 1. *Quis deſiderio ſit pudor, aut modus*
Tam chari capitis.

A moderate Mourning were a ſcandal here,
Where I lament a Friend ſo truly dear.

Catullus. *O miſero, frater adempte mihi!*
Omnia tecum una perierunt gaudia noſtra,
Quæ tuus in vita, dulcis alebat amor,
Tu mea, tu moriens fregiſti commoda, frater,
Tecum una tota eſt, noſtra ſepulta anima.
Cujus ego interitu tota de mente fugavi
Hæc ſtudia, atque omnes delitias animi.
Alloquar? audiero nunquam tua verba loquentem?
Nunquam ego te vita, frater amabilor,
Aſpiciam poſthac? at certe ſemper amabo.

Ah! Brother, what a Life did I commence,
From that ſad Day that thou were raviſht
(hence!
Thoſe Joys are gone, that whilſt thou tarried'ſt
(here,
By thy ſweet Converſation nouriſh't were.

With

With thee, when dying, my good Fortune fled,
And in thy Grave my Soul was buried.
The Muſes at thy Funerals I forſook,
And of thy Joy my leave for ever took.
Dearer than Life, am I ſo wretched then,
Never to ſee, nor ſpeak to thee agen,
Nor hear thy Voice, now frozen up by Death?
Yet will I Love thee to my lateſt Breadth.

But let us hear a little a Boy of Sixteen ſpeak.

In this place I did once intend to have inſerted thoſe Meſmoirs upon that famous Edict of January: *But being I ſince find that they are already Printed, and with a malicious deſign, by ſome who make it their buſineſs to moleſt, and endeavour to ſubvert the ſtate of our Government, not caring whether they mend and reform it, or no; and that they have confounded this Writing of his with others of their own Leaven, I deſiſted from that purpoſe: But that the Memory of the Father may not be intereſted, nor ſuffer with ſuch, as could not come near hand to be acquainted with his Principles; I here give them truly to underſtand, that it was writ by him in his very green Years, and that by way of Exerciſe only, as a common Theme that has been tumbled and toſt by a Thouſand Writers. I make no queſtion, but that he himſelf believ'd what he writ, being ſo Conſciencious that way, that he would not ſo much as lye in jeſt: and do moreover know, that could it have been in his own Choice, he had rather have been Born at* Venice, *than at* Soarlac, *and he had reaſon: But he had another Maxim Soveraignly imprinted*

Apology for *Eſtienne de Boetie.*

in his Soul, very Religiouſly to Obey, and ſubmit to the Laws under which he was Born. There never was a better Citizen, more affectionate to his Country; nor a greater Enemy to all the Commotions and Innovations of his time: So that he would doubtleſs much rather have employ'd his Talent to the extinguiſhing of thoſe Civil Flames, than have added any Fewel to them: For he had a Mind faſhion'd to the Model of better Ages. But in exchange of this Serious Piece, I will preſent you with another of a more Gay and Frolick Air, from the ſame Hand, and Writ at the ſame Age.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Nine and Twenty Sonnets of Eſtienne de la Boetie, *to* Madam de Grammont *Counteſs of* Guiſſon.

MAdam, I offer to your Ladiſhip nothing of mine, either becauſe it is already yours, or becauſe I find nothing in my Writings worthy of you: But I have a great deſire that theſe Verſes, into what part of the World ſoever they may travel, may carry your Name in the Front, for the Honour will accrue to them, by having the great *Coriſanda de Andonis* for their ſafe Conduct: I conceive this preſent, Madam, ſo much the more proper for you, both by reaſon there are few Ladies in *France* who are ſo good Judges of Poetry, and make ſo good uſe of it as you do; as alſo,

alſo, that there is none who can give it that Spirit and Life your Ladyſhip does, by that incomparable Voice Nature has added to your other perfections; you will find, Madam, that theſe Verſes deſerve your eſteem, and will, I dare ſay, concur with me in this, that *Gaſcony* never yielded more Invention, finer Expreſſion, or that more evidence themſelves to flow from a Maſters hand. And be not Jealous, that you have but the remainder of what I Publiſht ſome Years ſince, under the Name of *Monſieur de Foix*, your brave Kinſman; for certainly theſe have ſomething in them more ſpritely, and luxuriant, as being Writ in a greener Youth, and enflam'd with the Noble Ardour that I will tell your Ladyſhip in your Ear. The other were Writ ſince, when he was a Suitor in the honour of his Wife, already reliſhing of I know not what Matrimonial Coldneſs: And for my part, I am of the ſame opinion with thoſe, who hold, that Poeſie appears no where ſo Gay, as in a wanton and irregular Subject.

Theſe Nine and Twenty Sonnets that were inſerted here, are ſince Printed with his other Works.

CHAP. XXIX.

Of Moderation.

AS if we had an infectious Touch, we by our manner of handling corrupt things, that in themſelves are laudable and

good: We may graſp Vertue ſo hard, till it become Vicious, if we embrace it too ſtreight, and with too violent a deſire. Thoſe who ſay, there is never any exceſs in Vertue, for as much as it is no Vertue, when it once becomes exceſs, only play upon words.

Horace l.1. Epiſt. 6.

Inſani ſapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,
Ultra quam ſatis eſt, virtutem ſi petat ipſam.

The Wiſe for Mad, the Juſt for Unjuſt paſs,
When more than needs, ev'n Vertue they embrace.

This is a ſubtle conſideration in Philoſophy. A Man may both be too much in Love with Vertue, and be exceſſive in a juſt Action. Holy Writ agrees with this, *Be not Wiſer than you ſhould*; but be ſoberly Wiſe. * I have known a great Man prejudice the Opinion Men had of his Devotion, by pretending to be devout beyond all Examples of others of his condition. I Love temperate and moderate Natures. An immoderate Zeal, even to that which is good, though it does not offend, does aſtoniſh me; and puts me to ſtudy what Name to give it. Neither the Mother of *Pauſanias*, who was the firſt inſtructer of her Son's proceſs, and threw the firſt ſtone towards his Death: Nor *Poſthumus* the Dictator, who put his Son to Death, whom the Ardour of Youth had fortunately puſht upon the Enemy a little more advanc'd than the reſt of his Squadron, do appear to me ſo juſt as ſtrange; and I ſhould neither adviſe, nor like to follow ſo Savage a Vertue, and that coſts ſo dear.

* 'Tis like he means *Henry* the 3d. of *France.*

The

The Archer that ſhoots over, miſſes as well as he that falls ſhort, and 'tis equally troubleſome to my ſight, to look up at a great Light, and to look down into a dark Abyſs. *Callicles* in *Plato*, ſays, That the extremity of Philoſophy is hurtful, and adviſes not to dive into it beyond the limits of Profit: that taken moderately, it is pleaſant and uſeful: but that in the end, it renders a Man Brutiſh and Vicious: A Contemner of Religion, and the common Laws, an Enemy to Civil Converſation, and all Humane Pleaſures, incapable of all Publick Adminiſtration, unfit either to aſſiſt others, or to relieve himſelf, and a fit Object for all ſorts of Injuries and Affronts, without remedy, or ſatisfaction: He ſays true, for in its Exceſs, it enſlaves our Natural Freedom, and by an impertinent ſubtilty, leads us out of the fair and beaten way that Nature has plain'd out for us. The Love we bear to our Wives is very lawful, and yet Theology thinks fit to curb and reſtrain it. As I remember, I have read in one place of St. *Thomas* of *Aquin*, where he condemns Marriages within any of the forbidden degrees, for this reaſon, amongſt others, that there is ſome danger, leſt the Friendſhip, a Man bears to ſuch a Woman, ſhould be immoderate; for if the Conjugal Affection be full and perfect betwixt them, as it ought to be, and that it be over and above ſurcharg'd with that of Kindred too, there is no doubt, but ſuch an addition will carry the Husband beyond the bounds of reaſon. Thoſe Sciences that regulate the manners of Men;

Divinity and Philoſophy, will have a ſaying to every thing. There is no Action ſo private that can eſcape their Inſpection and Juriſdiction, but they are beſt taught, who are beſt able to cenſure and curb their own Liberty. 'Tis the Women that expoſe their Nudities over freely upon the account of Pleaſure, though in the Neceſſities of Phyſick and Chirurgery, they are more ſhy, and more reſerv'd. I will therefore in their behalf teach the Husbands, that is, ſuch as are too extravagant and ſenſual in the exerciſe of the Matrimonial Duty, this Leſſon, that the very Pleaſures they enioy in the Society of their Wives, are Reproachable, if immoderate, and that a Licentious and Riotous abuſe of them, are Faults, as reprovable here, as illegitimate and adulterous Practices. Thoſe Immodeſt and Debauch'd Tricks and Poſtures, that the firſt Ardour ſuggeſts to us in this Affair, are not only indecently, but inconveniently practis'd upon our Wives. Let them at leaſt learn impudency from another hand; they are always ready enough for our Buſineſs, and I for my part always went the plain way to work. Marriage is a Solemn and Religious Tie, and therefore the pleaſure we extract from thence, ſhould be a ſober and ſerious delight, and mix with a certain kind of Gravity; it ſhould be a kind of diſcreet and conſcientious pleaſure. And being that the chief end of it is Generation, ſome make a Queſtion, whether when Men are out of hopes of that fruit, as when they are ſuperannuated, or already with Child, it be lawful to lie with our Wives.

Wives. 'Tis Homicide, according to *Plato*, and certain Nations, (the *Mahometan*, amongſt others,) Abominate all Conjunction with Women with Child, and others alſo, with thoſe who are Unclean. *Zenobia* would never admit her Husband for more than one Encounter, after which, ſhe left him to his own ſwing for the whole time of her Conception, and not till after that, would any more receive him: A brave Example of Conjugal Continency. It was doubtleſs from ſome Laſcivious Poet, and one that himſelf was in great diſtreſs for a little of this ſport, that *Plato* borrowed this Story; that *Jupiter* was one Day ſo hot upon his Wife, that not having ſo much patience, as till ſhe could get to the Couch, he threw her upon the Floor, where the vehemency of pleaſure made him forget the great and important Reſolutions he had but newly taken with the reſt of the Gods, in his Celeſtial Council; and to brag, that he had had as good a Bout, as when he got her Maidenhead unknown to their Parents. The Kings of *Perſia* were wont to invite their Wives to the beginning of their Feſtivals; but when the Wine began to work in good earneſt, and that they were to give the Reins to pleaſure, they ſent them back to their private Apartments, that they might not participate of their immoderate Luſt, ſending for other Women in their ſtead, with whom they were not oblig'd to ſo great a decorum of reſpect. All Pleaſures, and all ſorts of Gratifications, are not properly and fitly conferr'd

upon all ſorts of Perſons. *Epaminondas* had Committed a young Man for certain Debauches; for whom *Pelopidas* mediated, that at his requeſt he might be ſet at liberty, which notwithſtanding the great intelligence betwixt them, *Epaminondas* reſolutely deny'd to him, but granted it at the firſt word to a Wench of his, that made the ſame interceſſion; ſaying, that it was a Gratification fit for ſuch a one as ſhe, but not for a Captain. *Sophocles* being joint Prætor with *Pericles* ſeeing accidentally a fine Boy paſs by: O what a delicate Boy is that ſaid he; I, that were a Prize, anſwered *Pericles*, for any other, than a Prætor, who ought not only to have his Hands, but his Eyes Chaſte too. *Elius Verus* the Emperour, anſwered his Wife, who Reproach'd him with his Love to other Women, That he did it upon a Conſcientious account, foraſmuch as Marriage was a Name of Honour, and Dignity, not of Wanton and Laſcivious Deſire. And our Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory preſerves the Memory of that Woman in great Veneration, who parted from her Husband, becauſe ſhe would not comply with his indecent and inordinate Deſire. In fine, there is no ſo juſt and lawful pleaſure, wherein the Intemperance and Exceſs, is not to be Condemn'd. But, to ſpeak the truth, is not Man a moſt miſerable Creature the while? It is ſcarce, by his Natural Condition, in his power to taſte one Pleaſure pure and entire; and yet muſt he be contriving Doctrines and Precepts, to Curtail that little he has; he is not yet Wretched enough,

unleſs

unleſs by Art and Study, he Augment his own Miſery.

Fortunæ miſeras auximus Arte vias. *Propert. lib. 3. Ele. 6.*

(part,
We with Misfortune 'gainſt our ſelves take
And our own Miſeries encreaſe by Art.

Humane Wiſdom makes as ill uſe of her Talent, when ſhe exerciſes it in reſcinding from the number and ſweetneſs of thoſe Pleaſures, that are naturally our due, as ſhe employs it favourably, and well, in Artificially diſguiſing and tricking out the ills of Life, to alleviate the Senſe of them. Had I rul'd the Roaſt, I ſhould have taken another, and more natural courſe, which, to ſay the truth, is both Commodious and Sacred, and ſhould peradventure have been able to have limited it too. Notwithſtanding that both our Spiritual and corporal Phyſicians, as by compact betwixt themſelves, can find no other way to cure, nor other Remedy for the Infirmities of the Body, and the Soul, than what is oft times worſe than the Diſeaſe, by tormenting us more and by adding to our Miſery and Pain. To this end Watchings, Faſtings, Hair ſhirts, remote and ſolitary Baniſhments, perpetual Impriſonments, Whips, and other Afflictions, have been introduc'd amongſt Men: But ſo, that they ſhould carry a ſting with them, and be real Afflictions indeed; and not fall out ſo, as it once did to one *Gallio*, who having been ſent an Exile into

into the Iſle of *Lesbos*, news was not long after brought to *Rome*, that he there Liv'd as Merry, as the Day was long; and that what had been enjoyn'd him for a Penance, turn'd to his greateſt Pleaſure and Satisfaction: Whereupon the Senate thought fit to recall him home to his Wife and Family, and confine him to his own Houſe, to accommodate their Puniſhment to his feeling and apprehenſion. For to him whom Faſting would make more Healthful and more Spritely, and to him to whoſe Palate Fiſh were more acceptable than Fleſh, it would be no proper, nor ſanative Receipt; no more than in the other ſort of Phyſick, where the Drugs have no effect upon him who ſwallows them with Appetite and Pleaſure. The Bitterneſs of the Potion, and the Abhorrency of the Patient, are neceſſary Circumſtances to the Operation. The Nature that would eat Rheubard like Butter'd Turnips, would fruſtrate the uſe and virtue of it; it muſt be ſomething to trouble and diſturb the Stomach, that muſt Purge and Cure it; and here the common Rule, that things are Cur'd by their contraries, fails; for in this, one ill is Cur'd by another. This Belief a little reſembles that other ſo Ancient one, of thinking to gratifie the Gods and Nature, by Self-Murther; an Opinion univerſally once receiv'd in all Religions, and to this day retain'd in ſome. For in theſe later times wherein our Father's Liv'd, *Amurath* at the taking of *Iſthmus*, Immolated Six Hundred Young *Greeks* to his Father's Soul, in the nature of a propitiatory Sacrifice

crifice for the Sins of the Deceaſed. And in thoſe new Countries diſcover'd in this Age of ours, which are pure, and Virgins yet, in compariſon of ours, this practice is in ſome meaſure every where receiv'd. All their Idols reek with humane Bloud, not without various Examples of Horrid Cruelty. Some they Burn alive, and half Broil'd take them off the Coals to tear out their Hearts and Entrails; others, even Women they flay alive, and with their Bloudy Skins Cloth and Diſguiſe others. Neither are we without great Examples of Conſtancy and Reſolution, in this Affair: The poor Souls that are to be Sacrific'd, Old Men, Women and Children, going ſome Days before to beg Alms for the Offering of their Sacrifice, and ſo ſinging and Dancing, preſent themſelves to the Slaughter. The Ambaſſadors of the King of *Mexico*, ſetting out to *Fernando Cortez* the Power and Greatneſs of their Maſter, after having told him, that he had Thirty Vaſſals, of which each was able to Raiſe an Hundred Thouſand Fighting Men, and that he kept his Court in the faireſt and beſt Fortified City under the Sun, added at laſt, that he was oblig'd Yearly to offer to the Gods Fifty Thouſand Men. And it is confidently affirm'd, that he maintain'd a continual War, with ſome Potent Neighbouring Nations, not only to keep the Young Men in Exerciſe, but principally, to have wherewithal to furniſh his Sacrifices with his Priſoners of War. At a certain Town in another place, for the welcome of the ſaid *Cortez*, they Sacrificed

crificed Fifty Men at once. I will tell you this one Tale more, and I have done; Some of theſe People being Beaten by him, ſent to Complement him, and to Treat with him of a Peace, whoſe Meſſengers carried him Three ſorts of Preſents, which they preſented in theſe terms: Behold, Lord, here are Five Slaves, if thou beeſt a furious God that feedeſt upon Fleſh and Bloud, eat theſe, and we will bring thee more; if thou beeſt an Affable God, behold here Incenſe and Feathers; but if thou beeſt a Man, take theſe Fowls and theſe Fruits, that we have brought thee.

CHAP. XXX.

Of Cannibals.

WHen *Pyrrhus* King of *Epire* invaded *Italy*, having view'd and conſider'd the Order of the Army, the *Romans* ſent out to meet him; I know not, ſaid he, what kind of *Barbarians* (for ſo the *Greeks* call'd all other Nations) theſe may be; but the Diſcipline of this Army that I ſee, has nothing of Barbarity in it. As much ſaid the *Greeks* of that *Flaminius* brought into their Country; and *Philip* beholding from an Eminence, the Order and the diſtribution of the *Roman* Camp, led into his Kingdom by *Publius Sulpitius Galba*, ſpake to the ſame effect. By which it appears, how Cautious Men ought to be, of taking things upon truſt from Vulgar

gar Opinion, and that we are to judge by the Eye of Reaſon, and not from common report. I have long had a Man in my Houſe, that Liv'd ten or Twelve Years in the new World diſcover'd in theſe latter Days, and in that part of it where *Velegaignon* Landed, which he call'd Antartick *France*. This Diſcovery of ſo vaſt a Country ſeems to be of very great Conſideration; and we are not ſure, that hereafter there may not be another, ſo many wiſer Men than we have been deceiv'd in this. I am afraid our Eyes are bigger than our Bellies, and that we have more Curioſity than Capacity: for we graſp at all, but catch nothing but Air. *Plato* brings in *Solon*, telling a Story, that he had heard from the Prieſts of *Sais* in *Ægypt*, that of Old, and before the Deluge, there was a great Iſland call'd *Atlantis*, ſituate directly at the Mouth of the Streight of *Gigralter*, which contain'd more Ground, than both *Africk* and *Aſia* put together; and that the Kings of that Country, who not only poſſeſt that Iſle, but extended their Dominion ſo far into the Continent, that they had a Country as large as *Africk* to *Ægypt*, and as long as *Europe* to *Tuſcany*, attempted to Encroach even upon *Aſia*, and to ſubjugate all the Nations that Border upon the Mediterranean Sea, as far as the Gulf, of *Mare Maggiore*; and to that effect, over-ran all *Spain*, the *Gaules*, and *Italy*, ſo far, as to penetrate into *Greece*, where the *Athenians* ſtopt the Torrent of their Arms: but ſometimes after, both the *Athenians*,

ans, they, and their Iſland, were ſwallowed by the Flood.

It is very likely, that this Violent Irruption and Inundation of Water, made a wonderful Change, and ſtrange Alteration, in the Habitations of the Earth: As 'tis ſaid that the Sea then divided *Sicily* from *Italy:*

Virg. Æn. l. 3. *Hæc locavi quondam, & vaſta convulſa ruina,*
Diſſiluiſſe ferunt: cum protinus utraque tellus,
Una foret.

(Flood,
'Tis ſaid, thoſe places by th' o'erbearing
Too Great and Violent to be withſtood,
Split, and was thus from one another rent,
Which were before one Solid Continent.

Cyprus from *Suria*, the Iſle of *Negrepont*, from the firm Land of *Beacia*; and elſewhere, united Lands that were ſeparate before, by filling up the Channel betwixt them, with Sand and Mud;

Horat. in Art. Poet. *Steriliſque diu palus, aptaque remis*
Vicinas urbes alit, & grave ſentit aratrum.

Where ſteril remigable Marſhes, now
Feed Neighb'ring Cities, and admit the Plough.

But there is no great appearance, that this Iſle was this new World ſo lately diſcover'd: for that almoſt toucht upon *Spain*, and it were an incredible effect of an Inundation, to have tumbled ſo prodigious a Maſs, above Twelve Hundred Leagues: Beſides that our Modern Navigators

vigators have already almoſt diſcover'd it to be no Iſland, but firm Land, and Continent, with the *Eaſt-Indies* on the one ſide, and with the Lands under the two Poles on two others; or if it be ſeparate from them, 'tis by ſo narrow a Streight, and ſo inconſiderable a Channel, that it never the more deſerves the Name of an Iſland for that. It ſhould ſeem, that in this great Body, there are two ſorts of Motions, the one Natural, and the other Febrifick, as there are in ours. When I conſider the Impreſſion that our River of *Dordoigne* has made in my time, on the right Bank of its deſcent, and that in Twenty Years it has gain'd ſo much, and undermin'd the Foundations of ſo many Houſes, I perceive it to be an extraordinary Agitation: for had it always follow'd this Courſe, or were hereafter to do it, the proſpect of the World would be totally chang'd. But Rivers alter their Courſe, ſometimes beating againſt the one ſide, and ſometimes the other, and ſometimes quietly keeping the Channel. I do not ſpeak of ſudden Inundations, the cauſes of which every Body underſtands. In *Medoc*, by the Sea-ſhore, the *Sieur d' Arſac* my Brother, ſees an Eſtate, he had there, Buried under the Sands which the Sea Vomits before it: where the tops of ſome Houſes are yet to be ſeen, and where his Rents and Revenues are converted into pitiful Barren Paſturage. The Inhabitants of which place affirm, That of late Years the Sea has driven ſo vehemently upon them, that they have loſt above Four Leagues of Land. Theſe Sands

Sands are her Harbingers. And we now ſee great heaps of moving Sand, that march half a League before her.

The other Teſtimony from Antiquity, to which ſome would apply this diſcovery of the new World, is in *Ariſtotle*; at leaſt, if that little Book of unheard of Miracles be his. He there tells us, That certain *Carthaginians*, having croſt the *Atlantick* Sea without the Streight of *Gibralter*, and Sailed a very long time, diſcover'd at laſt, a great and fruitful Iſland, all cover'd over with Wood, and Water'd with ſeveral broad and deep Rivers; far remote from all firm Land, and that they, and others after them, allur'd by the gratitude and fertility of the Soil, went thither with their Wives and Children, and began to Plant a Colony: But the Senate of *Carthage* viſibly perceiving their People by little and little, to grow thin, Iſſu'd out an expreſs Prohibition, That no one, upon pain of Death, ſhould Tranſport themſelves thither; and alſo drove out theſe new Inhabitants; fearing, 'tis ſaid, leaſt in proceſs of time, they ſhould ſo multiply, as to ſupplant them themſelves, and Ruine their State: But this Relation of *Ariſtotle's*, does no more agree with our new found Lands, than the other. This Man that I have is a plain ignorant Fellow, and therefore the more likely to tell Truth: For your better bred ſort of Men, are much more Curious in their Obſervation, 'tis true, and diſcover a great deal more, but then they gloſs upon it, and to give the greater weight to what they deliver,

deliver, and allure your Belief, they cannot forbear a little to alter the Story: they never repreſent things to you ſimply as they are, but rather as they appear'd to them, or as they would have them appear to you, and to gain the reputation of Men of Judgment, and the better to induce your Faith, are willing to help out the Buſineſs with ſomething more than is really true, of their own Invention. Now in this Caſe, we ſhould either have a Man of Irreproachable Veracity: or ſo Simple, that he has not wherewithal to Contrive, and to give a Colour of Truth to Falſe Relations, and that can have no Ends in Forging an Untruth. Such a one is mine; and beſides, the little ſuſpicion the Man lies under, he has divers times ſhew'd me ſeveral Sea men, and Merchants, that at the ſame time went the ſame Voyage. I ſhall therefore content my ſelf with his Information, without enquiring what the Coſmographers ſay to the Buſineſs. We ſhould have Maps to trace out to us the particular places where they have been; but for having had this advantage over us, to have ſeen the Holy Land, they would have the privilege forſooth, to tell us Stories of all the other parts of the World beſides. I would have every one Write what he knows, and as much as he knows, but no more; and that not in this only, but in all other Subjects: For ſuch a Perſon may have ſome particular Knowledge and Experience of the nature of ſuch a River; or ſuch a Fountain, that as to other things, knows no more, than what every Body

does, and yet to keep a clutter with this little Pittance of his, will undertake to Write the whole Body of Phyſicks: A Vice from whence great Inconveniences derive their Original.

Now, to return to my Subject, I find, that there is nothing Barbarous and Savage in this Nation, by any thing that I can gather, excepting, That every one gives the Title of Barbarity to every thing that is not in uſe in his own Country: As indeed we have no other level of Truth and Reaſon, than the Example and Idea of the Opinions and Cuſtoms of the place wherein we Live. There is always the true Religion, there the perfect Government, and the moſt exact and accompliſh'd Uſance of all things. They are Savages at the ſame rate, that we ſay Fruits are wild, which Nature produces of her ſelf, and by her own ordinary progreſs; whereas in truth, we ought rather to call thoſe wild, whoſe Natures we have chang'd by our Artifice, and diverted from the common Order. In thoſe, the Genuine, moſt uſeful and natural Vertues and Properties, are Vigorous and Spritely, which we have help'd to Degenerate in theſe, by accommodating them to the pleaſure of our own Corrupted Palate. And yet for all this, our Taſte confeſſes a flavour and delicacy, excellent even to Emulation of the beſt of ours, in ſeveral Fruits thoſe Countries abound with, without Art or Culture; neither is it reaſonable, that Art ſhould gain the Preheminence of our great and powerful Mother Nature. We have ſo oppreſs'd her with the additional Ornaments and

Graces,

Graces, we have added to the Beauty and Riches of her own Works, by our Inventions, that we have almoſt Smother'd and Choak'd her; and yet in other places, where ſhe ſhines in her own purity, and proper luſtre, ſhe ſtrangely baffles & diſgraces all our vain and frivolous Attempts.

Et veniunt hederæ ſponte ſua melius, *Propert. l.*
Surgit & in ſolis formoſior arbutus antris, *1, Ele. 2.*
Et volucres nulla dulcius arte canunt.

The Ivy beſt ſpontaneouſly does thrive,
Th' Arbutus beſt in ſhady Caves does live,
And Birds in their wild Notes, their Throats do (ſtretch
With greater Art, than Art it ſelf can teach.

Our utmoſt endeavours cannot arrive at ſo much as to imitate the Neſt of the leaſt of Birds, its Contexture, Queintneſs and Convenience: Not ſo much as the Web of a Contemptible Spider. All things, ſays *Plato*, are produc'd either by Nature, by Fortune, or by Art; the greateſt and moſt beautiful by the one, or the other of the former, the leaſt and the moſt imperfect by the laſt. Theſe Nations then ſeem to me to be ſo far Barbarous; as having receiv'd but very little form and faſhion from Art and Humane Invention, and conſequently, not much remote from their Original Simplicity. The Laws of Nature however govern them ſtill, not as yet much vitiated with any mixture of ours: But in ſuch Purity, that I am ſometimes troubled we were no ſooner acquainted with theſe People,

and that they were not diſcovered in thoſe better times, when there were Men much more able to judge of them, than we are. I am ſorry that *Lycurgus* and *Plato* had no knowledge of them; for to my apprehenſion, what we now ſee in thoſe Natives, does not only ſurpaſs all the Images with which the Poets have adorn'd the Golden Age, and all their Inventions in feigning a Happy Eſtate of Man; but moreover, the Fancy, and even the Wiſh and Deſire of Philoſophy it ſelf; ſo Native, and ſo pure a Simplicity, as we by Experience ſee to be in them, could never enter into their Imagination, nor could they ever believe that Humane Society could have been maintained with ſo little Artifice; ſhould I tell *Plato*, that it is a Nation wherein there is no manner of Traffick, no knowledge of Letters, no ſcience of Numbers, no name of Magiſtrate, nor Politick Superiority; no uſe of Service, Riches or Poverty, no Contracts, no Succeſſions, no Dividends, no proprieties, no Employments, but thoſe of Leiſure, no reſpect of Kindred, but common, no Cloathing, no Agriculture, no Metal, no uſe of Corn or Wine, and where ſo much as the very words that ſignifie, Lying, Treachery, Diſſimulation, Avarice, Envy, Detraction and Pardon, were never heard of: How much would he find his Imaginary Republick ſhort of his Perfection?

Virg. Georg. 2.

Hos natura modos primum dedit.

Theſe were the Manners firſt by Nature taught.

As

As to the reſt, they Live in a Country, beautiful and pleaſant to a Miracle, and ſo Temperate withal, as my intelligence informs me, that 'tis very rare to hear of a ſick Perſon, and they moreover aſſure me, that they never ſaw any of the Natives, either Paralytick, Bleareyed, Toothleſs, or Crooked with Age. The ſituation of their Country is all a long by the Sea ſhore, and enclos'd on the other ſide towards the Land, with great and high Mountains, having about a Hundred Leagues in breadth between. They have great ſtore of Fiſh and Fleſh, that have no reſemblance to thoſe of ours: which they Eat without any other Cookery, than plain Boiling, Roaſting, and Broiling. The firſt that carried a Horſe thither, though in ſeveral other Voyages he had contracted an acquaintance and familiarity with them, put them into ſo terrible a Fright, that they Kill'd him with their Arrows before they could come to ~~diſorder~~ who he was. discover
Their Buildings are very long, and of Capacity to hold Two or Three hundred People, made of the Barks of tall Trees, rear'd with one end upon the ground, and leaning to, and ſupporting one another, at the top, like ſome of our Barns, of which the Covering hangs down to the very ground, and ſerves for the ſide Walls, They have Wood ſo hard, that they cleave it into Swords, and make Grills of it to Broil their Meat. Their Beds are of Cotton, hung ſwinging in the Roof, like our Seamens Hammocks, for every one one, for

the Wives lie apart from their Husbands. They riſe with the Sun, and ſo ſoon as they are up, Eat for all Day, for they have no more Meals but that: They do not then Drink, (as *Suidas* reports of ſome other People of the *Eaſt*, that never Drink at their Meals,) but Drink very often all Day after, and ſometimes to a rouſing pitch. Their Drink is made of a certain Root, and is of the Colour of our Claret; which they never Drink but Luke-warm. It will keep above two or three Days, has a quick Taſte, is nothing Heady, but very comfortable to the Stomach, looſning to Strangers, and a very pleaſant Beverage to ſuch as are us'd to it. They make uſe inſtead of Bread, of a certain White Matter, like *Coriander* Comfits; I have taſted of it, the taſte is ſweet, and a little flat. All the whole Day is ſpent in Dancing. Their Young Men go a Hunting after Wild Beaſts with Bows and Arrows, and one part of their Women are employ'd in preparing their Drink the while, which is their chief Employment. There are ſome of their Old Men, who in the Morning before they fall to Eating, Preach to the whole Family, as they walk to and again from the one end of the Houſe to the other, ſeveral times repeating the ſame Sentence, till they have finiſh'd their turn, (for their Houſes are at leaſt a Hundred Yards long,) Valour towards their Enemies, and Love towards their Wives, being the two heads of his Diſcourſe, never failing in the cloſe, to put them in mind, that they have ſo much the greater obligation to it,

be-

becauſe they provide them their Drink warm, and well order'd. The faſhion of their Beds, Ropes, Swords, and Wooden Bracelets, they tie about their Wriſts, when they go to Fight and great Canes, boar'd hollow at one end, by the ſound of which they keep the Cadence of their Dances, are to be ſeen in ſeveral places, and amongſt others, at my Houſe. They ſhave all their hairy parts, and much more neatly than we, without other Razor, than one of Wood, or of Stone. They believe the Immortality of the Soul, and that thoſe who have Merited well of the Gods, are Lodg'd in that part of Heaven where the Sun riſes; and the Accurſed in the Weſt. They have I know not what kind of Prieſts, and Prophets, that very rarely preſent themſelves to the People, having their abode in the Mountains. At their arrival there is a great Feaſt, and ſolemn Aſſembly of many Villages made; that is, all the Neighbouring Families, for every Houſe, as I have deſcrib'd it, makes a Village, and are about a *French* League diſtant from one another. This Prophet declaims to them in publick, exhorting them to Vertue, and their Duty: But all their Ethicks are terminated in theſe two Articles, of Reſolution in War, and Affection to their Wives. This alſo Prophecies to them Events to come, and the Iſſues they are to expect from their Enterprizes, prompts them to, or diverts them from War: But let him look to't; for if he fail in his Divination, and any thing happen otherwiſe, than he has foretold, he is cut into a

thouſand pieces, if he be caught, and Condemn'd for a falſe Prophet; and for that reaſon, if any of them finds himſelf miſtaken, he is no more to be heard of. Divination is a gift of God, and therefore to abuſe it, ought to be a Puniſhable Impoſture. Amongſt the *Scythians*, where their Diviners fail'd in the promis'd Effect, they were laid, Bound Hand and Foot, upon Carts loaden with Furs and Bavins, and drawn with Oxen, on which they were Burnt to Death. Such as only meddle with things ſubject to the conduct of Humane Capacity, are excuſable in doing the beſt they can: But thoſe other ſort of People that come to delude us, with Aſſurances of an extraordinary Faculty, beyond our underſtanding, ought they not to be Puniſh'd, when they do not make good the effect of their Promiſe, and for the temerity of their Impoſture? They have continual War with the Nations that Live further within the main Land, beyond their Mountains, to which they go Naked, and without other Arms, than their Bows, and Wooden-Swords, faſhion'd at one end like the head of a Javelin. The Obſtinacy of their Battels is wonderful, and never end without great effuſion of Bloud: For as to running away, they know not what it is. Every one for a Trophy brings home the head of an Enemy he has Kill'd, which he fixes over the Door of his Houſe. After having a long time treated their Priſoners very well, and given them all the Regalia's they can think of, he to whom the Priſoner belongs, invites a great Aſſem-

Aſſembly of his Kindred and Friends, who being come, he ties a Rope to one of the Arms of the Priſoner, of which, at a diſtance, out of his reach, he holds the one end himſelf and gives to the Friend he Loves beſt, the other Arm to hold after the ſame manner; which being done, they two in the preſence of all the Aſſembly, diſpatch him with their Swords. After that, they Roaſt him, Eat him amongſt them, and ſend ſome Chops to their abſent Friends, which nevertheleſs they do not do, as ſome think, for Nouriſhment, as the *Scythians* anciently did, but as a repreſentation of an extream Revenge; as will appear by this, That having obſerv'd the *Portugals*, who were in League with their Enemies, to inflict another ſort of Death upon any of them they took Priſoners: Which was, to ſet them up to the Girdle in the Earth, to ſhoot at the remaining part till it was ſtuck full of Arrows, and then to hang them: They that thought thoſe People of the other World, (as thoſe who had ſown the knowledge of a great many Vices amongſt their Neighbours, and who were much greater Maſters in all ſorts of Miſchief than they,) did not exerciſe this ſort of Revenge without Myſtery, and that it muſt needs be more painful than theirs; and ſo began to leave their old way, and to follow this. I am not ſorry that we ſhould here take notice of the Barbarous Horrour of ſo Cruel an Action, but that ſeeing ſo clearly into their faults, we ſhould be ſo blind in our own: For I conceive, there is more Barbarity in Eating a Man Alive, than

than when he is Dead; in tearing a Body Limb from Limb, by Racks and Torments, that is yet in perfect Senſe, in Roaſting it by degrees, cauſing it to be bit and worried by Dogs and Swine, (as we have not only read, but lately ſeen; not amongſt inveterate and mortal Enemies, but Neighbours, and fellow Citizens, and which is worſe, under colour of Piety and Religion,) than to Roaſt, and Eat him after he is Dead. *Chryſippus*, and *Zeno*, the Two Heads of the Stoical Sect, were of Opinion, That there was no hurt in making uſe of our Dead Carcaſſes, in what kind ſoever, for our neceſſity, and in feeding upon them too; as our Anceſtors, who being Beſieged by *Cæſar* in the City *Alexia*, reſolv'd to ſuſtain the Famine of the Siege with the Bodies of their Old Men, Women, and other Perſons, who were incapable of bearing Arms.

Juvenal. Sat. 15. *Vaſcones (fama eſt) alimentis talibus uſi,*
Produxere animas.

'Tis ſaid, the *Gaſcons* with ſuch Meats as theſe,
In time of Siege their Hunger did appeaſe.

And the Phyſicians make no Bones of employing it to all ſorts of uſe, that is either to apply it outwardly, or to give it inwardly for the health of the Patient: but there never was any Opinion ſo irregular, as to excuſe Treachery, Diſloyalty, Tyranny and Cruelty which are our familiar Vices. We may then call theſe People Barbarous, in reſpect to the Rules of Reaſon: but not in reſpect to our

our ſelves, who in all ſorts of Barbarity exceed them. Their Wars are throughout Noble and Generous, and carry as much Excuſe and fair Pretence, as their Humane Diſeaſe is capable of; having with them no other foundation, than the ſole Jealouſie of Vertue. Their Diſputes are not for the Conqueſt of new Lands, thoſe they already poſſeſs, being ſo fruitful by Nature, as to ſupply them without Labour or Concern, with all things neceſſary, in ſuch abundance, that they have no need to enlarge their Borders. And they are moreover happy in this, that they only covet ſo much as their natural neceſſities require: all beyond that is ſuperfluous to them: Men of the ſame Age generally call one another Brothers, thoſe who are younger, Sons and Daughters, and the old Men are Fathers to all. Theſe leave to their Heirs in common this full poſſeſſion of Goods, without any manner of Diviſion, or other Title, than what Nature beſtows upon her Creatures, in bringing them into the World. If their Neigbours paſs over the Mountains, and come to aſſault them, and obtain a Victory, all the Victors gain by it is Glory only, and the advantage of having prov'd themſelves the better in Valour and Vertue: for they never meddle with the Goods, of the Conquer'd, but preſently return into their own Country, where they have no want of any thing neceſſary; nor of this greateſt of all Goods, to know happily how to enjoy their Condition, and to be Content. And theſe in turn do the ſame. They demand of their Priſoners

ſoners no other Ranſome, than acknowledgment that they are overcome: but there is not one found in an Age, who will rather not chooſe to die, than make ſuch a Confeſſion, or either by Word or Look, recede from the entire Grandeur of an invincible Courage. There is not a Man amongſt them, who had not rather be Kill'd and Eaten, than ſo much as to open his mouth to entreat he may not. They uſe them with all Liberality and Freedom, to the end their Lives may be ſo much the dearer to them: but frequently entertain them withal with Menaces of their approaching Death, of the Torments they are to ſuffer, of the preperations are making in order to it, of the mangling their Limbs, and of the Feaſt is to be made, where their Carcaſſes is to be the only Diſh. All which they do, to no other end, but only to extort ſome gentle or ſubmiſſive word from them, or to Fright them ſo as to make them run away; to obtain this advantage, that they were terrified, and that their Conſtancy was ſhaken; and indeed, if rightly taken, it is in this point only, that a true Victory does conſiſt.

Claud. in Panegyr.

——— ——— *Victoria nulla eſt,*
Quam quæ confeſſos animo quoque ſubjugat hoſtes.

No Victory can be entire, and true;
But what does Minds, as well as Limbs ſubdue.

The *Hungarians* a very Warlike People, never pretended further than to reduce the Enemy to their Diſcretion; for having forc'd

forc'd this Confeſſion from them, they let them go without Injury, or Ranſome, excepting, at the moſt, to make them engage their word, never to bear Arms againſt them again. We have ſeveral advantages over our Enemies that are borrowed, and not truly our own; 'tis the quality of a Porter, and no effect of Vertue to have ſtronger Arms and Legs, 'tis a Dead and Corporeal quality to be Active, 'tis an Exploit of fortune to make our Enemy ſtumble, or to dazle him with the light of the Sun; 'tis a trick of Science and Art, and that may happen in a mean baſe Fellow, to be a good Fencer. The Eſtimate and Valour of a Man conſiſt in the Heart, and in the Will, there his true Honour Lives. Valour is Stability, not of Legs, and Arms, but of the Courage, and the Soul; it does not lie in the Valour of our Horſe, or our Arms, but in our own. He that falls obſtinate in his Courage, *Si ſuccideris de genu pugnat. If his Legs fail him, Fight upon his Knees.* He who for any danger of apparent Death, abates nothing of his aſſurance, who Dying, does yet dart at his Enemy a fierce and diſdainful Look, is overcome not by us, but by Fortune, he is Kill'd, not Conquer'd; the moſt Valiant, and ſometimes the moſt Unfortunate. There are alſo Defeats Triumphant to Emulation of Victories. Neither durſt thoſe Four Siſter-Victories, the faireſt the Sun ever beheld, of *Salamis*, *Platea*, *Mycall* and *Sycyly*, ever oppoſe all their united Glories, to the ſingle Glory of the Diſcomfiture of King *Leonidas*, and his Army at

Seneca Epiſt.

at the Paſs of *Thermopylæ.* Who ever ran with a more glorious Deſire, and greater Ambition, to the wining, than the Captain *Iſcholas* to the certain loſs of a Battel? Who could have found out a more ſubtle Invention to ſecure his ſafety, than he did to aſſure his Ruine? He was ſet to defend a certain Paſs of *Peloponneſus* againſt the *Arcadians*, which, conſidering the nature of the place, and the inequality of Forces, finding it utterly impoſſible for him to do, and concluding, that all who were preſented to the Enemy, muſt certainly be left upon the place; and on the other ſide, reputing it unworthy of his own Vertue, and Magnanimity, and of the *Lacedæmonian* name, to fail in any part of his Duty, he choſe a mean betwixt theſe two Extreams, after this manner; The Youngeſt and moſt Active of his Men, he would preſerve for the Service and Defence of their Country, and therefore ſent them back; and with the reſt, whoſe loſs would be of leſs conſideration, he reſolv'd to make good the Paſs, and with the death of them, to make the Enemy Buy their Entry as dear as poſſibly he could: as it alſo fell out, for being preſently Environ'd on all ſides by the *Arcadians*, after having made a great Slaughter of the Enemy, he, and his, were all cut in pieces. Is there any Trophy dedicated to the Conquerours, which is not much more due to theſe who were overcome? The part that true Conquering is to play, lies in the Encounter, not in the coming off; and the Honour of Vertue conſiſts in Fighting, not in Subduing.

But

But to return to my Story, theſe Priſoners are ſo far from diſcovering the leaſt Weakneſs, for all the Terrors can be repreſented to them, that, on the contrary, during the two or three Months, that they are kept, they always appear with a chearful Countenance; importune their Maſters to make haſte to bring them to the Teſt, Defie, Rail at them, and Reproach them with Cowardize, and the number of Battels they have loſt againſt thoſe of their Country. I have a Song made by one of theſe Priſoners, wherein he bids them *come all, and Dine upon him, and welcome, for they ſhall withal Eat their own Fathers, and Grandfathers, whoſe Fleſh has ſerv'd to feed and nouriſh him. Theſe Muſcles,* ſays he, *this Fleſh, and theſe Veins, are your own: Poor ſilly Souls as you are, you little think that the ſubſtance of your Anceſtors Limbs is here yet: but mind as you Eat, and you will find in it the Taſte of your own Fleſh:* In which Song there is to be obſerv'd, an Invention that does nothing reliſh of the Barbarian. Thoſe that paint theſe People Dying after this manner, repreſent the Priſoner ſpitting in the faces of his Executioners, and making at them a wry Mouth. And 'tis moſt certain, that to the very laſt gaſp, they never ceaſe to Brave and Defie them both in Word and Geſture. In plain truth, theſe Men are very Savage in compariſon of us, and of neceſſity, they muſt either be abſolutely ſo, or elſe we are Savager: for there is a vaſt difference betwixt their Manners, and ours.

The Men there have ſeveral Wives, and ſo much

much the greater number, by how much they have the greater Reputation and Valour, and it is one very remarkable Vertue their Women have, that the ſame Endeavour our Wives have to hinder and divert us from the Friendſhip and Familiarity of other Women, thoſe employ to promote their Husbands Deſires, and to procure them many Spouſes; for being above all things ſolicitous of their Husbands Honour, 'tis their chiefeſt care to ſeek out, and to bring in the moſt Companions they can, foraſmuch as it is a Teſtimony of their Husbands Vertue. I know moſt of ours will cry out, that 'tis Monſtrous; whereas in truth, it is not ſo; but a truly Matrimonial Vertue; though of the higheſt form. In the Bible, *Sarah*, *Leah* and *Rachel*, gave the moſt Beautiful of their Maids to their Husbands, *Livia* preferred the Paſſion of *Auguſtus* to her own intereſt, and the Wife of King *Dejotarus* of *Stratonica*, did not only give up a fair young Maid that ſerv'd her, to her Husband's Embraces, but moreover carefully brought up the Children he had by her, and aſſiſted them in the Succeſſion to their Father's Crown. And that it may not be ſuppos'd, that all this is done by a ſimple and ſervile Obſervation to their common Practice, or by any Authoritative Impreſſion of their Ancient Cuſtom, without Judgment, or Examination; and for having a Soul ſo ſtupid, that it cannot contrive what elſe to do, I muſt here give you ſome touches of their ſufficiency, in point of Underſtanding; beſides what I repeated to you before, which

was

was one of their Songs of War. I have another, and a Love-Song, that begins thus; *Stay, Adder, ſtay, that by thy Pattern my Siſter may draw the Faſhion, and work of a Noble Wreath, that I may preſent to my Beloved, by which means thy Beauty, and the excellent Order of thy Scales ſhall for ever be preferr'd before all other Serpents.* Wherein the firſt Couplet, *Stay, Adder, &c.* makes the Burthen of the Song. Now I have convers'd enough with Poetry to judge thus much: that not only, there is nothing of Barbarous in this Invention: But moreover, that it is perfectly *Anacreontick*: to which their Language is ſoft, of a pleaſing Accent, and ſomething bordering upon the *Greek* Terminations. Three of theſe People, not foreſeeing how dear their knowledge of the Corruptions of this part of the World, would one Day coſt their Happineſs and Repoſe, and that the effect of this Commerce would be their Ruine, as I preſuppoſe it is in a very fair way, (Miſerable Men to ſuffer themſelves to be deluded with deſire of Novelty, and to have left the Serenity of their own Heaven, to come ſo far to gaze at ours,) came to *Roane*, at the time that the late King *Charles* the Ninth was there: where the King himſelf talk'd to them a good while, and they were made to ſee our Faſhions, our Pomp, and the form of a great City; after which, ſome one ask'd their opinion, and would know of them, what of all the things they had ſeen, they found moſt to be admired? To which they made Anſwer, Three things, of which I have forgot the

Third, and am troubled at it; but two I yet remember. They ſaid, that in the firſt place they thought it very ſtrange, that ſo many tall Men wearing Beards, ſtrong and well Arm'd, who were about the King, ('tis like they meant the *Swiſs* of the Guard,) ſhould ſubmit to Obey a Child, and that they did not chooſe out one amongſt themſelves to Command: Secondly, (they have a way of ſpeaking in their Language, to call Men the half of one another,) that they had Obſerv'd, that there were amongſt us, Men full, and cramm'd with all manner of Conveniences, whilſt in the mean time, their halves were Begging at their Doors, Lean, and half ſtarv'd with Hunger and Poverty; and thought it ſtrange, that theſe Neceſſitous halves, were able to ſuffer ſo great an Inequality and Injuſtice, and that they did not take the others by the Throats, or ſet Fire to their Houſes. I talk'd to one of them a great while together, but I had ſo ill an Interpreter, and that was ſo perplex'd by his own Ignorance, to apprehend my meaning, that I could get nothing out of him, of any moment; Asking him, what advantage he reapt from the Superiority he had amongſt his own People? (For he was a Captain, and our Mariners call'd him King,) he told me, to March in the Head of them to War; and demanding of him further, how many Men he had to follow him? He ſhew'd me a ſpace of Ground, to ſignifie, as many as could March in ſuch a compaſs: which might be Four or Five Thouſand Men; and putting the queſtion to him, whether

ther or no his Authority expir'd with the War? He told me this remain'd; that when he went to Viſit the Village of his dependance, they plain'd him Paths through the thick of their Woods, through which he might paſs at his eaſe. Allthis does not ſound very ill, and the laſt was not much amiſs; for they wear no Breeches.

CHAP. XXXI.

That a Man is ſoberly to judge of Divine Ordinances.

THings unknown are the principal and true ſubject of Impoſture, foraſmuch as in the firſt place, their very Strangeneſs lends them Credit, and moreover, by not being ſubjected to our ordinary Diſcourſe, they deprive us of the means to queſtion, and diſpute them. For which reaſon, ſays *Plato*, it is much more eaſie to ſatisfie the hearers, when ſpeaking of the Nature of the Gods, than of the Nature of Men, becauſe the Ignorance of the Auditory affords a fair and large Career, and all manner of Liberty, in the handling of profane and abſtruſe things; and then it comes to paſs, that nothing is ſo firmly believed, as what we leaſt know: not any People ſo confident, as thoſe who entertain us with Fabulous Stories, ſuch as your Alchymiſts, Judicial Aſtrologers, Fortune-tellers, and Phyſicians, *Id genus omne*; to which I could willingly, if I durſt, joyn a ſort of People, that take upon

them to Interpret and Controul the Deſigns of God himſelf, making no queſtion of finding out the cauſe of every Accident, and to pry into the ſecrets of the Divine Will, there to diſcover the Incomprehenſible Motives of his Works. And although the variety, and the continual diſcordance of Events, throw them from Corner to Corner, and toſs them from *Eaſt* to *Weſt*, yet do they ſtill perſiſt in their vain Inquiſition, and with the ſame Pencil to Paint Black and White. In a Nation of the *Indies*, there is this commendable Cuſtom, that when any thing befalls them amiſs in any Rencounter or Battel, they publickly ask Pardon of the Sun, who is their God, as having committed an unjuſt Action, always imputing their Good or Evil Fortune to the Divine Juſtice, and to that, ſubmitting their own Judgment and Reaſon. 'Tis enough for a Chriſtian to believe, that all things come from God, to receive them with acknowledgement of his divine and inſtructable Wiſdom, and alſo thankfully to accept and receive them, with what Face ſoever, they may preſent themſelves: But I do not approve of what I ſee in uſe, that is, to ſeek to continue and ſupport our Religion by the Proſperity of our Enterprizes. Our Belief has other Foundation enough, without going about to Authorize it by Events: For the People accuſtomed to ſuch Arguments as theſe, and ſo proper to their own Taſte, it is to be fear'd, leſt when they fail of Succeſs, they ſhould alſo ſtagger in their Faith: As in the War wherein we are now Engag'd, upon

the

the account of Religion, thoſe who had the better in the Buſineſs of *Rochelabeille*; making great Brags of that ſucceſs, as an infallible approbation of their Cauſe, when they came afterwards to excuſe their Misfortunes of *Jarnac*, and *Moncontour*, 'twas by ſaying, they were Fatherly Scourges and Corrections; if they have not a People wholly at their Mercy, they make it manifeſtly enough to appear, what it is to take two ſorts of Griſt out of the ſame Sack, and with the ſame Mouth to blow Hot and Cold. It were better to poſſeſs the Vulgar with the ſolid and real Foundations of Truth. 'Twas a brave Naval-Battel that was gain'd a few Months ſince, againſt the *Turks*, under the command of *Don John* of *Auſtria*; but it has alſo pleas'd God at other times to let us ſee as great Victories at our own Expence. In fine, 'tis a hard matter to reduce Divine things to our Balance, without waſte, and loſing a great deal of the weight. And who would take upon him to give a reaſon, that *Arius*, and his Pope *Leo*, the principal Heads of the *Arian* Hereſie, ſhould Die at ſeveral times of ſo like and ſtrange Deaths, (for being withdrawn from the Diſputation, by the Griping in the Guts, they both of them ſuddenly gave up the Ghoſt upon the Stool,) and would aggravate this Divine Vengeance by the Circumſtance of the place; might as well add the Death of *Heliogabalus*, who was alſo ſlain in a Houſe of Office. But what? *Irenæus* was involv'd in the ſame Fortune; God being pleas'd to ſhew us, that the Good have ſomething,

elſe to hope for; and the Wicked ſomething elſe to fear, than the Fortunes, or Misfortunes, of this World: He manages, and applies them, according to his own ſecret Will and Pleaſure, and deprives us of the means, fooliſhly to make our own profit. And thoſe People both abuſe themſelves, and us, who will pretend to dive into theſe Myſteries by the ſtrength of Humane Reaſon. They never give one hit, that they do not receive two for it; of which, St. *Auguſtine* gives a very great proof upon his Adverſaries. 'Tis a Conflict, that is more decided by ſtrength of Memory, than the force of Reaſon. We are to content our ſelves with the Light it pleaſes the Sun to communicate to us, by Virtue of his Rays, and who will lift up his Eyes to take in a greater, let him not think it ſtrange, if for the reward of his preſumption, he there loſe his ſight. *Quis hominum poteſt ſcire conſilium Dei? aut quis poterit cogitare, quid velit Dominus? Who amongſt Men can know the Council of God? or who can think what the Will of the Lord is?*

Sapien. Cap. 9. v. 13.

CHAP. XXXII.

That we are to avoid Pleaſures, even at the expence of Life.

I Had long ago Obſerv'd moſt of the Opinions of the Ancients to concur in this, That it is happy to Die, when there is more ill than good

good in Living, and that to preſerve Life to our own Torment and Inconvenience, is contrary to the very Rules of Nature, as theſe old Laws inſtruct us.

Ἢ ζῆν ἀλύπως, ἢ θανεῖν εὐδαιμόνως,
Καλὸν θήσειν οἷς ὕβρις τὸ ζῆν φέρει,
Κρεῖσσον τὸ μὴ ζῆν ἢ κακῶς, ἢ ζῆν ἀθλίως.

Happy is Death, whenever it ſhall come
To him, to whom to Live is troubleſome,
Whom Life does Perſecute with reſtleſs Spite,
May Honourably bid the World good Night.
And infinitely better 'tis to Die,
Than to prolong a Life of Miſery.

But to puſh this Contempt of Death ſo far as to employ it to the removing our ſelves from the danger of Coveting Honours, Riches, Dignities, and other Favours, and Goods, as we call them, of Fortune, as if Reaſon were not ſufficient to perſwade us to avoid them, without adding this new Injunction, I had never ſeen it either Enjoin'd, or practis'd, till this paſſage of *Seneca* fell into my hands; who adviſing *Lucilius*, a Man of great Power and Authority about the Emperour, to alter his Voluptuous and Magnificent way of Living, and to retire himſelf from this Worldly Vanity and Ambition, to ſome Solitary, Quiet and Philoſophical Life, and the other alledging ſome Difficulties; I am of Opinion, ſays he, either that thou leave that Life, or Life it ſelf. I would indeed adviſe thee to the gentle way, and to untie, rather than to break,

the Knot thou haſt undiſcreetly Knit, provided, that if it be not otherwiſe to be unti'd, then reſolutely break it. There is no Man ſo great a Coward, that had not rather once fall, than to be always falling. I ſhould have found this Counſel conformable enough to the Stoical Roughneſs; but it appears the more ſtrange, for being borrowed from *Epicurus*, who writes the ſame thing upon the like occaſion to *Idomenius*. And I think I have Obſerv'd ſomething like it, but with Chriſtian Moderation, amongſt our own People. St. *Hilary*, Biſhop of *Poictiers*, that famous Enemy of the *Arian* Hereſie, being in *Syria*, had Intelligence thither ſent him, that *Abra* his only Daughter, whom he left at home under the Eye and Tuition of her Mother, was ſought in Marriage by the greateſt Noblemen of the Country, as being a Virgin Vertuouſly brought up, Fair, Rich, and in the Flower of her Age: whereupon he writ to her, (as it appears upon Record,) that ſhe ſhould remove her Affection from all thoſe Pleaſures and Advantages were propos'd unto her; for he had in his Travels found out a much greater and more worthy Fortune for her, a Husband of much greater Power and Magnificence, that would preſent her with Robes, and Jewels of ineſtimable value; wherein his deſign was, to diſpoſſeſs her of the Appetite, and uſe of Worldly Delights, to join her wholly to God: But the neareſt and moſt certain way to this, being, as he conceiv'd, the Death of his Daughter; he never ceas'd, by Vows, Prayers and Oraiſons, to

Beg

Beg of the Almighty, that he would pleaſe to call her out of this World, and to take her to himſelf; as accordingly it came to paſs; for ſoon after his return, ſhe Died, at which he expreſt a ſingular Joy. This ſeems to out-do the other, foraſmuch as he applies himſelf to this means at the firſt ſight, which they only take ſubſidiarily, and beſides, it was towards his only Daughter. But I will not omit the latter end of this Story, though it be from my purpoſe; St. *Hilary*'s Wife having underſtood from him, how the Death of their Daughter was brought about, by his deſires and deſign, and how much happier ſhe was, to be remov'd out of this World, than to have ſtay'd in it, conceiv'd ſo Lively an Apprehenſion of the Eternal and Heavenly Beatitude, that ſhe Begg'd of her Husband, with the extreameſt Importunity, to do as much for her; and God, at their joint Requeſt, ſhortly after calling her to him, it was a Death embrac'd on both ſides, with ſingular Content.

CHAP. XXXIII.

That Fortune is oftentimes Obſerved to Act by the Rule of Reaſon.

THe Inconſtancy, and various Motions of Fortune, may reaſonably make us expect, ſhe ſhould preſent us with all ſorts of Faces. Can there be a more expreſs Act of Juſtice, than this? The Duke of *Valentenois*, having reſolv'd

reſolv'd to Poiſon *Adrian* Cardinal of *Cornetto*, with whom Pope *Alexander* the Sixth, his Father and himſelf, were to go to Supper in the Vatican: he ſent before a Bottle of Poiſoned Wine, and withal, ſtrict Order to the Butler to keep it very ſafe. The Pope being come before his Son, and calling for Drink, the Butler ſuppoſing this Wine had not been ſo ſtrictly recommended to his Care, but only upon the account of its Excellency, preſented it preſently to the Pope, and the Duke himſelf coming in preſently after, and being confident they had not meddled with his Bottle, took alſo his Cup; ſo that the Father Died immediately upon the place, and the Son, after having been long tormented with Sickneſs, was reſerv'd to another, and a worſe Fortune: Sometimes ſhe ſeems to play upon us, juſt in the nick of an Affair: Monſieur *d' Eſtree* at that time Guidon to Monſieur *de Vendoſme*; and Monſieur *de Liques* Lieutenant to the Company of the Duke of *Aſcot*, being both pretenders to the Sieur *de Fouguesſelles* his Siſter, though of ſeveral Parties, (as it oft falls out amongſt Frontier Neighbours,) the Sieur *de Liques* carried her, but on the ſame Day he was Married, and which was worſe before he went to Bed to his Wife, the Bridegroom having a mind to break a Lance in honour of his new Bride, went out to Skirmiſh, near to St. *Omers*, where the Sieur *d' Eſtree* proving the ſtronger, took him Priſoner, and the more to illuſtrate his Victory, the Lady her ſelf was fain

Conjugis

Conjugis ante coacta novi dimittere collum, Catullus.
Quam veniens una, atque altera rurſus hyems.
Noctibus in longis avidum ſaturaſſet amorem.

Of her fair Arms, the Amorous Ring to break,
Which clung ſo faſt to her new Spouſe's Neck,
E're of two Winters many a friendly Night
Had ſated her Loves greedy Appetite.

to requeſt him of Courteſie, to deliver up his Priſoner to her, as he accordingly did, the Gentlemen of *France* never denying any thing to Ladies. Does ſhe not ſeem to be an Artiſt here? *Conſtantine* the Son of *Hellen*, founded the Empire of *Conſtantinople*, and ſo many Ages after, *Conſtantine* the Son of *Hellen* put an end to it. Sometimes ſhe is pleas'd to Emulate our Miracles. We are told, that King *Clovis* Beſieging *Angouleſme*, the Walls fell down of themſelves by Divine Favour. And *Bouchet* has it from ſome Author, that King *Robert* having ſat down before a City, and being ſtole away from the Siege, to go keep the Feaſt of St. *Aignan* at *Orleans*; as he was in Devotion, at a certain place of the Maſs, the Walls of the beleaguered City, without any manner of Violence, fell down with a ſudden Ruine. But ſhe did quite contrary in our *Milan* War; for Captain *Renſe* laying Siege to the City *Verona*, and having carried a Mine under a great part of the Wall, the Mine being ſprung, the Wall was lifted from its baſe, but dropt down again nevertheleſs, whole and entire, and ſo exactly upon its foundation, that the

the Beſieged ſuffer'd no Inconvenience by that Attempt. Sometimes ſhe plays the Phyſician. *Jaſon Phereus* being given over by the Phyſicians, by reaſon of a deſperate Impoſthumation in his Breaſt, having a mind to rid himſelf of his Pain, by Death at leaſt, in a Battel, threw himſelf deſperately into the thickeſt of the Enemy, where he was ſo fortunately wounded quite through the Body, that the Impoſthume brake, and he was perfectly cur'd. Did ſhe not alſo excel the painter *Protogenes* in his Art? Who having finiſh'd the Picture of a Dog quite tir'd, and out of breath, in all the other parts excellently well to his own liking, but not being able to expreſs, as he would, the ſlaver and foam that ſhould come out of his Mouth, vext, and angry at his work, he took his Spunge, which by cleaning his Pencils, had imbib'd ſeveral ſorts of Colours, and threw it in a rage againſt the Picture, with an intent utterly to deface it; when Fortune guiding the Spunge to hit juſt upon the Mouth of the Dog, it there perform'd what all his Art was not able to do. Does ſhe not ſometimes direct our Counſels, and correct them? *Iſabel* Queen of *England*, being to Sail from *Zeland* into her own Kingdom, with an Army, in favour of her Son, againſt her Husband, had been loſt, had ſhe come into the Port ſhe intended, being there laid wait for by the Enemy; but fortune againſt her will, threw her into another Haven, where ſhe Landed in ſafety. And he who throwing a Stone at a Dog, hit, and kill'd, his Mother-in-Law, had he

he not reaſon to pronounce this Verſe,

Ταυτόματον ἡμῶν καλλίω βυλεύεται; *Menander.*

——————By this I ſee,
Fortune does better aim than we.

Fortune has more Judgment than we. *Icetes* had contracted with two Souldiers to Kill *Timoleon*, at *Adranon* in *Sicily*. Theſe Villains took their time to do it, when he was aſſiſting at a Sacrifice, who thruſting into the Crowd, as they were making ſigns to one another, that now was a fit time to do their buſineſs, in ſteps a third, who with a Sword takes one of them full drive over the Pate, lays him dead upon the place, and away he runs. Which the other ſeeing, and concluding himſelf diſcover'd, and loſt, he runs to the Altar, and begs for Mercy, promiſing to diſcover the whole truth, which as he was doing, and laying open the whole Conſpiracy, behold the third Man, who being Apprehended, was, as a Murtherer thruſt and hal'd by the People through the Preſs, towards *Timoleon*, and other the moſt Eminent Perſons of the Aſſembly, before whom being brought, he Cry'd out for Pardon, pleading, that he had juſtly Slain his Fathers Murtherer; which he alſo proving upon the place, by ſufficient Witneſſes, which his good Fortune very opportunely ſupply'd him withal, that his Father was really Kill'd in the City of the *Leontins*, by that very Man on whom he had taken his Revenge, he was preſently Awarded Ten Attick * Mines, for having had the good

* The old Attick Mine was 75 Drach.

good Fortune, by deſigning to revenge the Death of his Father, to preſerve the Life of the common Father of *Sicily*. This Fortune in her Conduct, ſurpaſſes all the Rules of Humane Prudence. But, to conclude, is there not a direct Application, of her Favour, Bounty and Piety, manifeſtly diſcover'd in this Action? *Ignatius* the Father, and *Ignatius* the Son, being proſcrib'd by the Triumviry of *Rome*, reſolv'd upon this generous Act of mutual kindneſs, to fall by the hands of one another, and by that means, to fruſtrate and defeat the Cruelty of the Tyrants; and accordingly, with their Swords drawn, ran full drive upon one another, where Fortune ſo guided the points, that they made two equally Mortal Wounds, affording withal ſo much Honour to ſo brave a Friendſhip, as to leave them juſt ſtrength enough to draw out their Bloudy Swords, that they might have liberty to embrace one another in this Dying Condition, with ſo cloſe and hearty an Embrace, that the Executioners cut off both their Heads at once, leaving the Bodies ſtill faſt link'd together in this Noble Knot, and their Wounds joyn'd Mouth to Mouth, affectionately ſucking in the laſt Bloud, and remainder of the Lives of one another.

CHAP. XXXIV.

Of one Defect in one Government.

MY Father, who for a Man, that had no other advantages, than Experience only, and his own Natural Parts, was nevertheleſs of

of a very clear Judgment, has formerly told me that he once had thoughts of endeavouring to introduce this Practice; that there might be in every City a certain place aſſign'd, to which, ſuch as ſtood in need of any thing might repair, and have their Buſineſs enter'd by an Officer appointed for that purpoſe; as for Example, I enquire for a Chapman to Buy my Pearls: I enquire for one that has Pearls to Sell: Such a one wants Company to go to *Paris*, ſuch a one enquires for a Servant of ſuch a Quality, ſuch a one for a Maſter, ſuch a one enquires for ſuch an Artificer, ſome for one thing, ſome for another, every one according to what he wants. And doubtleſs, theſe mutual Advertiſements would be of no contemptible Advantage to the Publick Correſpondency and Intelligence: For there are evermore Conditions that hunt after one another, and for want of knowing one another occaſion, leave Men in very great neceſſity. I have heard, to the great ſhame of the Age we Live in, that in our very ſight, two moſt excellent Men for Learning, Died ſo Poor, that they had ſcarce Bread to put in their Mouths, *Lilius Gregorius Giraldus* in *Italy*, and *Sebaſtianus Caſtalio* in *Germany*: And do believe, there are a Thouſand Men would have invited them into their Families, with very advantageous Conditions, or have reliev'd them where they were, had they known their wants. The World is not ſo generally Corrupted, but that I know a Man, that would heartily wiſh the Eſtate his Anceſtors have left him, might be employ'd, ſo long as

The project of an Office of Enquiry.

as it ſhall pleaſe Fortune to give him leave to enjoy it, to ſecure rare and remarkable Perſons of any kind, whom Misfortune ſometimes perſecutes to the laſt degree, from the danger of Neceſſity; and at leaſt, place them in ſuch a condition, that they muſt be very hard to pleaſe, if they were not contented. My Father in his Oeconomical Government, had this Order, (which I know how to commend, but by no means imitate,) which was, that beſides the Day-book, or Memorial of the Houſhold Affairs, where the ſmall Accounts, Payments and Diſburſements, which do not require a Secretaries hand, were entred, and which a Bayliff always had in Cuſtody; he Order'd him whom he kept to write for him, to keep a Paper Journal, and in it to ſet down all the remarkable Occurrences, and Day by Day the Memoirs of the Hiſtories of his Houſe: very pleaſant to look over, when time begins to wear things out of Memory, and very uſeful ſometimes to put us out of doubt, when ſuch a thing was begun, when ended, what courſes were debated on, what concluded; our Voyages, Abſences, Marriages, and Deaths, the reception of good, or ill news; the change of Principal Servants, and the like. An Ancient Cuſtom, which I think it would not be amiſs for every one to revive in his own Houſe; and I find I did very fooliſhly in neglecting the ſame.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXV.

Of the Cuſtom of Wearing Cloaths.

WHatever I ſhall ſay upon this Subject, I am of neceſſity to invade ſome of the bounds of Cuſtom, ſo careful has ſhe been to ſhut up all the Avenues. I was diſputing with my ſelf in this ſhivering ſeaſon, whether the faſhion of going Naked in thoſe Nations lately diſcover'd, is impos'd upon them, by the hot temperature of the Air, as we ſay of the *Moors* and *Indians*, or whether it be the Original faſhion of Mankind; Men of Underſtanding, foraſmuch as all things under the Sun, as the Holy Writ declares, are ſubject to the ſame Laws, were wont in ſuch Conſiderations as theſe, where we are to diſtinguiſh the Natural Laws from thoſe have been impos'd by Man's Invention, to have recourſe to the general Polity of the World, where there can be nothing Counterfeited. Now all other Creatures being ſufficiently furniſh'd with all things neceſſary for the ſupport of their being, it is not to be imagin'd, that we only ſhould be brought into the World in a defective and indigent Condition, and in ſuch an eſtate as cannot ſubſiſt without Foreign aſſiſtance; and therefore it is, that I believe, that as Plants, Trees, and Animals, and all things that have Life, are ſeen to be by Nature ſufficiently Cloath'd and Cover'd, to defend them from the Injuries of Weather;

Lucret. l. 4. *Proptereaque fere res omnes, aut Corio ſunt,*
Aut ſeta, aut conchis, aut callo, aut cortice tecta.

Moreover all things, or with Skin, or Hair,
Or Shell, or Bark, or *Callus* Cloathed are.

ſo were we: But as thoſe who by Artificial Light put out that of the Day, ſo we by borrowed Forms and Faſhions have deſtroy'd our own. And 'tis plain enough to be ſeen, that 'tis Cuſtom only which renders that impoſſible, that otherwiſe is nothing ſo; for of thoſe Nations who have no manner of knowledge of Cloathing, ſome are ſituated under the ſame Temperature that we are, and ſome in much Colder Climates. And beſides, our moſt tender Parts are always expos'd to the Air, as the Eyes, Mouth, Noſe, and Ears; and our Country Labourers, like our Anceſtors in former times, go with their Breaſts and Bellies open. Had we been Born with a neceſſity upon us of wearing Petticoats and Breeches, there is no doubt, but Nature would have Fortified thoſe Parts ſhe intended ſhould be expoſed to the Fury of the Seaſons, with a thicker Skin, as ſhe has done the Finger ends, and the Soles of the Feet. And why ſhould this ſeem hard to believe? I Obſerve much greater diſtance betwixt my Habit, and that of one of our Country Bores, than betwixt his, and a Man that has no other Covering but his Skin. How many Men, eſpecially in *Turky*, go Naked upon the account of Devotion? I know not who would

would ask a Beggar, whom he ſhould ſee in his Shirt in the depth of Winter, as Brisk and Frolick, as he who goes Muffled up to the Ears in Furs, how he is able to endure to go ſo? Why Sir, he might Anſwer, you go with your Face bare, and I am all Face. The *Italians* have a Story of the Duke of *Florence* his Fool, whom his Maſter Asking, *How being ſo thin Clad, he was able to ſupport the Cold, when he himſelf, warm wrapt as he was, was hardly able to do it? Why*, reply'd the Fool, *uſe my Receipt, to put on all your Cloaths you have at once, and you'll feel no more Cold, than I.* King *Maſſiniſſa* to an extream Old Age, could never be prevail'd upon to go with his Head cover'd, how Cold, Stormy, or Rainy, ſoever the Weather might be: Which alſo is reported of the Emperour *Severus*. *Herodotus* tells us, that in the Battels fought betwixt the *Ægyptians*, and the *Perſians*, it was Obſerv'd both by himſelf, and others, that of thoſe who were left Dead upon the place, the Heads of the *Ægyptians* were found to be without compariſon harder, than thoſe of the *Perſians*, by reaſon that the laſt had gone with their Heads always cover'd from their Infancy, firſt, with Biggins, and then with Turbans, and the others always ſhav'd, and open. And King *Ageſilaus* obſerv'd to a decrepit Age, to wear always the ſame Cloaths in Winter, that he did in Summer. *Cæſar*, ſays *Suetonius*, March'd always at the Head of his Army, for the moſt part on foot, with his Head bare, whether it was

Rain, or Sunſhine, and as much is ſaid of *Hannibal.*

Silius It. li. 6. 1. ——— ——— *Tum vertice nudo,*
Excipere inſanos imbres, Cœlique ruinam.

Bare Head to March in Snow, and when it pours
Whole Cataracts of cold unwholſome ſhowers.

A *Venetian* who has long Liv'd in *Pegu*, and is lately return'd from thence, writes, that the Men and Women of that Kingdom, though they cover all their other Parts, go always Barefoot, and Ride ſo too. And *Plato* does very earneſtly adviſe, for the health of the whole Body, to give the Head and the Feet no other Cloathing, than what Nature has beſtow'd. He whom the *Polacks* have Elected for their King, ſince ours came thence, who is indeed one of the greateſt Princes of this Age, never wears any Gloves, and for Winter, or whatever Weather can come, never wears other Cap abroad, than the ſame he wears at home. Whereas I cannot endure to go unbutton'd, or unti'd; our Neighbouring Labourers would think themſelves in Chains, if they were ſo brac'd. *Varro* is of Opinion, that when it was Ordain'd, we ſhould be bare in the preſence of the Gods, and before the Magiſtrate, it was rather ſo Order'd, upon the ſcore of health, and to Inure us to the Injuries of Weather, than upon the account of Reverence. And ſince we are now talking of Cold, and *French-men* us'd to wear variety of Colours, (not I my ſelf, for I ſeldom

ſeldom wear other than Black, or White, in Imitation of my Father,) let us add another Story of Captain *Martin du Bellay*, who affirms, that in the Voyage of *Luxemburg*, he ſaw ſo great Froſts, that the Ammunition Wine was cut with Hatchets, and Wedges; was deliver'd out to the Souldiers by Weight, and that they carried it away in Baskets: and *Ovid*,

Nudaque conſiſtunt formam ſervantia teſtæ,
Vina, nec hauſta meri, ſed data fruſta bibunt. *Ovid. Triſt. l. 3. El. 12.*

——— ——— ——— The Wine
Stript of its Cask, retains the Figure ſtill,
Nor do they Draughts, but Cruſts of *Bacchus* (ſwill.

At the Mouth of the Lake *Mæotis*, the Froſts are ſo very ſharp, that in the very ſame place where *Methridates* his Lieutenant had Fought the Enemy dry-foot, and given them a notable Defeat, the Summer following he obtain'd over them a Famous Naval Victory. The *Romans* Fought at a very great diſadvantage, in the Engagement they had with the *Carthaginians* near *Placentia*, by reaſon, that they went on to Charge with their Blood fix'd, and their Limbs Numm'd with Cold, whereas *Hannibal* had caus'd great Fires to be diſpers'd quite through his Camp to warm his Souldiers, and Oil to be diſtributed amongſt them; to the end, that Anointing themſelves, they might render their Nerves more Supple and Active, and fortifie the Pores againſt the

violence of the Air, and Freezing Wind, that Rag'd in that Seaſon. The Retreat the *Greeks* made from *Babylon* into their own Country, is Famous, for the Difficulties and Calamities they had to overcome. Of which, this was one, that being Encounter'd in the Mountains of *Armenia* with a horrible Storm of Snow, they loſt all knowledge of the Country, and of the ways, and being driven up, were a Day and a Night without Eating or Drinking, moſt of their Cattel Died, many of themſelves Starv'd Dead, ſeveral ſtruck Blind with the driving, and the glittering of the Snow, many of them Maim'd in their Fingers and Toes, and many Stiff and Motionleſs with the extremity of the Cold, who had yet their Underſtanding entire. *Alexander* ſaw a Nation, where they Bury the Fruit-Trees in Winter, to defend them from being deſtroy'd by the Froſt, and we alſo may ſee the ſame. But concerning Cloaths, the King of *Mexico* chang'd four times a Day his Apparel, and never put them on more, employing thoſe he left off, in his continual Liberalities and Rewards, as alſo, neither Pot, Diſh, nor other Utenſil of his Kitchen, or Table, was ever ſerv'd in Twice.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVI.

Of Cato *the Younger.*

I Am not guilty of the Common Errour, of judging another by my ſelf. I eaſily believe, that in anothers Humour, that is contrary to my own; and though I find my ſelf engag'd to one certain Form, I do not oblige others to it, as many do; but believe and apprehend a Thouſand ways of Living, and contrary to moſt Men, more eaſily admit of Differences than Uniformity amongſt us. I as frankly, as any one would have me, diſcharge a Man from my Humours and Principles, and conſider him according to his own particular Model. Though I am not Continent my ſelf, I nevertheleſs ſincerely Love, and approve the Continency of the *Capuchins*, and other Religious Orders, and highly commend their way of Living. I inſinuate my ſelf by imagination into their Place and Love, and Honour them the more, for being other than I am. I very much deſire, that we may be Cenſur'd every Man by himſelf, and would not be drawn into the conſequence of common Examples. My Weakneſs does nothing alter the Eſteem I ought to have of the force and vigour of thoſe who deſerve it. *Sunt qui nihil ſuadent, quam quid ſe imitari poſſe confidunt.* *There are who perſuade nothing but what they believe they can imitate themſelves.* Crawling upon the *Cicero de Or. ad.*

Slime of the Earth, I do not for all that ceaſe to Obſerve up in the Clouds the inimitable height of ſome Heroick Souls: 'tis a great deal for me to have my Judgment regular and right, if the effects cannot be ſo, and to maintain this Soveraign part at leaſt free from Corruption: 'tis ſomething to have my Will right and good, where my Legs fail me. This Age wherein we Live, in our part of the World at leaſt, is grown ſo ſtupid, that not only Exerciſe, but the very Imagination of Vertue is defective, and ſeems to be no other but College-Faſhion.

Horace Ep. 6. l. 1. ——————*Virtutem verba putant, ut Lucum ligna:*

Words finely couch'd, theſe Men for Vertue take;
As if each Wood a Sacred Grove could make.

Cicero Tuſ. 1. *Quam vereri deberent, etiam ſi percipere non poſſent. Which they ought to Reverence, though they cannot Comprehend.* 'Tis a Gew-gaw to hang in a Cabinet, or at the end of the Tongue, as on the tip of the Ear, for Ornament only. There is no more Vertuous Actions exſtant, and thoſe Actions that carry a ſhew of Vertue, have yet nothing of its Eſſence; by reaſon, that Profit, Glory, Fear and Cuſtom, and other ſuch like foreign Cauſes, put us in the way to produce them. Our Juſtice alſo, Valour, and good Offices, may then be call'd ſo too, in reſpect to others, and according to the face they

they appear with to the Publick; but in the doer it can by no means be Vertue, becauſe there is another end propos'd, another moving cauſe. Now vertue owns nothing to be hers, but what is done by her ſelf, and for her ſelf alone. In that great Battel of *Potidæa*, that the *Greeks* under the Command of *Pauſanias* obtain'd againſt *Mardonius*, and the *Perſians*, the Conquerours, according to their Cuſtom, coming to divide amongſt them the Glory of the Exploit, they attributed to the *Spartan* Nation the Preheminence of Valour in this Engagement. The *Spartans*, great Judges of Vertue, when they came to determine, to what particular Man of their Nation the Honour was due, of having the beſt Behav'd himſelf upon this occaſion, found, that *Ariſtodemus* had of all others hazarded his Perſon with the greateſt Bravery: but did not however allow him any Prize, or Reward; by reaſon that his Vertue had been incited by a deſire, to clear his Reputation from the Reproach of his Miſcarriage at the Buſineſs of *Thermypolæ*, and with a deſire to Die Bravely, to wipe off that former Blemiſh. Our Judgments are yet ſick, and Obey the Humour of our deprav'd Manners. I Obſerve moſt of the Wits of theſe Times pretend to Ingenuity, by endeavouring to blemiſh and to darken the Glory of the Braveſt and moſt Generous Actions of former Ages, putting one Vile Interpretation or another upon them, and forging and ſuppoſing vain Cauſes and Motives for thoſe Noble things they did.

A mighty ſubtilty indeed! Give me the greateſt and moſt unblemiſh'd Action that ever the Day beheld, and I will contrive a Hundred plauſible Drifts and Ends to obſcure it: God knows, who ever will ſtretch them out to the full, what diverſity of Images our Internal Wills do ſuffer under; they do not ſo Maliciouſly play the Cenſurers, as they do it Ignorantly and Rudely in all their Detractions. The ſame pains and licence that others take to Blemiſh and Beſpatter theſe illuſtrious Names, I would willingly undergo to lend them a ſhoulder to raiſe them higher. Theſe rare Images, and that are cull'd out by the conſent of the wiſeſt Men of all Ages, for the Worlds Example, I ſhould endeavour to Honour anew, as far as my Invention would permit, in all the Circumſtances of favourable Interpretation. And we are to believe, that the force of our Invention is infinitely ſhort of their Merit. 'Tis the Duty of good Men to Pourtray Vertues as Beautiful as they can, and there would be no Indecency in the Caſe, ſhould our Paſſion a little Tranſport us in favour of ſo Sacred a Form. What theſe People do to the contrary, they either do out of Malice, or by the Vice of confining their Belief to their own Capacity; or, which I am more inclin'd to think, for not having their ſight ſtrong, clear and elevated enough, to conceive the ſplendour of Vertue in her Native Purity: As *Plutarch* complains, that in his time ſome Attributed the cauſe of the Younger *Cato*'s Death, to his Fear of *Cæſar*,

at

at which he ſeems very Angry, and with good reaſon: and by that a Man may gueſs how much more he would have been offended with thoſe, who have Attributed it to Ambitious Senceleſs People! He would rather have perform'd a handſome, juſt and generous Action, and to have had Ignominy for his Reward, than for Glory. That Man was in truth a Pattern, that Nature choſe out to ſhew to what height Humane Vertue and Conſtancy could arrive: but I am not capable of handling ſo Noble an Argument, and ſhall therefore only ſet Five Latin Poets together by the Ears, who has done beſt in the praiſe of *Cato*; and incluſively for their own too. Now a Man well Read in Poetry, will think the two firſt, in compariſon of the others, a little Flat and Languiſhing; the Third more Vigorous, but overthrown by the Extravagancy of his own force. He will then think, that there will be yet room for one or two Gradations of Invention to come to the Fourth; but coming to mount the pitch of that, he will lift up his Hands for admiration; the laſt, the firſt by ſome ſpace, (but a ſpace that he will ſwear is not to be fill'd up by any Humane Wit,) he will be aſtoniſh'd, he will not know where he is. Theſe are Wonders. We have more Poets, than Judges and Interpreters of Poetry. It is eaſier to Write an indifferent Poem, than to underſtand a good one. There is indeed a certain low and moderate ſort of Poetry, that a Man may well enough judge by certain Rules of Art; but the true, ſupream and

and divine Poeſie, is equally above all Rules and Reaſon. And whoever diſcerns the Beauty of it, with the moſt aſſured and moſt ſteady ſight, ſees no more than the quick reflection of a Flaſh of Lightning. This is a ſort of Poeſie, that does not exerciſe, but raviſhes and overwhelms our Judgment. The Fury that poſſeſſes him who is able to penetrate into it, wounds yet a Third Man by hearing him repeat it. Like a Loadſtone, that not only attracts the Needle, but alſo infuſes into it the Vertue to attract others. And it is more evidently Eminent upon our Theatres, that the Sacred Inſpiration of the Muſes, having firſt ſtirr'd up the Poet to Anger, Sorrow, Hatred, and out of himſelf, to whatever they will, does moreover by the Poet poſſeſs the Actor, and by the Actor conſecutively all the Spectators. So much do our Paſſions hang and depend upon one another. Poetry has ever had that power over me from a Child, to Tranſpierce and Tranſport me: But this quick reſentment that is Natural to me, has been variouſly handled by variety of Forms, not ſo much higher and lower, (for they were ever the higheſt of every kind,) as differing in Colour. Firſt, a Gay and Spritely Fluency, afterwards a Lofty and Penetrating Subtilty; and laſtly, a Mature and Conſtant Force. There Names will better expreſs them; *Ovid*, *Lucan*, *Virgil*. But our Poets are beginning their Career.

Sit

Sit Cato *dum vivit fama vel* Cæſare *Major.* *Mart. lib. 6. Epig. 32.*

——Let *Cato*'s Fame, (Name.
Whilſt he ſhall Live, Eclipſe great *Cæſar*'s
Says one.

—*Et invictum devicta Morte* Catonem. *Manil.*

—And *Cato* fell,
Death being overcome, invincible.

Says the Second. And the Third ſpeaking of the Civil Wars betwixt *Cæſar* and *Pompey*,

Victrix cauſa Diis placuit, ſed Victa Catoni. *Lucan. l. 1.*

—Heaven approves,
The Conquering Cauſe, the Conquer'd *Cato*
(loves

And the Fourth upon the Praiſes of *Cæſar*,

Et Cuncta terrarum ſubjecta,
Præter atrocem animum Catonis. *Hor. Car. lib. 2. Od. 1.*

And Conquer'd all where e're his Eagle flew,
But *Cato*'s Mind, that nothing could ſubdue.

And the Maſter of the Quire, after having ſet forth all the great Names of the greateſt *Romans*, ends thus,

——*His dantem jura* Catonem. *Æneid. l. 8.*

Great *Cato* giving Laws to all the reſt.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVII.

That we Laugh and Cry for the ſame thing.

WHen we Read in Hiſtory, that *Antigonus* was very much diſpleas'd with his Son, for preſenting him the Head of King *Pyrrhus* his Enemy, but newly Slain, Fighting againſt him, and that ſeeing it, he wept: That *Rene* Duke of *Lorraine* alſo Lamented the Death of *Charles* Duke of *Burgundy*, whom he had himſelf Defeated, and appear'd in Mourning at his Funeral: And that in the Battel of *Auroy*, (which Count *Montfort* obtain'd over *Charles de Blois*, his Concurrent for the Dutchy of *Brittany*,) the Conquerour meeting the Dead Body of his Enemy, was very much Afflicted at his Death, we muſt not preſently Cry out,

Petrarcha. *Et coſi auen che l' animo ciaſcuna,*
Sua Paſſion ſotto el contrario manto,
Ricoprè, con la viſta hor'chiara, hor bruna.

That every one, whether of Joy or Woe,
The Paſſion of their Mind can palliate ſo,
As when moſt Griev'd, to ſhew a Count'nance clear,
And Melancholick when beſt pleas'd t' appear.

When *Pompey*'s Head was preſented to *Cæſar*, the Hiſtories tell us, that he turn'd away his Face, as from a ſad and unpleaſing Object. There

There had been ſo long an Intelligence and Society betwixt them, in the management of the Publick Affairs, ſo great a Community of Fortunes, ſo many mutual Offices, and ſo near an Alliance, that this Countenance of his ought not to ſuffer under any Miſinterpretation; or to be ſuſpected for either Falſe or Counterfeit, as this other ſeems to believe:

Tutumque putavit *Lucan. lib. 9.*
Jam bonus eſſe ſocer, lacrymas non ſponte cadentes,
Effudit, gemituſque expreſſit pectore læto,
Non aliter manifeſta putans abſcondere mentis
Gaudia, quam Lacrymas.

And now he ſaw
'Twas ſafe to be a Pious Father-in-Law,
He ſhed forc'd Tears, and from a Joyful Breaſt,
Fetch'd Sighs and Groans, conceiving Tears would beſt
Conceal his inward Joy.

For though it be true, that the greateſt part of our Actions, are no other than Vizor and Diſguiſe, and yet may ſometimes be Real and True: that,

Hæredis fletus ſub perſona riſus eſt. *Aulus Gellii. Noct.*

The Heirs diſſembled Tears behind the Skreen,
Could one but peep, would Joyful ſmiles be ſeen.

ſo is it, that in judging of theſe Accidents, we are to conſider how much our Souls are oft-

oft-times agitated with divers Paſſions. And as they ſay, that in our Bodies there is a Congregation of divers Humours, of which, that is the Soveraign, which according to the Complexion we are of, is commonly moſt predominant in us: So, though the Soul have in it divers motions to give it Agitation; yet muſt there of neceſſity be one to over-rule all the reſt, though not with ſo neceſſary and abſolute a Dominion, but that through the Flexibility and Inconſtancy of the Soul, thoſe of leſs Authority, may upon occaſion, reaſſume their place, and make a little Sally in turn. Thence it is, that we ſee not only Children, who Innocently Obey, and follow Nature, often Laugh and Cry at the ſame thing: but not one of us can boaſt, what Journey ſoever he may have in hand, that he has the moſt ſet his Heart upon, but when he comes to part with his Family and Friends, he will find ſomething that troubles him within; and though he refrain his Tears, yet he puts Foot i'th' Stirrup, with a Sad and Cloudy Countenance, and what gentle Flame ſoever may have warm'd the Heart of Modeſt, and Well-Born Virgins, yet are they fain to be forc'd from about their Mothers Necks, to be put to Bed to their Husbands, whatever this Boon Companion is pleas'd to ſay:

Catul. Num. 67.

Eſtne novis nuptis odio Venus, anne parentum,
Fruſtrantur falſis gaudia lachrymulis,
Ubertim Thalami quas intra limina fundunt?
Non, ita me Divi, vera gemunt, juverint.

Does

Does the Fair Bride the Sport ſo mainly Dread,
That ſhe takes on ſo, when ſhe's put to Bed,
Her Parents Joys t' allay with a feign'd (Tear.
She does not Cry in Earneſt, I dare Swear.

Neither is it ſtrange to lament a perſon, whom a man would by no means ſhould be alive: When I rattle my man, I do it with all the mettle I have, and load him with no feign'd, but downright real Curſes; but the heat being over, if he ſhould ſtand in need of me, I ſhould be very ready to do him good: for I inſtantly turn the leaf. When I call him Calf and Coxcomb, I do not pretend to entail thoſe titles upon him for ever; neither do I think I give my ſelf the lye in calling him an honeſt man preſently after. Were it not the ſign of a fool to talk to ones ſelf, there would hardly be a day or hour wherein I might not be heard to grumble, and mutter to my ſelf and againſt my ſelf; *Turd in the fools teeth*, and yet I do not think that to be my Character. Who for ſeeing me one while cold, and preſently very kind to my Wife, believes the one or the other to be counterfeited, is an Aſs. *Nero* taking leave of his Mother, whom he ſent to be drown'd, was nevertheleſs ſenſible of ſome emotion at this farewel, and was ſtruck with horror, and Pity. 'Tis ſaid, that the light of the Sun is not one continuous thing, but that he darts new rays ſo thick one upon another, that we cannot perceive the intermiſſion.

Lucret. l. 5. *Largus enim liquidi fons luminis æthereus Sol*
Irrigat aſſidue cœlum candore recenti,
Suppetit atque novo confeſtim lumine lumen.

For the æthereal Sun that ſhines ſo bright,
Being a fountain large of liquid light,
With freſh Rays ſprinkles ſtill the chearful Sky,
And with new light, the light does ſtill ſupply.

Juſt ſo the Soul variouſly and interceptibly darts out her Paſſions. *Artabarus* ſurpriſing once his Nephew *Xerxes*, Chid him for the ſudden alteration of his Countenance. As he was conſidering the immeaſurable Greatneſs of his Forces paſſing over the *Helleſpont*, for the *Grecian* Expedition, he was firſt ſeiz'd with a palpitation of Joy, to ſee ſo many Millions of Men under his Command, which alſo appear'd in the gayety of his Looks: But his Thoughts at the ſame inſtant ſuggeſting to him, that of ſo many Lives, once in an Age at moſt, there would not be one left, he preſently Knit his Brows, and grew Sad, even to Tears. We have reſolutely purſu'd the Revenge of an Injury receiv'd, and been ſenſible of a ſingular Contentment for the Victory: But we ſhall Weep notwithſtanding: 'tis not for the Victory, though that we ſhall Weep: there is nothing alter'd by that: but the Soul looks upon things with another Eye, and repreſents them to it ſelf with another kind of Face; for every thing has many Faces, and ſeveral Aſpects. Relations, old Acquaintance, and Friendſhips, poſſeſs our Imaginations, and make them tender

der for the time: but the Counterturn is ſo quick, that 'tis gone in a Moment.

Nil a Deo fieri celeri ratione videtur, Lucret. l. 3.
Quam ſi mens fieri proponit, & inchoat ipſa.
Ocius ergo animus quam res ſe perciet ulla,
Ante oculos quarum in promptu natura videtur.

No motions ſeem ſo brisk, and quick as thoſe
The working mind does to be done propoſe.
Which once propos'd, her violent motions are
Swifter than any thing we know by far.

And therefore, while we would make one continued thing of all this ſucceſſion of paſſion, we deceive our ſelves. When *Timoleon* laments the murther he had committed upon ſo mature, and generous deliberation, he does not lament the liberty reſtor'd to his Country, he does not lament the Tyrant, but he laments his Brother: One part of his duty is perform'd, let us give him leave to perform the other.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

Of Solitude.

LEt us prætermit that old compariſon betwixt the active, and the ſolitary life, and as for the fine ſaying, with which Ambition and Avarice palliate their vices, *That we are not born for our ſelves, but for the publick*, let us boldly appeal to thoſe who are moſt intereſted in publick affairs, let them lay their

hands upon their Hearts, and then ſay, whether, on the contrary, they do not rather aſpire to Titles and Offices, and that tumult of the World to make their private advantage at the publick expence. But we need not ask them the queſtion; for the corrupt ways by which they arrive at the height to which their ambitions aſpire, does manifeſtly enough declare that their ends cannot be very good. Let us then tell Ambition, that it is ſhe her ſelf who gives us a taſte of Solitude; for what does ſhe ſo much avoid as Society? What does ſhe ſo much ſeek as Elbow-room? A man may do well, or ill every where: but if what *Boas* ſays be true, that the greateſt part is the worſe, or what the Preacher ſays, that there is not one good of a thouſand:

Juven. Sat. 13. *Rari quippe boni numero vix ſunt totidem quot Thebazum portæ vel divitis oſtia Nili.*

Becauſe the number of the Good's as few
As *Thebes* fair Gates; or rich *Nile* mouths doth (ſpew.

the contagion is very dangerous in the Crown. A man muſt either imitate the vicious, or hate them: Both are dangerous, either to reſemble them, becauſe they are many, or to hate many, becauſe they are unreſembling. And Merchants that go to Sea are in the right when they are cautious that thoſe who embark with them in the ſame bottom, be neither diſſolute Blaſphemers, nor vicious otherways; looking upon ſuch ſociety as unfortunate. And therefore

therefore it was, that *Bias* pleaſantly ſaid to ſome, who being with him in a dangerous ſtorm, implor'd the aſſiſtance of the Gods, *Peace, ſpeak ſoftly*, ſaid he, *that they may not know you are here in my company*: And of more Preſſing exemple, *Albuquerque* Vice Roy in the *Indies*, for *Emanuel* King of *Portugal*, in an extream peril of Shipwrack, took a young Boy upon his Shoulders, for this only end, that in the Society of their common danger, his innocency might ſerve to protect him, and to recommend him to the Divine favour, that they might get ſafe to Shoar: 'Tis not that a Wiſe Man may not live every where content, either alone, or in the crowd of a Palace: But if it be left to his own choice, he will tell you, that he would fly the very ſight of the latter; he can endure it if need be; but if it be referred to him, he will chooſe the firſt. He cannot think himſelf ſufficiently rid of Vice, if he muſt yet contend with it in other Men: *Charondas* Puniſht thoſe for ill Men, who were Convict of keeping of ill Company. There is nothing ſo Unſociable, and Sociable, as Man, the one by his Vice, the other by his Nature. And *Antiſthenes* in my opinion, did not give him a ſatisfactory Anſwer, who Reproach'd him with frequenting ill Company, by ſaying, *That the Phyſicians Liv'd well enough amongſt the Sick*: for if they contribute to the health of the Sick, no doubt, but by the Contagion, continual ſight of, and familiarity with Diſeaſes, they muſt of neceſſity impair their own. Now the end I ſuppoſe is all one,

to Live at more leiſure, and at greater eaſe: but Men do not always take the right way; for they often think they have totally taken leave of all Buſineſs, when they have only exchang'd one Employment for another. There is little leſs trouble in Governing a private Family, than a whole Kingdom: whereever the Mind is perplex'd, it is in an entire diſorder, and Domeſtick Emloyments are not leſs troubleſome, for being leſs important. Moreover, for having ſhak'd of the Court, and Publick Employments, we have not taken leave of the principal Vexations of Life.

Hor. lib. 1. *Epiſt.* 11. ——— *Ratio, & prudentia curas,*
Non locus effuſi late maris arbiter aufert.

Reaſon and Prudence, our Affections eaſe,
Not remote Voyages, on unknown Seas.

Our Ambition, our Avarice, Irreſolution, Fears, and Inordinate Deſires, do not leave us when we forſake our Native Country:

Hor. lib. 3. *Ode* 1. *Et poſt equitem ſedet atra cura.*

And who does mount his horſe to this, will find,
He carries Black-brow'd Madam Care behind.

She oft follows us even to Cloiſters, and Philoſophical Schools; nor Deſarts, nor Caves, Hair-ſhirts, nor Faſts, can diſengage us from her:

Virg. Æ. l. 4. ——— *Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.*

The fatal Shaft ſticks to the wounded Side.

One telling *Socrates*, that ſuch a one was nothing

thing Improv'd by his Travels. *I very well believe it,* ſaid he, *for he took himſelf along with him.*

Quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus? patria quis exul
Se quoque fugit? *Hor. lib. 2. Ode 16.*

To change our Native Soil, why ſhould we Run
To ſeek out one warm'd by another Sun?
For yet what Baniſh'd Man could ever find,
When furtheſt ſent, he left himſelf behind?

If a Man do not firſt diſcharge both himſelf, and his Mind, of the Burthen with which he finds himſelf Oppreſs'd, Motion will but make it preſs the harder, and ſit the heavier, as the Lading of a Ship is of leſs Incumbrance, when faſt, and beſtow'd in a ſettled poſture; you do a Sick Man more harm, than good, in removing him from place to place; you fix and eſtabliſh the Diſeaſe by motion, as Stoops dive deeper into the Earth, by being mov'd up and down in the place where they are deſign'd to ſtand. And therefore it is not enough to get remote from the Publick; 'tis not enough to ſhift the Soil only, a Man muſt flie from the Popular Diſpoſitions that have taken poſſeſſion of his Soul, he muſt Sequeſter and raviſh himſelf from himſelf.

——Rupi jam vincula, dicas. *Perſeus, Sat. 5.*
Nam luctata canis nodum arripit, attamen illa,
Cum fugit, à collo trahitur pars longa catenæ.

Thou'lt ſay perhaps, that thou haſt broke the (Chain,
Why, ſo the Dog has gnaw'd the Knot in 'twain

That ti'd him there, but as he flies, he feels
The pond'rous Chain ſtill rattling at his heels.

We ſtill carry our Fetters along with us; 'tis not an abſolute Liberty, we yet caſt back a kind Look upon what we have left behind us; the Fancy is ſtill full of our old way of Living.

Lucret. l. 5. ——*Niſi purgatum eſt pectus, quæ prælia nobis,*
Atque pericula tunc ingratis inſinuandum?
Quantæ conſcindunt hominum cupidinis acres
Sollicitum curæ, quantique perinde timores?
Quidve ſuperbia, ſpurcitia, ac petulantia quantas
Efficiunt clades, quid luxus, deſidieſque?

Unleſs the Mind be Purg'd, what Conflicts (ſtreight,
And Dangers will it not inſinuate?
The Luſtful Man, how many bitter Cares,
Do gall, and fret, and then how many Fears?
What Horrid Miſchiefs, what Dire Slaughters (too,
Will not Pride, Luſt, and Petulancy do?
And what from Luxury can we expect,
And Sloth; but all the ill ill can effect?

The Mind it ſelf is the Diſeaſe, and cannot eſcape from it ſelf;

Hor. l. 1. Ep. 14. *In culpa eſt animus, qui ſe non effugit unquam.*

Still in the Mind the Fault does lie,
That never from it ſelf can flie.

and therefore is to be call'd home, and confin'd within it ſelf; that is the true Solitude, and that may

may be enjoy'd even in Populous Cities, and the Courts of Kings, though more commodiouſly a part.

Now ſince we will attempt to Live alone, and to wave all manner of Converſation amongſt Men, let us ſo Order it, that our Contentation may depend wholly upon our ſelves, and diſſolve all Obligations that Ally us to others: Let us obtain this from our ſelves that we may Live alone in good earneſt, and Live at our eaſe too. *Stilpo* having eſcap'd from the Fire that Conſum'd the City where he Liv'd, and where he had his Wife, Children, Goods, and all that ever he was Maſter of, deſtroy'd by the Flame; *Demetrius Poliorcetes* ſeeing him in ſo great a Ruine of his Country, appear with ſo Serene and Undiſturb'd a Countenance, ask'd him, If he had receiv'd no Loſs? To which he made Anſwer, No; and that, thanks be to God, nothing was loſt of his; which alſo was the meaning of the Philoſopher *Antiſthenes*, when he pleaſantly ſaid, That Men ſhould only furniſh themſelves with ſuch things as would Swim, and might with the Owner eſcape the Storm; and certainly, a Wiſe Man never loſes any thing, if he have himſelf. When the City of *Nola* was Ruin'd by the *Barbarians*, *Paulinus*, who was Biſhop of that place, having there loſt all he had, and himſelf a Priſoner, Pray'd after this manner, *O Lord, defend me from being ſenſible of this Loſs; for thou knoweſt, they have yet touch'd nothing of that which is mine*; The Riches that made him Rich, and the Goods that made him Good, were ſtill kept

kept entire. This it is to make choice of Treaſures, that can ſecure themſelves from Plunder and Violence, and to hide them in ſuch a place, into which no one can enter, and that are not to be betray'd by any but our ſelves. Wives, Children and Goods, muſt be had, and eſpecially Health, by him that can get it; but we are not ſo to ſet our Hearts upon them, that our Happineſs muſt have its dependance upon any of theſe; we muſt reſerve a Back-ſhop, a Withdrawing-Room, wholly our own, and entirely free wherein to ſettle our true Liberty, our principal Solitude and Retreat. And in this, we muſt for the moſt part entertain our ſelves with our ſelves, and ſo privately, that no Knowledge, or Communication, of any Exotick Concern, be admitted there, there to Laugh and to Talk, as if without Wife, Children, Goods, Train, or Attendance, to the end, that when it ſhall ſo fall out, that we muſt loſe any, or all of theſe, it may be no new thing to be without them. We have a Mind pliable of it ſelf, that will be Company, has wherewithal to attack, and to defend, to receive, and to give: Let us not then fear in this Solitude, to Languiſh under an uncomfortable Vacancy.

In ſolis ſis tibi turba locis.

In Solitary places be
Unto thy ſelf good Company.

Vertue is ſatisfied with her ſelf, without Diſcipline, without Words, without Effects. In our

our ordinary actions, there is not one of a thouſand that concerns our ſelves: He that thou ſeeſt Scambling up the Ruines of that Wall, Furious, and Tranſported, againſt whom ſo many *Harqubuze* Shot are levell'd; and that other all over Scars, Pale, and Fainting with Hunger, and yet reſolv'd rather to Die, than to open his Gate to Him, doſt thou think that theſe Men are there upon their own account? No peradventure in the behalf of one whom they never ſaw, and that never concerns himſelf for their Pains, and Danger, but lies Wallowing the while in Sloath, and Pleaſure: This other Slavering, Blear-eyed, Slovenly Fellow, that thou ſeeſt come out of his Study after Midnight, doſt thou think he has been Tumbling over Books, to Learn how to become a better Man, Wiſer, and more Content: No ſuch matter, he will there end his Days, but he will teach Poſterity the meaſure of *Plautus* his Verſes, and the Orthography of a Latin Word: who is it that does not Voluntarily exchange his Health, his Repoſe, and his very Life for Reputation, and Glory? The moſt Uſeleſs, Frivolous, and falſe Coin that paſſes currant amongſt us: Our own Death does not ſufficiently terrifie, and trouble us, let us moreover charge our ſelves, with thoſe of our Wives, Children, and Family: Our own affairs do not afford us anxiety enough, let us undertake thoſe of our Neighbours, and Friends, ſtill more to break our Brains, and torment us.

Ter. Adel. Act. 1. Sc. 1. *Vah quemquamne hominem in animum inſtituere aut Parare, quod ſit charius, quam ipſe eſt ſibi?*

Alas? what mortal will be ſo unwiſe
Any thing dearer, than himſelf to prize?

Solitude ſeems to me to have the beſt pretence, in ſuch as have already employed their moſt active and flouriſhing age in the World's ſervice; by the example of *Thales*. We have lived enough for others, let us at leaſt Live out the ſmall Remnant of Life for our Selves; let us now call in our Thoughts, and Intentions to our Selves, and to our own Eaſe, and Repoſe: 'Tis no light thing to make a ſure Retreat, it will be enough to do without mixing other Enterpriſes, and Deſigns, ſince God gives us leiſure to prepare for, and to order our remove, let us make Ready, Truſs our Baggage, take leave betimes of the Company, let us diſentangle our ſelves from thoſe violent importunities that engage us elſewhere, and ſeparate us from our Selves: We muſt break the Knot of our Obligations, how ſtrong ſoever, and hereafter Love this, or that; but eſpouſe nothing, but our Selves: That is to ſay, let the remainder be our own, but not ſo joyn'd and ſo cloſe, as not to be forc'd away without ſlaying us, or tearing part of the whole piece. The greateſt thing in the World is for a Man to know that he is his own: 'Tis time to wean our Selves from Society, when we can no more add any thing to it; and who is not in a Condition to Lend, muſt forbid himſelf to Borrow. Our Forces begin to fail us, and are of

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no more uſe for Foreign Offices; let us call them in, and Lock them up at Home; He that can within himſelf caſt off, and Disband the Offices of ſo many Friendſhips, and that tumult of Converſatiou he has contracted in the buſie World, let him do it: In this decay of nature, which renders him Uſeleſs, Burthenſome, and importunate to others, let him have a care of being uſeleſs, Burthenſome, and importunate to himſelf: Let him Sooth, and Careſs himſelf, and above all things be ſure to Govern himſelf with Reverence to his Reaſon, and Conſcience to that Degree, as to be aſham'd to make a falſe Step in their Preſence. *Rarum eſt enim, ut ſatis ſe quiſque vereatur.* Pythag. *For 'tis rarely ſeen that Men have Reſpect, and Reverence enough for themſelves.* *Socrates* ſays, that Boys are to cauſe themſelves to be inſtructed, Men to Exerciſe themſelves in well doing, and Old Men to retire from all Civil, and Military employments, living at their own Diſcretion, without the Obligation to any certain Office. There are ſome Complexions more proper for theſe Precepts of Retirement, than others, ſuch as are of a Soft and Faint apprehenſion, and of a tender Will, and Affection, as I am, will ſooner encline to this Advice, than Active and Buſie Souls; which embrace all, engage in all, and are Hot upon every thing, who offer, preſent, and give themſelves up to every occaſion. We are to ſerve our ſelves with theſe accidental and extraneous things; ſo far as they are pleaſant to us, but by no means to lay our principal Foundation there.

there. This is no true one, neither Nature, nor Reaſon, can allow it ſo to be, and why therefore ſhould we contrary to their Laws, enſlave our own contentment, by giving it into the power of another: To anticipate alſo the accidents of Fortune, and to deprive our ſelves of thoſe things we have in our own power, as ſeveral have done upon the account of Devotion, and ſome Philoſophers by diſcourſe; to ſerve a Mans ſelf, to lie hard, to put out our own Eyes, throw Wealth into the River, and to ſeek out Grief, (the one by the uneaſineſs, and miſery of this Life, to pretend to bliſs in another; the other by laying themſelves low to avoid the Danger of falling) are acts of an exceſſive Nature. The Stouteſt, and moſt obſtinate Natures, render even their moſt abſtruſe retirements Glorious, and Exemplary.

Hor. l. 1. *Ep.* 15. ——*tuta, & parvula laudo,*
Cum res deficiunt, ſatis inter vilia fortis:
Verum ubi quid melius contigit, & uncius idem
Hos ſapere, & ſolos aio bene vivere, quorum
Conſpicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis.

Where plenty fails,
A ſecure competency I like well,
And love the Man diſaſter cannot quell:
But when good Fortune with a liberal hand
Her gifts beſtows; thoſe Men I underſtand
Alone happy to live, and to be Wiſe,
Whoſe Money does in neat built Villa's riſe.

A great deal leſs would ſerve my turn well enough.

nough. 'Tis enough for me under Fortunes favour to prepare my ſelf for her Diſgrace, and being at my eaſe to repreſent to my ſelf, as far as my imagination can Stretch, the ill to come; as we do at Juſts, and Tiltings, where we counterfeit War in the greateſt Calm of Peace. I do not think *Arceſilaus* the Philoſopher the leſs Temperate, and Reform'd, for knowing that he made uſe of Gold, and Silver Veſſels, when the condition of his Fortune allow'd him ſo to do: But have a better Opinion of him, than if he had deni'd himſelf what he us'd with Liberality, and Moderation. I ſee the utmoſt Limits of Natural neceſſity, and conſidering a Poor Man Begging at my Door, oft-times more Jocund, and more Healthy than I my ſelf am, I put my ſelf into his place, and attempt to dreſs my Mind after his Mode; and running in like manner over other examples, though I fanſie Death, Poverty, Contempt, and Sickneſs treading on my Heels, I eaſily reſolve not to be affrighted, foraſmuch as a leſs than I takes them with ſo much Patience, and am not willing to believe that a leſs underſtanding can do more than a greater; or that the effects of precept cannot arrive to as great a height, as thoſe of Cuſtom: And knowing of how uncertain duration theſe accidental conveniences are, I never forget, in the height of all my enjoyments, to make it my chiefeſt Prayer to Almighty God, that he will pleaſe to render me content with my ſelf; and the Condition wherein I am. I ſee ſeveral Young Men very Gay, and Frolick; who never-

vertheleſs keep a Maſs of Pills in their Trunck at home, to take when the Rheum ſhall fall, which they fear ſo much the leſs, becauſe they think they have Remedy at hand: Every one ſhould do the ſame, and moreover if they find themſelves ſubject to ſome more violent Diſeaſe, ſhould furniſh themſelves with ſuch Medicines as may Numb and Stupifie the part: The employment a Man ſhould chooſe for a Sedentary Life, ought neither to be a Laborious, nor an unpleaſing one, otherwiſe 'tis to no purpoſe at all to be retir'd, and this depends upon every ones liking, and humour; mine has no manner of complacency for Husbandry, and ſuch as Love it, ought to apply themſelves to it with Moderation.

Hor. Ep. 1. *Conantur ſibi res, non ſe ſubmittere rebus.*

A Man ſhould to himſelf his Buſineſs fit,
But ſhould not to Affairs himſelf ſubmit.

Husbandry is otherwiſe a very Servile Employment, as *Saluſt* tells us; though ſome parts of it are more excuſable than the reſt, as the Care of Gardens, which *Zenophon* attributes to *Cyrus* and a mean may be found out betwixt Sordid and Homely Affection, ſo full of perpetual Solitude, which is ſeen in Men who make it their entire Buſineſs and Study, and that ſtupid and extream Negligence, letting all things go at Random, we ſee in others.

Hor. Ep. 12. ——— Democriti *pecus edit agellos,*
Cultaque, dum peregre eſt animus ſine corpore velox.

Democri-

Democritus his Catttel ſpoils his Corn,
Whilſt he from thence on Fancy's Wings is (born.

But let us hear what Advice the Younger *Pliny* gives his Friend * *Cornelius Rufus*, upon the Subject of Solitude; I adviſe the, in the plentiful Retirement wherein thou art, to leave to thy Hinds, and inferiour Servants, the Care of thy Husbandry, and to addict thy ſelf to the Study of Letters, to extract from thence ſomething that may be entirely and abſolutely thine own. By which, he means Reputation; like *Cicero*, who ſays, that he would employ his Solitude and Retirement, feom Publick Affairs, to acquire by his Writings an Immortal Life.

* *Caninius Rufus.*

——*Uſque adeo ne* *Per. Sat.* 1.
Scire tuum nihil eſt, niſi te ſcire hoc ſciat alter?

Is all thy Learning nothing, unleſs thou,
That thou art Knowing, make all others know?

It appears to be reaſon, when a Man talks of Retiring from the World, that he ſhould look quite out of himſelf. Theſe do it but by halves. They deſign well enough for themſelves, 'tis true, when they ſhall be no more in it; but ſtil they pretend to extract the fruits of that Deſign from the World, when abſented from it, by a Ridiculous Contradiction. The Imagination of thoſe who ſeek Solitude, upon the account of Devotion, filling their Hopes with certainty of

Divine Promiſes in the other Life, is much more rationally founded. They propoſe to themſelves Gods an infinite Object in Goodneſs and Power. The Soul has there wherewithal, at full liberty, to ſatiate her Deſires. Afflictions and Sufferings turn to their advantage, being undergone for the acquiſition of an eternal Health, and everlaſting Joys. Death is to be wiſh'd and long'd for, where it is the paſſage to ſo perfect a Condition. And the Tartneſs of theſe ſevere Rules they impoſe upon themſelves, is immediately taken away by Cuſtom, and all their Carnal Appetites baffled and ſubdu'd, by refuſing to humour and feed them; they being only ſupported by uſe and exerciſe. This ſole end therefore, of another happy and immortal Life, is that which really merits, that we ſhould abandon the Pleaſures and conveniences of this. And who can really and conſtantly enflame his Soul with the Ardour of this Lively Faith and Hope, does erect for himſelf in this Solitude, a more Voluptuous and Delicious Life, than any other ſort of Living whatever. Neither the end then, nor the means of this Advice, of *Pliny* pleaſes me, for we often fall out of the Frying pan into the Fire. This Book Employment is as painful as any other, and as great an Enemy to Health, which ought to be the firſt thing in every Man's proſpect; neither ought a Man to be allur'd with the pleaſure of it, which is the ſame that deſtroys the Wary, Avaritious, Voluptuous and Ambitious Men. The Wiſe give us Caution enough, to beware

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the Treachery of our Deſires, and to diſtinguiſh true and entire Pleaſures, from ſuch as are mix'd and complicated with greater Pain. For the greateſt part of Pleaſures, (ſay they,) Wheedle and Careſs, only to ſtrangle us, like thoſe Thieves the *Egyptians* call'd *Philiſte*; and if the Head-Ach ſhould come before Drunkenneſs, we ſhould have a care of Drinking too much: but Pleaſure to deceive us, Marches before, and conceals her Train. Books are pleaſant, but if by being over Studious, we impair our Health, and ſpoil our good Humour, two of the beſt pieces we have, let us give it over; for I for my part am one of thoſe who think, that no Fruit deriv'd from them, can recompence ſo great a Loſs. As Men who feel themſelves weakned by a long Series of Indiſpoſition, give themſelves up at laſt to the Mercy of Medicine, and ſubmit to certain Rules of Living, which they are for the future never to Tranſgreſs; ſo he who Retires, weary of, and diſguſted, with the common way of Living, ought to Model this new One he enters into, by the Rules of Reaſon, and to Inſtitute and Eſtabliſh it by Premeditation, and after the beſt Method he can contrive. He ought to have taken leave of all ſorts of Labour, what advantage ſoever he may propoſe to himſelf by it, and generally to have ſhaken off all thoſe Paſſions which diſturb the Tranquility of Body and Soul, and then chooſe the Way that beſt ſuits with his own Humour;

The Thugs.

Propert. lib. Eleg. 25. *Unusquisque sua noverit ire via.*

Every one best doth know,
In his own Way to go.

In Menagery, Study, Hunting, and all other Exercises, Men are to proceed to the utmost limits of Pleasure, but must take heed of engaging further, where Solitude and Trouble begin to mix. We are to reserve so much Employment only, as is necessary to keep us in Breath, and to defend us from the Inconveniences, that the other Extream, of a Dull and Stupid Laziness brings along with it. There are some Steril, Knotty Sciences, and chiefly Hammer'd out for the Crowd; let such be left to them who are Engag'd in the Publick Service: I for my part care for no other Books, but either such, as are pleasant and easie, to delight me, or those, that comfort and instruct me, how to Regulate my Life and Death.

Hor. Ep. 44. lib. 1. *Tacitum sylvas inter reptare salubres,*
Curantem quidquid dignum sapiente bonoque est.

Silently Meditating in the Groves,
What best, a Wise and Honest Man behoves.

Wiser men propose to themselves a Repose wholy Spiritual; as having great force and vigour of Mind; but for me, who have a very ordinary Soul, I find it very necessary, to support my self with Bodily Conveniences; and Age having of late depriv'd me of those Plea-

sures

ſures that were moſt acceptable to me, I inſtruct and whet my Appetite to thoſe that remain, and are more ſuitable to this other ſeaſon. We ought to hold with all our force, both of Hands and Teeth, the uſe of the Pleaſures of Life, that our Years, one after another, ſnatch away from us.

Carpamus dulcia, noſtrum eſt,
Quod vivis, cinis, & manes, & fabula fies. *Perſeus, Sat. 5.*

Let us enjoy Life's Sweets, for ſhortly we,
Aſhes, Pale Ghoſt's, and Fables, all ſhall be.

Now as to the End, that *Pliny* and *Cicero* propoſe to us, of Glory; 'tis infinitely wide of my account; for Ambition, is of all other, the moſt contrary Humour to Solitude; and Glory and Repoſe are ſo inconſiſtent, that they cannot poſſibly Inhabit in one and the ſame place; and for ſo much as I underſtand, thoſe have only their Arms and Legs diſingag'd from the Crowd, their Mind and Intention remain engag'd behind more than ever.

Tun' vetule auriculis alienis colligis eſcas? *Perſeus, Sat. 1.*

Doſt thou, Old Dotard, at theſe Years,
Gather fine Tales for others Ears?

They are only Retir'd to take a better Leap, and by a ſtronger Motion, to give a briſker Charge into the Crowd. Will you ſee how they ſhoot ſhort? Let us put into the Counterpoiſe the Advice of two Philoſophers, of two very different Sects, Writing, the

one to *Idomeneus*, the other to *Lucilius*, their Friends, to Retire into Solitude from Worldly Honours, and the Adminiſtration of Publick Affairs. You have, ſay they, hitherto Liv'd Swimming and Floating, come now, and Die in the Harbour: You have given the firſt part of your Life to the Light, give what remains to the Shade. It is impoſſible to give over Buſineſs, if you do not alſo quit the Fruit, and therefore diſengage your ſelves from all the Concerns of Name and Glory. 'Tis to be fear'd, the Luſtre of your former Actions will give you but too much Light, and follow you into your moſt private, and moſt obſcure Retreat: Quit with other Pleaſures, that which proceeds from the Approbation of another: And as to your Knowledge and Parts, never concern your ſelves, they will not loſe their effect, if your ſelves be ever the better for them. Remember him, who being ask'd, why he took ſo much Pains in an Art, that could come to the Knowledge of but few Perſons? A few are enough for me, reply'd he, I have enough of one, I have enough of never a one. He ſaid true, you, and a Companion, are Theatre enough to one another, or you to your ſelf. Let us be to you the whole People, and the whole People to you but one: 'Tis an unworthy Ambition, to think to derive Glory from a Man's Sloath and Privacy: You are to do like the Beaſts of Chace, who put out the Track at the entrance into their Den. You are no more to concern your ſelf, how the World talks of you,

you, but how you are to talk to your ſelf: Retire your ſelf into your ſelf, but firſt prepare your ſelf there to receive your ſelf: It were a folly to truſt your ſelf in your own Hands, if you cannot Govern your ſelf, a Man may as well miſcarry alone, as in Company, till you have rendred your ſelf as ſuch, as before whom you dare not Trip, and till you have a Baſhfulneſs and Reſpect for your ſelf, *Obſervantur ſpecies honeſtæ animo*, *Let juſt and honeſt things be ſtill Repreſented to the Mind.* Preſent continually to your Imagination, *Cato*, *Phocio* and *Antiſtides*, in whoſe preſence, the Fools themſelves will hide their Faults; and make them Controulers of all your Intentions. Should they deviate from Vertue, your Reſpect to them will again ſet you right; they will keep you in the way of being Contented with your ſelf, to Borrow nothing of any other but your ſelf; to reſtrain and fix your Soul in certain and limited Thoughts, wherein ſhe may pleaſe her ſelf, and having underſtood the true and real Goods, which Men the more enjoy, the more they underſtand, to reſt ſatisfied, without deſire of prolongation of Life or Memmory. This is the Precept of the True and Natural Philoſophy, not of a Boaſting and Prating Philoſophy, ſuch as that of the two former.

Cicero. Tuſc: Quæſt. 1, 2.

CHAP. XXXIX.

A Conſideration upon Cicero.

ONe Word more by way of Compariſon, betwixt theſe two. There are to be gather'd out of the Writings of *Cicero*, and this Younger *Pliny*, (but little in my opinion, reſembling his Uncle in his Humour,) infinite Teſtimonies of a beyond meaſure, Ambitious Nature; and amongſt others, this for one, that they both, in the ſight of all the World, ſolicite the Hiſtorians of their time, not to forget them in their Meſmoirs; and Fortune, as if in ſpite, has made the Vacancy of thoſe Requeſts Live upon Record down to this Age of ours, when ſhe has long ſince Damn'd the Hiſtories themſelves to Oblivion. But this exceeds all meanneſs of Spirit in Perſons of ſuch Quality, as they were, to think to derive any great and living Renown from Babling and Prating; even to the Publiſhing of their private Letters to their Friends, and ſo withal, that though ſome of them were never ſent, the opportunity being loſt, they nevertheleſs expoſe them to the light, with this worthy excuſe, that they were hereafter unwilling to loſe their Labours, and have their Lucubrations thrown away. Was it not very well becoming two Conſuls of *Rome*, Soveraign Magiſtrates of the Republick that Commanded the World, to ſpend their time in contriving Quaint and Elegant Miſſives, thence to gain

gain the Reputation of being Criticks, in their own Mother Tongues: What could a pitiful School-maſter have done worſe, whoſe trade it was to get his Living? If the Acts of *Zenophon*, and *Cæſar*, had not far enough tranſcended their Eloquence, I ſcarce believe they would ever have taken the pains to have writ them. They made it their buſineſs to recommend not their Speaking, but their doing. And could the perfection of eloquence have added any luſtre proportionable to the merit of a great Perſon, certainly *Scipio*, and *Lælius*, had never reſigned the honour of their Comedies, with all the luxuriances, and delicacies of the Latine Tongue, to an *African* Slave; for that, that work was theirs, the Beauty and Excellency of it do ſufficiently declare; beſides, *Terence* himſelf confeſſes as much, and I ſhould take it ill from any one, that would diſpoſſeſs me of that belief. 'Tis a kind of injurious Mockery, and Offence, to extol a Man for Qualities, misbecoming his Merit, and Condition, though otherwiſe commendable in themſelves, but ſuch as ought not however to be his chiefeſt Talent: As if a Man ſhould commend a King, for being a good Painter, a good Architect, a good Marks-man, or a good Runner at the Ring; commendations that add no Honour, unleſs mentioned altogether, and in the train of thoſe that are more properly applicable to him, namely, his Juſtice, and the Science of governing, and conducting his People both in Peace, and War. At this rate agriculture was an Honour to *Cyrus*, and

Eloquence,

Eloquence, and the knowledge of good Letters to *Charlemaigne*. I have in my time known ſome, who by that Knack of Writing, have got both their Titles, and Fortune, diſown their Apprenticeage, purpoſely corrupt their Stile, and affect ignorance in ſo vulgar a quality (which alſo our Nation obſerves, to be rarely ſeen in very intelligent hands) to ſeek a reputation by better qualities. *Demoſthenes* his Companions in the Embaſſy to *Philip*, extolling that Prince for Handſome, Eloquent, and a Stout Drinker, *Demoſthenes* reply'd, that thoſe were commendations more proper for a Woman, an Advocate, or a Spunge, than for a King.

Horm. Carm.

Imperet bellante prior jacentem
Lenis in hoſtem.

Firſt let his Empire from his valour flow,
And then, by mercy on a proſtrate foe.

'Tis not his profeſſion to know either how to Hunt, or to Dance well.

Virg. Æn. l. 6.

Orabunt cauſas alii, cœlique meatus
Deſcribent radio, & fulgentia ſydera dicent,
Hic regere imperio populos ſciat.

Let others plead at the litigious Bar,
Deſcribe the Sphears, point out each twinkling Star,
Let this Man rule, a greater art by far.

Plutarch ſays moreover, that to appear ſo excellent in theſe leſs neceſſary Qualities, is to produce Witneſs againſt a Mans ſelf, that he has

has ſpent his time, and apply'd his Study ill, which ought to have been employ'd in the acquiſition of more neceſſary, and more uſeful things, ſo that *Philip* King of *Macedon*, having heard that Great *Alexander* his Son, Sing once at a Feaſt to the Wonder, and Envy of the beſt Muſicians there: Art not thou aſham'd, ſaid he to him, to Sing ſo well? And to the ſame *Philip* a Muſician, with whom he was diſputing about ſome things concerning his Art: Heav'n forbid! Sir, ſaid he, *that ſo great a misfortune ſhould ever befal you, as to underſtand theſe things better than I.* A King ſhould be able to anſwer as *Iphicrates* did the Orator, who preſt upon him in his invective after this manner: And what art thou, that thou brav'ſt it at this rate? Art thou a Man at Arms, art thou an Archer, art thou a Pike? I am none of all this; but I know how to Command all theſe. And *Antiſthenes* took it for an argument of little Valour, in *Iſmenas*, that he was commended for Playing excellently well upon a Flute. I know very well, that when I hear any one inſiſt upon the Language of *Eſſays*, I had rather a great deal he would ſay nothing. 'Tis not ſo much to elevate the Stile as to depreſs the Sence, and ſo much the more offenſively, as they do it Diſgracefully, and out of the Way. I am much deceived if many other Eſſayiſts, deliver more wotrh noting as to the matter, and how well, or ill ſoever, if any other Writer has ſtrewed them either much more Material, or thicker upon his Paper than my ſelf. To bring the more in,

in, I only Muſter up the Heads, ſhould I annex the ſequel, I ſhould ſtrangely Multiply this Volume: And how many Stories have I Scattered up and down, in this Book, that I only touch upon, which ſhould any one more curiouſly ſearch into, they would find matter enough to produce infinite Eſſays: Neither thoſe Stories, nor my allegations do always ſerve ſimply for Example, Authority, or Ornament, I do not only regard them for the uſe I make of them: They carry ſometimes beſides what I apply them to, the ſeed of a more Rich, and a Bolder matter, and ſometimes collaterally a more delicate Sound both to me my ſelf, who will expreſs no more in this Place, and to others who ſhall happen to be of my Ear.

But returning to the ſpeaking vertue; I find no great choice betwixt, not knowing to ſpeak any thing but very ill, and not knowing to ſpeak any thing but very well. *Non eſt ornamentum virile concinnitas.* Neatneſs of Stile, is no Manly Ornament. The *Sages* tell us, that as to what concerns Knowledge, there is nothing but Philoſophy; and to what concerns effects, nothing but vertue, that is generally proper to all Degrees, and to all orders. There is ſomething like this in theſe two other Philoſophers, for they alſo promiſe Eternity, to the Letters they Write to their Friends; but 'tis after another manner, and by accommodating themſelves, for a good end, to the vanity of another; for they Write to them, that if the concern of making themſelves

Sen. Ep. 6.

ves known to future Ages, and the Thirſt of Glory, do yet detain them in the management of publick affairs, and make them fear the Solitude, and retirement to which they would perſuade them; let them never trouble themſelves more about it, foraſmuch as they ſhall have Credit enough with poſterity to aſſure them, that were there nothing elſe but the very Letters thus Writ to them, thoſe Letters will render their names as known, and famous, as their own publick actions themſelves could do. And beſides this difference, theſe are not Idle, and empty Letters, that contain nothing but a fine Gingle of well choſen Words, and fine Couch'd Phraſes, but rather repleat, and abounding with Grave, and Learn'd Diſcourſes, by which a Man may render himſelf not more Elequent but more Wiſe, and that inſtruct us not to ſpeak, but to do well: A way with that Eloquence that ſo enchants us with its Harmony, that we ſhould more Study it than things. Unleſs you will allow that of *Cicero*, to be of ſo Supream a perfection, as to form a compleat Body of it ſelf: And of him I ſhall further add one Story, we read of him to this purpoſe, wherein his nature will much more manifeſtly be laid open to us: He was to make an Oration in publick, and found himſelf a little ſtraightned in time, to fit his Words to his Mouth, as he had a mind to do; when *Eros* one of his Slaves brought him word, that the audience was deferr'd till the next Day, at which he was ſo raviſh'd with Joy, that he enfranchis'd him for the good news. Upon

Upon this ſubject of Letters, I will add this more to what has been already ſaid, that it is a kind of Writing, wherein my Friends think I can do ſomething; and I am willing to confeſs, I ſhould rather have choſe to publiſh my Whimſies that way, than any other, had I had to whom to Write; but I wanted ſuch a ſettled Correſpondency, as I once had to attract me to it, to raiſe my Fancy, and maintain the reſt againſt me. For to Traffick with the Wind, as ſome others have done, and to Forge vain Names to direct my Letters to, in a ſerious ſubject, I could never do it but in a Dream, being a ſworn Enemy to all manner of falſification: I ſhould have been more diligent, and more confidently ſecure, had I had a Judicious and Indulgent Friend, to whom to addreſs, than thus to expoſe my ſelf to various judgments of a whole People, and I am deceiv'd if I had not ſucceeded better: I have naturally a Comick, and familiar Stile; but it is a peculiar one, and not proper for Publick buſineſs, but like the Language I ſpeak, too Compact, Irregular, Abrupt, and Singular; and as to Letters of Ceremony, that have no other ſubſtance, than a fine contexture of courteous, and obliging Words, I am wholly to ſeek, I have neither faculty, nor reliſh, for thoſe tedious offers of Service, and Affection; I am not good natur'd to that degree, and ſhould not forgive my ſelf, ſhould I offer more, than I intend, which is very remote from the preſent practice; for there never was ſo abject, and ſervile *proſtitution of tenders of Life, Soul,*

Soul, Devotion, Adoration, Vassal, Slave, and I cannot tell what, as now; all which expressions are so commonly, and so indifferently posted to and fro by every one, and to every one, that when they would profess a greater, and more respective inclination upon more just occasions, they have not where-withal to express it: I hate all air of Flattery to Death, which is the cause that I naturally fall into a shy, Rough, and crude way of speaking, that to such as do not know me, may seem a little to relish of disdain: I Honour those most to whom I shew the least Honour, and Respect, and where my Soul moves with the greatest Cheerfulness, I easily forget the Ceremonies of Look, and Gesture; I offer my self Faintly, and Bluntly, to them whose I effectually am, and tender my self the least to him, to whom I am the most devoted: Methinks they should read it in my Heart, and that my expression would but injure the Love I have conceived within. To Welcome, take Leave, give Thanks, Accost, offer my Service, and such verbal Formalities, as the Laws of our modern civility enjoyn. I know no Man so stupidly unprovided of Language as my self: And have never been employ'd in Writing Letters of Favour, and Recommendation, that he, in whose behalf it was, did not think my mediation Cold, and Imperfect. The *Italians* are great Printers of Letters, I do believe I have at least an hundred several Volumes of them; of all which, those of *Hannibal Caro*, seem to me to be the best: If all the Paper I have

Scribled

Scribled to the Ladies all the time, when my Hand was really prompted by my Paſſion, were now in being, there might Peradventure be found a Page worthy to be communicated to our young enamorato's, that are Beſotted with that Fury. I always Write my Letters Poſt, and ſo precipitouſly, that though I Write an intolerable ill Hand, I rather chooſe to do it my ſelf, than to imploy another; for I can find none able to follow me, and never tranſcribe any; but have accuſtomed the great ones that know me to endure my Blots, and Daſhes, and upon Paper without Fold, or Margent. Thoſe that coſt me the moſt Pains, are the worſt of mine; when I once begin to draw it in by Head and Shoulders, 'tis a ſign that I am not there. I fall too without premeditation, or deſign, the firſt words begets the ſecond, and ſo to the end of the Chapter. The Letters of this Age conſiſt more in fine Foldings, and Prefaces, than matter; whereas I had rather Write two Letters, than Cloſe, and Fold up one, and always aſſign that employment to ſome other; as alſo when the buſineſs of my Letter is diſpatch'd, I would with all my heart transferr it to another Hand, to add thoſe long Harangues, Offers, and Prayers, that we place at the Bottom, and ſhould be glad that ſome new cuſtom would diſcharge us, of that unneceſſary trouble; as alſo of ſuperſcribing them with a long Ribble-row of Qualities, and Titles, which for fear of miſtakes, I have ſeveral times given over Writing, and eſpecially to Men of the long Robe. There are ſo many

many innovations of Offices, that 'tis hard to place ſo many Titles of Honour in their proper, and due order, which alſo being ſo dearly bought, they are neither to be miſtaken, nor omitted without offence. I find the ſame fault likewiſe with charging the fronts, and Title Pages of the Books we commit to the Preſs, with ſuch a clutter of Titles.

CHAP. XL.

That the Reliſh of Goods, and Evils, does in a great meaſure depend upon the opinion we have of them.

MEN (ſays an ancient *Greek* Sentence) are tormented with the Opinions they have of things, and not by the things themſelves. It were a great Victory obtain'd for the relief of our miſerable Humane Condition, could this propoſition be eſtabliſh'd for certain, and true throughout. For if evils have no admiſſion into us; but by the judgment we our ſelves make of them, it ſhould ſeem that it is then in our own power to deſpiſe them, or to turn them to good. If things ſurrender themſelves to our mercy, why do we not convert, and accommodate them to our advantage? If what we call Evil, and Torment, is neither Evil, nor Torment of it ſelf, but only that our Fancy gives it that Quality, and makes it ſo, it is in us to change, and alter it, and it being in our own choice, if there be no

conſtraint upon us, we muſt certainly be very ſtrange Fools, to take Arms for that ſide, which is moſt offenſive to us, and to give Sickneſs, Want, and contempt, a nauſeous taſte, if it be in our power to give them a more graceful Reliſh, and if Fortune ſimply providing the matter, 'tis for us to give it the form. Now that which we call Evil, is not ſo of it ſelf, or at leaſt to that degree that we make it; and that it depends upon us, to give it another taſte or complexion, (for all comes to one) let us examine how that can be maintain'd. If the original being of thoſe things we fear, had power to lodge themſelves in us, by their own authority, it would then lodge it ſelf alike, and in like manner in all; for Men are all of the ſame kind, and ſaving in greater, and leſs proportions, are all provided with the ſame utenſils and inſtruments to conceive and to judge; but the diverſity of opinions we have of thoſe things, does clearly evidence, that they only enter us by compoſition: One particular Perſon, peradventure admits them in their true being; but a thouſand others give them a new, and contrary being in them. We hold Death, Poverty, and Grief, for our principal Enemies, but this Death which ſome repute, the moſt dreadful of all dreadful things, who does not know that others call it the only ſecure Harbour, from the Storms, and Tempeſts of Life? The Sovereign good of Nature? The ſole Support of Liberty, and the Common, and ſudden Remedy of all Evils? And as the one expect it with

with Fear, and Trembling, the other ſupport it with greater Eaſe than Life. That Blade complains of its facility,

Mors utinam pavidos vitæ ſubducere nolles. Luc. l. 4.
Sed virtus te ſola daret!

(ſpare,
O Death I would thou wouldſt the Coward
That but the daring none might thee conferr.

But let us leave theſe Glorious Courages. *Theodorus* anſwer'd *Lyſimachus*, who threatned to Kill him, thou wilt do a brave thing, ſaid he, to arrive at the force of a *Cantharides*. The greateſt part of Philoſophers, are obſerv'd to have either purpoſely prevented, or haſtned, and aſſiſted their own Death. How many ordinary people do we ſee led to Execution, and that not to a ſimple Death, but mixt with Shame, and ſometimes with grievous Torments, appear with ſuch aſſurance, what through obſtinacy, or natural ſimplicity, that a Man can diſcover no change from their ordinary condition? Setling their Domeſtick Affairs, recommending them to their Friends, Singing, Preaching, and Diverting the People ſo much, as ſometimes to Sally into Jeſts, and to Drink to their Companions, as well as *Socrates*? One that they were leading to the Gallows, told them they muſt not carry him through ſuch a Street, leſt a Merchant that liv'd there, ſhould Arreſt him by the way, for an old Debt. Another told the Hangman, he muſt not touch his Neck, for fear of making him Laugh he was ſo Tickliſh. Another

anſwer'd his Confeſſor, who promiſed him he ſhould that day Sup with our Lord. Do you go then, ſaid he, in my Room; for I for my part keep faſt to day. Another having call'd for Drink, and the Hangman having Drank firſt, ſaid he would not Drink after him, for fear of catching the Pox. Every body has heard the Tale of the *Picard*, to whom being upon the Ladder they preſented a Whore, telling him (as our Law does ſometimes permit) that if he would Marry her, they would ſave his Life, he having a while conſidered her, and perceiving that ſhe Halted, Come tye up, tye up, ſaid he, ſhe limps. And they tell another Story of the ſame kind, of a fellow in *Denmark*, who being condemn'd to loſe his Head, and the like condition being propos'd to him upon the Scaffold, refus'd it, by reaſon the Maid they offer'd him, had hollow Cheeks, and too ſharp a Noſe. A Servant at *Tholouſe* being accus'd of Hereſie, for the ſumm of his Belief, referr'd himſelf to that of his Maſter, a young Student Priſoner with him, chooſing rather to die, than ſuffer himſelf to be perſuaded, that his Maſter could erre. We read that of the inhabitanrs of *Arras*, when *Lewis* the eleventh took that City, a great many let themſelves be Hang'd, rather than they would ſay, *God ſave the King*. And amongſt that mean-ſoul'd race of Men, the Buffoons, there having been ſome, who would not leave their Fooling at the very moment of Death. He that the Hangman turn'd off the Ladder cry'd, *Launch the Galley*, an ordinary fooliſh

fooliſh ſaying of his; and the other, whom at the point of Death his Friends having laid upon a Pallet before the Fire, the Phyſician asking him where his Pain lay, betwixt the Bench and the Fire, ſaid he, and the Prieſt, to give him the extream Unction, Groping for his Feet, which his Pain had made him pull up to him, you will find them, ſaid he, at the end of my Legs. To one that being preſent exhorted him to recommend himſelf to God, why, who goes thither? ſaid he, and the other replying, it will preſently be your ſelf, if it be his good pleaſure; would I were ſure to be there by to morrow Night, ſaid he; do but recommend your ſelf to him ſaid the other, and you will ſoon be there: I were beſt then, ſaid he, to carry my recommendations my ſelf. In the Kingdom of *Narſingua* to this day, the Wives of their Prieſts, are buried alive with the Bodies of their Husbands; all other Wives are burnt at their Husbands Funerals, which alſo they do not only conſtantly, but chearfully undergo; At the death of their King, his Wives, and Concubines, his Favourites, all his Officers, and Domeſtick ſervants, which make up a great number of people, preſent themſelves ſo chearfully to the Fire, where his Body is burnt, that they ſeem to take it for a ſingular honour, to accompany their Maſter in death. During our late War of *Milan*, where there hapned ſo many takings, and retakings of Towns, the people impatient of ſo many various changes of Fortune, took ſuch a reſolution to die, that I have heard my Fa-

ther ſay, he there ſaw a Liſt taken of five and twenty Maſters of Families, that made themſelves away in one weeks time: An accident ſomewhat reſembling that of the *Zanthians*, who being beſieg'd by *Brutus*, precipitated themſelves, Men, Women, and Children, into ſuch a furious appetite of dying, that nothing can be done to evade death, they did not put in practice to avoid life; inſomuch, that *Brutus* had much ado to ſave but a very ſmall number. Every opinion is of force enough, to make it ſelf to be eſpouſed at the expence of life. The firſt Article of that valiant Oath, that *Greece* took, and obſerv'd in the *Median* War, was that every one ſhould ſooner exchange life for death, than their own Laws for thoſe of *Perſia*. What a World of people do we ſee in the Wars betwixt the *Turks*, and the *Greeks*, rather embrace a cruel death, than to uncircumciſe themſelves to admit of Baptiſm? An example of which no ſort of Religion is incapable. The Kings of *Caſtile*, having Baniſh'd the *Jews* out of their Dominions, *John* King of *Portugal* in conſideration of eight Crowns a Head, ſold them a retirement into his, for a certain limited time; upon condition, that the time prefixt coming to expire, they ſhould be gone; and he to furniſh them with Shipping, to tranſport them into *Africk*. The limited day came, which once laps'd, they were given to underſtand, that ſuch as were afterwards found in the Kingdom ſhould remain Slaves: Veſſels were very ſlenderly provided, and thoſe who embark'd in them were rudely,

rudely, and villainously used by the Seamen, who besides other indignities, kept them cruising upon the Sea, one while forwards and another backwards, till they had spent all their provisions, and were constrain'd to buy of them at so dear rates, and so long withal, that they set them not on Shoar, till they were all stript to their very Shirts. The news of this inhumane usage, being brought to those who remained behind, the greater part of them resolved upon Slavery, and some made a shew of changing Religion. *Emanuel* the successor of *John*, being come to the Crown, first set them at liberty; and afterwards altering his mind, order'd them to depart his Country, assigning three Ports for their passage. Hoping (says the Bishop *Osorius*, no contemptible Latin Historian of these later times) that the favour of the liberty he had given them, having fail'd of converting them to Christianity; (yet the difficulty of committing themselves to the mercy of the Mariners, and of abandoning a Country they were now habituated to, and were grown very rich in, to go, and expose themselves in strange and unknown Regions, would certainly do it: But finding himself deceiv'd in his expectation, and that they were all resolv'd upon the Voyage; he cut off two of the three Ports he had promised them, to the end, that the length and incommodity of the passage, might reduce some; or that he might have opportunity, by crouding them all into one place, the more conveniently to execute what he had designed;

which was to force all the Children under fourteen years of Age, from the Arms of their Fathers and Mothers, to tranſport them from their ſight and converſation, into a place where they might be inſtructed, and brought up in our Religion. He ſays that this produc'd a moſt horrid Spectacle; The natural affection betwixt the Parents and their Children, and moreover their Zeal to their ancient Belief, contending againſt this violent Decree. Fathers and Mothers were commonly ſeen making themſelves away, and by a yet much more Rigorous Example, precipitating out of Love and Compaſſion, their young Children into Wells and Pits, to avoid the Severity of this Law. As to the remainder of them, the time that had been prefix'd being expir'd, for want of means to tranſport them, they again return'd into Slavery. Some alſo turn'd Chriſtians, upon whoſe Faith, [as alſo that of their Poſterity even to this Day, which is a Hundred Years ſince, few *Portugueſe* can yet relie or believe them to be real Converts; though Cuſtom, and length of time, are much more powerful Counſellors in ſuch Changes, than all othet Conſtraints whatever. In the Town of *Caſtlenau-Darry*, Fifty Hereticks, *Albegeois*, at one time ſuffer'd themſelves to be Burnt alive in one Fire, rather than they would renounce their Opinions. *Quoties non modo ductores noſtri, dicit* Cicero, *ſed univerſi etiam exercitus, ad non dubiam mortem concurrerunt*? How oft, have not only our Leaders, but whole Armies, run to a certain and apparent

parent Death. I have ſeen an intimate Friend of mine, run headlong upon Death with a real affection, and that was rooted in his heart by divers plauſible Arguments, which he would never permit me to diſpoſſeſs him off, upon the firſt Honourable occaſion that offer'd it ſelf to him, to precipitate himſelf into it, without any manner of viſible reaſon, with an obſtinate and ardent deſire of Dying. We have ſeveral Examples of our own times of thoſe, even ſo much as to little Children, who for fear of a Whipping, or ſome ſuch little thing, have diſpatch'd themſelves. And, what ſhall we not fear (ſays one of the Ancients to that purpoſe,) if we dread that, which Cowardiſe it ſelf has choſen for its refuge? Should I here produce a tedious Catalogue of thoſe of all Sexes and Conditions, and of all ſorts, even in the moſt happy Ages, who have either with great Conſtancy look'd Death in the Face, or voluntarily ſought it; and ſought it not only to avoid the Evils of this Life but ſome, purely to avoid the Satiety of Living; and others, for the hope of a better Condition elſewhere, I ſhould never have done. Nay, the number is ſo infinite, that in truth, I ſhould have a better Bargain on't, to reckon up thoſe who have fear'd it. This one therefore ſhall ſerve for all; *Pyrrho* the Philoſopher, being one Day in a Boat, in a very great Tempeſt, ſhew'd to thoſe he ſaw the moſt affrighted about him, and encourag'd them by the Example of a Hog, that was there, nothing at all concern'd at the Storm. Shall we then dare to ſay, that this advan-

advantage of Reaſon, of which we ſo much Boaſt, and upon the account of which, we think our ſelves Maſters and Emperours, over the reſt of the Creatures, was given us for a Torment? To what end ſerves the Knowledge of things, if it renders us more Unmanly? If we loſe the Tranquility and Repoſe we ſhould enjoy without it? And if it put us into a worſe Condition, than *Pyrrho*'s Hog? Shall we employ the Underſtanding, that was conferr'd upon us for our greateſt Good, to our own Ruine? Setting our ſelves againſt the deſign of Nature, and the univerſal Order of things, which intend, that every one ſhould make uſe of the Faculties, Members and Means, he has, to his own beſt Advantage? But it may peradventure be Objected againſt me; Your Rule is true enough, as to what concerns Death: But what will you ſay of Neceſſity? What will you moreover ſay of Pain, that *Ariſtippus*, *Hieronymus*, and almoſt all the Wiſe Men, have reputed the worſt of Evils? And thoſe who have deny'd it by word of Mouth, did however confeſs it in Effects? *Poſſidonius* being extreamly Tormented with a Sharp and painful Diſeaſe, *Pompeius* came to Viſit him, excuſing himſelf, that he had taken ſo unſeaſonable a time to come to hear him diſcourſe of Philoſophy; God forbid! ſaid *Poſſidonius* to him again, that Pain ſhould ever have the power to hinder me from talking, and thereupon fell immediately upon a diſcourſe of the Contempt of Pain: But in the mean time, his own Infirmity was playing its part, and plagu'd

plagu'd him to the purpoſe; to which he Cry'd out, thou may'ſt work thy Will Pain, and Torment me with all the power thou haſt, but thou ſhalt never make me ſay, that thou art an Evil. This Story that they make ſuch a Clutter withal, what is there in it, I fain would know, to the Contempt of Pain? It only Fights it with Words, and in the mean time, if the Shootings and Dolours he felt, did not move him, why did he interrupt his Diſcourſe? Why did he fancy, he did ſo great a thing, in forbearing to confeſs it an Evil? All does not here conſiſt in the Imagination, our Fancies may work upon other things: But this here is a certain Science that is playing its part, of which our Senſes themſelves are judge.

Qui niſi ſunt veri, ratio quoque falſa ſit omnis. *Luc. l. 4.*

Which if it be not here moſt true;
Reaſon it ſelf muſt be falſe too.

Shall we perſuade our Skins, that the Jerks of a Whip tickle us? Or our Taſte, that a Potion of Aloes is *Graves* Wine. *Pyrrho*'s Hog is here in the ſame Predicament with us; he is not afraid of Death, 'tis true, but if you Beat him, he will Cry out to ſome purpoſe: Shall we force the general Law of Nature, which in every Living Creature under Heaven, is ſeen to Tremble under Pain? The very Trees ſeem to Groan under the Blows they receive. Death is only felt by Diſcourſe, foraſmuch as it is the motion of an inſtant.

Aut

Ovid. Epiſt. Aniad. *Aut fuit, aut veniet, nihil eſt præſentis in illa,*
Morſque minus pœnæ, quam mora mortis habet.

Death's always paſt, or coming on, in this
There never any thing of preſent is:
And the delays of Death more painful are,
Than Death it ſelf, and Dying is by far.

A Thouſand Beaſts, a Thouſand Men, are ſooner Dead than Threatned. That alſo which we principally pretend to Fear in Death is Pain, the ordinary fore-runner of it: Yet, if we may believe a Holy Father, *Malam mortem non facit, niſi quod ſequitur mortem.* Nothing makes Death Evil, but what follows it. And I ſhould yet ſay more probably, that neither that which goes before, nor that which ſollows after, are at all the appendants of Death: We excuſe our ſelves falſely. And I find by experience, that it is rather the impatience of the imagination of Death, that makes us impatient of Pain; and that we find it doubly grievous, as it Threatens us with Death. But Reaſon accuſing our Cowardice, for fearing a thing ſo ſudden, ſo inevitable, and ſo inſenſible, we take the other as the more excuſable pretence. All ills that carry no other danger along with them, but ſimply the Evils themſelves, we deſpiſe as things of no danger. The Tooth-Ach, or the Gout, as painful as they are, being yet not reputed Mortal, who reckons them in the Catalogue of Diſeaſes? But let us preſuppoſe, that in Death we principally regard

gard the Pain, as alſo, there is nothing to be fear'd in Poverty, but the Miſeries it brings along with it, of Thirſt, Hunger, Cold, Heat, Watching, and the other Inconveniences it makes us ſuffer, yet ſtill we have nothing to do with any thing but Pain. I will grant, and very willingly, that it is the worſt Accident of our Being, (for I am the Man upon Earth, that the moſt Hates, and avoids it, conſidering, that hitherto I thank God I have had ſo little Traffick with it,) but ſtill it is in us, if not to annihilate, at leaſt, to leſſen it by Patience, and though the Body ſhould Mutiny, to Maintain the Soul nevertheleſs in a good Temper. And were it not ſo, who had ever given Reputation to Vertue, Valour, Force, Magnanimity, and Reſolution? where were their parts to be plaid, if there were no Pain to be Defi'd? *Avida eſt periculi virtus.* Vertue is greedy of danger. *Seneca.* Were there no lying upon the hard ground, no enduring, arm'd at all pieces, the Meridional Heats, no feeding upon the fleſh of Horſes, and Aſſes, no ſeeing a Man's ſelf hack'd and hew'd to pieces, no ſuffering a Bullet to be pull'd out from amongſt the ſhatter'd Bones, the ſticking up, cauteriſing, and ſearching of Wounds, by what means were the advantage we covet to have over the Vulgar to be acquir'd? 'Tis far from flying Evil and Pain, what the Sages ſay, that of Actions equally good, a Man ſhould moſt covet to perform that wherein there is greater Labour and Pain. *Non eſt enim hilaritate, nec laſcivia, nec riſu, aut joco comitte levitatis, ſed ſæpe etiam triſtes firmitate,* *Cicero de fin. l. 2.*

firmitate, & conſtantia ſunt beati. For Men are not only happy by Mirth and Wantonneſs, neither by Laughter and Jeſting, the Companion of Levity: But oft-times, the Graver and more Melancholick ſort of Men, reap Felicity from their Steadineſs and Conſtancy. And for this reaſon, it has ever been impoſſible to perſwade our Fore-fathers, but that the Victories obtain'd by dint of Force, and the hazard of War, were ſtill more Honourable, than thoſe perform'd in great Security, by Stratagem or Practice.

Luc. lib. 9. *Latius eſt, quoties magno ſibi conſtat honeſtum.*

A handſome Act more handſome does appear.
By how much more it coſt the doer dear.

Beſides, this ought to be our comfort, that naturally, if the Pain be violent, 'tis but ſhort, and if long, nothing violent. *Si gravis, brevis: ſi longus, levis.* Thou wilt not feel it long, if thou feel'ſt it too much, it will either put an end to it ſelf, or to thee; if thou canſt not ſupport it, it will export thee.

Cicero.

Cicero de fin. *Memineris maximos morte finiri; parvos multa habere intervalla requietis: mediocrium nos eſſe dominos: ut ſi tolerabiles ſint, feramus; ſin minus, e vita, quum ea non placeat tanquam e theatro exeamus.* Remember, that great ones are terminated by Death, that ſmall, have long Intermiſſions of Repoſe, and that we are Maſters of the moderate ſort: ſo that, if tolerable,

ble, we may bear them, if not, we can go out of Life, as from a Theatre, where the Entertainment does not pleaſe us; that which makes us ſuffer Pain with ſo much Impatience, is the not being accuſtomed to repoſe our chiefeſt Contentment in the Soul, that we do not enough relie upon her who is the ſole and ſoveraign Miſtreſs of our Condition. The Body, ſaving in greater or leſs proportion, has but one and the ſame Bent and Biaſs; whereas the Soul is variable into all ſorts of forms; and ſubjects to her ſelf, and to her own Empire, all things whatſoever; both the Senſes of the Body, and all other Accidents: and therefore it is, that we ought to ſtudy her, to enquire into her, and to rowſe up all her powerful Faculties. There is neither Reaſon, Form, nor Preſcription, that can any thing prevail againſt her Inclination and Choice; of ſo many Thouſands of Biaſſes that ſhe has at her diſpoſal, let us give her one proper to our repoſe and conſervation, and then we ſhall not only be ſhelter'd and ſecur'd from all manner of Injury and Offence, but moreover gratified and oblig'd, if we will, with Evils and Offences. She makes her profit indifferently of all things. Errour and Dreams ſerve her to good uſe, as a Loyal matter to Lodge us in Safety and Contentment. 'Tis plain enough to be ſeen, that 'tis the ſharpneſs of our Conceit, that gives the Edge to our Pains and Pleaſures. Beaſts that have no ſuch thing, leave to their Bodies their own free and natural Sentiments, and conſequently, in every kind very near the ſame, as

appears

appears by the reſembling Application of their Motions. If we would not diſturb, in our Members, the Juriſdiction that appertains to them in this, 'tis to be believed, it would be the better for us, and that Nature has given them a juſt and moderate Temper, both to Pleaſure and Pain; neither can it fail of being Juſt, being Equal, and Common. But ſeeing we have Enfranchis'd our ſelves from theſe Rules, to give our ſelves up to the rambling Liberty of our own Fancies, let us at leaſt help to encline them to the moſt agreeable ſide. *Plato* fears our too vehemently engaging our ſelves with Grief and Pleaſure, foraſmuch as theſe too much Knit and Ally the Soul to the Body: whereas I rather, quite contrary, by reaſon it too much ſeparates and diſunites them. As an Enemy is made more Fierce by our Flight, ſo Pain grows Proud to ſee us Truckle under it. She will ſurrender upon much better Terms to them who make Head againſt her: A Man muſt oppoſe, and ſtoutly ſet himſelf againſt it. In retiring and giving ground, we invite, and pull upon our ſelves the Ruine that Threatens us. As the Body is more firm in an Encounter, the more ſtiffly and obſtinately it applys it ſelf to it; ſo is it with the Soul. But let us come to Examples, which are the proper Commodity for Fellows of ſuch feeble Reins as my ſelf; where we ſhall find, that it is with Pain, as with Stones, that receive a more ſpritely, or a more languiſhing Luſtre, according to the Foil they are ſet upon, that it has no more

room

room in us, than we are pleas'd to allow it. *Tantum doluerunt, quantum doloribus ſe inſeruerunt.* They Griev'd ſo much the more, by how much they ſet themſelves to Grieve. We are more ſenſible of one little touch of a Chirurgeon's Lancet, than of Twenty Wounds with a Sword in the heat of Fight. The Pains of Child-bearing, ſaid by the Phyſician, and by God himſelf, to be very great, and which our Women keep ſo great a Clutter about, there are whole Nations that make nothing of it. To ſay nothing of the *Lacedæmonian* Women, what alteration can you ſee in our *Switzers* Wives of the Guard, ſaving, as they trot after their Husbands, you ſee them to Day with the Child hanging at their Backs, that they carried yeſterday in their Bellies? And the counterfeit Gipſies we have amongſt us, go themſelves to Waſh their's ſo ſoon as they come into the World, in the firſt River they meet. Beſides ſo many Whores as Daily ſteal their Children out of their Womb, as before they ſtole them in; that fair and noble Wife of *Sabinus*, a Patrician of *Rome*, for anothers intereſt, alone, without help, without crying out, or ſo much as a Groan, endur'd the Bearing of Two Twins. A poor ſimple Boy of *Lacedæmon* having ſtole a Fox, (for they more fear the Shame of their Knavery in ſtealing, than we do the Puniſhment of our Knavery,) and having got him under his Coat, did rather endure the tearing out of his Bowels, than he would diſcover his Theft. And another Curſing at a Sacrifice, ſuffer'd himſelf to be Burnt to the Bone, by a *Aug. de Civit. Dei.*

Coal that fell into his Sleeve, rather than diſturb the Ceremony. And there have been a great Number, for a ſole Trial of Vertue, following their inſtructions, who have at Seven Years old endur'd to be Whipt to Death, without changing their Countenance. And *Cicero* has ſeen them Fight in Parties, with Fiſts, Feet and Teeth, till they have fainted and ſunk down, rather than confeſs themſelves overcome. Cuſtom would never Conquer Nature, for ſhe is ever Invincible, but we have infected the Mind with Shadows, Delights, Wantonneſs, Negligence and Sloath; and with vain Opinions, and corrupt Manners, render'd it Effeminate and Mean. Every one knows the Story of *Scævola*, that being ſlipt into the Enemies Camp to Kill their General, and having miſs'd his Blow, to repair his fault, by a more ſtrange Invention, and to deliver his Country, he boldly confeſs'd to *Porſenna*, (who was the King he had a purpoſe to Kill,) not only his deſign, but moreover added, That there were then in his Camp a great Number of *Romans*, his Complices in the Enterprize, as good Men as he, and to ſhew what a one he himſelf was, having caus'd a Pan of Burning Coals to be brought, he ſaw, and endur'd his Arm to Broil and Roaſt, till the King himſelf, conceiving Horrour at the ſight, commanded the Pan to be taken away. What would you ſay of him, that would not vouchſafe to reſpite his Reading in a Book, whilſt he was under Inciſion? And of the other that perſiſted to Mock and Laugh, in Contempt of the Pains Inflicted upon

upon him; ſo that the provok'd Cruelty of the Executioners that had him in handling, and all the Inventions of Tortures redoubled upon him one after another, ſpent in vain, gave him the Bucklers? But he was a Philoſopher. What! a Fencer of *Caſar*'s, Endur'd and Laughing all the while, his Wounds to be ſearch'd, Launc'd and laid open. *Quis mediocris gladiator ingemuit? Quis vultum mutavit unquam? Quis non modo ſtetit, verum etiam decubuit turpiter? Quis cum decubuiſſet, ferrum recipere juſſus, collum contraxit?* What mean Fencer ever ſo much as gave a Groan? Which of them ever ſo much as chang'd his Countenance? Which of them ſtanding or falling did either with Shame? Which of them, when he was down, and commanded to receive the Blow of the Sword, ever ſhrunk in his Neck? Let us bring in the Women too. Who has not heard at *Paris* of her that caus'd her Face to be flea'd, only for the freſher Complexion of a new Skin? There are who have drawn good and ſound Teeth, to make their Voices more ſoft and ſweet, or to place them in better Order. How many Examples of the contempt of Pain have we in that Sex? What can they not do? What do they fear to do, for never ſo little hopes of an Addition to their Beauty?

Cicero Tuſc. l. 2.

Vellere queis cura eſt albos à ſtirpe capillos,
Et faciem dempta pelle referre novam.

Tib. lib. 1. Eleg. 9.

Who pluck their Gray Hairs by the Roots, and try,
An old Head, Face, with young Skin to ſupply.

I have ſeen ſome of them ſwallow Sand, Aſhes, and do their utmoſt to deſtroy their Stomachs, to get Pale Complexions. To make a fine *Spaniſh* Body, what Racks will they not endure of Tweaking and Braceing, till they have Notches in their ſides, cut into the very quick Fleſh, and ſometimes to Death? It is an ordinary thing with ſeveral Nations at this Day, to hurt themſelves in good earneſt, to gain credit to what they profeſs; of which, our King relates notable Examples of what he has ſeen in *Poland*, and done towards himſelf. But beſides this, which I know to have been imitated by ſome in *France*, when I came from that famous Aſſembly of the Eſtates at *Blois*, I had a little before ſeen a Maid in *Picardy*, who to manifeſt the Ardour of her Promiſes, as alſo her Conſtancy, give her ſelf, with a Bodkin ſhe wore in her Hair, Four or Five good luſty Stabs into the Arm, till the Bloud guſh'd out to ſome purpoſe. The *Turks* make themſelves great Skars in Honour of their Miſtreſſes, and to the end they may the longer remain, they preſently clap Fire to the Wound, where they hold it an incredible time to ſtop the Bloud, and form the Cicatrice; People that have been Eye-witneſs of it, have both Writ and Sworn it to me. But for Ten Aſpers, there are there every day Fellows to be found, that will give themſelves a good deep ſlaſh in the Arms or Thighs. I am willing, though to have the Teſti-

Teſtimonies neareſt to us, when we have moſt need of them; for Chriſtendom does furniſh us with enow. And after the Example of our Bleſſed Guide, there have been many who would bear the Croſs. We Learn by Teſtimony, very worthy of belief, that the King St. *Lewis* wore a Hair-ſhirt, till in his old Age his Confeſſor gave him a Diſpenſation to leave it off; and that every *Friday* he caus'd his Shoulders to be drubb'd by his Prieſt with Six ſmall Chains of Iron, which were always carried about amongſt his Night Accoutrements for that purpoſe. *William* our laſt Duke of *Guienne*, the Father of this *Eleanor* who has Tranſmitted this Dutchy into the Houſes of *France* and *England*, continually for Ten or Twelve Years before he Died, wore a Suit of Arms under a Religious Habit, by way of Penance. *Fulkee* Count of *Anjou*, went as far as *Jeruſalem*, there to cauſe himſelf to be Whipt by Two of his Servants, with a Rope about his Neck, before the Sepulcre of our Lord: But do we not moreover every *Good Friday*, in ſeveral places, ſee great numbers of Men and Women, Beat and Whip themſelves till they Lacerate and Cut the Fleſh to the very Bones; I have often ſeen this, and without Enchantment, when it was ſaid, there were ſome amongſt them, (for they go diſguis'd,) who for Money undertook by this means to ſave harmleſs the Religion of others, by a contempt of Pain, ſo much the greater, as the Incentives of Devotion are more effectual, than thoſe of Avarice. *Q. Maximus* Buried his

Son, when he was a Conſul, and *M. Cato* his, when Prætor Elect; and *L. Paulus* both his, within a few Days one after another, with ſuch a Countenance as expreſs'd no manner of Grief. I ſaid once Merrily of a certain Perſon, that he had diſappointed the Divine Juſtice: for the Violent Death of Three grown up Children of his, being one Day ſent him, for a ſevere Scourge, as it is to be ſuppos'd, he was ſo far from being Afflicted at the Accident, that he rather took it for a particular Grace and Favour of Heaven. I do not follow theſe Monſtrous Humours, though I loſt Two or Three at Nurſe, if not without Grief, at leaſt, without Repining, and yet there is hardly any Accident, that pierces nearer to the quick. I ſee a great many other occaſions of Sorrow, that ſhould they happen to me, I ſhould hardly feel; and have deſpis'd ſome when they have befallen me, to which the World has given ſo Terrible a Figure, that I ſhould Bluſh to Boaſt of my Conſtancy. *Ex quo intelligitur, non in Natura, ſed in opinione eſſe ægritudinem.* By which it is underſtood, that the Grief is not in Nature, but Opinion. Opinion is a Powerful Party, Bold, and without Meaſure, who ever ſo greedily hunted after Security and Repoſe, as *Alexander* and *Cæſar* did after Diſturbances and Difficulties? *Terez* the Father of *Sitalces*, was wont to ſay, that when he had no Wars, he fanſied there was no difference betwixt him and his Groom. *Cato* the Conſul, to ſecure ſome Cities of *Spain* from Revolt, only interdicting the Inhabitants from wearing

Cicero.

wearing Arms, a great many Kill'd themſelves: *Ferox gens, nullam vitam rati ſine Armis eſſe.* A Fierce People, who thought there was no Life without Arms. How many do we know, who have forſaken the Calms and Sweetneſs of a Quiet Life, at Home amongſt their Acquaintance, to ſeek out the Horrour of uninhabitable Deſarts; and having precipitated themſelves into ſo Abject a Condition, as to become the Scorn and Contempt of the World, have hug'd themſelves with the Conceit, even to Affectation. Cardinal *Barromeus*, who Died lately at *Milan*, in the midſt of all the Jollity that the Air of *Italy*, his Youth, Birth and great Riches invited him to, kept himſelf in ſo Auſtere a way of Living, that the ſame Robe he wore in Summer, ſerv'd him for Winter too: Had only Straw for his Bed, and his Hours of vacancy from the Affairs of his Employment, he continually ſpent in Study, upon his Knees, having a little Bread and a Glaſs of Water ſet by his Book, which was all the Proviſion of his Repaſt, and all the time he ſpent in Eating. I know ſome who conſentingly have Acquir'd both Profit and Advancement from Cuckoldry, of which the bare Name only affrights ſo many People. If the Sight be not the moſt neceſſary of all our Senſes, 'tis at leaſt the moſt pleaſant: But the moſt pleaſant and moſt uſeful of all our Members, ſeem to be thoſe of Generation, and yet a great many have conceiv'd a Mortal Hatred againſt them, only for this, that they were too Amiable; and have depriv'd themſelves of them, only for

their Value. As much thought he of his Eyes, that put them out. The generality, and more ſolid ſort of Men, look upon abundance of Children as a great Bleſſing; I, and ſome others, think it as a great Benefit to be without them. And when you ask *Thales*, why he does not Marry, he tells you, becauſe he has no mind to leave any Poſterity behind him. That our Opinion gives the value to things, is very manifeſt in a great many of theſe which we do not ſo much regard to prize them, but our ſelves; and never conſider, either their Vertues, or their Uſe; but only how dear they coſt us: As though that were a part of their ſubſtance: And we only repute for value in them, not what they bring to us, but what we add to them. By which I underſtand, that we are great managers of our Expence. As it weighs, it ſerves for ſo much as it weighs; our Opinion will never ſuffer it to want of its value. The Price gives value to the Diamond, Difficulty to Vertue, Suffering to Devotion, and Griping to Phyſick. A certain Perſon, to be Poor, threw his Crowns into the ſame Sea, to which ſo many came from all parts of the World to Fiſh and Rifle for Riches. *Epicurus* ſays, That to be Rich, is no Advantage, but only an alteration of Affairs. In plain truth, it is not Want, but rather Abundance, that Creates Avarice. Neither will I ſtick to deliver my own Experience concerning this Affair.

I have ſince my Child-hood Liv'd in Three ſorts of Conditions; the Firſt, which continued

nued for ſome Twenty Years, I paſt over without any other means, but what were Accidental, and depending upon the allowance and aſſiſtance of others, without Stint, or certain Revenue. I then ſpent my Money ſo much the more chearfully, and with ſo much the leſs care how it went, as it wholly depended upon my over-confidence of Fortune; and never Liv'd more at my eaſe, I never had the repulſe of finding the Purſe of any of my Friends ſhut againſt me, having enjoin'd my ſelf this Neceſſity above all other Neceſſities whatever, by no means to fail of Payment at the appointed time, which alſo they have a Thouſand times reſpited, ſeeing how careful I was to ſatisfie them; ſo that I practis'd at once a Thrifty, and withal, a kind of alluring Honeſty. I naturally feel a kind of pleaſure in Paying, as if I eas'd my Shoulders of a troubleſome Weight, and in freeing my ſelf from that Image of Slavery; as alſo, that I had a raviſhing kind of ſatisfaction, in pleaſing another by doing a Juſt Action. Thoſe kind of payments excepted, where the trouble of reckoning and dodging are requir'd, and in ſuch caſes, where I can meet with no Body to eaſe me of that hateful Torment, I avoid them, how ſcandalouſly and injuriouſly ſoever, all I poſſibly can, for fear of thoſe little wrangling Diſputes, for which, both my humour, and way of ſpeaking, are ſo totally improper and unfit. There is nothing I hate ſo much, as driving on a Bargain; 'tis a meer Traffick of Couzenage and Impudence: where after an Hours cheapning and

and dodging, both Parties abandon their Word and Oath for Five Sols profit, or abatement. And yet I always borrow'd at great diſadvantage, for wanting the confidence to ſpeak to the perſon my ſelf, I committed my Requeſt to the perſwaſion of a Ticket, which uſually is no very ſucceſsful Advocate, and is of very great advantage to him who has a mind to deny. I in thoſe Days more jocundly and freely referr'd the Conduct of my Affairs to the Stars, than I have ſince done to my own Providence and Judgment. Moſt good Husbands look upon it as a horrible thing to Live always thus in incertainty, and are not angry in the firſt place, that the greateſt part of the World Live ſo. How many Worthy Men have wholly ſlighted and abandon'd the certainty of their own Eſtates, and yet Daily do it, to truſt to the inconſtant Favour of Princes, and fickle Fortune? *Caſar* ran above a Million of Gold, more than he was worth, in Debt, to become *Caſar*. And how many Merchants have begun their Traffick by the Sale of their Farms, which they ſent into the *Indies*.

Tot per impetenia freta?

Cat. Epig. 4

In ſo great a Siccity of Devotion, as we ſee in theſe Days, we have a Thouſand and a Thouſand Colleges, that paſs it over commodiouſly enough, expecting every Day their Dinner from the Liberality of Heaven. Secondly, They do not take notice, that this Certitude

Certitude upon which they ſo much relie, is not much leſs uncertain and hazardous, than Hazard it ſelf. I ſee Miſery as near beyond Two Thouſand Crowns a Year, as if it ſtood cloſe by me; for beſides, that it is in the power of Chance to make a Hundred Breaches to Poverty, through the greateſt ſtrength of our Riches, (there being very often no Mean, betwixt the higheſt and the loweſt Fortune.)

Fortuna vitrea eſt: tum, quum ſplendet, frangitur. Sen. Prov. vid.

Fortune is Glaſs, the brighter it doth ſhine
More frail, and ſooneſt broken when moſt fine.

And to turn all our Barricado's and Bulworks Topſie Turvey; I find that by divers Cauſes, Indigence is as frequently ſeen to Inhabit with thoſe who have Eſtates, as with thoſe that have none; and peradventure, it is then far leſs Grievous, when alone, than when accompanied with Riches; which flow more from good Managery, than Income. *Faber eſt ſuæ quiſque Fortunæ.* Sen. Ep. 4. Every one is the Hammerer of his own Fortune, and an uneaſie, neceſſitous, buſie Man, ſeems to me more Miſerable, than he that is ſimply Poor. *In divitiis inopes, quod genus egeſtatis graviſſimum eſt.* Poor in the midſt of Riches, which is the moſt inſupportable kind of Poverty. The greateſt and moſt wealthy Princes, are by Poverty and Want driven to the moſt extream Neceſſity: for

for can there be any more Extream, than to become Tyrants, and unjuſt Uſurpers, of their Subjects Goods and Eſtates?

My Second Condition of Life was, to have Money of my own; wherein I ſo order'd the matter, that I had ſoon laid up a very notable Summ out of ſo mean a Fortune; conſidering with my ſelf, that that only was to be reputed having, which a Man reſerv'd from his ordinary Expence, and that a Man could not abſolutely relie upon Revenue to receive, how clear ſoever his Eſtate might be. For what, ſaid I, if I ſhould be ſurpriz'd by ſuch or ſuch an Accident? And after ſuch like vain and vicious Imaginations, would very Learnedly, by this hoarding of Money, provide againſt all Inconveniences; and could moreover anſwer, ſuch as objected to me, that the number of them was too infinite, that I could not lay up for all, I could however do it at leaſt for ſome, and for many. Yet was not this done without a great deal of Solicitude and Anxiety of Mind. I kept it very cloſe, and though I dare talk ſo boldly of my ſelf, never ſpoke of my Money, but falſely, as others do, who being Rich, pretend to be Poor, and being Poor, pretend to be Rich, diſpenſing with their Conſciences for ever telling ſincerely what they have. A ridiculous and ſhameful Prudence. Was I to go a Journey? methought I was never enough provided: and the more I loaded my ſelf with Money, the more alſo was I loaded with Fear, one while of the danger of the Roads, another of the Fidelity of him who had

had the charge of my Sumpters, of whom, as ſome others that I know, I was never ſufficiently Secure, if I had him not always in my Eye. If I chanc'd to leave the Key of my Cabinet behind me, what ſtrange Jealouſies, and Anxiety of Mind did I enter into? And which was worſe, without daring to acquaint any Body with it. My Mind was eternally taken up with ſuch things as theſe, ſo that all things conſider'd, there is more trouble in keeping Money, than in getting it. And if I did not altogether ſo much as I ſay, or was not effectually ſo ſcandalouſly ſolicitous of my Money, as I have made my ſelf; yet it coſt me ſomething at leaſt to govern my ſelf from being ſo. I reapt little or no advantage by what I had, and my Expences ſeem'd nothing leſs to me, for having the more to ſpend: For, as *Bion* ſaid, The Hairy Men are as angry as the Bald to be pull'd; and after you are once accuſtomed to it, and have once ſet your heart upon your heap, it is no more at your Service, you cannot find in your heart to break it: 'Tis a Building that you will fanſie, muſt of neceſſity all tumble down to Ruin, if you ſtir but the leaſt Pibble, Neceſſity muſt firſt take you by the Throat, before you can prevail upon your ſelf to touch it: And I would ſooner have pawn'd any thing I had, or ſold a Houſe, and with much leſs conſtraint upon my ſelf, than have made the leaſt breach in that beloved Purſe, I had ſo cunningly laid by. But the danger was, that a Man cannot eaſily preſcribe certain limits to this deſire, (for they are

hard

hard to find in things that a Man conceives to be good,) and to ſtint this good Husbandry ſo, that it may not degenerate into Avarice: Men ſtill being intent upon adding to the heap, and encreaſing the ſtock, from Summ to Summ, till at laſt they vilely deprive themſelves of the enjoyment of their own proper Goods, and throw all into reſerve, without making any uſe of them at all. According to this Rule, they are the Richeſt People in the World, who are ſet to guard the Gaols, and to defend the Walls of a Wealthy City. All Mony'd Men I conclude to be Covetous. *Plato* places Corporal or Humane Riches in this Order; Health, Beauty, Strength and Riches; and Riches, ſays he, is not blind, but very clear ſighted, when illuminated by Prudence. *Dionyſius* the Son, did a very handſome Act upon this ſubject. He was inform'd, that one of the *Syracuſans* had hid a Treaſure in the Earth, and thereupon ſent to the Man to bring it to him, which he accordingly did, privately reſerving a ſmall part of it only to himſelf, with which he went to another City, where being cur'd of his Appetite of Hoarding, he began to Live at a more liberal Rate. Which *Dionyſius* hearing, caus'd the reſt of his Treaſure to be reſtored to him, ſaying, that ſince he had learnt how to uſe it, he very willingly returned it back unto him.

I continued ſome Years in this hoarding Humour, when I know not what good *Dæmon* fortunately put me out of it, as he did the *Syracuſan*, and made me throw abroad all my reſerve

ſerve at random; the pleaſure of a certain Voyage I took of very great Expence, having made me ſpurn this fond Love of Money under foot, by which means I am now fallen into a third way of living, (I ſpeak what I think of it) doubtleſs much more pleaſant and moderate, which is, that I live at the height of my Revenue, ſometimes the one, ſometimes the other may perhaps exceed, but 'tis very little, and but rarely that they differ at all; I live from Hand to Mouth, and content my ſelf in having ſufficient for my preſent, and ordinary Expence; for as to extraordinary occaſions, all the laying up in the World would never ſuffice; and 'tis the greateſt folly imaginable to expect, that Fortune ſhould ever ſufficiently arm us againſt her ſelf. 'Tis with our own Arms that we are to fight her, accidental ones will betray us in the pinch of the buſineſs. If I lay up, 'tis for ſome near and deſigned Expence, and not to purchaſe Lands, of which I have no need, but to purchaſe pleaſure. *Non eſſe cupidum, pecunia eſt: non eſſe emacem, vectigal eſt.* Not to be Covetous, is Money, not to be a Purchaſer, is a Tribute. I neither am in any great apprehenſion of wanting, nor in any deſire of any more; *Divitiarum fructus eſt in copia; copiam declarat ſatietas.* The fruits of Riches lie in abundance, ſatiety declares abundance. And I am very well pleaſed with my ſelf, that this Reformation in me, has fallen out in an Age naturally inclined to Avarice, and that I ſee my ſelf clear'd of a Folly ſo common to Old Men,

Cicero. Parad. Ult.

Ibid.

Men, and the moſt ridiculous of all humane Follies. *Feraulez* a Man that had run through both Fortunes, and found that the encreaſe of ſubſtance, was no encreaſe of appetite, either to Eating, or Drinking, Sleeping, or the enjoyment of his Wife, and who on the other ſide, felt the care of his Oeconomy lie heavy upon his Shoulders, as it does on mine; was reſolved to pleaſe a poor Young Man his faithful Friend, who panted after Riches, by making him a gift of all his, which was exceſſively great, and moreover of all he was in the daily way of getting by the liberality of *Cyrus*, his good Maſter, and by the War; conditionally that he ſhould take care handſomly to maintain, and plentifully to entertain him, as his Hoſt, and his Friend; which being accordingly embrac'd, and performed, they afwards liv'd very happily together, both of them equally content with the change of their condition. An example that I could imitate with all my heart. And very much approve the Fortune of an Ancient *Prelate*, whom I ſee to have ſo abſolutely ſtript himſelf of his Purſe, his Revenue, and Care; of his Expence; committing them one while to one truſty Servant, and another while to another, that he has ſpun out a long ſucceſſion of Years, as ignorant by this means of his Domeſtick Affairs, as a meer ſtranger. The confidence of another Mans vertue, is no light evidence of a Mans own; beſides, God is pleaſed to favour ſuch a confidence, as to what concerns him of whom I am ſpeaking, I ſee no where a bet-

a better govern'd Family, nor a Houſe more nobly, and conſtantly maintained than his; happy in this to have ſtated his affairs to ſo juſt a proportion, that his Eſtate is ſufficient to do it without his care, or trouble, and without any hinderance, either in the ſpending, or laying it up; to his other more decent, and quiet employments, and that are more ſuitable both to his place, and liking. Plenty then and indigence depend upon the opinion every one has of them; and Riches no more than Glory, or Health, have no more either Beauty, or Pleaſure, than he is pleas'd to lend them, by whom they are poſſeſt. Every one is well, or ill at eaſe, according as he finds himſelf: Not he whom the World believes, but he who believes himſelf to be ſo, is content; and in him alone belief gives it ſelf being, and reality. Fortune does us neither good, nor hurt; ſhe only preſents us the matter, and the ſeed, which our Soul, more powerfully than ſhe, turns and applies as ſhe beſt pleaſes; being the ſole cauſe, and Soveraign Miſtreſs of her own happy, or unhappy condition. All external acceſſions receive taſte and Colour, from the internal conſtitution, as Cloaths warm us, not with their Heat, but our own, which they are fit to cover and keep in; and who would cover a cold body, would do the ſame ſervice for the Cold, for ſo Snow and Ice are preſerved. And after the ſame manner that Study is a torment to a Truant, abſtinence from Wine to a good Fellow, frugality to the Spendthrift, and exerciſe to a

Lazy tender bred Fellow; ſo it is of all the reſt. The things are not ſo painful, and difficult of themſelves, but our weakneſs or cowardice makes them ſo. To judge of great, and high matters, requires a ſuitable Soul, otherwiſe we attribute the Vice to them, which is really our own. A ſtraight Oar ſeems crooked in the Water: It does not only import that we ſee the thing, but how, and after what manner we ſee it. But after all this, why amongſt ſo many diſcourſes, that by ſo many arguments perſwade Men to deſpiſe Death, and to endure pain, can we not find out one that makes for us? And of ſo many ſorts of imaginations as have ſo prevailed upon others, as to perſwade them to do ſo, why does not every one apply ſome one to himſelf, the moſt ſuitable to his own humour? If he cannot away with a ſtrong working Apozem to eradicate the Evil, let him at leaſt take a Lenitive to eaſe it. *Opinio eſt quædam effeminata, ac levis: nec in dolore magis, quam eadem in voluptate: quæ quum liqueſſimus fluimuſque mollitia, apis aculeum ſine clamore ferre non poſſumus. Totum in eo eſt, ut tibi imperes.* There is a certain light, and effeminate opinion, and that not more in pain, than it is even in pleaſure it ſelf; by which, whilſt we reſt and Wallow in eaſe, and wantonneſs, we cannot endure ſo much as the ſtinging of a Bee, without roaring. All that lies in it is only this, to command thy ſelf. As to the reſt, a Man does not tranſgreſs Philoſophy, by permitting the acrimony of pains, and humane frailty to prevail

Cicero. Tuſc. lib. 2.

prevail ſo much above meaſure; for they will at laſt be reduc'd to theſe invincible replies. If it be ill to live in neceſſity, at leaſt there is no neceſſity upon a Man to live in neceſſity. No Man continues ill long but by his own fault. And who has neither the Courage to Die; nor the Heart to Live: who will neither reſiſt nor fly, what ſhould a Man do to him?

CHAP. XLI.

Not to Communicate a Mans Honour.

OF all the Follies of the World, that which is moſt univerſally receiv'd, is the ſolicitude of Reputation and Glory; which we are fond of to that degree, as to abandon Riches, Peace, Life, and Health, which are effectual, and ſubſtantial Goods, to purſue this vain Phantome, and empty word, that has neither Body; nor hold to be taken of it.

La fama ch' invaghiſce a un dolce ſuono
Gli ſuperbi mortali, & par' ſi bella
Eun ecco, un Sogno, anzi d'un Sogno un' ombra
Ch' ad ogni vento ſi dilegua, & ſgombra.

Taſſo. Canto 10.

Honour, that with ſuch an alluring ſound,
Proud Mortals Charms, and does appear ſo fair,
An Echo, Dream, ſhade of a Dream is found,
Diſperſt abroad by every breath of Air.

And of all the irrational humours of Men, it ſhould ſeem that even the Philoſophers themſelves have the moſt ado, and do the lateſt diſengage themſelves from this, as the moſt reſty and obſtinate of all humane Follies. *Quia etiam bene proficientes animos tentare non ceſſat.* Becauſe it ceaſes not to attack even the wiſeſt, and beſt letter'd minds. There is not any one Vice, of which reaſon does ſo clearly accuſe the Vanity, as of that; but it is ſo deeply rooted in us, that I dare not determine, whether any one ever clearly depeſtred himſelf from it or no. After you have ſaid all, and believed all has been ſaid to its prejudice, it creates ſo inteſtine inclination in oppoſition to your beſt Arguments, that you have little power, and conſtancy to reſiſt it: for (as *Cicero* ſays) even thoſe who moſt controvert it, would yet that the Books they write ſhould viſit the light under their own Names, and ſeek to derive Glory from ſeeming to deſpiſe it. All other things are communicable, and fall into Commerce; we lend our Goods, and ſtake our Lives for the neceſſity, and ſervice of our Friends; but to Communicate a Man's Honour, and to Robe another with a Man's own Glory, is very rarely ſeen. And yet we have ſome examples of that kind. *Catulus Luctatius* in the *Cymbrian* War, having done all that in him lay to make his flying Souldiers face about upon the Enemy, ran himſelf at laſt away with the reſt, and counterfeited the Coward, to the end his Men might rather ſeem to follow their Captain, than to fly from the Enemy;

Aug. de Civit. Dei.

Enemy; which was to abandon his own reputation, to palliate the ſhame of others. When *Charles* the Fifth came into *Provence* in the Year 1537, 'tis ſaid, that *Antonio de Leva* ſeeing the Emperour poſitively reſolv'd upon this Expedition, and believing it would redound very much to his honour, did nevertheleſs very ſtiffly oppoſe it in the Council, to the end that the entire glory of that Reſolution ſhould be attributed to his Maſter; and that it might be ſaid, his own Wiſdom and foreſight had been ſuch, as that, contrary to the opinion of all, he had brought about ſo great, and ſo generous an Enterprize; which was to do him Honour at his own Expence. The *Thracian* Embaſſadors, coming to comfort *Archileonida* the Mother of *Braſidas* upon the death of her Son, and commending him to that height, as to ſay he had not left his like behind him; ſhe rejected this private, and particular commendation to attribute it to the publick: Tell me not that (ſaid ſhe) I know the City of *Sparta* has ſeveral Citizens both greater, and of greater Valour than he. In the Battel of *Creſſy*, the Prince of *Wales*, being then very young, had the Vantguard committed to him, and the main ſtreſs of the Battel hapned to be in that place, which made the Lords that were with him, finding themſelves overmatcht, to ſend to King *Edward*, that he would pleaſe to advance to their Relief; who thereupon enquiring of the condition his Son was in, and being anſwered, that he was yet living, and on Horſe-back: I ſhould then do him

wrong (ſaid the King) now to go, and deprive him of the honour of winning this Battel he has ſo long, and ſo bravely diſputed, what hazard ſoever he runs, it ſhall be entirely his own: and accordingly would neither go nor ſend, knowing that if he went, it would be ſaid all had been loſt without his ſuccour, and that the honour of the Victory would be wholly attributed to him. *Semper enim quod poſtremum adjectum eſt, id rem totam videtur traxiſſe.* For the laſt ſtroak to a buſineſs ſeems to draw along with it the performance of the whole action. Many at *Rome* thought, and would uſually ſay, that the greateſt of *Scipio*'s Acts, were in part due to *Lelius*, whoſe conſtant practice it was ſtill to advance, and Shoulder *Scipio*'s Grandeur and Renown, without any care of his own. And *Theopompus* King of *Sparta* to him who told him the Republick could not miſcarry ſince he knew ſo well how to Command, 'Tis rather (anſwered he) becauſe the people know ſo well how to Obey. As Women ſucceeding to Peerages, had notwithſtanding their Sex the privilege to aſſiſt, and give in their Votes in the Cauſes that appertained to the Juriſdiction of Peers: So the Eccleſiaſtical Peers notwithſtanding their profeſſion, were obliged to aſſiſt our Kings in their Wars, not only with their Friends and Servants, but in their own Perſons. As the Biſhop of *Beauvais* did, who being with *Philip Auguſtus* at the Battle of *Bouvines*, had a notable ſhare in that action; but he did not think it fit for him to partici-

pate

pate in the Fruit and Glory of that Violent and Bloody Trade. He with his own Hand reduc'd ſeveral of the Enemy that Day to his Mercy, whom he delivered to the firſt Gentleman he met either to Kill, or receive them to Quarter, referring the execution to another hand. As alſo did *William* Earl of *Salisbury* to Meſſire *Jean de Neſle*, with a like ſubtlety of Conſcience to the other we named before, he would Kill, but not wound him, and for that reaſon never Fought with a Mace. And a certain perſon of my time, being reproacht by the King, that he had laid hands on a Prieſt, ſtiffly and poſitively deny'd he had done any ſuch thing: the meaning of which was, he had Cudgell'd and Kick'd him.

CHAP. XLII.

Of the Inequality amongſt us.

PLutarch ſays ſomewhere, that he does not find ſo great a difference betwixt Beaſt and Beaſt, as he does betwixt Man and Man. Which is ſaid in reference to the internal Qualities and Perfections of the Soul. And, in truth, I find, (according to my poor Judgment,) ſo vaſt a diſtance betwixt *Epaminondas*, and ſome that I know, (who are yet Men of common ſenſe,) that I could willingly enhance upon *Plutarch*, and ſay, that there is more difference betwixt ſuch and ſuch a Man, than there is betwixt ſuch a Man and ſuch a Beaſt:

Ter. For. Act. 5. Sc. 3. *Hem vir viro quid præſtat!*

——How much alaſs,
One Man another doth ſurpaſs!

And that there are as many and innumerable degrees of Wits, as there are Cubits betwixt this and Heaven. But as touching the Eſtimate of Men, 'tis ſtrange, that, our ſelves excepted, no other Creature is eſteem'd beyond its proper Qualities, we commend a Horſe for his Strength, and ſureneſs of Foot,

Juvenal Sat. 8. ——*Volucrem*
Sic laudamus equum, facili cui plurima palma
Fervet, & exultat rauco victoria circo.

So we commend the Horſe for being fleet,
Who many Palms by Breath and Speed does (get,
And which the Trumpets in the Circle grace,
With their hoarſe Levets for his well run (Race.

and not for his Rich Capariſons; a Grey-hound for his ſhare of Heels, not for his fine Collar; a Hawk for her Wing, not for her Geſts and Bells. Why, in like manner, do we not value a Man for what is properly his own? He has a great Train, a beautiful Palace, ſo much Credit, ſo many Thouſand Pounds a Year, and all theſe are about him, but not in him. You will not buy a Pig in a Poke: if you cheapen a Horſe, you will ſee him ſtript of his Houſing-cloaths, you will ſee him

him naked and open to your Eye; or if he be Cloath'd, as they anciently were wont to preſent them to Princes to Sell, 'tis only on the leſs important parts, that you may not ſo much conſider the beauty of his Colour, or the breadth of his Crupper, as principally to examine his Limbs, Eyes and Feet, which are the Members of greateſt uſe:

Regibus hic mos eſt, ubi equos mercantur, opertos
Suſpiciunt, ne ſi facies, ut ſæpe, decora
Molli fulta pede eſt, emptorem inducat hiantem,
Quod pulchræ clunes, breve quod caput, ardua cervix. *Hor. lib. 1. Sat. 2.*

When Kings Steeds Cloath'd, as 'tis their manner, Buy,
They ſtraight examine very Curiouſly,
Leſt a ſhort Head, a thin and well rais'd Creſt,
A broad ſpread Buttock, and an ample Cheſt,
Should all be propt with an old beaten Hoof,
To gull the Buyer, when they come to proof.

Why, in giving your Eſtimate of a Man, do you Prize him wrapt and muffled up in Cloaths? He then diſcovers nothing to you, but ſuch parts as are not in the leaſt his own; and conceals thoſe, by which alone one may rightly judge of his Value. 'Tis the price of the Blade, that you enquire into, and not of the Scabbard: You would not peradventure bid a Farthing for him, if you ſaw him ſtripp'd. You are to judge him by himſelf, and not by what he wears. And as one of the Ancients very pleaſantly ſaid, Do you know why you repute him

him Tall? You reckon withal the heighth of his Chepines, whereas the Pedeſtal is no part of the Statue. Meaſure him without his Stilts, let him lay aſide his Revenues, and his Titles, let him preſent himſelf in his Shirt, then examine if his Body be ſound and ſprite-ly, active and diſpos'd to perform its Functi-ons? What Soul has he? Is it Beautiful, ca-pable, and happily provided of all her Facul-ties? Is ſhe Rich of what is her own, or of what ſhe has Borrowed? Has Fortune no hand in the Affair? Can ſhe, without wink-ing, ſtand the lightning of Swords; is ſhe in-different, whether her Life expire by the Mouth, or through the Throat? Is ſhe Settled, Even and Content? This is what is to be examin'd, and by that you are to judge of the vaſt differences betwixt Man, and Man. Is he

Id. Lib. 2. Sat. 7.

——— Sapiens, ſibique imperioſus
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula (terrent,
Reſponſare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis, & in ſeipſo totus teres atque rotundus,
Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari,
In quem manca ruit ſemper fortuna?

Wiſe, and commanding o'er his Appetite,
One whom, nor Want, nor Death, nor Bonds, (can Fright,
To check his Luſts, and Honours ſcorn, ſo (ſtout,
And in himſelf ſo round and clear through- (out,

That

That no External thing can ſtop his courſe,
And on whom Fortune vainly tries her force.

ſuch a Man is rais'd Five Hundred Fathoms above Kingdoms and Dutchies, he is an Abſolute Monarch in and to himſelf.

Sapens Pol ipſe fingit fortunam ſibi. *Plaut. Tri. Act. 2. Sc. 2.*

The Wiſe Man his own Fortune makes.

What remains for him to Covet, or Deſire.

——— ——— ———*Nonne videmus* *Lucret. l. 2.*
Nil aliud ſibi naturam latrare, niſi ut quoi
Corpore ſejunctus dolor abſit, mente fruatur,
Jucundo ſenſu cura, ſemotus metuque?

We ſee that Nature to no more aſpires;
Nor to her ſelf a greater good requires,
Than that, whoſe Body is from Dolours free,
He ſhould his Mind with more Serenity,
And a more pleaſing Senſe enjoy, quite clear
From thoſe two grand Diſturbers, Grief and (Fear.

Compare with ſuch a one the common Rabble of Mankind, ſtupid and mean Spirited, Servile, Inſtable, and continually floating with the Tempeſt of various Paſſions, that toſſes and tumbles them to and fro, and all depending upon others, and you will find a greater diſtance, than betwixt Heaven and Earth; and yet the blindneſs of common uſage is ſuch, that we make little or no account of it. Whereas, if we conſider a Peaſant, and a King, a Noble-Man, and a Villain, a Magiſtrate,

ſtrate, and a private Man, a Rich Man, and a Poor, there appears a vaſt diſparity, though they differ no more, (as a Man may ſay,) than in their Breeches. In *Thrace*, the King was diſtinguiſh'd from his People, after a very pleaſant manner; He had a Religion by himſelf, a God of his own, and which his Subjects were not to preſume to Adore, which was *Mercury*, whilſt, on the other ſide, he diſdain'd to have any thing to do with theirs, *Mars*, *Bacchus* and *Diana*. And yet they are no other than Pictures, that make no Eſſential Diſſimilitude; for as you ſee Actors in a Play, repreſenting the perſon of a Duke, or an Emperour, upon the Stage, and immediately after, in the Tiring Room, return to their true and original Condition; ſo the Emperour, whoſe Pomp and Luſtre, does ſo dazle you in Publick,

Lucret. l. 4. *Scilicet, & grandes viridi cum luce ſmaragdi*
Auro includuntur, teritурque Thalaſſina veſtis
Aſſidue, & veneris ſudorem exercita petat.

Great Emeralds richly are in Gold enchaſt,
To dart Green Luſtre, and the Sea-green veſt
Continually is worn and rubb'd to Frets,
Whilſt it Imbibes the Juice that *Venus* Sweats.

do but peep behind the Curtain, and you'll ſee nothing more than an ordinary Man, and peradventure, more Contemptible than the meaneſt of his Subjects. *Ille beatus introrſum eſt, iſtius bracteata felicitas eſt.* True Happineſs lies within, the other is but a counterfeit Felicity.

Senec. Ep. 115.

city. Cowardize, Irreſolution, Ambition, Spite and Envy, are as Predominant in him, as in another.

Non enim gazæ, neque conſularis
Summovet lictor, miſeros tumultus
Mentis, & curas laqueata circum
Tecta volentes.

Horace lib. 2. Ode 16.

For neither Wealth, Honours, nor Offices,
Can the wild Tumults of the Mind appeaſe,
Nor chaſe thoſe Cares, that with unweari'd (Wings
Hover about the Palaces of Kings.

Nay, Solitude and Fear, attack him even in the Center of his Battalions.

Re veraque metus hominum, curæque ſequaces,
Nec metuunt ſonitus armorum, nec fera tela,
Audacterque inter Reges, rerumque potentes
Verſantur, neque fulgorem reverentur ab auro.

Lucret. l. 2.

(Hearts,
For Fears and Cares warring with Humane
Fear not the claſh of Arms, nor points of (Darts;
But with great Kings and Potentates makes (Bold,
Maugre their Purple, and their Glittering (Gold.

Do Fevers, Gouts and Apoplexies, ſpare them any more, than one of us? When Old Age hangs heavy upon a Princes Sholders, can the Yeomen of his Guard eaſe him of the Burthen? When

When he is Aſtoniſh'd with the apprehenſion of Death, can the Gentlemen of his Bed-Chamber comfort and aſſure him? When Jealouſie, or any other Capricio ſwims in his Brain, can our Complements and Ceremonies reſtore him to his good Humour? The Canopy Embroider'd with Pearl and Gold, he lies under, has no Vertue againſt a violent fit of the Stone or Cholick.

Idem. *Nec calida citius decedunt corpore febres*
Textilibus ſi in picturis, oſtroque rubenti
Jacteris, quam ſi plebeia in veſte cubandum eſt.

Nor ſooner will a Calenture depart,
Although in figur'd Tiſſues lodg'd thou art,
Than if thy homely Couch were meanly (ſpread
With pooreſt Blankets of the courſeſt thred.

The Flatterers of *Alexander* the *Great*, poſſeſt him, that he was the Son of *Jupiter*: But being one Day Wounded, and obſerving the Blood ſtream from his Wound: What ſay you now, (my Maſters,) ſaid he, is not this Blood of a Crimſon Colour, and purely Humane? This is not of the Complexion with that which *Homer* makes to iſſue from the Wounded Gods. The Poet *Hermedorus* had Writ a Poem in Honour of *Antigonus*, wherein he call'd him the Son of the Sun: But who has the emptying of my Cloſe-ſtool, (ſaid *Antigonus*) will find to the contrary. He is but a Man at beſt, and if he be Deform'd, or ill Qualified from his Birth, the Empire of the Univerſe,

Univerſe, can neither mend his Shape, nor his Nature;

——— *Puellæ* *Perſeus,*
Hunc rapiant, quidquid culcaverit hic, roſa fiat. *Sat. 2.*

Though Maids ſhould Raviſh him, and where (he goes,
In every ſtep he takes, ſhould ſpring a Roſe.

what of all that, if he be a Fool and a Sot! even Pleaſure and good Fortune, are not reliſh'd without Vigour and Underſtanding.

Hæc perinde ſunt, ut illius animus qui ea poſſidet, *Ter. Heaut.*
Qui uti ſcit, ei bona, illi, qui non utitur recte *Act. 1. Sce.*
(*mala.*

Things to the Souls of their Poſſeſſors ſquare,
Goods if well us'd, if ill, they Evils are.

Whatever the Benefits of Fortune are, they yet require a Palate fit to reliſh and taſte them: 'Tis Fruition, and not poſſeſſion, that renders us Happy.

Non domus, & fundus, non æris acervus & auri, *Horace lib.*
Ægroto domini deduxit corpore febres, *1. Epiſt. 2.*
Non animo curas, valeat poſſeſſor oportet,
Qui comportatis rebus bene cogitat uti,
Qui cupit, aut metuit, juvat illum ſic domus aut (*res,*
Ut lippum pictæ Tabulæ, fomenta podagram.

Manners, or heaps of Braſs and Gold, afford
No eaſe at all to their Febritick Lord;

Nor

Nor can they cure his Cares; 'tis requiſite
The Good's Poſſeſſor know the uſe of it.
Who Fears or Covets, theſe ſo help him out,
As Pictures Blind Folks, Cataplaſms the Gout.

He is a Sot, his Taſte is pall'd and flat; he no more enjoys what he has, than one that has a Cold, reliſhes the flavour of Canary; or than a Horſe is ſenſible of his Rich Capariſon. *Plato* is in the right, when he tells us, that Health, Beauty, Vigour and Riches, and all the other things call'd Goods, are equally Evil to the Unjuſt, as Good to the Juſt, and the Evil on the contrary the ſame. And therefore, where either the Body or the Mind, are in diſorder, to what uſe ſerve theſe external Conveniences? Conſidering, that the leaſt prick with a Pin, or the leaſt Paſſion of the Soul, is ſufficient to deprive us of the pleaſure of being ſole Monarch of the World. At the firſt twitch of the Gout, it ſignifies much to be call'd Sir, and your Majeſty;

Hor. lib. 1. El. 2. *Totus, & argento conflatus, totus, & auro.*

(will hold,
Although his Cheſts are cram'd, whilſt they
With immenſe Sums of Silver Coin and Gold.

does he not forget his Palaces and Grandeurs? If he be Angry, can his being a Prince, keep him from looking Red, and looking Pale, and grinding his Teeth, like a Mad-man? Now if he be a Man of parts, and well deſcended, Royalty adds very little to his Happineſs:

Si

Si ventri bene, ſi lateri eſt pedibuſque tuis, nil
Divitiæ poterant regales addere majus. *Hor. lib. 1. Ep. 12.*

If thou art right and ſound from Head to Foot,
A King's Revenue can add nothing to't.

He diſcerns, 'tis nothing but Counterfeit and Gullery. Nay perhaps, he would be of King *Seleucus*'s opinion, That who knew the weight of a Scepter, would not deign to ſtoop to take it up; which he ſaid, in reference to the great and painful Duty incumbent upon a good King. Doubtleſs it can be no eaſie task to Rule others, when we find it ſo hard a matter to Govern our ſelves. And as to the thing Dominion, that ſeems ſo ſweet and charming, the frailty of Humane Wiſdom, and the difficulty of choice in things that are new and doubtful, to us conſider'd, I am very much of opinion, that it is much more pleaſant to follow, than to lead; and that it is a great ſettlement and ſatisfaction of Mind, to have only one Path to walk in, and to have none to anſwer for, but for a Man's ſelf;

Ut ſatius multo jam ſit, parere quietum,
Quam regere imperio res velle. *Lucret. lib. 5.*

So that 'tis better Calmly to Obey,
Than in the Storms of State to Rule and Sway.

To which we may add that ſaying of *Cyrus*, That no Man was fit to Rule, but he who in his own Worth was of greater Value, than all thoſe he was to Govern: But King *Hiero* in

Xenophon, ſays further, That in the Fruition even of Pleaſure it ſelf, they are in a worſe condition, than private Men; foraſmuch as the opportunities and facility they have of commanding thoſe things at Will, takes off from the Delight.

Ovid. Amor. l. 2. Ele. 19. *Pinguis amor, nimiumque potens, in tædia nobis Vertitur, & Stomacho dulcis ut eſca necet.*

Too Potent Love, in Loathing never ends,
As higheſt Sawce the Stomach moſt offends.

Can we think, that the Singing-Boys of the Quire, take any great delight in their own Muſick? The Satiety does rather render it troubleſome and tedious to them. Feaſts, Balls, Maſquerades and Tiltings, delight ſuch as but rarely ſee, and deſire to be at ſuch Solemnities: But having been frequent at ſuch Entertainments, the reliſh of them grows flat and inſipid: Nay, Women (the greateſt Temptation) do not ſo much delight thoſe who make a common practice of the ſport. He who will not give himſelf leiſure to be Thirſty, can never find the true pleaſure of Drinking. Farces and Tumbling Tricks, are pleaſant to the Spectators, but a pain to thoſe by whom they are perform'd. And that this is effectually ſo, we ſee that Princes divert themſelves ſometimes in diſguiſing their Quality, a while to depoſe themſelves, and to ſtoop to the poor and ordinary way of Living of the meaneſt of their People.

Plerumque

Plerumque gratæ Principibus vires,
Mundæque parvo ſub lare pauperum
Cœnæ ſine aulæis, & oſtro,
Sollicitum explicuere frontem.

Hor. car. lib. 3. Ode 29.

Even Princes with Variety tempted are,
Which makes them oft feed on clean homely Fare,
In a poor Hut, laying aſide the State,
Purple and Pomp, which ſhould on Grandeur wait,
In ſuch a Solitude to ſmooth the Frown
Forc'd by the weighty Preſſure of a Crown.

Nothing is ſo diſtaſtful and diſappointing, as Abundance. What Appetite would not be baffled, to ſee Three Hundred Women at his Mercy, as the *Grand Signior* has in his *Seraglio*? And what Fruition of Pleaſure, or Taſte of Recreation, did he of his Anceſtors reſerve to himſelf, who never went a Hawking without Seven Thouſand Falconers? And beſides all this, I Fanſie that this Luſtre of Grandeur brings with it no little diſturbance and uneaſineſs upon the Enjoyment of the moſt tempting pleaſures: they are too conſpicuous, and lie too open to every ones view. Neither do I know to what end a man ſhould any more require them to conceal their Errors, ſince what is only reputed indiſcretion in us, they know very well the people in them brand with the names of Tyranny, and contempt of the Laws; and beſides their proclivity to Vice, are apt to

cenſure, that is a heightning to pleaſure to them, to Inſult over the Laws, and to trample upon Publick Ordinances. *Plato* indeed, in his *Gorgeas* defines, a Tyrant to be one, who in a City has Licence to do whatever his own Will leads him to. And by reaſon of this Impunity, the Overacting and Publication of their Vices, does oft-times more Miſchief, than the Vice it ſelf. Every one fears to be pry'd into, and diſcover'd in their Evil Courſes; but Princes are, even to their very Geſtures, Looks and thoughts, the People conceiving they have right and title to Cenſure, and be Judges of them: Beſides, that the Blemiſhes of the Great, naturally appear greater, by reaſon of the Eminency and Luſtre of the place where they are ſeated; and that a Mole or a Wart appears greater in them, than the greateſt Deformity in others. And this is the reaſon why the *Poets* feign the Amours of *Jupiter* to be perform'd in the diſguiſes of ſo many borrowed ſhapes, that amongſt the many Amorous Practices they lay to his charge, there is only one, as I remember, where he appears in his own Majeſty and Grandeur. But let us return to *Hiero*, who complains of the Inconveniences he found in his Royalty, in that he could not look abroad, and Travel the World at liberty, being as it were a Priſoner to the Bounds and Limits of his own Dominion: And that in all his Actions, he was evermore ſurrounded with an importunate Crowd. And in truth, to ſee our Kings ſet all alone at Table, environed with ſo many People prating

ting about them, and ſo many ſtrangers ſtaring upon them, as they always are, I have often been mov'd, rather to pity, than to envy, their condition. King *Alphonſus* was wont to ſay, that in this, Aſſes were in a better condition than Kings, their Maſters permitting them to feed at their own eaſe and pleaſure; a favour that Kings cannot obtain of their Servants. And it would never ſink into my fancy, that it could be of any great benefit to the Life of a Man of Senſe, to have Twenty People prating about him, when he is at Stool; or that the Services of a Man of Ten Thouſand *Livers* a Year, or that has taken *Caſal*, or defended *Siena*, ſhould be either more commodious, or more acceptable to him, than thoſe of a good Groom of the Chamber, that underſtands his place. The Advantages of Soveraignty, are but Imaginary upon the matter: Every degree of Fortune has in it ſome Image of Principality. *Ceſar* calls all the Lords of *France*, having Free-Franchiſe within their own Demeans, *Roylets*; and in truth, the Name of *Sire* excepted, they go pretty far towards Kingſhip; for do but look into the Provinces remote from Court, as *Brittany* for example, take notice of the Attendance, the Vaſſals, the Officers, the Employments, Service, Ceremony and State, of a Lord that Lives retir'd from Court, is conſtant to his own Houſe, and that has been bred up amongſt his own Tenants and Servants; and obſerve withal, the flight of his Imagination, there is nothing more Royal: He hears talk of his Maſter once a Year, as of

a King of *Perſia*, or *Peru*, without taking any further notice of him, than ſome remote Kindred, his Secretary keeps in ſome Muſty Record. And, to ſpeak the truth, our Laws are eaſie enough, ſo eaſie, that a Gentleman of *France* ſcarce feels the weight of Soveraignty pinch his Shoulders above Twice in his Life. Real and effectual Subjection, only concerns ſuch amongſt us, as voluntarily thruſt their Necks under the Yoke, and who deſign to get Wealth and Honours by ſuch Services: For a Man that loves his own Fire-ſide, and can Govern his Houſe, without falling by the Ears with his Neighbours, or engaging in Suits of Law, is as free, as a Duke of *Venice*. *Paucos ſervitus, plures ſervitutem tenent.* Servitude ſeizes of few, but many ſeize of her. But that which *Hiero* is moſt concern'd at, is, that he finds himſelf ſtripp'd of all Friendſhip, and depriv'd of all Natural Society, wherein the true and moſt perfect Fruition of Humane Life does conſiſt. For what Teſtimony of affection and good will, can I extract from him, that owes me, whether he will or no, all that he is able to do? Can I form any aſſurance of his real Reſpect to me, from his humble way of ſpeaking, and ſubmiſſive Behaviour, when they are Ceremonies, it is not in his Choice to deny? The Honour we receive from thoſe that Fear us, is not Honour, thoſe Reſpects are paid to my Royalty, and not to me.

Maximum

Maximum hoc Regni bonum eſt,
Quod facta domini cogitur populus ſui
Quam ferre, tam laudare.

Seneca Thieſt. Act. 2. Sca. 1.

'Tis the great Benefit of Kings, that they,
Who are by Law Subjected to their Sway,

Are Bound, in all their Princes ſay or do,
Not only to Submit, but Praiſe it too.

Do I not ſee, that the Wicked, and the good King, he that is hated, and he that is belov'd, has the one as much Reverence paid him, as the other? My Predeceſſor was, and my Succeſſor ſhall be, ſerv'd with the ſame Ceremony and State. If my Subjects do me no harm, 'tis no Evidence of any good Affection; why ſhould I look upon it as ſuch, ſeeing it is not in their Power if they would? No one follows me, or Obeys my Commands, upon the account of any Friendſhip betwixt him and me; there can be no contracting of Friendſhip, where there is ſo little relation and correſpondence: My own Height has put me out of the Familiarity of, and Intelligence with men: There is too great diſparity and diſproportion betwixt us; they follow me either upon the account of decency, and cuſtom; or rather my fortune, than me, to encreaſe their own: All they ſay to me, or do for me, is forc'd and diſſembled, their liberty being on all parts reſtrain'd by the great power and authority I have over them. I ſee nothing about me but what is diſſembled, and diſgu's'd. The

Emperour *Julian* being one day applauded for his exact Juſtice: I ſhould be proud of theſe praiſes, ſaid he, did they come from perſons that durſt condemn, or diſapprove the contrary, in caſe I ſhould do it. All the real advantages of Princes are common to them with Men of meaner condition: 'Tis for the Gods to Mount winged Horſes, and feed upon *Ambroſia*: Earthly Kings have no other Sleep, nor other Appetite, than we; the Steel they Arm themſelves withal, is of no better temper, than that we alſo uſe; their Crowns do neither defend them from the Rain, nor Sun. *Diocleſian* who wore a Crown ſo Fortunate and Rever'd, reſign'd it, to retire himſelf to the Felicity of a private Life: And ſome time after the neceſſity of Publick Affairs, requiring, that he ſhould reaſſume his Charge, he made Anſwer to thoſe who came to Court him to it, You would not offer, (ſaid he) to perſuade me to this, had you ſeen the fine Order of Trees I have Planted in my Orchard, and the fair Melons I have Sow'd in my Garden. In *Anacharſis* his Opinion, the happieſt Eſtate of Government would be, where all other things being equal, Precedency ſhould be meaſur'd out by the Vertues, and Repulſes by the Vices of Men. When King *Pyrrhus* prepar'd for his Expedition into *Italy*, his Wiſe Counſeller *Cyneas*, to make him ſenſible of the Vanity of his Ambition; Well Sir, (ſaid he,) to what End do you make all this Mighty Preparation? To make my ſelf Maſter of *Italy*, (reply'd the King.) And what after that is done,

done, (ſaid *Cyneas?*) I will paſs over into *Gaule* and *Spain*, ſaid the other. And what then? I will then go to Subdue *Africk*; and laſtly, when I have brought the whole World to my Subjection, I will ſit down and reſt Content at my own Eaſe. For God ſake, Sir, (reply'd *Cyneas*,) tell me what hinders, that you may not, if you pleaſe, be now in the condition you ſpeak of? Why do you not now at this inſtant, ſettle your ſelf in the State you ſeem to aim at, and ſpare the Labour and Hazard you interpoſe?

Nimirum quia non bene norat quæ eſſet habendi Finis, & omnino quoad creſcat vera voluptas. Lucret. l. 5.

The end of being Rich he did not know;
Nor to what pitch Felicity ſhould grow.

I will conclude with an old Verſicle, that I think very pat to the purpoſe.

Mores cuique ſui fingunt fortunam. Corn. Nep. in vit. Hici.

Himſelf, not Fortune, ev'ry one muſt blame,
Since Men's own Manners do their Fortunes frame.

CHAP. XLIII.

Of Sumptuary Laws.

THE way by which our Laws attempt to regulate idle and vain expences in Meat and Cloaths, ſeems to be quite contrary to the end deſign'd.

deſign'd. The true way would be to beget in men a contempt of Silks and Gold, as vain, frivolous, and uſeleſs; whereas we augment to them the Honours, and enhance the value of ſuch things, which ſure is a very improper way to create a diſguſt. For to enact, that none but Princes ſhall eat Turbet, ſhall wear Velvet, or Gold-Lace, and interdict theſe things to the people, what is it but to bring them into a greater eſteem, and to ſet every one more a gog to eat, and wear them? Let Kings (a Gods name) leave off theſe Enſigns of Grandeur, they have others enough beſides; thoſe exceſſes are more excuſable in any other, than a Prince. We may learn by the Example of ſeveral Nations, better ways of exteriour diſtinction of quality (which truly I conceive to be very requiſite in a State) enow, without foſtering up this corruption, and manifeſt inconvenience to this effect. 'Tis ſtrange how ſuddenly, and with how much eaſe cuſtom in theſe indifferent things eſtabliſhes it ſelf, and becomes authority. We had ſcarce worn Cloath a year (in compliance with the Court) for the Mourning of *Henry* the Second, but that Silks were already grown into ſuch contempt with every one, that a man ſo clad, was preſently Concluded a Citizen. The Silks were divided betwixt the Phyſicians, and Chirurgeons, and though all other people almoſt went in the ſame habit, there was notwithſtanding in one thing or other, ſufficient diſtinction of the calling, and conditions of men. How ſuddenly do greaſy *Chamois* Doublets

blets become the faſhion in our Armies, whilſt all neatneſs and riches of habit fall into contempt? Let Kings but lead the dance, and begin to leave off this expence, and in a Month the buſineſs will be done throughout the Kingdome, without an Edict; we ſhall all follow. It ſhould be rather proclaim'd on the contrary, that no one ſhould wear Scarlet, or Goldſmiths work, but Whores and Tumblers. *Zeleucus* with the like invention reclaim'd the corrupted manners of the *Locrians*. Whoſe Laws were, That no free Woman ſhould be allow'd any more than one Maid to follow her unleſs ſhe was drunk: nor was to ſtir out of the City by night, wear Jewels of Gold about her, or go in an Embroidred Robe, unleſs ſhe was a profeſt and publick Whore: The Bravo's, and Ruffians excepted, no man was to wear a Gold Ring, nor be ſeen in one of thoſe effeminate Veſts woven in the City of *Miletum*. By which infamous exceptions, he diſcreetly diverted his Citizens, from Superfluities, and pernicious pleaſures, and it was a project of great Utility to attract men by honour, and Ambition to their Duty and Obedience. Our Kings may do what they pleaſe in ſuch external Reformations, their own inclinations ſtands in this caſe for a Law, *Quicquid Principes faciunt, præcipere videntur*. What Princes themſelves do, they ſeem to enjoin others. Whatever is done at Court paſſes for a rule through the reſt of *France*. Let the Courtiers but fall out with theſe abominable Breeches, that diſcover ſo much of thoſe parts ſhould be conceal-

Quinct. Declam. 4.

ed:

ed: Theſe great Bellied Doublets, that make us look like I know not what; and are ſo unfit to admit of Arms; theſe long effeminate Locks of Hair: This fooliſh Cuſtom of Kiſſing, what we preſent to our equals and our Hands in ſaluting them; a ceremony in former times only due to Princes: And that a Gentleman ſhall appear in place of reſpect without his Sword, unbuttoned and untruſt, as though he came from the Houſe of Office; and that contrary to the cuſtom of our Fore-fathers, and the particular priviledge of the Nobleſs of this Kingdom, we ſhall ſtand a long time bare to them in what place ſoever, and the ſame to a hundred others, ſo many Tierces and Quarts of Kings we have got now a days, and alſo other the like innovations, and degenerate cuſtoms; they will ſee them all preſently Vaniſh'd and Cry'd down. Theſe are, 'tis true, but ſuperficial Errours; but however of ill conſequence, and 'tis enough to inform us that the whole Fabrick is Crazy and Tottering, when we ſee the rough-caſt of our Walls to cleave and ſplit. *Plato* in his Laws, eſteems nothing of more peſtiferous conſequence to his City, than to give Young-Men the liberty of introducing any change in their Habits, Geſtures, Dances, Songs, and Exerciſes, from one form to another; ſhifting from this to that, Hunting after Novelties, and applauding the Inventors; by which means Manners are corrupted, and the old Inſtitutions come to be nauſeated and deſpiſed. In all things ſaving only in thoſe that are evil, a change is to be fear'd;

fear'd; even the change of Seaſons, Winds, Viands, and Humours. And no Laws are in their true credit, but ſuch to which God has given ſo long a continuance, that no one knows their beginning, or that there ever was any other.

CHAP. XLIV.

Of Sleep.

REaſon directs, that we ſhould always go the ſame way; but not always the ſame pace. And conſequently though a Wiſe-Man ought not ſo much to give the Reins to humane Paſſions, as to let them deviate him from the right Path; he may notwithſtanding without prejudice to his Duty, leave it to them to haſten, or to ſlack his ſpeed, and not fix himſelf like a motionleſs, and inſenſible Coloſs. Could Vertue it ſelf put on Fleſh and Blood, I believe the Pulſe would Beat faſter going on to an Aſſault, than in going to Dinner: That is to ſay, there is a neceſſity he ſhould Heat, and be mov'd upon this account. I have taken notice, as of an extraordinary thing of ſome great Men, who in the higheſt Enterprizes, and greateſt Dangers, have detain'd themſelves in ſo ſettled and ſerene a Calm, as not at all to hinder their uſual Gayety, or break their Sleep. *Alexander* the Great, on the Day aſſigned for that furious Battel betwixt him and *Darius*, ſlept ſo profoundly,

ſoundly, and ſo long in the Morning, that *Parmenio* was forc'd to enter his Chamber, and coming to his Bed-ſide to call him ſeveral times by his Name, the time to go to Fight compelling him ſo to do. The Emperour *Otho*, having put on a reſolution to Kill himſelf the ſame night, after having ſettled his Domeſtick affairs, divided his Money amongſt his Servants, and ſet a good edge upon a Sword he had made choice of for the purpoſe, and now ſtaying only to be ſatisfied whether all his friends were retir'd in ſafety, he fell into ſo ſound a ſleep, that the Gentlemen of his Chamber heard him Snore. The death of this Emperour has in it circumſtances parallelling that of the great *Cato*, and particularly this before related: For *Cato* being ready to diſpatch himſelf, whilſt he only ſtaid his hand in expectation of the return of a meſſenger he had ſent, to bring him news whether the *Senators* he had ſent away, were put out from the Port of *Utica*, he fell into ſo ſound a ſleep, that they had him into the next Room; and he whom he had ſent to the Port, having awak'd him to let him know, that the Tempeſtuous Weather had hindred the *Senators* from putting to Sea; he diſpatch'd away another meſſenger, and compoſing himſelf again in the Bed, ſettled again to ſleep, and did ſo, till by the return of the laſt meſſenger, he had certain intelligence they were gone. We may here further compare him with *Alexander* too, in that great and dangerous Storm that threatned him by the Sedi-

tion

tion of the Tribune *Metellus*, who attempting to publiſh a Decree for the calling in of *Pompey* with his Army into the City, at the time of *Catiline*'s Conſpiracy, was only, and that ſtoutly oppos'd by *Cato*, ſo that very ſharp language and bitter menaces paſt betwixt them in the Senate about that affair; but it was the next day in the Fore-Noon, that the controverſie was to be decided; where *Metellus*, beſides the favour of the People, and of *Cæſar*, (at that time of *Pompey*'s faction) was to appear accompanied with a Rabble of Slaves and Fencers; and *Cato* only fortified with his own Courage and Conſtancy; ſo that his Relations, Domeſticks, and ſeveral vertuous People of his Friends were in great apprehenſions for him. And to that Degree, that ſome there were, who paſt over the whole Night without Sleep, Eating, or Drinking, for the manifeſt danger they ſaw him running into; of which his Wife and Siſters did nothing but Weep, and torment themſelves in his Houſe; whereas he, on the contrary, Comforted every one, and after having Supp'd after his uſual manner, went to Bed, and ſlept profoundly till Morning, that one of his fellow *Tribunes* rouz'd him to go to the encounter. The knowledge we have of the greatneſs of this Mans Courage by the reſt of his Life, may warrant us ſecurely to judge, that his indifference proceeded from a Soul ſo much elevated above ſuch accidents, that he diſdain'd to let it take any more hold of his Fancy, than any other ordinary adventure.

In

In the Naval Engagement, that *Auguſtus* won of *Sextus Pompeius* in *Scily*, juſt as they were to begin the Fight he was ſo faſt aſleep, that his Friends were compell'd to wake him to give the Signal of Battel: And this was it that gave *Mark Anthony* afterwards occaſion to reproach him, that he had not the Courage ſo much as with open Eyes, to behold the order of his own Squadrons, and not to have dar'd to preſent himſelf before the Souldiers, till firſt *Agrippa* had brought him news of the Victory obtain'd. But as to the buſineſs of young *Marius*, who did much worſe (for the day of the laſt Battel, againſt *Sylla*, after he had order'd his Army, given the word and Signal of Battel, he laid him down under the Shade of a Tree to repoſe himſelf, and fell ſo faſt aſleep, that the Rout, and Fight of his Men could hardly wake him, having ſeen nothing of the Fight) he is ſaid to have been at that time ſo extreamly ſpent, and worn out with Labour and want of Sleep, that Nature could hold out no longer. Now upon what has been ſaid, the Phyſicians may determine, whether ſleep be ſo neceſſary that our lives depend upon it: for we read that King *Perſeus* of *Macedon* being Priſoner at *Rome*, was wak'd to Death; but *Pliny* inſtances ſuch as have lived long without ſleep. *Herodotus* ſpeaks of Nations, where the Men ſleep and wake by half years: And they who write the Life of the Wiſe *Epimenides*, affirm that he ſlept ſeven and fifty years together.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLV.

Of the Battel of Dreux.

OUR Battel of *Dreux*, is remarkable for ſeveral extraordinary accidents: But ſuch as have no great kindneſs for the Duke of *Guiſe*, nor do much favour his reputation, are willing to have him thought to blame, and that his making a Halt and delaying time with his Forces he Commanded, whilſt the Conſtable who was General of the Army was Rack'd through and through with the Enemies Artillery, his Battalion Routed, and himſelf taken Priſoner; is not to be excus'd: And that he had much better have ran the hazard of charging the Enemy in the Flank, than ſtaying for the advantage of falling in upon the Rear, to ſuffer ſo great and ſo important a loſs. But, beſides what the event demonſtrated, who will conſider it without paſſion or prejudice, will eaſily be induced to confeſs, that the aim and deſign not of a Captain only, but of every Private Souldier ought to look at the Victory in general; and that no particular occurrences, how nearly ſoever they may concern his own intereſt, ſhould divert him from that purſuit. *Philopemen* in an encounter with *Machanidas*, having ſent before a good ſtrong party of his Archers, to begin the Skirmiſh, which were by the Enemy Routed, and purſu'd; who purſuing them, and puſhing on the Fortune of their Arms in the

heat of Victory; and in that purſuit paſſing by the Battalion where *Philopemen* was, though his Souldiers were impatient to fall on, yet he was better temper'd, and did not think fit to ſtir from his poſt, nor to preſent himſelf to the Enemy to relieve his Men, but having ſuffer'd them to be chas'd about the Field, and Cut in pieces before his Face, then charged in upon their Battalion of Foot, when he ſaw them left Naked by their Horſe; and notwithſtanding that they were *Lacedæmonians*, yet taking them in the nick, when thinking themſelves ſecure of the Victory, they began to diſorder their Ranks, he did his buſineſs with great facility, and then put himſelf in purſuit of *Machanidas*. Which caſe is very like that of *Monſieur de Guiſe*: In that Bloody Battel betwixt *Ageſilaus*, and the *Bœotians*, which *Zenophon*, who was preſent at it, reports to be the rudeſt and moſt Bloody that he had ever ſeen, *Ageſilaus* wav'd the advantage that Fortune preſented him, to let the *Bœotians* Battalion paſs by, and then to charge them in the Rear, how certain ſoever he made himſelf of the Victory: Judging it would rather be an effect of Conduct than Valour, to proceed that way: And therefore, to ſhew his proweſs, rather choſe with a wonderful ardour of Courage, to charge them in the Front; but he was well beaten, and wounded for his pains, and conſtrain'd at laſt to diſengage himſelf, and to take the courſe he had at firſt neglected; opening his Battalion to give way to this torrent of the *Bœotians* fury and being paſt by, taking

taking notice that they march'd in diſorder, like men that thought themſelves out of danger, he then purſu'd, and charg'd them in their Flanks and Rear; yet could not ſo prevail as to bring it to ſo general a Rout, but that they leiſurely retreated, ſtill Facing about upon him, till they were retired into ſafety.

CHAP. XLVI.

Of Names.

WHat variety of Herbs ſoever are ſhuffled together in the Diſh, yet the whole Maſs is ſwallow'd up in one name of a Sallet. In like manner, under the conſideration of Names, I will make a hodge-podge of differing Articles. Every Nation has certain Names, that, I know not why, are taken in no good ſenſe, as with us, *John*, *William*, and *Benoiſt*. In the Genealogy of Princes, alſo there ſeems to be certain Names fatally affected, as the *Ptolomies* of *Ægypt*, the *Henry*'s of *England*, the *Charles*'s of *France*, the *Baldwins* of *Flanders*, and the *Williams* of our Ancient *Aquitaine*, from whence, 'tis ſaid, the Name of *Guyenne* has its derivation; which would ſeem far fetch'd, were there not as rude derivations in *Plato* himſelf. 'Tis a very frivolous thing in it ſelf, but nevertheleſs worthy to be recorded for the ſtrangeneſs of it, which is writ by an Eye-witneſs; that *Henry* Duke of *Normandy*, Son of *Henry* the Second, King of *Eng-*

land, making a great Feaſt in *France*, the concourſe of Nobility and Gentry was ſo great, that being, for Sports ſake, divided into Troops, according to their Names, in the firſt Troop, which conſiſted of *Williams*, there were found an Hundred and Ten Knights ſitting at the Table of that Name, without reckoning the ordinary Gentlemen, and their Servants. It is as pleaſant to diſtinguiſh the Tables by the Names of the Gueſts, as it was in the Emperour *Geta*, to diſtinguiſh the ſeveral Courſes of his Meat, by the firſt Letters of the Meats themſelves, where thoſe that began with B, were ſerv'd up together, as Brawn, Beef, Bream, Buſtards and Beccaficos, and ſo of others. Now there is a ſaying, that it is a good thing to have a good Name, that is to ſay, Credit, and a good Repute: But beſides this, it is really convenient, to have ſuch a Name as is eaſie of pronounciation, and eaſie to be remembred; by reaſon, that Kings, and other great Perſons, do by that means the more eaſily know, and the more hardly forget us; and indeed, of our own Servants, we more frequently call and employ thoſe, whoſe Names are moſt ready upon the Tongue. I my ſelf have ſeen *Henry* the Second, when he could not for his heart hit of a Gentlemans Name of our Country of *Gaſcony*; and moreover was fain to call one of the Queen's Maids of Honour, by the general Name of her Family, her own being ſo difficult to pronounce or remember. And *Socrates* thinks it worthy a Fathers Care, to give fine Names

Names to his Children. 'Tis ſaid, that the Foundation of *Noſtre Dame la Grande*, at *Poictiers*, took its Original from hence, That a Debauch'd Young Fellow formerly Living in that place, having got to him a Whore, and at her firſt coming in, asking her Name, and being anſwer'd, that it was *Mary*, he felt himſelf ſo ſuddenly darted through with the Awe of Religion, and the Reverence to that Sacred Name of the Bleſſed Virgin, that he not only immediately put his Lewd Miſtreſs away from him, but became a reformed Man, and ſo continued the remainder of his Life: And that in conſideration of this Miracle, there was Erected upon the place, where this Young Mans Houſe ſtood, firſt a Chappel Dedicated to our Lady, and afterwards the Church that we now ſee ſtanding there. This Auricular Reproof wrought upon the Conſcience, and that right into the Soul: This that follows, inſinuated it ſelf meerly by the ſenſe. *Pythagoras* being in company with ſome wild Young Fellows, and perceiving that, heated with the Feaſt, they complotted to go Violate an Honeſt Houſe, commanded the Singing Wench to alter her Wanton Airs; and by a Solemn, Grave and Spondaick Muſick, gently enchanted and laid aſl ep their Ardour. Will not Poſterity ſay, that our Modern Reformation has been wonderfully exact, in having not only ſcuffled with, and overcome Errors and Vices, and fill'd the World with Devotion, Humility, Obedience, Peace, and all ſorts of

Vertue; but to have proceeded ſo far, as to quarrel with the Ancient Baptiſmal Names of *Charles*, *Lewis*, and *Francis*, to fill the World with *Methuſalems*, *Ezekiels*, and *Malachies*, of a more Scriptural ſound? A Gentleman, a Neighbour of mine, a great Admirer of Antiquity, and who was always preferring the Excellency of preceding Times, in compariſon with this preſent Age of ours, did not (amongſt the reſt) forget to Magnifie the Lofty and Magnificent ſound of the Gentlemen's Names of thoſe Days, *Don Grumedan*, *Quadregan*, *Angeſilan*, &c. which but to hear Nam'd, he perceiv'd to be other kind of Men, than *Pierre*, *Guillot* and *Michel*. I am mightily pleas'd with *Jaques Amiot*, for leaving throughout a whole *French* Oration, the *Latine* Names entire, without varying and diſſecting them, to give them a *French* termination. It ſeem'd a little harſh and rough at firſt: But already Cuſtom, by the Authority of *Plutarch*, (whom he took for his Example) has overcome that Novelty. I have often wiſh'd, that ſuch as write Chronical Hiſtories in *Latine*, would leave our Names as they find them, and as they are, and ought to be, for in making *Vaudemont*, *Vallemontances*, and Metamorphoſing Names, to make them ſuit better with the *Greek* or *Latine*, we know not where we are, and with the perſons of the Men, loſe the benefit of the Story. To conclude, 'tis a ſcurvy Cuſtom, and of very ill conſequence, that we have in our Kingdom of *France*, to call every one by the Name of his Mannor, or

Seigneury,

Seigneury, and the thing in the World that does the moſt prejudice, and confound Families and Deſcents. A Younger Brother of a good Family, having a Mannor left him by his Father, by the Name of which he has been known and Honour'd, cannot handſomely leave it; Ten Years after his Deceaſe, it falls into the hand of a ſtranger, who does the ſame: Do but judge whereabouts we ſhall be, concerning the knowledge of theſe Men. We need look no further for Examples, than our own Royal Family, where every Partage creates a new Sir-name, whilſt in the mean time the Original of the Family is totally loſt. There is ſo great liberty taken in theſe Mutations, that I have not in my time ſeen any one advanc'd by Fortune to any extraordinary condition, who has not preſently had Genealogick Titles added to him, new, and unknown to his Father, and who has not been inoculated into ſome illuſtrious Stem; and by good Luck, the obſcureſt Families, are the moſt proper for Falſification. How many Gentlemen have we in *France*, who, by their own talk, are of Royal Extraction? More I think, than who will confeſs they are not. Was it not a pleaſant paſſage of a Friend of mine? There were a great many Gentlemen aſſembled together, about the diſpute of one Lord of a Mannor, with another; which other had in truth, ſome preheminence of Titles and Alliances, above the ordinary Scheme of Gentry. Upon the Debate of this Priority of Place, every one ſtanding up for himſelf, to make himſelf equal to

him, alledging one one Extraction, another another, one the near reſemblance of Name, another of Arms, another an old worm-eaten Patent, and the leaſt of them, Great-Grandchild to ſome Foreign King. When they came to ſit down to Dinner, my Friend, inſtead of taking his place amongſt them, retiring with moſt profound Congees, entreated the Company to excuſe him, for having hitherto Liv'd with them at the ſawcy rate of a Companion; but being now better inform'd of their Quality, he would begin to pay them the Reſpect due to their Birth and Grandeur, and that it would ill become him to ſit down among ſo many Princes; and ended the Farce with a Thouſand Reproaches. Let us in God's Name ſatisfie our ſelves with what our Fathers were contented, and with what we are: We are great enough, if we rightly underſtand how to maintain it: Let us not diſown the Fortune and Condition of our Anceſtors, and lay aſide theſe ridiculous pretences, that can never be wanting to any one that has the Impudence to alledge them. Arms have no more Security, than Sir-names. I bear *Azure powdered with Trefoiles, Or, with a Lyons Paw of the ſame armed gules in Feſſe.* What Privilege to continue particularly in my Houſe and Name? A Son-in-Law will tranſport it into another Family; or ſome paltry Purchaſer will make them his firſt Arms; there is nothing wherein there is more change and confuſion. But this conſideration leads me perforce into another ſubject. Let us pry a little narrowly

narrowly into, and in Gods name examine upon what foundation we erect this Glory and Reputation, for which the World is turn'd topſy turvy: Wherein do we place this Renown, that we hunt after with ſo great flagrancy, and through ſo many impediments, and ſo much trouble? It is in concluſion, *Peter* or *William* that carries it, takes it into his poſſeſſion, and whom it only concerns. O what a valiant faculty is hope, that in a mortal ſubject, and in a moment makes nothing of uſurping infinity and immenſity, and of ſupplying her Maſters indigence at her pleaſure with all things he can imagine, or deſire! Nature has given us this paſſion for a pretty toy to play withal. And this *Peter* or *William*, what is it but a ſound when all is done? or three or four daſhes with a Pen, ſo eaſie to be varied, that I would fain know to whom is to be attributed the glory of ſo many Victories, to *Gueſquin*, to *Gleſquin*, or to *Gueaquin*? and yet there would be ſomething of greater moment in the caſe, than in *Lucian*, that *Sigma* ſhould ſerve *Tau* with a proceſs for,

——*Non levia, aut ludicra petuntur Præmia.* *Æneid. lib.* 12.

To do brave acts, who has the noble Spirit,
Slights mean rewards, as things below his (merit.

The chace is there in very good earneſt: The queſtion is, which of theſe Letters is to be rewarded for ſo many Sieges, Battels, Wounds, Impriſon-

Impriſonments, and Services done to the Crown of *France*, by this famous Conſtable. *Nicholas Deniſot* never concern'd himſelf further than the Letters of his name, of which he has altered the whole Contexture to build up by Anagram the Count of *Alſinois*, whom he has celebrated with the utmoſt force, and glory of his *Poetry*, and *Painting*. And the Hiſtorian *Suetonius* could be ſatisfied with nothing he Writ, unleſs it might redound to his own particular honour, which made him caſheer his fathers Sirname *Lewis*, to leave *Tranquillus* Succeſſor to the reputation of his writings. Who would believe that Captain *Bayard* ſhould have no honour, but what he derives from *Peter Terrail*; and that *Antonio Eſcalin* ſhould ſuffer himſelf to his face, to be Robb'd of the honour of ſo many Navigations and Commands at Sea and Land by Captain *Paulin* and the Baron *de la Garde*; Theſe are injuries of the Pen, common to a thouſand people. How many are there in every Family of the ſame Name and Sirname? and how many more in ſeveral Families, Ages, and Countries? Hiſtory tells us of three of the name of *Socrates*, of five *Plato*'s, of eight *Ariſtotles*, of ſeven *Xenophons*, of twenty *Demetris*, and of twenty *Theodores*; and how many more ſhe was not acquainted with we may imagine. Who hinders my Groom from calling himſelf *Pompey* the Great? But after all, by what Vertue, what Authority, or what ſecret conveyances are there, that fix upon my deceaſed Groom, or the other *Pompey*, who had

had his Head cut off in *Egypt*, this glorious Renown, and theſe ſo much honoured flouriſhes of the Pen, ſo as to be of any advantage to them?

Id cinerem, & manes credis curare ſepultos? *Æneid. lib. 4.*

Can we believe the Dead regard ſuch things?

What ſenſe have the two Colleagues of the greateſt eſteem amongſt men? *Epaminondas* of this glorious Verſe, that has been ſo many Ages current in his praiſe;

Conſiliis noſtris laus eſt attrita Laconum:

One *Sparta* by my Counſels is o'erthrown.

or *Affricanus* of this other?

A ſole exoriente: ſupra Mœotis Paludes
Nemo eſt, qui factis me æquiparare queat.

From early dawn, unto the ſetting Sun,
No one can match the deeds that I have done.

Survivers indeed tickle themſelves with theſe praiſes, and by them incited to Jealouſie or Deſire, inconſiderately, and according to their own fancy, attribute to the Dead thoſe Vertues themſelves pretend to moſt: God knows how vainly flattering themſelves, that they ſhall one day in turn be capable of the ſame Characters: however

——*Ad*

Juvenal. Sat. 10. ——— ——— ——— *Ad hæc ſe*
Romanus, Grajuſque & Barbarus, *Induperator*
Erexit, cauſas diſcriminis, atque laboris
Inde habuit, tanto major famæ ſitis eſt, quam
Virtutis.

Greek, Roman and *Barbarian* Chiefs to theſe,
Devote their Valour and Contrivances,
And to that Greedineſs of Glory owe
The Dangers and Fatigues they undergo;
So much more Potent is the Thirſt of Fame,
Than that of Vertue.

CHAP. XLVII.

Of the Incertainty of our Judgment.

IT was well ſaid of the Poet,

Homer Iliad. 20. Ἐπὶων δὲ πολὺς νόμος ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα.

There is every where liberty of Arguing enough, and enough to be ſaid on both ſides: For Example,

Petrar. Son. 83. *Vince* Annibal', *& non ſeppe uſar' poi*
Ben la vittorioſa ſua ventura.

Hannibal Conquer'd; but was not Wiſe
To make the beſt uſe of his Victories.

Such as would improve this Argument, and condemn the overſight of our Leaders in not puſhing

puſhing home the Victory at *Moncontour*; or accuſe the King of *Spain* of not knowing how to make his beſt uſe of the advantage he had againſt us at St. *Quintin*, may conclude theſe overſights to proceed from a Soul already drunk with ſucceſs, or from a Courage, which being full, and overgorg'd with this beginning of good Fortune, had loſt the appetite of adding to it, already having enough to do to digeſt what it had taken in: He has his Arms full, and can embrace no more: unworthy of the benefit conferr'd upon him, and the advantage ſhe had put into his hands: for what utility does he reap from it, if notwithſtanding he give his Enemy reſpite to rally to recover his aſtoniſhment, and to make head againſt him? What hope is there that he will dare at another time to attack an Enemy reunited, and recompos'd, and arm'd anew with Spite and Revenge, who did not dare to purſue him when routed, and unmann'd by fear?

Dum fortuna calet, dum conficit omnia terror. *Lucret. l. 7.*

Whilſt Fortune's in the heat, and Terror does
More than their ſharpeſt Swords ſubdue their
(Foes.

But withal, what better opportunity can he expect, than that he has loſt? 'Tis not here, as in Fencing, where the moſt hits gain the Prize: For ſo long as the Enemy is on foot, the Game is new to begin, and that is not to be call'd a Victory, that puts not an end to the War.

War. In the encounter where *Caſar* had the worſe, near to the City of *Oricum*, he reproach'd *Pompey*'s Souldiers, that he had been loſt, had their General known how to overcome; and afterwards claw'd him away in turn. But why may not a man alſo argue on the contrary, that it is the effect of a precipitous, and inſatiate Spirit, not to know how to bound, and reſtrain its ardour: that it is to abuſe the favours of God to exceed the meaſure he has preſcrib'd them: and that again to throw a Mans ſelf into danger, after a Victory obtain'd, is again to expoſe himſelf to the mercy of Fortune: and that it is one of the greateſt diſcretions in the Rule of War, not to drive an Enemy to deſpair. *Sylla* and *Marius* in the Aſſociate War having defeated the *Marſians*; ſeeing yet a Body of Reſerve, that prompted by Deſpair, was coming on like enraged Brutes to charge in upon them, thought it not convenient to ſtand their charge. Had not Monſieur *de Foix* his ardour tranſported him ſo precipitouſly to purſue the remains of the Victory of *Ravenna*, he had not obſcur'd it by his own Death. And yet the recent memory of his Example ſerv'd to preſerve Monſieur *d' Anguien* from the ſame misfortune at the Battel of *Seriſoles*. 'Tis dangerous to attack a Man you have depriv'd of all means to eſcape, but by his Arms: for neceſſity teaches violent reſolutions: *Graviſſimi ſunt morſus irritatæ neceſſitatis*; enrag'd neceſſity bites deep.

Porti. Lat. in Decla.

Vincitur

Vincitur haud gratis jugulò qui provocat hoſtem. *Luc. lib. 4. Mayes Luc.*
The Foe that meets the Sword ne'er gratis Dies.

This was it that made *Pharax* withhold the King of *Lacedæmon*, who had won a Battel of the *Mantineans*, from going to Charge a Thouſand *Argians*, who were eſcap'd in an entire Body from the defeat; but rather let them ſteal off at liberty, that he might not encounter Valour whetted and enrag'd by miſchance. *Clodomire*, King of *Aquitaine*, after his Victory purſuing *Gondemar*, King of *Burgundy*, beaten, and making off as faſt as he could for ſafety, compell'd him to face about, and make head, wherein his obſtinacy depriv'd him of the fruit of his Conqueſt, for he there loſt his Life.

In like manner, if a Man were to chooſe, whether he would have his Souldiers *Ainquans*, and richly accoutred with Damaskt Arms, or arm'd only for neceſſary defence; this argument would ſtep in, in favour of the firſt (of which Opinion was *Sertorius*, *Philopemen*, *Brutus*, *Cæſar*, and others) that it is to a Souldier an enflaming of Courage, and a ſpur to Glory, to ſee himſelf brave; and withal an imitation to be more obſtinate in Fight, having his Arms, which are in a manner his Eſtate, and whole Inheritance to defend, which is the reaſon (ſays *Xenophon*) why thoſe of *Aſia*, carried their Wives, Concubines, with their choiceſt Jewels, and greateſt Wealth along with

with them to the Wars. But then theſe arguments would be as ready to ſtand up for the other ſide, that a General ought rather to render his Men careleſs and deſperate, than to encreaſe their ſolicitude of preſerving themſelves: That by this means they will be in a double fear of hazarding their perſons; as it will be a double temptation to the Enemy, to fight with greater Reſolution, where ſo great booty and ſo rich ſpoils are to be obtain'd: And this very thing has been obſerv'd in former times, notably to encourage the *Romans* againſt the *Samnites*. *Antiochus* ſhewing *Hannibal* the Army he had raiſed wonderfully ſplendid, and Rich in all ſorts of Equipage; askt him, if the *Romans* would be ſatisfied with that Army? Satisfied? replied the other, yes doubtleſs were their Avarice never ſo great. *Lycurgus* not only forbad his Souldiers all manner of Bravery in their Equipage, but moreover to ſtrip their Conquer'd Enemies, becauſe he would (as he ſaid) that Poverty, and Frugality ſhould ſhine with the reſt of the Battel.

At Sieges, and elſewhere, where occaſion draws us near to the Enemy, we willing ſuffer our Men to Brave, Rate, and Affront the Enemy with all ſorts of injurious Language; and not without ſome colour of reaſon: For it is of no little conſequence, to take from them all hopes of Mercy, and Compoſition, in repreſenting to them, that there is no fair Quarter to be expected from an Enemy, they have incens'd to that degree, nor other Remedy remaining,

maining, but in the Victory. And yet *Vitellius* found himſelf deceiv'd in this way of proceeding; for having to do with *Otho*, weaker in the valour of his Souldiers, of long unaccuſtomed to War, and effeminated with the delights of the City; he ſo nettled them at laſt with injurious Language, reproaching them with Cowardize, and the regret of the Miſtreſſes, and entertainments they had left behind at *Rome*, that by this means he inſpir'd them with ſuch reſolution, as no exhortation had had the power to have done; and himſelf made them fall upon him, with whom their own Captains before could by no means prevail. And indeed when they are Injuries that touch to the quick, it may very well fall out, that he who went but ill-favour'dly to work in the behalf of his Prince, will fall to't with another ſort of Mettle, when the quarrel is his own.

To conſider of how great importance is the preſervation of the General of an Army, and that the Univerſal aim of an Enemy is levell'd directly at the head, upon which all the others depend; the advice ſeems to admit of no diſpute, which we know has been taken by ſo many great Captains of changing their habit, and diſguiſing their perſons upon the point of going to engage. Nevertheleſs the inconvenience a Man by ſo doing runs into, is not leſs than that he thinks to avoid: For the Captain by this means being conceal'd from the knowledg of his own Men, the Courage they ſhould derive from his Preſence and Example, hap-

pens by degrees to cool and to decay; and not ſeeing the wonted * Marks, and Enſigns of their Leader, they preſently conclude him either Dead, or that, deſpairing of the buſineſs, he is gone to ſhift for himſelf; and experience ſhews us that both theſe ways have been both ſucceſsful, and otherwiſe. What befell *Pyrrhus* in the Battel he fought againſt the Conſul *Levinus* in *Italy*, will ſerve us to both purpoſes: For though by ſhrouding his perſon under the Arms of *Demogacles*, and making him wear his own, he undoubtedly preſerved his own Life, yet by that very means he was withal very near running into the other miſchief of loſing the Battel. *Alexander*, *Cæſar*, and *Lucullus*, lov'd to make themſelves known in a Battel, by Rich Furnitures, and Arms of a particular Luſtre and Colour: *Agis*, *Ageſilaus*, and that great *Gilippus* on the contrary us'd to Fight obſcurely Armed, and without any imperial attendance, or diſtinction.

* As at the Battel of *Ivry*, in the perſon of *Henry the Great.*

Amongſt other overſights *Pompey* is charg'd withal, at the Battel of *Pharſalia*, he is condemned for making his Army ſtand ſtill to receive the Enemies Charge; by reaſon that (I ſhall here ſteal *Plutarch*'s own words, that are better than mine) he by ſo doing, depriv'd himſelf of the violent impreſſion, the motion of running adds to the firſt ſhock of Arms, and hindred the juſtle of the Combatants (who were wont to give great impetuoſity, and fury to the firſt Encounter; eſpecially when this came to ruſh in with their utmoſt

moſt Vigour, their Courages increaſing by the Shouts and the Career) rendering the Soldiers Animoſity, and Ardour, as a Man may ſay, more reſerv'd, and cold. This is what he ſays: But if *Cæſar* had come by the worſe, why might it not as well have been urg'd by another, that, on the contrary the ſtrongeſt, and moſt ſteady poſture of Fighting, is that wherein a Man ſtands planted firm without motion; and that who makes a halt upon their march, cloſing up, and reſerving their force within themſelves for the puſh of the buſineſs, have a great advantage againſt thoſe who are diſordered, and who have already ſpent half their breath in running on precipitouſly to the charge? Beſides, that an Army being a Body made up of ſo many individual Members, it is impoſſible for it to move in this fury with ſo exact a motion, as not to break the order of Battel, and that the beſt of Foot are not engag'd, before their Fellows can come in to relieve them. In that unnatural Battel betwixt the two *Perſian* Brothers, the *Lacedæmonian Clearchus*, who commanded the *Greeks* of *Cyrus*'s party, led them on ſoftly, and without precipitation, to the Charge; but coming within fifty paces hurried them on full ſpeed, hoping in ſo ſhort a Carreer, both to look to their order, to husband their breath, and at the ſame time to give an advantage of violence, and impreſſion both to their perſons, and their miſſile Arms: Others have regulated this queſtion in charging thus; if your Enemy come running upon you, ſtand firm to re-

ceive him; if he ſtand to receive you, run full drive upon him.

In the Expedition of the Emperour *Charles* the Fifth into *Provence*, King *Francis* was put to chooſe either to go meet him in *Italy*, or to expect him in his own Dominions; wherein, though he very well conſidered of how great advantage it was, to preſerve his own Territories entire, and clear from the troubles, and inconveniences of the War, to the end that being unexhauſted of her ſtores, it might continually ſupply Men, and Money at need, that the neceſſity of War requires at every turn to ſpoil, and lay waſte the Country before them, which cannot very well be done upon ones own; to which may be added that the Country people do not ſo eaſily digeſt ſuch a havock by thoſe of their own party, as from an Enemy, ſo that Seditions and Commotions might by ſuch means be kindled amongſt us; that the Licence of Pillage and Plunder (which are not to be tolerated at home) is a great eaſe and refreſhment againſt the fatigues, and ſufferings of War; and that who has no other proſpect of gain, than his bare pay, will hardly be kept from running home, being but two ſteps from his Wife, and his own Houſe: That he who lays the Cloath, is ever at the charge of the Feaſt: That there is more Alacrity in aſſaulting than defending, and that the ſhock of a Battels loſs in our own Bowels, is ſo violent as to endanger the disjointing of the whole Body, there being no paſſion ſo contagious as that of fear; that is ſo eaſily believ'd,

liev'd, or that ſo ſuddenly diffuſes its Poiſon; and that the Cities that ſhould hear the Rattle of this Tempeſt, that ſhould take in their Captains, and Souldiers yet trembling and out of breath, would be in danger in this heat and hurry, to precipitate themſelves upon ſome untoward reſolution: Notwithſtanding all this, ſo it was, that he choſe to recall the Forces he had beyond the Mountains, and to ſuffer the Enemy to come to him. For he might on the other ſide imagine, that being at home and amongſt his Friends, he could not fail of plenty of all manner of conveniences; the Rivers, and Paſſes he had at his Devotion, would bring him in both Proviſions and Money in all ſecurity, and without the trouble of Convoy; that he ſhould find his ſubjects by ſo much the more affectionate to him, by how much their danger was more near and preſſing; that having ſo many Cities and ſtops to ſecure him, it would be in his power to give the Law of Battel at his own opportunity and beſt advantage; and if it pleas'd him to delay the time, that under covert, and at his own eaſe, he might ſee his Enemy founder, and defeat himſelf with the difficulties he was certain to encounter, being engag'd in an Enemies Country, where before, behind, and on every ſide War would be made upon him; no means to refreſh himſelf or to enlarge his Quarters, ſhould Diſeaſes infeſt them, or to lodge his wounded Men in ſafety: No Money, no Victuals, but all at the point of the Launce; no leiſure to repoſe and take breath, no know-

ledge of the ways, or Country to ſecure him from Ambuſhes and Surprizes: And in caſe of loſing a Battel, no poſſible means of ſaving the remains. Neither is there want of Example in both theſe caſes. *Scipio* thought it much better to go attack his Enemies Territories in *Africk*, than to ſtay at home to defend his own, and to Fight him in *Italy*, and it ſucceeded well with him: But on the contrary, *Hamibal* in the ſame War ruin'd himſelf, by abandoning the Conqueſt of a ſtrange Country, to go defend his own. The *Athenians* having left the Enemy in their own Dominions, to go over into *Sicily*, were not favoured by Fortune in their deſign; but *Agathocles* King of *Syracuſe*, found her favourable to him, when he went over into *Africk*, and left the War at home. By which Examples, and divers others, we are wont to conclude, and with ſome reaſon, that events, eſpecially in War, do for the moſt part depend upon Fortune, who will not be govern'd by, nor ſubmit unto humane prudence; according to the Poet.

Manil. Aſtron. lib. 4. *Et male conſultis pretium eſt, prudentia fallax,*
Nec fortuna probat cauſas, ſequiturque merentes:
Sed vaga per cunctos nullo diſcrimine fertur.
Scilicet eſt aliud quod nos cogatque, regatque
Majus, & in proprias ducat mortalia leges.

Prudence deceitful and uncertain is,
Ill Counſels ſometimes hit, where good ones miſs;

Nor

Nor yet does Fortune the beſt Cauſe approve,
But wildly does without diſtinction Rove.
So that ſome greater and more conſtant Cauſe,
Rules and Subjects us to more powerful Laws.

But if things hit right; it ſhould ſeem that our Counſels and Deliberations depend as much upon Fortune, as any thing elſe we do, and that ſhe engages our very Reaſon and Arguments, in her uncertainty and confuſion. We Argue raſhly and adventurouſly, ſays *Timæus* in *Plato*, by reaſon that, as well as our ſelves, our Diſcourſes have great participation with the Temerity of Chance.

CHAP. XLVIII.

Of Horſes dreſs'd to the Menage, call'd Deſtriers.

I Am now become a *Grammarian*; I who never Learn'd any Language but by Rote, and who do not yet know *Adjective*, *Conjunction*, or *Ablative*. I think I have Read, that the *Romans* had a ſort of Horſes by them call'd *Funales*, or *Dextrarios*, which were either Led-Horſes, or Horſes laid in at ſeveral Stages to be taken freſh upon occaſion; and thence it is, that we call our Horſes of Service, *Deſtriers*: And our Romances commonly uſe the Phraſe of *deſtrer* for *accompagner*, to accompany. They alſo call'd ſuch as were dreſs'd in

ſuch ſort, that running full ſpeed ſide by ſide without Bridle or Saddle, the *Roman* Gentlemen Arm'd at all pieces, would ſhift, and throw themſelves from the one to the other, *deſultorios equos.* The *Numidian* Men at Arms, had always a Led-Horſe in one Hand, beſides that they Rode upon, to change in the heat of Battel: *Quibus, deſultorum in modum, binos trahentibus equos, inter accerrimam ſæpe pugnam in recentem equum ex feſſo armatis, tranſultare, mos erat. Tanta velocitas ipſis, tamque docile equorum genus.* Whoſe uſe it was, leading along two Horſes after the manner of the *Deſultorum,* Arm'd as they were, in the heat of Fight, to vault from a tir'd Horſe to a freſh one; ſo Active were the Men and the Horſes ſo Docile. There are many Horſes train'd up to help their Riders, ſo as to run upon any one that appears with a drawn Sword, to fall both with Mouth and Heels upon any that front or oppoſe them: But it oft falls out, that they do more harm to their Friends than their Enemies; conſidering that you cannot looſe them from their hold, to reduce them again into order, when they are once engag'd and grappled; by which means you remain at the Mercy of their ſenſeleſs Quarrel. It happened very ill to *Artibius* General of the *Perſian* Army, Fighting Man to Man with *Oneſilus* King of *Salamis,* to be Mounted upon a Horſe dreſt after this manner, it being the occaſion of his Death; the Squire of *Oneſilus* cleaving him down with a Scyth betwixt the Shoulders, as the Horſe was rear'd up upon his Maſter. And what

Livius l. 23.

what the *Italians* report, that in the Battel of *Fornoue*, King *Charles* his Horſe, with Kicks and Plunges diſengag'd his Maſter from the Enemy, that preſt upon him, without which he had been Slain, ſounds odly, and he ran a very great hazard, and came ſtrangely off, if it be true. The *Mamalukes* made their Boaſt, that they had the moſt ready Horſes of any Cavalry in the World; that by nature and cuſtom they were taught to know and diſtinguiſh the Enemy, they were to fall foul upon with Mouth and Heels, according to a Word or Sign given: As alſo to gather up with their Teeth Darts and Launces ſcatter'd upon the Field, and preſent them to their Riders, as they ſhould have occaſion to uſe them. 'Tis ſaid, both of *Cæſar* and *Pompey*, that amongſt other excellent Qualities they were Maſters of, they were both excellent Horſemen and particularly of *Cæſar*, that in his Youth, being Mounted on the bare Back, without Saddle, or Bridle, he could make him run, ſtop and turn, and perform all his Airs, with his hands behind him. As nature deſign'd to make of his Perſon, and of *Alexander* two Miracles of Military Art, ſo one would ſay, ſhe had done her utmoſt to Arm them after an extraordinary manner: For every one knows, that *Alexander*'s Horſe *Bucephalus* had a head enclining to the ſhape of a Bull, that he would ſuffer himſelf to be Mounted and Govern'd by none but his Maſter, and that he was ſo Honour'd after his Death, as to have a City erected to his Name. *Cæſar* had alſo

another, who had Fore-feet like the Hands of a Man, his Hoof being divided in the form of Fingers, who likewiſe was not to be Ridden by any but *Caeſar* himſelf; who after his Death dedicated his Statue to the Goddeſs *Venus.* I do not willingly alight when I am once on Horſe-back; for it is the place where, whether well, or ſick, I find my ſelf moſt at eaſe. *Plato* recommends it for health, as alſo *Pliny* ſays it is good for the Stomach, and the Joints. We read in *Xenophon* a Law, forbidding any one who was Maſter of a Horſe to Travel on Foot. *Troglus* and *Juſtinus* ſay, That the *Parthians* were wont to perform all Offices and Ceremonies, not only in War, but alſo all Affairs, whether publick or private, make Bargains, conferr, entertain, take the Air, and all on Horſe-back; and that the greateſt diſtinction betwixt Free-men and Slaves amongſt them, was, that the one rode on Horſe-back, and the other went on Foot: An Inſtitution of which, King *Cyrus* was the founder. There are ſeveral Examples in the *Roman* Hiſtory, (and *Suetonius* more particularly obſerves it of *Caeſar*,) of Captains, who in preſſing occaſions Commanded their Cavalry to alight, both by that means to take from them all hopes of Flight, as alſo for the advantage they hop'd for in this ſort of Fight. *Quo haud dubie ſuperat* Romanus. Wherein the *Romans* did queſtionleſs excel: So ſays *Livie*; however the firſt thing they did to prevent the Mutinies and Inſurrections of Nations of late Conqueſt, was to take from them their

Liv. l. 3.

Arms

Arms and Horſes: And therefore it is that we ſo often meet in *Cæſar*: *Arma proferri, jumenta produci, obſides dari jubet.* He commanded the Arms to be produc'd, the Horſes brought out, and Hoſtages to be given. The *Grand Signior* to this Day, ſuffers not a Chriſtian, or a *Jew*, to keep a Horſe of his own, throughout his Empire. Our Anceſtors, at the time they had War with the *Engliſh*, in all their greateſt Engagements, and pitch'd Battels, fought for the moſt part on Foot, that they might have nothing but their own Force, Courage and Conſtancy, to truſt to, in a Quarrel of ſo great Concern, as Life and Honour. You ſtake (whatever *Chryſantes* in *Xenophon* ſays to the contrary,) your Valour, and your Fortune, upon that of your Horſe, his Wound or Death, brings your Perſon into the ſame danger; his Fear or Fury, ſhall make you reputed Raſh or Cowardly; if he have an ill Mouth, or will not anſwer to the Spur, your Honour muſt anſwer it: And therefore I do not think it ſtrange, that thoſe Battels I ſpoke of before, were more firm and furious, than thoſe that are Fought on Horſe-back. *Cæſars Com.*

——— *Cedebant pariter, pariterque ruebant.* *Virg. Æne.*
Victores victique, neque his fuga nota, neque illis. *id. lib.* 10.

They charg'd together, and did ſo retreat
The Victors, and the vanquiſhed; nor yet
The knack of running was unto the one,
Or to the other of the Parties known.

Their

Their Battels were much better diſputed: Now adays there are nothing but Roots: *primus clamor, atque impetus rem decernit.* The firſt ſhout or the firſt charge puts an end to the buſineſs: And the Arms we chooſe to make uſe of in ſo great a hazard, ſhould be as much as poſſible at our own command: Wherefore I ſhould adviſe to chooſe them of the ſhorteſt ſort, and ſuch of which we are able to give the beſt account. A man may repoſe more confidence in a Sword he holds in his Hand, than in a Bullet he diſcharges out of a Piſtol, wherein there muſt be a concurrence of ſeveral executions, to make it perform its office, the Powder, the Stone, and the Wheel, if any of which fail, it at leſt endangers your Fortune; A Man ſtrikes much ſurer, than the Air directs him.

Lucan. l. 8. *Et quo ferre velint permittere vulnera ventis,*
Enſis habet vires, & gens quæcunque virorum eſt
Bella gerit gladiis.

Mr. May's Tranſ.

——— ——— Far off with Bows
They ſhoot, and where it liſts the wind beſtows
Their wounds: but Fight of Sword does ſtrength require,
All Manly Nations the Sword fight deſire.

But of that Weapon I ſhall ſpeak more fully, when I come to compare the Arms of the Ancients with thoſe of modern uſe, though by the way, the aſtoniſhment of the ear abated, which every one grows familiar with in a little time,

I look

I look upon it as a Weapon of very lettle execution, and hope we ſhall one day lay it aſide. That miſſile Weapon which the *Italians* formerly made uſe of both with Fire and without, was much more terrible: They called a certain kind of *Javeline* Armed at the point with an Iron three foot long, that it might pierce through and through an Armed Man, *Phalarica*, which they ſometimes in Field-ſervice darted by hand; ſometimes from ſeveral ſorts of Engines for the defence of beleagured places: The ſhaft whereof being roul'd round with Flax, Wax, Rozin, Oyl, and other combuſtible matter, took Fire in its flight, and lighting upon the Body of a Man, or his Targuet, took away all the uſe of Arms and Limbs. And yet coming to cloſe fight, I ſhould think they ſhould alſo endamage the Aſſailant, and that the Camp being as it were planted with theſe Flaming *Truncheons*, ſhould produce a common inconvenience to the whole crowd.

——*Magnum ſtridens contorta Phalarica venit Fulminis acta modo.*—— *Virg. Æneid. 9.*

The Comet like *Phalarica* does fly,
With a huge noiſe like lightning through the (Sky,

They had moreover other devices which cuſtom made them perfect in (which will ſeem incredible to us who have not ſeen them) by which they ſupply'd the effects of our powder and ſhot. They darted their Piles with ſo great violence,

violence, as oft-times transfixt two Targuets, and two Armed Men at once, and pinn'd them together. Neither was the effect of their ſlings leſs certain of execution, or of ſhorter carriage: *Saxis globoſis funda, mare apertum inceſſantes: coronas modici circuli magno ex intervallo loci aſſueti trajicere: non capita modo hoſtium vulnerabant, ſed quem locum deſtinaſſent.* Culling round ſtones from the ſhoar for their ſlings: and with them practiſing at a great diſtance to throw through a Circle of very ſmall circumference, they would not only wound an Enemy in the head; but hit any other part at pleaſure. Their pieces of Battery had not only the Execution, but the thunder of our Cannon alſo: *ad ictus mœnium cum terribili ſonitu editos, pavor, & trepidatio cœpit.* At the Battery of the Walls, which is performed with a dreadful noiſe, the defendants began to fear and tremble within. The *Gauls* our Kinſmen in *Aſia*, abominated theſe treacherous miſſile Arms, it being their uſe to fight with greater Bravery Hand to Hand. *Non tam patentibus plagis moventur, ubi latior, quam altior plaga eſt, etiam glorioſius ſe pugnare putant: iidem quum aculeus ſagittæ aut glandis abditæ introrſus tenui vulnere in ſpeciem urit: tum in rabiem & pudorem tam parvæ perimentis peſtis verſi, proſternunt corpora humi:* They are not ſo much concern'd at large wounds, when a wound is wider than deep, they think they have fought with greater glory: But when they find themſelves tormented within, under the aſpect of a ſlight wound, with the point of a Dart,

Liv. l. 38.

Id. Ibid.

Id. Ibid.

Dart, or ſome concealed glandulous Body, then tranſported with fury and ſhame, to periſh by ſo ſmall, and contemptible an Officer of death, they fall to the ground; an expreſſion of ſomething very like a harquebuſe ſhot. The ten thouſand *Greeks* in their long and famous retreat, met with a Nation who very much gall'd them with great and ſtrong Bows, carrying Arrows ſo long, that taking them up one might return them back like a Dart, and with them pierce a Buckler, and an Armed Man through and through. The Engines of *Dionyſius* his invention at *Syracuſa*, to ſhoot, vaſt maſſy Darts, and Stones of a prodigious greatneſs with ſo great impetuoſity, and at ſo great a diſtance, came very near to our modern inventions. But in this diſcourſe of Horſes and Horſemanſhip, we are not to forget the pleaſant poſture of one *Maiſtre Pierre Pol*, a Doctor of Divinity, upon his Mule, whom *Menſtrelet* reports always to have rid aſide through the ſtreets of *Paris* like a Woman. He ſays alſo elſewhere, that the *Gaſcons* had terrible Horſes, that would wheel, and make the *Pirouette* in their full ſpeed, which the *French*, *Picards*, *Dutch*, and *Brabanters* lookt upon as a Miracle, having never ſeen the like before; which are his very words. *Cæſar* ſpeaking of the *Swedes*; in the charges they make on Horſe-back, ſays he, they often throw themſelves off to fight on foot, having taught their Horſes not to ſtir in the mean time from the place, to which they preſently run again upon occaſion; and according to

their

their cuſtom, nothing is ſo unmanly, and ſo baſe as to uſe Saddles, or Pads, and they deſpiſe ſuch as make uſe of thoſe conveniences: inſomuch that being but a very few in number, they fear not to attack a great many. That which I have formerly wondred at, to ſee a Horſe made to perform all his Airs with a Switch only, and the Reins upon his Neck, was common with the *Maſſilians*, who rid their Horſes without Saddle or Bridle.

Æneid. l. 4. *Et gens quæ nudo reſidens Maſſilia dorſo,*
Ora levi flectit, frænorum neſcia virgâ.
Et numidæ infræni cingunt.

Maſſilians who on the bare Backs do ride,
And with a Switch, not knowing Bridles, (guide
The menag'd Steed, and fierce *Numidians* too
That uſe no Rein, begirt us round.

Liv. l. 35. *Equi ſine frænis, deformis ipſe curſus, rigida cervice, & extento capite currentium.* The Career of a Horſe without a Bridle muſt needs be ungrateful, his Neck being extended ſtiff, and his Noſe thruſt out. King *Alphonſo*, he who firſt inſtituted the Order *des Chevaliers de la Bande*, or *de l' Eſcharpe* in *Spain*, amongſt other rules of the Order gave them this, That they ſhould never ride Mule or Mulet, upon penalty of a Mark of Silver; which I had lately out of *Guevara*'s Letters; which whoever gave them the title of Golden Epiſtles, had another kind of opinion of them than I have, and

and perhaps ſaw more in them than I do. The Courtier ſays, that till his time it was a diſgrace to a Gentleman to ride one of theſe Creatures: But the *Abyſſines* on the contrary, as they are nearer advanc'd to the perſon of *Preſter John*, do affect to be mounted upon large Mules, for the greateſt dignity and grandeur. *Xenophon* tells us, that the *Aſſyrians* were fain to keep their Horſes fetter'd in the Stable, they were ſo fierce and vicious: and that it requir'd ſo much time to looſe and harneſs them, that to avoid any diſorder this tedious preparation might bring upon them, in caſe of ſurprize, they never ſat down in their Camp, till it was firſt well fortified with Ditches and Rampires. His *Cyrus*, who was ſo great a Maſter in all manner of Horſe Service, kept his Horſes to their ordinary, and never ſuffer'd them to have any thing to eat till firſt they had earn'd it by the ſweat of ſome kind of exerciſe. The *Scythians* when in the Field, and in ſcarcity of proviſions, us'd to let their Horſes bloud, which they drank, and ſuſtain'd themſelves by that diet.

Venit & epoto Sarmata paſtus equo. *Mart. l. 2.*

The *Scythian* alſo comes without remorſe,
Having before quafft up his bleeding Horſe.

Thoſe of *Crotta* being beſieg'd by *Metellus*, were in ſo great neceſſity for drink, that they were fain to quench their thirſt with their Horſes Urine: and to ſhew how much better cheap the *Turkiſh* Armies ſupport themſelves

than our *European* Forces, 'tis ſaid, that beſides that the Souldiers drink nothing but Water, and eat nothing but Rice and Salt Fleſh pulveriz'd (of which every one may eaſily carry about with him a months proviſion) they know how to feed upon the Bloud of their Horſes, as well as the *Moſcovite* and *Tartar*, and ſalt it for their uſe. Theſe new diſcover'd people of the *Indies*, when the *Spaniards* firſt landed amongſt them, had ſo great an opinion both of the Men and Horſes, that they lookt upon the firſt as Gods, and the other Animals enobled above their nature. Inſomuch that after they were ſubdu'd, coming to ſue for Peace, and to bring them Gold and Proviſions, they fail'd not to preſent of the ſame to the Horſes, with the ſame kind of harangue to them, they had made to the other; interpreting their neighing for a language of Truce and Friendſhip. In theſe nearer *Indies*, to ride upon an Elephant was the firſt place of Honour, the ſecond to ride in a Coach with four Horſes, the third to ride upon a Camel, and the laſt to be carried, or drawn, by one Horſe only. Some one of our late Writers tells us, that he has been in a Country in thoſe parts, where they ride upon Oxen with Pads, Stirrups, and Bridles, and very much at their eaſe. *Quintus Fabius Maximus Rutilianus* in a Battel with the *Samnites*, ſeeing his Horſe, after three or four Charges, had fail'd of breaking into the Enemies battalion, took his courſe, to make them unbridle all their Horſes, ſo that having nothing to check their Career, they might through

through Weapons and Men, open the way to his foot, who by that means gave them a bloudy defeat. The ſame command was given by *Quintus Fulvius Flaccus* againſt the *Celtiberians*: *Id cum majore vi equorum facietis, ſi effrœnatos in hoſtes equos immittatis: quod ſæpe Romanos equites cum laude feciſſe memoriæ proditum eſt. Detractiſque frœnis bis ultro citroque cum magna ſtrage hoſtium, infractis omnibus haſtis, tranſcurrerunt.* You will do your buſineſs with greater advantage of your Horſes ſtrength, if you ſpur them unbridled upon the Enemy, as it is recorded the *Roman* Horſe to their great Glory have often done. And their Bits being pull'd off without breaking a Launce, to have charg'd through and through, with greater ſlaughter of the Enemy: The Duke of *Moſcovie* was anciently oblig'd to pay this reverence to the *Tartars*, that when they ſent any one Embaſſy to him, he went out to meet them on foot, and preſented them with a Mazer, or Goblet of Mares Milk (a beverage of greateſt eſteem amongſt them) and ſo great, that if in Drinking, a drop fell by chance upon the Horſes Main, they thought themſelves indiſpenſably bound to lick it off with their Tongue: The Army that *Bajazet* had ſent into *Ruſſia*, was overwhelm'd with ſo dreadful a Tempeſt of Snow, that to ſhelter, and preſerve themſelves from ſtarving, many ript up, and embowell'd their Horſes, to creep into their Bellies, and enjoy the benefit of that Vital heat. *Bajazet*, after that furious Battel wherein he was overthrown by *Tamerlain*, was in a hope- *Liv. l.* 40.

ful way of ſecuring his own perſon by the fleetneſs of an *Arabian* Mare he had under him, had he not been conſtrain'd to let her drink her fill at the ford of a River in his way, which render'd her ſo heavy and indiſpos'd, that he was afterwards eaſily overtaken by thoſe that purſu'd him: They ſay indeed that to let a Horſe ſtale takes him off his mettle, but I ſhould rather have thought that drinking would have refreſht her, and reviv'd her ſpirits: *Cræſus* marching his Army through certain furrs near *Sardis*, met with an infinite number of Serpents, which the Horſes devoured with great appetite, and which *Herodotus* ſays was a prodigy of ominous portent to his affairs. We call a Horſe *Cheval entier*, that has his Main, Ears, and other parts entire, and no other will paſs muſter. The *Lacedæmonians* having defeated the *Athenians* in *Sicily*, returning triumphant from the victory into the City of *Syracuſa*, amongſt other inſolencies, caus'd all the Horſes they had taken to be ſhorn, and led in triumph. *Alexander* fought with a Nation call'd *Daæ*; a people whoſe Diſcipline it was to march two and two together, Arm'd on Horſe-back to the War, and being in Fight one always alighted, and ſo they fought one while on Horſe-back and another on Foot, one after another by turns. I do not think that for graceful riding, any Nation in the World excells the *French*; though a good Horſeman, according to our way of ſpeaking, ſeems rather to reſpect the Courage of the Man than his Horſemanſhip

and

and addreſs in riding. Of all that ever I ſaw the moſt knowing in that Art, that had the beſt ſeat, and the beſt method in breaking Horſes, was *Monſieur de Carnevalet* who ſerved our King *Henry* the Second: I have ſeen a Man ride with both his feet upon the Saddle, take off his Saddle, and at his return take it up again, refit, and remount it, riding all the while full ſpeed: having Gallopt over a Bonnet, make at it very good ſhoots, backwards with his Bow, take up any thing from the ground, ſetting one foot down and the other in the Stirrup; with twenty other Apes-tricks, which he got his living by. There has been ſeen in my time at *Conſtantinople* two Men upon an Horſe, who in the height of his ſpeed would throw themſelves off, and into the Saddle again by turn, and one who Bridled and Saddled his Horſe with nothing but his Teeth. Another who betwixt two Horſes, one foot upon one Saddle, and another upon the other, carrying another upon his Shoulders; would ride full carcer, the other ſtanding bolt upright upon him, making very good ſhoots with his Bow. Several who would ride full ſpeed with their heels upward, and their Hands upon the Saddle betwixt ſeveral *Scymiters*, with the points upward fixt in the Harneſs. When I was a Boy, the Prince of *Salmona*, riding a rough Horſe at *Naples* to all his Airs, held Reals under his Knees and Toes; as if they had been nail'd there, to ſhew the firmneſs of his Seat.

CHAP. XLIX.

Of Ancient Cuſtoms.

I Should willingly pardon our people for admitting no other pattern, or rule of perfection, than their own peculiar manners and cuſtoms. It being a common Vice, not of the vulgar only, but almoſt of all Men, to walk in the Beaten Road, their Anceſtors have trod before them: I am content when they ſee *Fabritius* or *Lelius*, that they look upon their Countenance and Behaviour as Barbarous, ſeeing they are neither Cloath'd, nor Faſhion'd according to our Mode. But I find fault with their ſingularity, when it arrives to that degree of indiſcretion, as to ſuffer themſelves to be impos'd upon by authority of the preſent Uſance, as every Month to alter their Opinion, if cuſtom ſo require, and that they ſhould ſo vary their judgment in their own particular concern: When they wore the Belly-pieces of their Doublets up as high as their Breaſts, they ſtifly maintain'd that they were in their proper place: Some Years after they were ſlipt down betwixt their Thighs, and then they could laugh at the former faſhion as uneaſie and intolerable. The faſhion now in uſe, makes them abſolutely condemn the other two, with ſo great indignation, and ſo univerſal contempt, that a Man would think, there was a certain kind of Madneſs crept in amongſt

amongſt them, that infatuates their Underſtandings, to this ſtrange degree. Now ſeeing that our change of Faſhions is ſo prompt and ſudden, that the inventions of all the Taylors in the World, cannot furniſh out new Whim-whams enow to feed our vanity withal; there will often be a neceſſity, that the deſpiſed ones muſt again come in vogue, and even thoſe immediately after fall into the ſame contempt, and that the ſame judgment muſt in the ſpace of Fifteen or Twenty Years, take up not only different, but contrary Opinions, with an incredible lightneſs and inconſtancy: There is not any of us ſo cautelous and diſcreet, that ſuffers not himſelf to be gull'd with this contradiction, and both in external and internal ſight to be inſenſibly blinded. I will here muſter up ſome old Cuſtoms, that I have in memory, ſome of them the ſame with ours, the others different, to the end, that bearing in mind this continual variation of humane things, we may have our judgments clearer, and more firmly ſettled: The thing in uſe amongſt us of fighting with Rapier and Cloak, was in practice amongſt the *Romans* alſo, *Siniſtris ſagos involvant, gladioſque diſtringuunt.* They wrapt their Cloaks upon the Left Arm, and handled the Sword with the Right, ſays *Cæſar*: And I obſerve an old Vicious Cuſtom of our Nation, which continues yet amongſt us, which is to ſtop paſſengers we meet upon the Road, to compel them to give an account who they are; and to take it for an Injury, and juſt cauſe of quarrel, if

Cæſar de bello civili, lib. 1.

if they refuſe to do it: At the Baths, which the Ancients made uſe of every Day before they went to Dinner, and as frequently as we waſh our Hands, they at firſt only bath'd their Arms and Legs; but afterwards, and by a Cuſtom that has continued for many Ages in moſt Nations of the World, they bath'd ſtark Naked in mixt and perfum'd Waters, looking upon it as a great ſimplicity to bath in meer Water: The moſt delicate and affected, perfum'd themſelves all over Three or Four times a Day. They often cauſed their Hair to be pincht off; as the Women of *France* have ſome time ſince, taken up a Cuſtom to do their Foreheads.

Mart. lib. 2. Epig. 62. *Quod pectus, quod crura tibi, quod brachia vellis.*

How doſt thou twitch thy Breaſt, thy Arms (and Thighs.

though they had Ointments proper for that purpoſe.

Id. lib. 6. Epi. 93. *Pſilotro nitet, aut arida latet abdita creta.*

This in Wild-vine ſhines, or elſe doth calk
Her rank pores up in a dry Cruſt of Chalk.

they delighted to lie ſoft, and pretended it for a great teſtimony of hardneſs, to lie upon a Matrice. They did Eat lying upon Beds, much after the manner of the *Turks* in this Age.

Inde

Inde thoro pater Æneas ſic orſus ab alto. *Æneid. l. 2.*

Then thus *Æneas* from his Bed of State
Begun *Troy*'s Woful Story to relate.

And 'tis ſaid of the younger *Cato*, that after the Battel of *Pharſalia*, being entred into a Melancholick Diſpoſition, at the ill poſture of the Publick Affairs, he took his repoſe always ſitting, aſſuming a ſtrict and ſevere courſe of Life. It was alſo their Cuſtom to Kiſs the Hands of great Perſons; the more and better to Honour, and Careſs them: And meeting with their equals, they always Kiſt in ſalutation, as do the *Venetians*.

Gratatuſque darem cum dulcibus oſcula verbis. *Ovid. de pont. lib. 4. Eleg. 9.*

And kindeſt words I would with Kiſſes mix.

In petitioning, or ſaluting any great Man, they us'd to lay their Hands upon his Knees. *Faſicles* the Philoſopher and Brother of *Crates*, inſtead of laying his Hand upon the Knee, laid it upon his Private Parts, and being rudely repulſt by him to whom he made that indecent Complement; What, ſaid he, is not that part your own as well as the other? They us'd to Eat their Fruits as we do after Dinner. They wipt their Arſes (let the Ladies if they pleaſe mince it ſmaller) with a Spunge; which is the reaſon that *Spongia* is a ſmutty Word in Latin: Which Spunge was alſo faſtned to the end of a ſtick, as appears by the Story of him, who as he was led along

along to be thrown to the wild Beaſts in the ſight of the people, asking leave to do his buſineſs, and having no other ways to diſpatch himſelf, forc't the Spunge and Stick down his own Throat and choaked himſelf. They us'd to Terge after Coition with perfum'd Wool.

Mart. lib. 11. *Epiſt.* 50. *At tibi nil faciam, ſed lota mentula lana.*

they us'd in the Streets of *Rome*, to place certain Veſſels and little Tubs, for paſſengers to Piſs in.

Lucret. l. 4. *Pueri ſæpe lacum propter, ſe ac dolia curta,*
Somno devincti credunt extollere veſtem.

Boys Dream of Piſſing in the Tub and Lake,
And find themſelves bepiſt when they awake.

They us'd to Collation betwixt Meals, and had in Summer Scellars of Snow to cool their Wine; and ſome there were who made uſe of Snow in Winter, not thinking their Wine cool enough at that Cold Seaſon of the Year. The Men of Quality had their Cup-bearers, and Carvers, and their Buffoons to make them ſport: They had their Meat ſerved up in Winter, upon a ſort of Chafing-Diſhes; which were ſet upon the Table, and had portable Kitchins (of which I my ſelf have ſeen ſome) wherein all their ſervice was carried after them.

Has

Has vobis epulas habete lauti,
Nos offendimus ambulante Cœna.

Mart. l. 7. Epig. 47.

Thoſe Feaſts by you indeed are highly priz'd,
At walking Suppers we are ſcandaliz'd.

In Summer they had a contrivance, to bring freſh and clear Rills through their lower Rooms, wherein were great ſtore of living Fiſh, which the Gueſts took out with their own Hands to be dreſt; every Man according to his own liking. Fiſh has ever had this preeminence, and keeps it ſtill, that the great ones all pretend to be Cooks in their favour, and indeed the taſte is more delicate, than that of Fleſh, at leaſt to me. But in all ſorts of Magnificence, Debauchery, and voluptuous Inventions of Effeminacy and Expence, we do in truth all we can to parallel them, for our Wills are as corrupt as theirs: But we want power to reach them; and our force is no more able to reach them in their Vicious, than in their Vertuous Qualities; for both the one and the other, proceed from a vigour of Soul, which was without compariſon greater in them, than in us: And Souls, by how much the weaker they are, by ſo much have they leſs power to do, or very well, or very ill: The higheſt place of honour amongſt them was the middle; the Name going before, and that following after, either in writing or ſpeaking; had no ſignification of Grandeur, as is evident by their writings, they will ſooner ſay *Oppius* and *Cæſar*, than

Cæſar

Cæſar and *Oppius*, and me, and thee, than thee, and me; which is the reaſon that made me formerly take notice in the Life of *Flaminius*, in our French *Plutarch* of one paſſage, where it ſeems as if the Author, ſpeaking of the jealouſie of honour, betwixt the *Ætolians* and *Romans*, about the winning of a Battel, they had with their joint Forces obtain'd, made it of ſome importance, that in the *Greek* Songs, they had put the *Ætolians* before the *Romans*: If there be no Amphibology, or double dealing in the words of the *French* Tranſlation; (an inſtance of which I preſent you out of *Plutarch*, though *Monſieur de Montaigne* did not think it worth repeating.

Plut. vit. Tit. Quint. Flaminius.

Here (Friendly Paſſenger,) we Buried lie,
Without Friends, Tears, or Fun'ral Obſequie,
Full Thirty Thouſand Men in Battel Slain,
By the Ætolians, *or* Theſſalian *Plain,*
And Latines, *whom* Flaminius *led on;*
And brought from Italy *to* Macedon.
With his fierce Valour, when faint Philip *fled*
With greater ſpeed to ſave his tim'rous Head,
Than Hart or Hind, when Dogs upon the Trace,
Through Woods purſue them with a full Cry
(Chace.

The Ladies in their Baths, made no ſcruple of admitting Men amongſt them, and moreover made uſe of their Serving-men to Rub and Anoint them:

Inguina

Inguina ſuccinctus nigra tibi ſervus aluta *Mart. lib.*
Stat, quoties calidis nuda foveris aquis. *Epig. 34.*

They all Powdered themſelves with a certain Powder, to moderate their Sweats. The Ancient *Gauls*, ſays *Sidonius Apollinaris*, wore their Hair long before, and the hinder part of the Head cut ſhort, a Faſhion that begins to be reviv'd in this Vicious and Effeminate Age. The *Romans* us'd to pay the Watermen their Fare, at their firſt ſtepping into the Boat, which we never do till after Landing.

Dum as exigitur, dum mula ligatur, *Hor. lib. 1.*
Tota abit hora. *Sat. 5.*

Whilſt the Fare's paying, and the Mule is ti'd,
A whole Hours time at leaſt away doth ſlide.

The Women us'd to lie on that ſide the Bed, next the Wall: And for that reaſon, they call'd *Cæſar*, *Spondam Regis Nicomedis*, one of the greateſt Blemiſhes in his Life, and that gave occaſion to his Soldiers to ſing to his Face,

Gallias Cæſar ſubegit, Nicomedes Cæſarem. *Suet. in vita Cæ.*

Cæſar the *Gauls* ſubdu'd, 'tis true,
But *Nicomedes*, *Cæſar* did ſubdue.

Ecce Cæſar nunc triumphat, qui ſubegit Gallias, *Id. eod.* not quoted by *Montaigne.*
Nicomedes non triumphat, qui ſubegit Cæſarem.

See

See *Cæſar* Triumphs now for Conqu'ring (*Gaul*,
For Conqu'ring him, King *Nicomede* at all
No Triumph has.

They took Breath in their Drinking, and daſh'd their Wine,

Hor. lib. 7. Ode. 11.

——— *Quis puer ocius*
Reſtinguet ardentis falerni
Pocula prætereunte lympha?

What pretty Boy's at leiſure to come in,
And cool the heat of the *Falernian* Wine,
With the clear gliding Stream?

And the Roguiſh Looks and Geſtures of our Lacquey's was alſo in uſe amongſt them.

Perſius, Sat. 1.

O Jane, à tergo quem nulla ciconia pinſit,
Nec manus auriculas imitata eſt mobilis albas,
Nec linguæ quantum ſitiet canis Apula tantum.

O *Janus*, who both ways a Spy doſt wear,
So that no Scoffer, though behind thee, dare
Make a Stork's-Bill, Aſs-Ears, or far more (long.
Than thirſty panting Curs, ſhoot out his (Tongue.

The *Argian* and *Roman* Ladies, always Mourn'd in White, as ours did formerly here; and ſhould do ſtill, were I to Govern in this point. But there are whole Books of this Argument.

CHAP.

CHAP. L.

Of Democritus *and* Heraclitus.

THE Judgment is an Utenſil proper for all ſubjects, and will have an Oar in every thing: Which is the reaſon, that in theſe Eſſays I take hold of all occaſions. Where, though it happen to be a ſubject I do not very well underſtand, I try however, ſounding it at a diſtance, and finding it too deep for my ſtature, I keep me on the firm ſhoar: And this knowledge that a Man can proceed no further, is one effect of its Vertue, even in the moſt inconſidering ſort of Men. One while in an idle and frivolent ſubject, I try to find out matter whereof to compoſe a Body, and then to prop, and ſupport it. Another while I employ it in a noble ſubject, one that has been toſt and tumbled by a Thouſand Hands, wherein a Man can hardly poſſibly introduce any thing of his own, the way being ſo beaten on every ſide, that he muſt of neceſſity walk in the ſteps of another. In ſuch a caſe, 'tis the work of the Judgment to take the way that ſeems beſt, and of a Thouſand Paths, to determine that this or that, was the beſt choſen. I leave the choice of my Arguments to Fortune, and take that ſhe firſt preſents me; they are all alike to me, I never deſign to go through any of them; for I never ſee all of any thing: Neither do they who ſo largely promiſe to ſhew it others. Of a hundred

dred Members and Faces that every thing has, I take one, one while to look it over only, another while to ripple up the Skin, and ſometimes to pinch it to the Bones: I give a Stab, not ſo wide, but as deep as I can; and am for the moſt part, tempted to take it in hand by ſome abſolute gracefulneſs I diſcover in it. Did I know my ſelf leſs, I might perhaps venture to handle ſomething or other to the bottom, and to be deceiv'd in my own inability, but ſprinkling here one word, and there another, Patterns cut from ſeveral Pieces, and ſcatter'd without deſign, and without engaging my ſelf too far, I am not reſponſible for them, or oblig'd to keep cloſe to my ſubject, without varying at my own liberty and pleaſure, and giving up my ſelf to doubt and incertainty, and to my own governing Method, Ignorance. All Motion diſcovers us. The very ſame Soul of *Cæſar*, that made it ſelf ſo Conſpicuous in Marſhalling and Commanding the Battle of *Pharſalia*, was alſo ſeen as Solicitous and Buſie in the ſofter Affairs of Love. A Man makes a Judgment of a Horſe, not only by ſeeing his Menage in his Airs, but by his very walk, nay, and by ſeeing him ſtand in the Stable. Amongſt the Functions of the Soul, there are ſome of a lower and meaner Form, who does not ſee her in thoſe Inferiour Offices, as well as thoſe of Nobler Note, never fully diſcover her; and peradventure, ſhe is beſt diſcover'd, where ſhe moves her own natural pace. The Winds of Paſſions take moſt hold of her in her higheſt flights;

flights; and, the rather, by reaſon that ſhe wholly applys her ſelf to, and exerciſes her whole Vertue upon every particular ſubject, and never handles more than one thing at a time, and that not according to it, but according to her ſelf. Things in reſpect to themſelves, have peradventure their Weight, Meaſures and Conditions; but when we once take them into us, the Soul forms them as ſhe pleaſes. Death is Terrible to *Cicero*, Coveted by *Cato*, and Indifferent to *Socrates*. Health, Conſcience, Authority, Knowledge, Riches, Beauty, and their contraries, do all ſtrip themſelves at their entring into us, and receive a new Robe, and of another Faſhion, from every diſtinct Soul, and of what Colour, Brown, Bright, Green, Dark, and Quality, Sharp, Sweet, Deep, or Superficial, as beſt pleaſes them, for they are not yet agreed upon any common Standard of Forms, Rules, or Proceedings; every one is a Queen in her own Dominions. Let us therefore no more excuſe our ſelves upon the External Qualities of things, it belongs to us to give our ſelves an account of them. Our good or ill, has no other dependance, but on our ſelves. 'Tis there that our Offerings and our Vows are due, and not to Fortune: She has no power over our Manners, on the contrary, they draw, and make her follow in their Train, and caſt her in their own Mould. Why ſhould not I Cenſure *Alexander*, Roaring and Drinking at the prodigious rate he ſometimes us'd to do? Or, if he plaid at Cheſs, what ſtring of his

Soul was not touch'd by this Idle and Childiſh Game? I hate and avoid it, becauſe it is not Play enough, that it is too grave and ſerious a Diverſion, and I am aſham'd to lay out as much Thought and Study upon that, as would ſerve to much better uſes. He did not more pump his Brains about his Glorious Expedition into the *Indies*; and another that I will not name, took not more pains to unravel a paſſage, upon which depends the ſafety of all Mankind. To what a degree then does this ridiculous Diverſion moleſt the Soul, when all her Faculties ſhall be ſummon'd together upon this Trivial Account? And how fair an opportunity ſhe herein gives every one to know, and to make a right Judgment of himſelf? I do not more throughly ſift my ſelf in any other poſture, than this. What Paſſion are we exempted from in this inſignificant Game? Anger, Spite, Malice, Impatience, and a vehement deſire of getting the better in a concern, wherein it were more excuſable, to be Ambitious of being overcome: For to be Eminent, and to excel above the common rate in frivolous things, is nothing graceful in a Man of Quality and Honour. What I ſay in this Example, may be ſaid in all others. Every Particle, every Employment of Man, does Exalt or Accuſe him, equally with any other. *Democritus* and *Heraclitus* were Two Philoſophers, of which, the firſt finding Humane Condition Ridiculous and Vain, never appear'd abroad, but with a Jeering and Laughing Countenance: Whereaa *Heraclitus* Commiſerating

miſerating that Condition of ours, appear'd always with a Sorrowful Look, and Tears in his Eyes.

Alter *Juven. Sat.* 10.
Ridebat quoties a limine moverat unum
Protuleratque pedem, flebat contrarius alter.

One always, when he o'er his Threſhold ſtept,
Laugh'd at the World, the other always (Wept.

I am clearly for the firſt Humour; not becauſe it is more pleaſant to Laugh, than to Weep; but becauſe it is Ruder, and expreſſes more Contempt, than the other; becauſe I think we can never be ſufficiently deſpis'd to our deſert. Compaſſion and Bewailing, ſeem to imploy ſome Eſteem of, and Value for the thing Bemoan'd: Whereas the things we Laugh at, are by that expreſt to be of no Moment or Repute. I do not think that we are ſo Unhappy, as we are Vain, or have in us ſo much Malice, as Folly; we are not ſo full of Miſchief, as Inanity: Nor ſo Miſerable, as we are Vile and Mean. And therefore *Diogenes*, who paſt away his time in rowling himſelf in his Tub, and made nothing of the Great *Alexander*, eſteeming us no better than Flies, or Bladders puft up with Wind, was a ſharper, and more penetrating, and conſequently in my opinion, a Juſter Judge, than *Timon* Sir nam'd the *Man-Hater*; for what a Man Hates he lays to Heart: This laſt was an Enemy to all Mankind, did poſitively deſire our Ruin, and avoided our

Converſation as dangerous, proceeding from Wicked and Deprav'd Natures: The other valued us ſo little, that we could neither trouble, nor infect him by our Contagion; and left us to Herd with one another, not out of Fear, but Contempt of our Society: Concluding us as incapable of doing good, as ill. Of the ſame ſtrain was *Statilius* his Anſwer, when *Brutus* Courted him into the Conſpiracy againſt *Cæſar*: *He was ſatisfied that the Enterprize was Juſt; but he did not think Mankind ſo conſiderable, as to deſerve a Wiſe Man's Concern:* According to the Doctrine of *Hegeſias*; who ſaid, *That a Wiſe Man ought to do nothing but for himſelf, foraſmuch as he only was worthy of it*: And to the ſaying of *Theodorus*, *That it was not reaſonable a Wiſe Man ſhould hazard himſelf for his Country, and endanger Wiſdom, for a company of Fools.* Our Condition is as Ridiculous, as Riſible.

CHAP. LI.

Of the Vanity of Words.

A *Rhetorician* of times paſt, ſaid, That to make little things appear great, was his profeſſion. This is a Shooe-maker, who can make a great Shooe for a little Foot. They would in *Sparta* have ſent ſuch a Fellow to be Whip'd, for making profeſſion of a lying and deceitful Art: And I fanſie, that *Archidamus* who was King of that Country, was a little

little ſurpriz'd at the Anſwer of *Thucydides*, when enquiring of him, which was the better Wreſtler, *Pericles*, or he; he reply'd, that it was hard to affirm; for when I have thrown him, ſaid he, he always perſwades the Spectators, that he had no fall, aud carries away the Prize. They who Paint, Pounce and Plaiſter up the Ruins of Women, filling up their Wrinckles and Deformities, are leſs to blame; becauſe it is no great matter, whether we ſee them in their Natural Complexions, or no. Whereas theſe make it their buſineſs to deceive not our ſight only, but our Judgments, and to Adulterate and Corrupt the very Eſſence of things. The Republicks that have maintain'd themſelves in a Regular and well Modell'd Government, ſuch as thoſe of *Lacedæmon* and *Creet*, had Orators in no very great Eſteem. *Ariſto* did wiſely define *Rhetorick* to be a Science to perſwade the People; *Socrates* and *Plato*, an Art to Flatter and Deceive: And thoſe who deny it in the general deſcription, verifie it throughout in their Precepts. The *Mahometans* will not ſuffer their Children to be Inſtructed in it, as being uſeleſs, and the *Athenians* perceiving of how pernicious Conſequence the Practice of it was, it being in their City of univerſal Eſteem, order'd the principal part, which is to move Affections, with their Exordiums and Perorations, to be taken away. 'Tis an Engine invented, to manage and govern a diſorderly and tumultuous Rabble, and that never is made uſe of, but like Phyſick to the Sick, in the Paroxiſms of

a diſcompos'd Eſtate. In thoſe, where the Vulgar, or the Ignorant, or both together, have been all powerful, and able to give the Law, as in thoſe of *Athens*, *Rhodes* and *Rome*, and where the Publick Affairs have been in a continual Tempeſt of Commotion, to ſuch places have the Orators always repair'd. And in truth, we ſhall find few perſons in thoſe Republicks, who have puſh'd their Fortunes to any great degree of Eminence, without the aſſiſtance of Elocution: *Pompey*, *Cæſar*, *Craſſus*, *Lucullus*, *Lentulus* and *Metellus*, have thence taken their chiefeſt Spring, to mount to that degree of Authority, to which they did at laſt arrive: Making it of greater uſe to them, than Arms, contrary to the opinion of better times. For *L. Volumnius* ſpeaking publickly in favour of the Election of *Q. Fabius*, and *Pub. Decius*, to the Conſular Dignity: Theſe are Men, ſaid he, born for War, and great in Execution, in the Combat of the Tongue altogether to ſeek; Spirits truly Conſular. The Subtle, Eloquent and Learned, are only good for the City, to make Prætors of, to adminiſter Juſtice. Eloquence Flouriſh'd moſt at *Rome*, when the Publick Affairs were in the worſt condition, and the Republick moſt diſquieted with inteſtine Commotions, as a frank and untill'd Soil bears the worſt Weeds. By which it ſhould ſeem, that a Monarchical Government has leſs need of it, than any other: For the Brutality, and Facility, natural to the common People, and that render them ſubject to be turn'd and twin'd, and

and led by the Ears, by this charming harmony of words, without weighing or conſidering the truth and reality of things by the force of reaſon: This Facility, I ſay, is not eaſily found in a ſingle perſon, and it is alſo more eaſie by good Education and Advice, to ſecure him from the impreſſion of this Poiſon. There was never any famous Orator known to come out of *Perſia*, or *Macedon*.

I have entred into this diſcourſe upon the occaſion of an *Italian* I lately receiv'd into my Service, and who was Clerk of the Kitchen to the late Cardinal *Caraffa* till his Death. I put this Fellow upon an account of his Office: Where he fell to diſcourſe of this Palate-Science, with ſuch a ſettled Countenance, and Magiſterial Gravity, as if he had been handling ſome profound point of Divinity. He made a Learned diſtinction of the ſeveral ſorts of Appetites; of that a Man has before he begins to Eat, and of thoſe after the ſecond and third Service: The means ſimply to ſatisfie the firſt, and then to raiſe and accuate the other two: The ordering of the Sawces, firſt in general, and then proceeded to the qualities of the Ingredients, and their effects: The differences of Sallets according to their Seaſons which ought to be ſerv'd up hot, and which cold: The manner of their Garniſhment and Decoration, to render them yet more acceptable to the Eye: After which he entred upon the order of the whole Service, full of weighty and important Conſiderations.

Juvenal Sat. 5.

——— *Nec minimo ſane diſcrimine refert*
Quo geſtu lepores, & quo gallina ſecetur.

Nor with leſs Criticiſm did Obſerve
How we a Hare, and how a Hen ſhould (Carve.

And all this ſet out with lofty and magnifick Words; the very ſame we make uſe of, when we diſcourſe of the Regiment of an Empire. Which Learned Lecture of my Man, brought this of *Terence* into my Memory.

Ter. Adelp. Act. 3. Sc. 5.

Hoc ſalſum eſt, hoc aduſtum eſt, hoc lautum eſt
Illud recte iterum ſic memento, ſedulo (parum,
Moneo quæ poſſum pro mea ſapientia.
Poſtremo tanquam in ſpeculum, in patinas, Demea,
Inſpicere jubeo, & moneo quid facto uſus ſit.

This is too Salt, this Burnt, this is too plain,
That's well, remember to do ſo again.
Thus do I ſtill adviſe to have things fit,
According to the Talent of my Wit.
And then my (*Demea*) I command my Cook,
That into ev'ry Diſh he pry and look,
As if it were a Mirror, and go on
To order all things, as they ſhould be done.

And yet even the *Greeks* themſelves did very much admire, and highly applaud the order and diſpoſition that *Paulus Æmilius* obſerv'd in the Feaſt he made them at his return from *Macedon*: But I do not here ſpeak of effects, I ſpeak of words only. I do not know whether it may have the ſame operation upon o-

ther

ther Men, that it has upon me: But when I hear our Architects thunder out their Bombaſt words of *Pillaſters*, *Architraves* and *Coronices*, of the *Corinthian* and *Dorick* Orders, and ſuch like ſtuff, my imagination is preſently poſſeſs'd with the Palace of *Apollidonius* in *Amadis de Gaule*; when after all, I find them but the paultry pieces of my own Kitchin Door. And to hear Men talk of *Metonymies*, *Metaphors* and *Allegories*, and other Grammar words, would not a Man think they ſignified ſome rare and exotick form of ſpeaking? And this other is a Gullery of the ſame ſtamp, to call the Offices of our Kingdom by the lofty Titles of the *Romans*, though they have no ſimilitude of Function, and yet leſs Authority and Power. And this alſo, which I doubt will one Day turn to the Reproach of this Age of ours, unworthily and indifferently to confer upon any we think fit, the moſt glorious Sir-names with which Antiquity Honour'd but one or two perſons in ſeveral Ages. *Plato* carried away the Sir-name of Divine, by ſo univerſal a conſent, that never any one repin'd at it, or attempted to take it from him: And yet the *Italians* who pretend, and with good reaſon, to more ſpritely Wits, and ſounder Diſcourſes, than the other Nations of their time, have lately Honour'd *Aretine* with the ſame Title; in whoſe Writings, ſave a tumid Phraſe, ſet out with ſmart Periods, ingenious indeed, but far fetch'd, and Fantaſtick, and the Eloquence (be it what it will) I ſee nothing in him above the ordinary Writers

ters of his time, ſo far is he from approaching the Ancient Divinity. And we make no think of giving the Sir-name of *Great* to Princes, that have nothing in them above a Popular Grandeur.

CHAP. LII.

Of the Parſimony of the Ancients.

Atilius Regulus, General of the *Roman* Army in *Africk*, in the height of all his Glory and Victories over the *Carthaginians*, writ to the Republick to acquaint them, that a certain Hind he had left in truſt with his whole Eſtate, which was in all, but Seven Acres of Land, was run away with all his Inſtruments of Husbandry, entreating therefore, that they would pleaſe to call him home, that he might take order in his own Affairs, leſt his Wife and Children ſhould ſuffer by this diſaſter: Whereupon the Senate appointed another to manage his Buſineſs, caus'd his Loſſes to be made good, and order'd his Family to be maintain'd at the Publick Expence. The Elder *Cato* returning Conſul from *Spain*, ſold his Horſe of Service, to ſave the Money it would have coſt in bringing him back by Sea into *Italy*: And being Governour of *Sardignia*, made all his Viſits on foot, without other Train, than one Officer of the Republick, that carried his Robe and a Cenſer for Sacrifices; and for the moſt part carried his Male him-

himſelf. He bragg'd, that he had never worn a Gown that coſt above Ten Crowns, nor had ever ſent above Ten Pence to the Market for one Days Proviſion, and that as to his Country Houſes, he had not one that was rough caſt on the outſide. *Scipio Æmilianus*, after two Triumphs, and two Conſul-ſhips, went an Embaſſy with no more than Seven Servants in his Train. 'Tis ſaid, that *Homer* had never more than one, *Plato* three, and *Zeno*, founder of the Sect of *Stoicks*, none at all. *Tiberius Gracchus* was allow'd but Five Pence Half-penny a Day, when employ'd as Publick Miniſter about the Publick Affairs, and being at that time the greateſt Man of *Rome*.

CHAP. LIII.

Of a Saying of Cæſar.

IF we would ſometimes beſtow a little Conſideration upon our ſelves, and employ the time we ſpend in prying into other Mens Actions, and diſcovering things without us, in examining our own Abilities, we ſhould ſoon perceive of how infirm and decaying Materials this Fabrick of ours is compos'd. Is it not a ſingular teſtimony of Imperfection, that we cannot eſtabliſh our ſatisfaction in any one thing, and that even our own Fancy and Deſire, ſhould deprive us of the power to chooſe what is moſt proper and uſeful for us? A very good proof of this, is the great Diſpute that

that has ever been amongſt the Philoſophers, of finding out a Man's principal and ſoveraign Good, that continues yet, and will eternally continue, without Reſolution, or Accord.

Lucret. l. 3. ——*Dum abeſt quod avemus, id exuperare videtur,*
Caterà, poſt aliud cum contigit illud avemus,
Et ſitis æqua tenet.

The abſent thing we covet beſt doth ſeem,
The next that comes captivates our Eſteem
At the ſame rate.

Whatever it is that falls into our knowledge and poſſeſſion, we find that it ſatisfies not, and ſtill pant after things to come, and unknown: By reaſon the preſent do not ſatiate and glut us: not that, in my judgment, they have not in them wherewith to do it, but becauſe we ſeize them with an unruly and immoderate haſte.

Lucret. *Nam cum vidit hic ad victum quæ flagitat uſus,*
Et per quæ poſſent vitam conſiſtere tutam,
Omnia jam firme mortalibus eſſe parata:
Divitiis homines, & honore & laude potentes
Affluere, atque bona natorum excellere fama,
Nec minus eſſe domi cuiquam tamen anxia corda,
Atque animum infeſtis cogi ſervire querelis:
Intellexit ibi vitium vas facere ipſum,
Omniaque illius vitio corrumpitur intus
Quæ collata foris, & commoda quæque venirent.

For

For when he ſaw all things that had regard,
To Life's ſubſiſtance for Mankind prepar'd,
That Men in Wealth and Honours did a-
(bound,
Had hopeful Iſſue ſet their Tables round;
And yet had Hearts as Anxious as before,
Murmuring amidſt their Happineſs and Store:
He then perceiv'd the Veſſel was to blame,
And gave a ſmatch to all into it came,
That thither from without him was convey'd,
To have him Happy and Contented made.

Our Appetite is irreſolute and fickle, it can neither keep nor enjoy any thing gracefully, and as it ſhould: And Man concluding it to be the fault of the things he is poſſeſs'd of, fills himſelf with, and feeds himſelf upon, the Idea of things he neither knows, nor underſtands, to which he devotes his hopes, and his deſires, paying them all Reverence and Honour, according to the ſaying of *Cæſar*, *Communi ſit vitio naturæ, ut inviſis latitantibus atque incognitis rebus magis confidamus, vehementiuſque exterreamur.* 'Tis the common Vice of Nature, that we repoſe moſt confidence, and receive the greateſt apprehenſions, from things unſeen, conceal'd and unknown.

CHAP.

CHAP. LIV.

Of Vain Subtilties.

THere are a ſort of little Knacks, and frivolous Subtilties, from which Men ſometimes expect to derive Reputation and Applauſe: As the Poets, who compoſe whole Poems, with every Line beginning with the ſame Letter: We ſee the ſhapes of Eggs, Globes, Wings and Hatchets, cut out by the Ancient *Greeks*, by the meaſure of their Verſes, making them longer or ſhorter, to repreſent ſuch or ſuch a Figure. Of this nature was his Employment, who made it his buſineſs, to compute into how many ſeveral Orders the Letters of the Alphabet might be tranſpos'd, and found out that incredible number mention'd in *Plutarch*. I am mightily pleas'd with the humour of the Gentleman, who, having a Man brought before him, that had learn'd to throw a Grain of Millet with ſuch dexterity and aſſurance, as never to miſs the Eye of a Needle; and being afterwards entreated to give ſomething for the reward of ſo rare a performance, he pleaſantly, and in my opinion, ingeniouſly order'd a certain number of Buſhels of the ſame Grain to be deliver'd to him, that he might not want wherewith to exerciſe ſo famous an Art. 'Tis a ſtrong evidence of a weak Judgment, when Men approve of things for their being rare and new, or yet for the difficulty; where Ver-

tue

tue and Uſefulneſs are not conjoin'd to recommend them. I come juſt now from playing with my own Family, at who could find out the moſt things, that had their principal force in their two Extremities; as, *Sire*, which is a Title given to the greateſt perſon in the Nation, the King, and alſo to the Vulgar, as Merchants and Mechanicks, but never to any degree of Men between. The Women of great Quality are call'd *Madams*, inferiour Gentlewomen, *Mademoiſelles*, and the meaneſt ſort of Women, *Madams*, as the firſt. The Canopy of State over Tables are not permitted, but in the Palaces of Princes, and Taverns. *Democritus* ſaid, that Gods and Beaſts, had a more exact and perfect ſenſe, than Men, who are of a middle Form. The *Romans* wore the ſame Habit at Funerals and Feaſts; and it is moſt certain, that an extream Fear, and an extream Ardour of Courage, do equally trouble and lax the Belly. The Nickname of Trembling, with which they Sirnam'd *Sancho* the XII. King of *Navarre*, ſufficiently informeth, that Valour will cauſe a trembling in the Limbs, as well as Fear. The Friends of that King, or of ſome other perſon, who upon the like occaſion was wont to be in the ſame diſorder, try'd to compoſe him, by repreſenting the danger leſs, he was going to engage himſelf in: You underſtand me ill, ſaid he; for could my Fleſh know the danger my Courage will preſently carry it into, it would ſink down to the ground. The faintneſs that ſurprizes us from Frigidity, or diſlike

in

in the exerciſes of *Venus*, are alſo occaſion'd by a too violent deſire, and an immoderate heat. Extream Coldneſs, and extream Heat, Boil and Roaſt. *Ariſtotle* ſays, that Sows of Lead will melt, and run with Cold, and the extreamity of Winter, as with a vehement Heat. Deſire and Satiety fill all the gradations above and below Pleaſure with Grief. Brutality and Wiſdom meet in the ſame Center of Sentiment and Reſolution, in the ſuffering of Humane Accidents; the Wiſe Controul and Triumph over ill, the others know it not: Theſe laſt are, as a Man may ſay, on this ſide of Accidents, the other are beyond them; who after having well weigh'd and conſider'd their Qualities, meaſur'd and judg'd them what they are, by vertue of a vigorous Soul leap out of their reach. They diſdain and trample them under foot, having a ſolid and well fortified Soul, againſt which the Darts of Fortune coming to ſtrike, they muſt of neceſſity rebound, and blunt themſelves, meeting with a Body upon which they can fix no Impreſſion; the ordinary and middle condition of Men, are lodg'd betwixt theſe two Extremities, conſiſting of ſuch, who perceive Evils, feel them, and are not able to ſupport them. Infancy and Decrepitude meet in the imbecillity of the Brain; Avarice and Profuſion in the ſame thirſt and deſire of getting. A Man may ſay with ſome colour of truth, that there is an *Abecedarian* Ignorance that precedes knowledge, and a *Doctoral* Ignorance that comes after it; an Ignorance that knowledge

knowledge does create and beget, at the ſame time that ſhe diſpatches and deſtroys the firſt. Of mean underſtandings, little inquiſitive, and little inſtructed, are made good Chriſtians, who by Reverence and Obedience implicitely believe, and are conſtant in their belief. In the moderate underſtandings, and the middle ſort of capacities, the error of Opinions is begot, and they have ſome colour of reaſon on their ſide, to impute our walking on in the old beaten path to ſimplicity, and brutiſhneſs, I mean in us who have not inform'd our ſelves by Study. The higher, and nobler Souls, more ſolid and clear ſighted, make up another ſort of true believers: who by a long and Religious Inveſtigation of truth, have obtain'd a clearer, and more penetrating, light into the Scriptures, and have diſcover'd the Myſterious and Divine ſecret of our Eccleſiaſtical Polity. And yet we ſee ſome, who by this middle ſtep, are arriv'd to that ſupream degree with marvellous Fruit, and Confirmation; as to the utmoſt limit of Chriſtian intelligence, and enjoying their victory with great Spiritual Conſolation, humble acknowledgment of the Divine Favour, exemplary Reformation of Manners, and Singular Modeſty. I do not intend with theſe to rank ſome others, who to clear themſelves from all ſuſpicion of their former Errours, and to ſatisfie us, that they are ſound and firm to us, render themſelves extream indiſcreet and unjuſt, in the carrying on our Cauſe, and by that means blemiſh it with infinite Reproaches of Violence

and Oppreſſion. The ſimple Peaſants are good People, and ſo are the Philoſophers: Men of ſtrong and clear Reaſon, and whoſe Souls are enrich'd with an ample inſtruction of profitable Sciences. The *Mongrets* who have diſdain'd the firſt form of the Ignorance of Letters, and have not been able to attain to the other, (ſitting betwixt two Stools, as I, and a great many more of us do,) are dangerous, fooliſh and importunate; theſe are they that trouble the World. And therefore it is, that I, for my own part, retreat as much as I can towards my firſt and natural Station, from whence I ſo vainly attempted to advance. The vulgar and purely natural Poeſie, has in it certain Proprieties and Graces, by which ſhe may come into ſome compariſon with the greateſt Beauty of a Poeſie perfected by Art: As is evident in our *Gaſcon* Villanels and Songs, that are brought us from Nations that have no knowledge of any manner of Science, nor ſo much as the uſe of Writing. The indifferent and middle ſort of Poeſie betwixt theſe two, is deſpis'd, of no Value, Honour or Eſteem. But ſeeing that the Ice being once broken; and a Path laid open to the Fancy, I have found, as it commonly falls out, that what we make choice of for a rare and difficult Subject, proves to be nothing ſo, and that after the invention is once warm, it finds out an infinite number of parallel Examples. I ſhall only add this one; That were theſe Eſſays of mine conſiderable enough to deſerve a Cenſure, it might then I think fall out, that they would not

not much take with common and vulgar Capacities, nor be very acceptable to the ſingular and excellent ſort of Men, for the firſt would not underſtand them enough, and the laſt too much, and ſo they might hover in the middle Region.

CHAP. LV.

Of Smells.

IT has been reported of others, as well as of *Alexander* the *Great*, that their Sweat exhal'd an Odoriferous Smell, occaſion'd by ſome rare and extraordinary conſtitution, of which *Plutarch*, and others, have been inquiſitive into the cauſe. But the ordinary conſtitution of Humane Bodies is quite otherwiſe, and their beſt and chiefeſt Excellency, is to be exempt from Smells: Nay, the ſweetneſs even of the pureſt Breaths, has nothing in it of greater perfection, than to be without any offenſive Smell, like thoſe of healthful Children: which made *Plautus* ſay,

Mulier tum bene olet, ubi nihil olet.

That Woman we a ſweet one call,
Whoſe Body breathes no Scent at all.

Plaut: Moſtel. Art. 1. Sce. 3.

And ſuch as make uſe of theſe exotick Perfumes, are with good reaſon to be ſuſpected of ſome Natural Imperfection, which they endeavour by theſe Odours to conceal, according to that of Mr. *Johnſon*, which, without offence to

Monſieur de Montaigne, I will here preſume to inſert, it being at leaſt as well ſaid, as any of thoſe he quotes out of the Ancient Poets,

Ben. Johnſon.

Still to be Neat, ſtill to be Dreſt,
As you were going to a Feaſt,
Still to be Powder'd, ſtill Perfum'd:
Lady, it is to be preſum'd,
Though Arts hid cauſes are not found,
All is not ſweet, all is not ſound.

As may be judg'd by theſe following,

Martial. li. 6. Ep. 55.

Rides nos, Coracine, nil olentes:
Malo quam bene olere, nil olere.

Becauſe thou *Coracinus* ſtill doſt go
With Musk and Ambergreaſe perfumed ſo,
We under thy Contempt, forſooth, muſt fall;
I'd rather than ſmell ſweet, not ſmell at all.

And elſewhere,

Id. lib. 2. Ep. 12. *Poſthume, non bene olet, qui bene ſemper olet.*

He does not Naturally Smell well,
Who always of Perfumes does Smell.

I am nevertheleſs a ſtrange lover of good Smells, and as much abominate the ill ones, which alſo I reach at a greater diſtance, I think, than other Men:

Hor. Ep. 12. *Namque ſagacius unus odoror,*
Polypus, an gravis hirſutis cubet hircus in alis,
Quam canis acer ubi lateat ſus.

For

For I can Smell a Putrid Polypus,
Or the Rank Arm-pits of a Red-hair'd Fuſs,
As ſoon as beſt Nos'd Hound, the ſtinking Stie,
Where the Wild Boar does in the Forreſt Lie.

Of Smells, the ſimple and natural ſeem to be moſt pleaſing. Let the Ladies look to that, for 'tis chiefly their concern. In the wildeſt parts of *Barbary*, the *Scythian* Women, after Bathing, were wont to Powder and Cruſt their Faces, and whole Bodies, with a certain Odoriferous Drug, growing in their own Territories; which being cleans'd off, when they came to have familiarity with Men, they were found Perfum'd and Sleek: 'Tis not to be believ'd, how ſtrangely all ſorts of Odours cleave to me, and how apt my Skin is to imbibe them. He that complains of Nature, that ſhe has not furniſh'd Mankind with a Vehicle to convey Smells to the Noſe, had no reaſon; for they will do it themſelves; eſpecially to me: My very Muſtachio's perform that Office; for if I ſtroak them but with my Gloves, or Handkerchief, the Smell will not out a whole Day: They will Reproach me where I have been; the cloſe, luſcious, devouring and melting Kiſſes of Youthful Ardour, would in my Wanton Age have left a Sweetneſs upon my Lips for ſeveral Hours after. And yet I have ever found my ſelf very little ſubject to Epidemick Diſeaſes, that are caught, either by converſing with the Sick, or bred by the contagion of the Air; I have very well eſcap'd from thoſe of my time, of which there has

been ſeveral Virulent ſorts in our Cities and Armies. We Read of *Socrates*, that though he never departed from *Athens*, during the frequent Plagues that infeſted that City, he only was never Infected. Phyſicians might (I believe,) if they would extract greater Utility from Odours, than they do; for I have often obſerv'd, that they cauſe an alteration in me, and work upon my Spirits according to their ſeveral Vertues; which makes me approve of what is ſaid, namely, that the uſe of Incenſe and Perfumes in Churches, ſo Ancient, and ſo univerſally receiv'd in all Nations, and Religions, was intended to chear us, and to rouſe and purifie the Senſes, the better to fit us for Contemplation. I could have been glad, the better to judge of it, to have taſted the Culinary Art of thoſe Cooks, who had ſo rare a way of Seaſoning Exotick Odours with the reliſh of Meats; As it was particularly obſerv'd in the Service of the King of *Tunis*, who in our Days Landed at *Naples*, to have an interview with *Charles* the Emperour, where his Diſhes were farc'd with Odoriferous Drugs, to that Degree of Expence, that the Cookery of one Peacock, and two Pheaſants, amounted to a Hundred Duckets, to dreſs them after their Faſhion. And when the Carver came to break them up, not only the Dining-room, but all the Appartments of his Palace, and the adjoining Streets were fill'd with an Aromatick Vapour, which did not preſently vaniſh. My chiefeſt care in chuſing my Lodgings, is always to avoid a thick and

ſtinking

ſtinking Air; and thoſe Beautiful Cities of *Venice* and *Paris*, have very much leſſen'd the Kindneſs I had for them, the one by the offenſive Smell of her Marſhes, and the other of her Dirt.

CHAP. LVI.

Of Prayers.

I Propoſe formleſs and undermin'd Fancies, like thoſe who publiſh ſubtle Queſtions, to be after diſputed upon in the Schools, not to Eſtabliſh truth, but to ſeek it: I ſubmit them to the better Judgments of thoſe, whoſe Office it is to regulate, not my Writings and Actions only, but moreover my very Thoughts and Opinions. Let what I here ſet down meet with Correction or Applauſe, it ſhall be of equal welcome and utility to me, my ſelf before hand condemning it for Abſurd and Impious, if any thing ſhall be found through Ignorance or Inadvertency, couch'd in this Rhapſody contrary to the Reſolutions and Preſcriptions of the *Roman Catholick Church*, into which I was Born, and in which I will Die. And yet, always ſubmitting to the Authority of their Cenſure, who have an Abſolute Power over me, I thus Timerariouſly venture at every thing, as upon this preſent Subject.

I know not, if, or no, I am deceiv'd; but ſince by a particular favour of the Divine Bounty, a certain Form of Prayer has been

preſcrib'd and dictated to us, Word by Word, from the Mouth of God himſelf, I have ever been of Opinion, that we ought to have it in more frequent uſe, than we yet have, and if I were worthy to adviſe, at the ſitting down to, and riſing from our Tables, at our riſing, and going to Bed, and in every particular Action, wherein Prayer is requir'd, I would that Chriſtians always make uſe of the Lord's Prayer, if not alone, yet at leaſt always. The Church may lengthen, or alter Prayers, according to the neceſſity of our Inſtruction, for I know very well, that it is always the ſame in ſubſtance, and the ſame thing: But yet ſuch a preferrence ought to be given to that Prayer, that the People ſhould have it continually in their Mouths; for it is moſt certain, that all neceſſary Petitions are comprehended in it, and that it is infinitely proper for all Occaſions. 'Tis the only Prayer I uſe in all Places and Conditions, and what I ſtill repeat inſtead of changing; whence it alſo happens, that I have no other by Heart, but that only. It juſt now comes into my Mind, from whence we ſhould derive that Errour of having recourſe to God in all our Deſigns and Enterprizes, to call him to our Aſſiſtance in all ſorts of Affairs, and in all Places where our Weakneſs ſtands in need of ſupport, without conſidering whether the occaſion be juſt, or otherwiſe, and to Invoke his Name and Power, in what Eſtate ſoever we are, or Action we are engag'd in, how Vicious ſoever: He is indeed our ſole and only Protector, and can

do

do all things for us: But though he is pleas'd to Honour us with his Paternal Care, he is notwithſtanding, as Juſt, as he is Good and Mighty, and does ofter exerciſe his Juſtice, than his Power, and favours us according to that, and not according to our Petitions. *Plato* in his Laws, makes Three ſorts of Belief Injurious to the Gods; That there is none; That they concern not themſelves about Humane Affairs; and that they never reject or deny any thing to our Vows, Offerings and Sacrifices. The firſt of theſe Errours (according to his Opinion,) did never continue rooted in any Man, from his Infancy to his Old Age, the other two he confeſſes, Men might be Obſtinate in. God's Juſtice and his Power are inſeparable, and therefore in vain we Invoke his Power in an Unjuſt Cauſe: We are to have our Souls pure and clean, at that Moment at leaſt, wherein we Pray to him, and purified from all Vicious Paſſions, otherwiſe we our ſelves preſent him the Rods wherewith to Chaſtiſe us. Inſtead of repairing any thing we have done amiſs, we double the Wickedneſs and the Offence, whilſt we offer to him, to whom we are to ſue for Pardon, an Affection full of Irreverence and Hatred. Which makes me not very apt to applaud thoſe whom I obſerve to be ſo frequent on their Knees, if the Actions neareſt of Kin to Prayer, do not give me ſome Evidence of Reformation.

Juven. Sat. 8. ——— ——— *Si Nocturnus adulter*
Tempora Sanctonica velas adoperta Cucullo.

With Night-Adulteries, if being foul,
Thou ſhad'ſt thy guilty Fore-head with a Cowl.

And the Practice of a Man, that mixes Devotion with an Execrable Life, ſeems in ſome ſort more to be Condemn'd, than that of a Man conformable to his own Propenſion, and Diſſolute throughout: And for that Reaſon, it is, that our Church denies Admittance to, and Communion with Men Obſtinate and Incorrigible in any kind of Impiety. We Pray only by cuſtom, and for faſhions ſake, or rather, we read and pronounce our Prayers aloud, which is no better than an Hypocritical ſhew of Devotion: And I am ſcandaliz'd, to ſee a Man Croſs himſelf Thrice at the *Benedicite*, and as often, at anothers ſaying Grace, (and the more, becauſe it is a Sign I have in great Veneration, and conſtant uſe upon ſolemn occaſions,) and to Dedicate all the other Hours of the Day to Acts of Malice, Avarice and Injuſtice. One Hour to God, the reſt to the Devil, as if by Commutation and Conſent. 'Tis a wonder to me, Actions ſo various in themſelves, ſucceed one another with ſuch an Uniformity of Method, as not to interfere, nor ſuffer any alteration, even upon the very Confines and Paſſes from the one to the other. What a Prodigious Conſcience muſt that be, that can be at Quiet within it ſelf, whilſt it harbours

harbours under the ſame Roof, with ſo agreeing and ſo calm a Society, both the Crime and the Judge? A Man whoſe whole Meditation is continually working upon nothing but Impurity, which he knows to be ſo Odious to Almighty God, what can he ſay, when he comes to ſpeak to him? He Reforms, but immediately falls into a Relapſe. If the Object of the Divine Juſtice, and the Preſence of his Maker, did, as he pretends, Strike and Chaſtiſe his Soul, how ſhort ſoever the Repentance might be, the very fear of offending that Infinite Majeſty, would ſo often preſent it ſelf to his Imagination, that he would ſoon ſee himſelf Maſter of thoſe Vices, that are moſt Natural and Habitual in him. But what ſhall we ſay of thoſe, who ſettle their whole courſe of Life, upon the Profit and Emolument of Sins, which they know to be Mortal? How many Trades and Vocations have we admitted and countenanc'd amongſt us, whoſe very Eſſence is Vicious? And he that confeſſing himſelf to me, voluntarily told me, that he had all his Life time profeſſ'd and practis'd a Religion, in his Opinion Damnable, and contrary to that he had in his Heart, only to preſerve his Credit, and the Honour of his Employments, how could his Courage ſuffer ſo Infamous a Confeſſion? What can Men ſay to the Divine Juſtice upon this ſubject? Their Repentance conſiſting in a viſible and manifeſt Reformation and Reſtitution, they loſe the colour of alledging it both to God and Man. Are they ſo Impudent, as to ſue for

for Remiſſion, without Satisfaction, and without Penitency, or Remorſe? I look upon theſe as in the ſame condition with the firſt: But the Obſtinacy is not there ſo eaſie to be overcome. This contrariety and volubility of Opinion, ſo ſudden and violent as they pretend, is a kind of Miracle to me. They preſent us with the ſtate of an indegeſtible Anxiety, and doubtfulneſs of Mind. It ſeem'd to me a Fantaſtick and Ridiculous Imagination in thoſe, who theſe late Years paſt, were wont to Reproach every Man they knew to be of any extraodinary Parts, and made profeſſion of the *Roman Catholick Religion*, that it was but outwardly, maintaining moreover, to do him Honour forſooth, that whatever he might pretend to the contrary, he could not but in his Heart, be of their Reform'd Opinion. An untoward Diſeaſe, that a Man ſhould be ſo Rivetted to his own Belief, as to fanſie, that others cannot believe otherwiſe, than as he does: And yet worſe in this, that they ſhould entertain ſo Vicious an Opinion of ſuch parts, as to think any Man ſo Qualified, ſhould preferr any preſent advantage of Fortune, before the promiſes of Eternal Life, and the means of Eternal Damnation. They may believe me: Could any thing have tempted my Youth, the Ambition of the danger and difficulties in the late Commotions, had not been the leaſt Motives.

It is not without very good Reaſon, in my Opinion, that the Church Interdicts the Promiſcuous, Indiſcreet and Irreverent uſe of the Holy and Divine *Pſalms*, with which the Holy Ghoſt

Ghoſt Inſpir'd King *David.* We ought not to mix God in our Actions, but with the higheſt Reverence and Caution. That Poeſie is too Sacred, to be put to no other uſe, than to exerciſe the Lungs, and to delight our Ears. It ought to come from the Soul, and not from the Tongue. It is not fit that a Prentice in his Shop, amongſt his vain and frivolous Thoughts, ſhould be permitted to paſs away his time, and divert himſelf, with ſuch Sacred things. Neither is it decent to ſee the Holy Bible, the Rule of our Worſhip and Belief, tumbled up and down a Hall, or a Kitchin. They were formerly Myſteries, but are now become Sports and Recreations. 'Tis a Book too Serious, and too Venerable, to be curſorily or ſlightly turn'd over. The Reading of the Scripture ought to be a temperate and premediatted Act, and to which Men ſhould always add this Devout Preface, *Surſum Corda*, preparing even the Body to ſo humble and compos'd a Geſture and Countenance, as ſhall evidence their Veneration and Attention. Neither is it a Book for every one to fiſt, but the Study of Select Men ſet apart for that purpoſe, and whom Almighty God has been pleas'd to call to that Office, and Sacred Function: The Wicked and Ignorant, Blemiſh and Deprave it. 'Tis not a Story to tell, but a Hiſtory to fear and adore. Are not they then pleaſant Men, who think they have render'd this fit for the Peoples handling, by Tranſlating it into the Vulgar Tongue? Does the Underſtanding of all therein contain'd,

tain'd, only ſtick at Words? Shall I venture to ſay further, that by coming ſo near to underſtand a little, they are much wider of the whole ſcope than before. A total Ignorance, and wholly depending upon the Expoſition of other Qualified Perſons, was more knowing and ſalutiferous, than this vain and verbal knowledge, which has only prov'd the Nurſe of Temerity and Preſumption. And I do further believe, that the liberty every one has taken, to diſperſe the Sacred Writ into ſo many Idioms, carries with it a great deal more of Danger, than Utility. The *Jews*, *Mahometans*, and almoſt all others, have Eſpous'd and Reverence the Language wherein their Laws and Myſteries were firſt conceiv'd, and have expreſly, and not without colour of reaſon, forbid the verſion or alteration of them, into any other. Are we aſſur'd, that in *Biſcay*, and in *Brittany*, there are enow competent Judges of this affair, to Eſtabliſh this Tranſlation into their own Language? Why, the Univerſal Church has not a more difficult and ſolemn Judgment to make. One of our *Greek* Hiſtorians does juſtly accuſe the Age he Liv'd in, for that the Secrets of Chriſtian Religion were diſperſt into the Hands of every Mechanick, to Expound and Argue upon, according to his own Fancy; and that we ought to be much aſham'd, we who by God's eſpecial favour, enjoy the pureſt Myſteries of Piety, to ſuffer them to be Prophan'd by the Ignorant Rabble; conſidering, that the *Gentiles* expreſsly forbad *Socrates*, *Plato*, and the other Sages,

Sages, to enquire into, or ſo much as to mention the things committed only to the Prieſts of *Delphos*; ſaying moreover, that the Factions of Princes, upon Theological accounts, are not Arm'd with Zeal, but Fury; that Zeal ſprings from the Divine Wiſdom and Juſtice, and governs it ſelf with Prudence and Moderation; but degenerates into Hatred and Envy, producing Tares and Nettles, inſtead of Corn and Wine, when conducted by Humane Paſſions. And it was truly ſaid of another, who adviſing the Emperour *Theodoſius*, and told him, that Diſputes did not ſo much Rock the Schiſms of the Church a ſleep, as it Rous'd and Animated Hereſies. That therefore all Contentions, and Logical Diſputations, were to be avoided, and Men abſolutely to Acquieſs in the Preſcriptions and Formula's of Faith, Eſtabliſh'd by the Ancients. And the Emperour *Andronicus*, having over-heard ſome great Men at high words in his Pallace with *Lapodius*, about a Point of ours of great Importance, gave them ſo ſevere a Check, as to threaten to cauſe them to be thrown into the River, if they did not deſiſt. The very Women and Children now adays, take upon them to Document the Oldeſt and moſt Experienc'd Men about the Eccleſiaſtical Laws: Whereas the firſt of thoſe of *Plato*, forbids them to enquire ſo much as into the Civil Laws; which were to ſtand inſtead of Divine Ordinances. And allowing the OldMen to conferr amongſt themſelves, or with the Magiſtrate, about thoſe things, he adds, provided it be not in the preſence

ſence of Young or Profane Perſons. A Biſhop has left in Writing, that at the other end of the World, there is an Iſle, by the Ancients call'd *Dioſcorides*, abundantly Fertile in all ſorts of Trees and Fruits, and of an exceeding Healthful Air: The Inhabitants of which are Chriſtians, having Churches and Altars, only adorn'd with Crucifixes, without any other Images, great Obſervers of Faſts and Feaſts: Exact payers of their Tythes to the Prieſts, and ſo Chaſt, that none of them is permitted to have to do with more than one Woman in his Life. As to the reſt, ſo content with their condition, that environed with the Sea, they know nothing of Navigation, and ſo ſimple, that they underſtand not one Syllable of the Religion they profeſs, and wherein they are ſo Devout. A thing incredible to ſuch as do not know, that the *Pagans*, who are ſo Zealous Idolaters, know nothing more of their Gods, than their bare Names and their Statues. The Ancient beginning of *Menalippus*, a Tragedy of *Euripedes*, ran thus,

Jupiter, for that Name alone,
Of what thou art, to me is known.

I have alſo known in my time ſome Men's Writings found fault with, for being purely Humane and Philoſophical, without any mixture of Divinity; and yet whoever ſhould on the contrary ſay, that Divine Doctrine, as Queen and Regent of the reſt, better, and with

with greater Decency, keeps her State apart: What, ſhe ought to be Soveraign throughout, not Subſidiary and Suffragan: And that peradventure, Grammatical, Rhetorical and Logical Examples, may elſewhere be more ſuitably choſen, as alſo the Arguments for the Stage, and Publick Entertainments, than from ſo Sacred a matter: That Divine Reaſons, are conſider'd with greater Veneration and Attention, when by themſelves, and in their own proper Stile, than when mixt with, and adapted to Humane Diſcourſes. That it is a fault much more often obſerv'd, that the Divines Write too Humanely, than that the Humaniſts Write not Theologically enough: Philoſophy, ſays St. *Chryſoſtome*, has long been Baniſh'd the Holy Schools, as an Hand-maid, altogether uſeleſs, and thought unworthy to peep, ſo much as in paſſing by the Door, into the Sacrifice of the Divine Doctrine. And that the Humane way of ſpeaking is of a much lower form, and ought not to ſerve her ſelf with the Dignity and Majeſty of Divine Eloquence. I ſay, whoever on the contrary ſhould Object all this, would not be without reaſon on his ſide. Let who will *Verbis Indiſciplinatis*, talk of Fortune, Deſtiny, Accident, Good and Evil Hap, and other ſuch like Phraſes, according to his own Humour; I for my part, propoſe Fancies meerly Humane, and meerly my own, and that ſimply, as Humane Fancies, and ſeparately conſider'd, not as determin'd by any Arreſt from Heaven; or incapable of Doubt, or Diſpute. Matter of Opinion, not

matter of Faith. Things which I diſcourſe of according to my own Capacity, not what I believe according to God; which alſo I do after a Laical, not Clerical, and yet always after a very Religious manner. And it were as Rational to affirm, that an Edict, enjoining all People, but ſuch as are Publick Profeſſors of Divinity, to be very reſerv'd in Writing of Religion, would carry with it a very good colour of Utility and Juſtice, and me, amongſt the reſt, to hold my prating. I have been told, that even thoſe who are not of our Church, do nevertheleſs amongſt themſelves, expreſsly forbid the Name of God to be us'd in common Diſcourſe: Not ſo much as by way of Interjection, Exclamation, Aſſertion of a Truth, or Compariſon, and I think them in the right. And upon what occaſion ſoever we call upon God, to accompany and aſſiſt us, it ought always to be done with the greateſt Reverence and Devotion. There is, as I remember, a paſſage in *Xenophon*, where he tells us, that we ought ſo much the more ſeldome to call upon God, by how much it is hard to compoſe our Souls to ſuch a degree of Calmneſs, Penitency and Devotion, as it ought to be in at ſuch time, otherwiſe our Prayers are not only vain and fruitleſs, but Vicious in themſelves. *Forgive us* (we ſay) *our Treſpaſſes, as we forgive them that Treſpaſs againſt us.* What do we mean by this Petition, but that we preſent him a Soul free from all Rancour and Revenge? And yet we make nothing of Invoking God's Aſſiſtance in our Vices, and inviting him into our unjuſt Deſigns. *Quæ*

Quæ niſi ſeductis nequeas committere divis. *Perſe. Sat. 2.*

Which only to the Gods apart,
Thou haſt the Impudence t' impart.

The Covetous Man Prays for the conſervation of his ſuperfluous, and peradventure, ill got Riches; The Ambitious for Victory, and the Conduct of his Fortune; the Thief calls God to his Aſſiſtance, to deliver him from the Dangers and Difficulties that obſtruct his Wicked Deſigns: Or returns him thanks for the Facility he has met with in Robbing a poor Peaſant. At the Door of the Houſe they are going to Storm, or break into by force of a *Petarre*, they fall to Prayers for ſucceſs, having their Inſtruction and Hopes full of Cruelty, Avarice and Luſt.

Hoc ipſum quo tu Jovis aurem impellere tentas, *Id. Ibid.*
Dic agedum Staio, proh Jupiter, o bone, clamet,
Jupiter, at ſeſe non clamet Jupiter ipſe.

(*Jove*'s Ear;
The Prayers with which thou doſt aſſault
Repeat to *Staius*, whom thou ſoon wilt hear.
O *Jupiter*, good *Jupiter*, Exclaim:
But *Jupiter* Exclaims not.

Marguarette Queen of *Navarre*, tells of a Young Prince, (whom though ſhe does not name, is eaſily enough by his great Quality to be known,) who going upon an Amorous Aſſignation to Lie with an Advocates Wife of *Paris*, his way thither being through a Church, he never paſs'd that Holy place, going to or returning

turning from, this Godly Exerciſe, but he always Kneel'd down to Pray; wherein he would emplore the Divine Favour, his Soul being full of ſuch Vertuous Meditations. I leave others to judge, which nevertheleſs ſhe inſtances, for a Teſtimony of ſingular Devotion. But it is by this proof only, that a Man may conclude, no Man not very fit to treat of Theological Affairs. A true Prayer, and Religious reconciling of our ſelves to Almighty God, cannot enter into an impure Soul, and at the very inſtant ſubjected to the very Dominion of Satan. He who calls God to his Aſſiſtance, whilſt in a Habit of Vice, does, as if a Cut-purſe ſhould call a Magiſtrate to help him, or like thoſe who introduce the Name of God to the Atteſtation of a Lye.

Lucan. l. 5. ——*Tacito mala vota ſuſurro*
Concipimus.

In Whiſpers we do guilty Prayers make.

There are few Men who durſt Publiſh to the World the Prayers they make to Almighty God.

Perſeus, Sat. 2. *Haud cuivis promptum eſt, murmurque humi-*
(leſque ſuſurros
Tollere de Templis, & aperto vivere voto.

'Tis not convenient for every one
To bring the Prayer he mutters over there,
Out of the Temple to the publick Ear.

And this is the reaſon why the *Pythagoreans* would have them always Publick, to be heard by

by every one, to the end they might not prefer indecent or unjuſt Petitions, as he did, who having

———*Clare cum dixit*, Apollo, *Hor. lib.* 1.
Labra movet metuens audiri: pulcra Laverna, *Epiſt.* 10.
Da mihi fallere, da juſtum, ſanctumque videri.
Noctem peccatis & fraudibus objice nubem.

Apollo's Name pronounc'd aloud: for fear
Any his Oraiſons ſhould over-hear,
Mutter'd betwixt his Teeth, *Laverna* great,
Grant me the Talent to Deceive and Cheat
All I ſhall have to do with ev'ry where,
Yet all the while, Holy and Juſt appear,
And from the ſight of Men be pleas'd to Shroud,
My Sins with Night, Frauds with a Sable Cloud.

The God did ſeverely puniſh the Wicked Prayers of *Oedipus*, in granting them: He had Pray'd, that his Children might amongſt themſelves Determine the Succeſſion to his Throne by Arms; and was ſo miſerable, as to ſee himſelf taken at his word. We are not to Pray, that all things may go as we would have them, but as is moſt conducing to the good of the World; and we are not in our Prayers to Obey our Wills, but Prudence. We ſeem, in truth, to make uſe of our Prayers, as of a kind of Gibberiſh, and as thoſe do who employ Holy Words about Sorceries and Magical Operations: And as if we made account, the benefit we are to reap from them, depended upon the contexture, ſound and gingle of Words, or upon the compoſing of the Countenance,

tenance. For having the Soul contaminated with Concupiſcence, not touch'd with Repentance, or comforted by any late Reconciliation with Almighty God, we go to preſent him ſuch Words as the Memory ſuggeſts to the Tongue, and hope from thence to obtain the Remiſſion of our Sins. There is nothing ſo eaſie, ſo ſweet, and ſo favourable, as the Divine Law: She calls and invites us to her, Guilty and Abominable as we are: Extends her Arms, and receives us into her Boſom, as foul and polluted as we at preſent are, and are for the future to be. But then in return, we are to look upon her with a reſpective, and a graceful Eye, we are to receive this Pardon with all imaginable gratitude and ſubmiſſion, and, for that inſtant at leaſt, wherein we Addreſs our ſelves to her, to have the Soul ſenſible of the ills we have committed, and at defiance with thoſe Paſſions, that ſeduc'd her to offend, for neither the Gods, nor Good Men, (ſays *Plato*), will accept the preſent of a Wicked Man.

Hor. l. 3. *Ode* 23.

Immunis aram ſi tetigit manus,
Non ſumptuoſa blandior hoſtia
Mollivit averſos Penates,
Farre pio, & ſaliente mica.

The pious Off'ring of a piece of Bread,
If by a pure Hand on the Altar laid,
Than Coſtly Hecatombs, will better pleaſe
Th' offended Gods, and their juſt Wrath appeaſe.

CHAP.

CHAP. LVII.

Of Age.

I Cannot allow of the proportion we ſettle upon our ſelves, and the ſpace we allot to the duration of Life. I ſee that the Wiſe contract it very much, in compariſon of the common Opinion. What (ſaid the Younger *Cato* to thoſe who would ſtay his Hand from Killing himſelf,) am I now of an Age to be Reproach'd, that I go out of the World too ſoon? And yet he was but Eight and Forty Years Old. He thought that to be a mature and competent Age, conſidering how few arrive unto it, and ſuch, as ſoothing their Thoughts with I know not what courſe of Nature, promiſe to themſelves ſome Years beyond it, could they be privileg'd from the infinite number of Accidents, to which we are by a natural ſubjection expos'd, might have ſome Reaſon ſo to do. What an Idle Conceit it is, to expect to Die of a decay of Strength, which is the laſt of effects of the extreameſt Age, and to propoſe to our ſelves no ſhorter leaſe of Life than that, conſidering it is a kind of Death of all others the moſt rare, and very hardly ſeen? We call that only a Natural Death, as if it were contrary to Nature, to ſee a Man break his Neck with a Fall, be Drown'd in Shipwrack at Sea; or ſnatch'd away with a Pluriſie, or the Plague, and, as if our ordinary condition

of Life did not expoſe us to theſe Inconveniences. Let us no more flatter our ſelves with theſe fine ſounding Words: We ought rather, at a venture, to call that Natural, which is Common and Univerſal. To Die of Old Age, is a Death rare, extraordinary and ſingular, and therefore ſo much leſs Natural, than the others: 'Tis the laſt and extreameſt ſort of Dying: And the more remote, the leſs to be hop'd for. It is indeed the Boundary of Life, beyond which we are not to paſs: Which the Law of Nature has pitch'd for a Limit, not to be exceeded: But it is withal a Privilege ſhe is rarely ſeen to give us to laſt till then. 'Tis a Leaſe ſhe only Signs by particular favour, and it may be, to one only, in the ſpace of two or three Ages; and then with a Paſs to boot, to carry him through all the Traverſes and Difficulties ſhe has ſtrew'd in the way of this long Carreer. And therefore my Opinion is, that when once Forty Years Old, we ſhould conſider it as an Age to which very few arrive: For ſeeing that Men do not uſually proceed ſo far, it is a ſign that we are pretty well advanc'd, and ſince we have exceeded the ordinary Bounds, which make the juſt meaſure of Life, we ought not to expect to go much further; having eſcap'd ſo many Precipices of Death, whereinto we have ſeen ſo many other Men to fall, we ſhould acknowledge, that ſo extraordinary a Fortune, as that which has hitherto reſcu'd

ſcu'd us from thoſe imminent Perils, and kept us alive beyond the ordinary term of Living, is not likely to continue long. 'Tis a fault in our very Laws, to maintain this Errour, That a Man is not capable of managing his own Eſtate, till he be Five and Twenty Years Old, whereas he will have much ado to manage his Life ſo long. *Auguſtus* cut off Five Years from the Ancient *Roman* Standard, and declar'd, that Thirty Years Old was ſufficient for a Judge. *Servius Tullius* ſuperſeeded the Knights of above Seven and Forty Years of Age, from the Fatigues of War: *Auguſtus* diſmiſs'd them at Forty Five: Though methinks it ſeems a little unlikely, that Men ſhould be ſent to the Fire-ſide, till Five and Fifty, or Sixty Years of Age. I ſhould be of Opinion, that both our Vacancy and Employment, ſhould be as far as poſſible extended for the Publick Good: But I find the fault on the other ſide, that they do not employ us Early enough. This Emperour was Arbiter of the whole World at Nineteen, and yet would have a Man to be Thirty, before he could be fit to bear Office in the Common-wealth. For my part I believe, our Souls are Adult at Twenty, ſuch as they are ever like to be, and as capable then as ever. A Soul that has not by that time given evident earneſt of its Force and Vertue, will never after come to proof. Natural Parts and Excellencies produce, that they have of Vigorous and Fine, within that Term, or never.

Of

Of all the great Humane Actions I ever Heard, or Read of, of what ſort ſoever, I have Obſerv'd, both in former Ages, and our own, more perform'd before the Age of Thirty, than after: And oft-times in the very Lives of the ſame Men. May I not confidently inſtance in thoſe of *Hannibal*, and his great concurrent *Scipio*? The better half of their Lives, they Liv'd upon the Glory they had Acquir'd in their Youth; great Men after, 'tis true, in compariſon of others; but by no means, in compariſon of themſelves. As to my own particular, I do certainly believe, that ſince that Age, both my Underſtanding, and my Conſtitution, have rather decay'd, than improv'd, and retir'd, rather than advanc'd. 'Tis poſſible, that with thoſe who make the beſt uſe of their Time, Knowledge and Experience may grow up and encreaſe with their Years; but the Vivacity, Quickneſs and Steadineſs, and other pieces of us, of much greater Importance, and much more Eſſentially our own, Languiſh and Decay.

Lucret. l. 3. *Ubi jam validis quaſſatum eſt viribus Corpus, & obtuſis cecidêrunt viribus artus, Claudicat ingenium, delirat linguaque mens-que.*

When

When once the Body's ſhaken by Time's (Rage,
The Blood and Vigour Ebbing into Age,
The Judgment then Halts upon either (Hip,
The Mind does Doat, Tongue into Nonſenſe (Trip.

Sometimes the Body firſt ſubmits to Age, ſometimes the Soul, and I have ſeen enow, who have got a Weakneſs in their Brains, before either in their Hams, or Stomach: And by how much the more, it is a Diſeaſe of no great pain to the infected Party, and of obſcure Symptoms, ſo much greater the danger is. And for this reaſon it is, that I complain of our Laws, not that they keep us too long to our Work, but that they ſet us to work too late. For the Frailty of Life conſider'd, and to how many Natural and Accidental Rubs it is Obnoxious and Expos'd: Birth, though Noble, ought not to ſhare ſo large a Vacancy, and ſo tedious a courſe of Education.

The End of the Firſt Book.

The End of the Fifth Book.

Now in the Preſs.

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ESSAYS

ESSAYS

OF

Michael Seigneur de *Montaigne.*

The Second BOOK.

CHAP. I.

Of the Inconſtancy of our Actions.

SUCH, as make it their buſineſs to controul human Actions, do not find themſelves in any thing ſo much perplext, as to reconcile them, and bring them into the Worlds eye, with the ſame Luſtre and Reputation; for they do commonly ſo ſtrangely contradict one another, that it ſeems impoſſible they ſhould proceed from one and the ſame Perſon. We find the younger *Marius* one while a Son of *Mars*, and another the Son of *Venus*. Pope *Boniface* the Eighth entred (ſays one)

into his Papacy like a Fox, behaved himſelf in it like a Lyon, and died like a Dog. And who could believe it to be the ſame *Nero*, the perfect Image of all Cruelty, who having the Sentence of a condemned man brought to him to ſign, cried out, *O, that I had never been taught to write.* So much it went to his heart to condemn a man to Death. All Story is full of ſuch Examples, and every man is able to produce ſo many to himſelf, or out of his own practice, or obſervation, that I ſometimes wonder to ſee men of underſtanding give themſelves the trouble of ſorting theſe pieces, conſidering that irreſolution appears to me to be the moſt common and manifeſt Vice of our Nature; Witneſs the famous Verſe of the Player *Publius*,

Irreſolution the moſt common Vice of our Nature.

Aulus Gel. ex Pub. Min. *Malum Conſilium eſt, quod mutari non poteſt.*

That Counſel's ill, that will admit no change.

Inſtability of our manners and opinions.

There is ſome poſſibility of forming a judgment of a man from the moſt uſual methods of his life; but, conſidering the natural inſtability of our manners and opinions, I have often thought even the beſt Authors a little out, in ſo obſtinately endeavouring to make of us any conſtant and ſolid Contexture. They chuſe a general Air of a man, and according to that interpret all his Actions, of which, if ſome be ſo ſtiff and ſtubborn, that they cannot bend or writh them to any uniformity with the reſt, they are preſently imputed to diſſimu-

diſſimulation. *Auguſtus* has eſcapt them, for there was in him ſo apparent, ſudden, and continual variety of Actions, all the whole courſe of his life, that he is ſlipt away clear and undecided from the moſt hardy Cenſurers. I am more hardly induced to believe a man's Conſtancy than any other Vertue, and believe no thing ſooner than the contrary. It is a hard matter, out of all Antiquity, to pick out a dozen men, who have formed their Lives to one certain and conſtant courſe, which is the principal deſign of Wiſdom; For to comprize it all in one word, (ſays one of the Ancients) and to contract all the Rules of humane Life into one, it is to Will, and not to Will always one and the ſame thing: I will not vouchſafe, ſays he to add, provided the Will be juſt, for if it be not juſt, it is impoſſible it ſhould be always one, I have indeed formerly learnt, That Vice is nothing but Irregularity and want of meaſure, and therefore 'tis impoſſible to fix conſtancy to it. 'Tis a ſaying of *Demoſthenes*, That the beginning of all Vertue is conſultation and deliberation, the end and perfection, Conſtancy. If we would reſolve on any certain courſe upon mature advice, we ſhould pitch upon the beſt, but no body has thought on't. *Auguſtus.*

Quod petiit, ſpernit, repetit quod nuper omiſit,
Æſtuat, & vitæ diſconvenit ordine toto. *Hor. l. 1. G. 1.*

He now deſpiſes, what he late did crave,
And what he laſt neglected, now would have:
He fluctuates, and flies from that to this,
And his whole life a Contradiction is.

Our ordinary practice is to follow the inclinations of our Appetite, be it to the left or right, upwards or downwards, according as we are wafted by the breath of occaſion. We never meditate what we would have, till the inſtant we have a mind to have it; and change like that little Creature, that receives its colour from what it is laid upon. What we but juſt now propoſe to our ſelves, we immediately alter, and preſently return again to the firſt; 'tis nothing but ſhifting, and inconſtancy:

Id. lib. 2. Sat. 7. *Ducimur ut nervis alienis mobile lignum.*

Like Tops with leathern Thongs we're ſcourg'd about.

We do not go, we are driven; like things that float, now leiſurely; then with violence, according to the gentleneſs, or rapidity of the Current.

Lucret. l. 3. ——— *nonne videmus,*
Quid ſibi quiſque velit neſcire, & quærere ſemper,
Commutare locum quaſi onus deponere poſſit?

See we not up and down men daily trot
For ſomething they would have, but know not what:
Shifting from place to place, as here or there,
They could ſet down the burden of their care.

Every day a new whimſie, and our humours keep motion with the time.

Tales ſunt hominum mentes, quali pater ipſe Jupiter auctifero luſtravit lumine terras. Cicero.

Such are the motions of th' inconſtant Soul,
As are the days, and weather, fair or foul.

We fluctuate betwixt various inclinations; we will nothing freely, nothing abſolutely, nothing conſtantly. In any one, that had preſcrib'd and eſtabliſht determinate Laws and Rules in his head for his own conduct, we ſhould perceive an equality of manners, an order, and an infallible relation of one thing, or action, to another, ſhine through his whole Life, (*Empedocles* obſerv'd this diſcrepency in the *Agregentines*, that they gave themſelves up to delights, as if every day was their laſt, and built, as if they had been to live for ever) and the Judgment would not be hard to make. As is very evident in the perſon of the younger *Cato*, who has found one ſtep, it will lead him to all the reſt: 'tis a harmony of very according ſounds, that cannot jar, nor deceive the ear. But with us 'tis quite contrary, every particular Action requires a particular Judgment, wherein the ſureſt way to ſteer, in my opinion, would be to take our meaſures from the neareſt ally'd Circumſtances, without engaging in a longer inquiſition, or without concluding any other conſequence. I was told, during the civil diſorders of our poor Kingdom, that a Maid, hard by the place where I then was, had thrown her ſelf out of a window, to

avoid being forc'd by a common Souldier, that was quartered in the houſe: She was not kill'd by the fall, and therefore redoubling her attempt, would have cut her own Throat, had ſhe not been prevented; but having nevertheleſs wounded her ſelf to ſome ſhew of danger, ſhe voluntarily confeſt, that the Souldier had not as yet importun'd her otherwiſe than by Courtſhip, earneſt Sollicitation, and ſuch little Preſents as he was able to procure; but that ſhe was afraid, that in the end he would have proceeded to violence, all which ſhe delivered with ſuch a countenance and accent, and withal embrewed in her own blood, the higheſt Teſtimony of her Vertue, that ſhe appear'd another *Lucretia*; and yet I have ſince been very well aſſur'd, that, both before and after, ſhe was not ſo difficult a piece. And, according to my Hoſts tale in *Arioſto*, be as handſom a man, and as fine a Gentleman as you will, do not conclude too much upon your Miſtreſſes inviolable Chaſtity, for having been repulſt; you do not know but ſhe may have a better ſtomack to your Muleteer.

A Maid threw her ſelf out of a window for fear of a Rape.

Antigonus, having taken one of his Souldiers into a great degree of favour and eſteem, for his Vertue and Valour, gave his Phyſicians ſtrict charge to cure him of a long and inward diſeaſe under which he had a great while languiſht; and obſerving that after his Cure, he went much more coldly to work than before, he askt the Fellow, who had ſo alter'd, and cow'd him. Your ſelf (Sir) reply'd the other, by having eas'd me of the pains that made

made me weary of my Life. *Lucullus* his Souldier, having been rifled by the Enemy, perform'd upon them in revenge a brave Exploit, by which having made himſelf at leaſt a Saver, *Lucullus*, who had conceived a good opinion of him, from that action, went about to engage him in ſome enterprize of very great danger, with all the plauſible perſwaſions and promiſes he could think of,

Verbis quæ timido quoque poſſent addere mentem: *Hor. lib. 2. Ep. 2.*

Words which the coldeſt Coward would inſpire,
And with briſk mettle ſet his Blood on Fire.

Pray employ, anſwered he, ſome miſerable plundered Souldier in that affair,

——— *quantum vis ruſticus ibit,*
Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit inquit. *Il. Ibid.*

Some Fool, or poor Knave knapſack't by the Foe,
On that deſign may peradventure go.

And flatly refuſed to go. When we Read, that *Mahomet* having furiouſly rated *Chaſan*, *Baſſa* of the *Janizaries*, who ſeeing the *Hungarians* break into his Squadrons, had behav'd himſelf very ill in the buſineſs, and that *Chaſan* inſtead of any other anſwer, ruſh'd furiouſly alone with his Cimitar in his hand into the firſt Body of the Enemy, where he was

preſently cut to [illegible]ces: We are not to look upon that action peradventure, ſo much deſigned to vindicate himſelf from the reproach of Cowardize as an effect of recollection, nor ſo much proceeding from natural Valour as a ſudden Deſpite. The Man you ſaw veſterday ſo adventurous and brave, you muſt not think it ſtrange to ſee him as great a Poltron the next: Anger, Neceſſity, Company, Wine or the Sound of the Trumpet, had rous'd his Spirits; this is no Valour form'd and Eſtabliſhed by Meditation; but accidentally created by thoſe circumſtances, and therefore it is no wonder, if by contrary circumſtances it appear quite another thing.

Theſe ſupple variations and contradictions, ſo manifeſt in us, have given ſome occaſion to believe, that Man has two Souls: Others, two diſtinct Powers, that always accompany and encline us, the one towards Good, and the other towards Ill, according to their own Natures and Propenſions; ſo ſudden a variety of inclination not being to be imagined to flow from one and the ſame Fountain. For my part I muſt ingeniouſly declare, that the puff of every accident not only carries me along with it, according to its own proclivity, but that moreover I diſcompoſe, and trouble my ſelf, by the inſtability of my own poſture; and whoever will look narrowly into his own Boſom, will hardly find himſelf twice in the ſame condition. I give my Soul ſometimes one Face, and ſometimes another, according to the ſide I turn her to. If I ſpeak variouſly

variouſly of my ſelf, it is, becauſe I conſider my ſelf variouſly. All contrarieties are there to be found, in one corner or another, or after one manner or another. Baſhful, Inſolent, Chaſt, Luſtful, Prating, Silent, Laborious, Delicate, Ingenious, Heavy, Melancholick, Pleaſant, Lying, True, Knowing, Ignorant, Liberal, Covetous, and Prodigal, I find all this in my ſelf more or leſs according as I turn my ſelf about; and whoever will ſift himſelf to the bottom, will find in himſelf, even by his own Judgment this volubility and diſcordance. In a word, I have nothing to ſay of my ſelf entirely, ſimply, and ſolidly without mixture, and confuſion. *Diſtinguo* is the moſt univerſal Member of my Logick. Tho I always intend to ſpeak well of good things, and rather to interpret ſuch things as may fall out, in the beſt ſence, than otherwiſe, yet ſuch is the ſtrangneſs of our condition, that we are ſometimes puſht on to do well even by Vice it ſelf, if well doing were not judged by the intention only. One gallant Action therefore ought not to conclude a man Valiant; if a man was brave indeed, he would be always ſo, and upon all occations. If it were a habit of Vertue, and not a Sally, it would render a man equally reſolute. In all Accidents, the ſame Alone, as in Company: the ſame in Liſts, as in a Battel; for, let them ſay what they will, there is not one Valour for the Pavement, and another for the Field. He would bear a Sickneſs in his Bed, as bravely as a Wound in the Field, and no more fear Death

Death in his own houſe, than at an aſſault. We ſhould not then ſee the ſame man charge into a Breach with a brave aſſurance, and afterwards torment himſelf, and pule like a Woman for the loſs of a Tryal at Law, or the death of a Child. When being a detected Coward to Infamy, he is conſtant in the neceſſities of Poverty and Want; when he ſtarts at the ſight of a Barbers Razor, and ruſhes fearleſs into the Swords of the Enemy, the Action is commendable, not the Man.

Cicero Tuſc. 2. Many of the Greeks, ſays *Cicero*, cannot endure the ſight of an Enemy, and yet are courageous in Sickneſs; the *Cimbrians*, and *Celtiberians* quite contrary. *Nihil enim poteſt eſſe æquabile, quod non a certa ratione proficiſcatur.* Nothing can be equal, that does not proceed from a certain ground of reaſon. No Valour can be more extream in its kind, than that of *Alexander*: But it is but one kind; nor full enough throughout. As peerleſs as it is, it has yet ſome blemiſhes. Of which, his being ſo often at his wits end upon every light ſuſpition of his Captains conſpiring againſt his life, and the carrying himſelf in that Inquiſition with ſo much vehemency and injuſtice, and a fear that ſubverted his natural reaſon, is one pregnant inſtance; the Superſtition alſo, with which he was ſo much tainted, carries along with it ſome Image of Puſillanimity. And the exceſs of his Penitency, for the Murther of *Clytus*, is alſo a Teſtimony of the unevenneſs of his Courage. All we perform is no other than a *Cento*, as a man may ſay, of ſeveral pieces

The Valour of Alexander *extream in its kind.*

ces, and yet we would acquire Honor by a falſe Title. Vertue cannot be followed, but for her ſelf, and if one ſometimes borrow her Mask for ſome other occaſion, ſhe preſently pulls it away again. 'Tis a ſtamp and lively Tincture, which when the Soul has once thorowly imbibed, it will not out, but with the piece. And therefore to make a right Judgment of a man, we are long, and very obſervingly, to follow his trace: If conſtancy does not there ſtand firm upon her own proper Baſe, *Cui vivendi via conſiderata, atque proviſa eſt,* if the variety of occurrences makes him to alter his pace (his path I mean, for the pace may be faſter or ſlower) let him go, ſuch a one runs before the wind. 'Tis no wonder, ſays one of the Ancients, that chance has ſo great a dominion over us, ſince it is by chance we live. It is not poſſible for any one, who has not deſigned his life for ſome certain end, to diſpoſe his particular actions. It is impoſſible for any one to fit the pieces together, who has not the whole form already contrived in his imagination. To what uſe are colours to him, or to what end ſhould he provide them, that knows not what he is to paint? No one lays down a certain deſign for his life, and we only deliberate by pieces. The Archer ought firſt to know at what he is to aim, and then accommodate his Arm, Bow, String, Shaft, and Motion to it. Our Counſel deviates and wanders, becauſe not levelled to any determinate end. No wind ſerves him who addreſſes his Voiage to no certain Port. I cannot acquieſce in the judgment given by one in *Cicero.*

in the behalf of *Sophocles*; who concluded him capable of the management of Domeſtick affairs againſt the accuſation of his Son, for having ſeen one of his Tragedies.

Neither do I allow of the conjecture of the *Parians*, ſent to regulate the *Mileſians*, ſufficient for ſuch a conſequence, as they from thence derived. Coming to viſit the Iſland, they took notice of ſuch grounds as were beſt husbanded, and ſuch Country houſes as were beſt governed; and having taken the names of the owners, when they had aſſembled the Citizens they appointed thoſe Farmers for new Governors and Magiſtrates; concluding, that they who had been ſo provident in their own private concerns, would be ſo of the publick too. We are all in form lumps, and of ſo various a contexture, that every piece plays every moment its own game, and there is as much difference betwixt us and our ſelves, as betwixt us and others. *Magnam rem puta, unum hominem agere.* Since ambition can teach men Valour, Temperance and Liberality, and even Juſtice too; ſeing that Avarice can inſpire the courage of a Shop-boy, bred and nurſt up in obſcurity and eaſe, with the aſſurance to expoſe himſelf ſo far from the Fire ſide, to the mercy of the Waves in a frail Boat, that ſhe does farther teach Diſcretion and Prudence: And that even *Venus* can inſtate Boys under the diſcipline of the Rod with boldneſs, and reſolution, and infuſe maſculine courage into the Heart of tender Virgins in their Mothers arms:

Sen. Epiſt. 120.

Hac

Hac duce cuſtodes furtim tranſgreſſa jacentes
Ad juvenem tenebris ſola puella venit. *Tib. lib. 2. Eg. 1.*

The tender Virgin, dreadleſs of all harms,
Steals in the dark to her young Lovers arms,

'Tis not all the underſtanding has to do, ſimply to judge us by our outward Actions, it muſt penetrate the very Soul, and there diſcover by what ſprings the motion is guided: But that being a high and hazardous undertaking, I could wiſh that fewer would attempt it.

CHAP. II.

Of Drunkenneſs.

THE World is nothing but Variety and Diſproportion, Vices are all alike, as they are Vices, and peradventure the *Stoicks* underſtand them ſo, but although they are equally Vices, yet they are not equal Vices: And that he who has tranſgreſt the ordinary bounds a hundred paces, ſhould not be in a worſe condition, than he that has advanced but ten, is not to be believed; or that Sacrilege is not worſe than ſtealing a Cabbage,

Nec vincet ratio tantundem ut peccet idemque,
Qui teneros caules alieni fregerit horti,
Et qui nocturnus divum ſacra legerit. *Hor. lib. 1. Sat. 3.*

Nor

Nor ſeems it reaſon, he as much ſhould Sin,
Steals but a Cabbage Plant, as he who, in
The dead of night, a Temple breaks, & brings
Away from thence the Conſecrated things.

There is in this as great diverſity, as in any thing whatever: The confounding of the order and meaſure of Sins is dangerous: Murtherers, Traytors, and Tyrants are therein ſo very deep concerned, that it is not reaſonable they ſhould flatter their Conſciences, becauſe ſuch another is Idle, Laſcivious, or leſs Aſſiduous at his Devotion: Every one lays weight upon the Sin of his Companions, but lightens his own. Our very Inſtructors themſelves ranck them ſometimes, in my opinion, very ill. As *Socrates*, who ſaid, that the principle Office of Wiſdom was, to diſtinguiſh Goods and Evils. We, whoſe beſt faculties are always vitious, ought alſo to ſay of Knowledge, that it is to diſtinguiſh betwixt Vice and Vice, without which, and that very exactly performed, Vertuous and Wicked will remain confounded and unknown. Now, amongſt the reſt, Drunkenneſs ſeems, to me, to be a groſs and brutiſh Vice. The Soul has the greateſt intereſt in all the reſt, and there are ſome Vices, that have ſomething, if a man may ſo ſay, of generous in them. There are Vices, wherein there is a mixture of Knowledge, Diligence, Valour, Prudence, Dexterity, and Cunning: This is totally Corporal and Earthly, and the thickeſt ſculled Nation this day in *Europe*, is that, where it

The Germans great Drinkers.

it is the moſt in faſhion: Other Vices diſcompoſe the underſtanding, this totally overthrows it, and renders the body ſtupid.

——— *cum vini vis penetravit,*
Conſequitur gravitas membrorum, præpediuntur
Crura vacillanti, tardeſcit lingua, madet mens,
Nant oculi, clamor, ſingultus, jurgia gliſcunt?

Lucret. lib. 3.

When fumes of Wine do once the Brain poſſeſs,
Then follows ſtraight an indiſpoſedneſs
Throughout, the Legs ſo fetter'd in that caſe
They cannot with the reeling trunck keep pace.
The Tongue trips, Mind droops, Eyes ſtand full of Water.
Noiſe, Hiccups, Brawles, and Quarrels follow after.

The worſt eſtate of man is that, wherein he loſes the knowledge and Government of himſelf. And 'tis ſaid, amongſt other things, upon that Subject, that, as the Muſt, fermenting in a Veſſel, works up to the top whatever it has in the bottom: So the old Wine, in thoſe who have drank beyond their meaſure, vents the moſt inward Secrets,

——— *tu ſapientium*
Curas, & arcanum jocoſo
Conſilium retegis Lyæo.

Thou in thy Cups, and wild debaucheries,
Blab'ſt out the ſecret Counſel of the Wiſe.

Joſephus

Joſephus tells us, that, by giving an Ambaſſador the Enemy had ſent to him, his full doſe of Liquor, he worm'd out his Secrets. And yet *Auguſtus*, committing the moſt inward Secrets of his affairs to *Lucius Piſo*, who conquered *Thrace*, never found him faulty in the leaſt, no more than *Tiberius* did *Coſſus*, with whom he intruſted his whole Counſels, though we know they were both ſo given to Drink, that they have often been fain to carry both the one and the other Drunk out of the Senate.

Virg. Egl. 6. *Heſterno inflatum venas de more Lyæo.*

Their head being yet full of the day before.

And the deſign of Killing *Cæſar* was as ſafely communicated to *Cimber*, though he would ſometimes be Drunk, as to *Caſſius* who Drunk nothing but Water. We ſee our *Germans*, when Drunk as the Devil, can know their Poſt, remember the Word, and perform their Duty.

Juven. Sat 13. —— *nec facilis victoria de madidis, & Blæſis, atque mero titubantibus.*

Nor is a Victory eaſily obtain'd
O're men ſo Drunk, they ſcarce can ſpeak or ſtand.

I could not have believ'd there had been ſo profound, ſenceleſs, and dead a degree of Drunkenneſs, had I not read in Hiſtory, that *Attalus*

talus, having, to put a notable affront upon him, invited to Supper the same *Pausanias*, who upon the very same occasion afterwards killed *Philip* of *Macedon* (a King who by these excellent Qualities gave sufficient Testimony of his Education in the house, and company of *Epaminondas*) he made him drink to such a pitch, that he could after dispose of his Beauty, as of a Hedge-whore, to the Muletteers and Servants of the basest Office in the house. And I've been further told, by a Lady whom I highly Honour and Esteem, that near *Bourdeux*, and about *Castres* where she lives, a Country-woman, a Widow of chast repute, perceiving in her self the first Symptoms of breeding, innocently told her Neighbours, that if she had a Husband she should think her self with Child: But the causes of suspition every day more and more encreasing, and at last growing up to a manifest proof; the poor Woman was reduc'd to the necessity of causing it to be Proclaimed at the Prosne of her Parish-Church; that whoever had done that deed, and would frankly confess it, she did not only promise to forgive, but moreover to Marry him, if he lik'd of the motion. Whereupon a young fellow that served in the quality of a Labourer, encouraged by this Proclamation, declared; that he had one Holy-day found her, having taken too much of the Bottle, so fast a sleep in the Chimney, and in so undecent a posture; that he might conveniently come to do his business without waking her; and they yet live together Man and Wife. It is true, that Antiquity

has not much decry'd this Vice: The Writings of ſeveral Philoſophers ſpeak very tenderly of it, and even amongſt the *Stoicks* there are ſome, who adviſe to give themſelves ſometimes the liberty to Drink to a debauch, to recreate and refreſh the Soul.

Cornel. Gall. Epig. 1.

Hoc quoq; virtutum quondam certamine magnum
Socratem palmam promeruiſſe ferunt.

And *Socrates* the Wiſe they ſay of yore,
Amongſt Boon-blades the palm of Drinking bore.

That Cenſor, and Reprover of others, *Cato* was reproach'd that he was a Good-fellow.

Horace. lib. 3. Ode. 21.

Narratur & priſci Catonis
Sæpe mero caluiſſe virtus.

And of the Elder *Cato* it is ſaid,
He often went with a hot Pate to Bed.

Cyrus that worthy renowned King, amongſt his other Qualities, by which he pretended to be preferred before his Brother *Artaxerxes*, urged this excellency, that he could Drink a great deal more than he. And in the beſt governed Nations, this trial of skil in Drinking is very much in uſe. I have heard *Silvius*, an excellent Phyſitian of *Paris*, ſay, that leſt the digeſtive faculties of the Stomach ſhould grow idle, it were not amiſs once a month to rouſe them by this exceſs, and to ſpur them, leſt they ſhould grow dull and reſty; and one Author tells

Drinking to a debauch in Uſe amongſt the beſt governed Nations.

tells us, that the *Perſians* uſed to conſult about their moſt important Affairs, after being well warmed with Wine. My taſte and conſtitution are greater Enemies to this Vice than I am, for beſides that I eaſily ſubmit my belief to the Authority of antient Opinions: I look upon it indeed as a ſtupid and ungraceful Vice, but leſs malicious and hurtful than the others, which almoſt all more directly juſtle publick Society. And if we cannot pleaſe our ſelves, but it muſt coſt us ſomething, as they hold; I find this Vice coſts a mans Conſcience leſs than the others, beſides that it is of no difficult preparation; nor what we look for hard to be found, a conſideration not altogether to be deſpiſed. A man well advanc'd both in Dignity and Age, amongſt three principal Commodities, that he ſaid remained to him of Life, reckoned to me this for one, and where would a man more juſtly find it, than amongſt the natural conveniences? But he did not take it right, for delicacy and the curious choice of Wines, is therein to be avoided. If you found your pleaſure upon Drinking of the beſt, you condemn your ſelf to the Penance of Drinking of the worſt. Your taſte muſt be more indifferent and free. So delicate a Palate is not required to make a good Toper. The *Germans* Drink almoſt indifferently of all Wines and Liquors with delight, their buſineſs is to powre down, and not to taſte; and it's ſo much the better for them, their Pleaſure is ſo much the more conſtant, and nearer at hand. Now on the other ſide, not to Drink

Delicacy to be avoided in Wine.

(after the French faſhion) but at meals, and then very moderately too, is to be ingrate to this bountiful God of Wine. There is more time and conſtancy required than ſo. The Ancients ſpent whole nights in this Exerciſe, and oft-times added the day following to eke it out, and therefore we are to take greater liberty than ſo, and ſtick cloſer to our work. I have ſeen a great Lord of my time, a man of high enterpriſe and famous ſucceſs, that without ſetting himſelf to't, and after his ordinary rate of Drinking at meals, Drank not much leſs than five quarts of Wine, and at his going away appeared but too wiſe and diſcreet, to the detriment of our affairs. The pleaſure we deſign the greateſt eſteem for the whole courſe of our Lives, ought to have a greater ſhare of our time dedicated to it. We ſhould like Shop-boys and Labourers, refuſe no occaſion nor omit no opportunity of Drinking, and always have it in our minds. But methinks we every day abridge and curtail the uſe of Wine; and the Break-faſt Drinking and Collations, I uſed to ſee in my Fathers houſe when I was a Boy, were more uſual and frequent then, than now.

Is it that we pretended to a Reformation? Truly no. But it may be we are more addicted to *Venus*, than our Fathers were. They are two exerciſes that thwart and hinder one another in their vigour. Lechery has weakned our Stomach on the one ſide, and on the other Sobriety renders us more ſpruce and amorous for the exerciſe of Love. 'Tis not to be imagined what ſtrange Stories I have heard my Father tell, of the

the Chaſtity of that Age wherein he lived. It was for him to ſay it, being both by Art and Nature cut out, and finiſhed for the ſervice of Ladies, He ſpoke well, and little; ever mixing his Language with ſome Illuſtration out of vulgar Authors, eſpecially Spaniſh, & amongſt them *Marcus Aurelius* was very frequent in his mouth. His behaviour was grave, humble and modeſt; he was very ſolicitous of neatneſs and decency both in his Perſon and Cloaths, whether on Horſeback, or a Foot: He was exceeding punctual of his Word; and of a Conſcience and Religion generally tending rather towards Superſtition than otherwiſe. For a Man of little Stature, very Strong, well Proportion'd, and well Knit, of a pleaſing Countenance enclining to brown, and very adroit in all noble Exerciſes. I have yet in the Houſe to be ſeen Canes powr'd full of Lead, with which, they ſay, he exerciſed his Arms for throwing the Bar, or the Stone; and Shoos with Leaden ſoals to make him after lighter for Running, or Leaping. Of his Vaulting he has left little Miracles behind him: I have ſeen him, when paſt three-ſcore, laugh at our Exerciſes, and throw himſelf in his Furr'd Gown into the Saddle, make the Tour of a Table upon his Thumbs, and ſcarce ever mount the Stairs into his Chamber without taking three or four ſteps at a time. But upon what I was ſpeaking before, he ſaid, there was ſcarce one Woman of Quality, of ill Fame in a whole Province. Would tell of ſtrange Privacies, and ſome of them his own, with Vertuous Women, without

A Character of the Authors Father.

Marvellous Chastity of the Age wherein the Authors Father lived.

out any manner of suspition: And for his own part, solemnly swore he was a Virgin at his Marriage; and yet it was after a long practice of Arms beyond the Mountains; of which War he has left us a Paper-Journal under his own hand, wherein he has given a precise account from point to point of all passages both relating to the publick, and to himself. And was also Married at a well advanced Maturity in the year 1528, the three and thirtieth year of his Age, upon his way home from *Italy*. But let us turn to our Battel.

The Incommodities of old Age, that stand in need of some refreshment and support, might with reason beget in me a desire of this faculty, it being as were the last pleasure the course of years deprives us of. The natural heat (say the Good-fellows,) first seats it self in the Feet, that concerns Infancy, thence it mounts into the middle Region, where it makes a long aboad, and produces, in my opinion, the sole true pleasure of human Life; all other pleasures, in comparison, sleep. Toward the end, like a vapour that still mounts upward it arrives at the Throat, where it makes its final residence, and concludes the progress. I cannot nevertheless understand, how a man can extend the pleasure of Drinking beyond Thirst, and to forge in his Imagination an Appetite Artificial, and against Nature. My Stomack would not proceed so far, it has enough to do to deal with what it takes in for necessity. My constitution, is, not to care to drink, but as it follows Eating, and to wash down my Meat,

and

and for that Reason my last draught is always the greatest: And seing, that in old Age we have our Palats furr'd with Phlegms, or depraved by some other ill constitution, the Wine tasts better to us, as the Pores are cleaner washed, and laid more open. At least I seldom taste the first Glass well. *Anacharsis* wondered, that the Greeks drank in greater Glasses towards the end of a meal, than at the beginning; which was, I suppose, for the same reason, the *Dutch* do the same, who then begin the Battel. *Plato* forbids Children Wine, till eighteen years of Age, and being drunk till forty; but after forty gives them leave to please themselves, and to mix a little liberally, in their Feasts, the influence of *Dionysius*, that good Deity, who restores young men their good humour, and old men their youth, who mollifies the passions of the Soul, as Iron is softned by Fire; and in his Laws allows such merry meetings (provided they have a discreet Chief to govern, and keep them in order) for good and of great utility; Drunkenness being a true and certain Tyal of every ones Nature, and withal fit to inspire old Men with Mettle to divert themselves in Dancing, and Musick; things of great use, and that they dare not attempt when sober. He moreover says, that Wine is able to supply the Soul with Temperance, and the Body with Health, nevertheless these Restrictions, in part borrowed from the *Carthaginians*, please him; That they forbear excesses in the Expeditions of War; that every Judge and Magistrate abstain from it, when about the Ad-

One of the names of Bacchus.

Adminiſtrations of his place, or the Conſultations of the publick Affairs: That the day is not to be embezled with it, that being a time due to other Employments, nor that night he intends to get Children. 'Tis ſaid, that the Philoſopher *Stilpo*, when oppreſt with Age, purpoſely haſtned his End by drinking pure Wine. The ſame thing, but not deſign'd by him, diſpatcht alſo the Philoſopher *Arceſilaus*. But 'tis an old and pleaſant Queſtion, Whether the Soul of a wiſe man can be overcome by the ſtrength of Wine,

Hor. lib. 3. Ode 23.

Si munitæ adhibet vim ſapientiæ.

If it a Head, with it's beſotting fume
With Wiſdom fortified t'aſſault preſume?

To what vanity does the good opinion we have of our ſelves puſh us? The moſt regular and moſt perfect Soul in the World has but too much to doe to keep it ſelf upright, from being overthrown by it's own weakneſs. There is not one of a thouſand that is right, and ſetled ſo much as one minute in a whole Life, and that may not very well doubt, whether according to her Natural condition ſhe can ever be. But to joyn Conſtancy to it, is her utmoſt Perfection; I mean though nothing ſhould juſtle and diſcompoſe her, which a thouſand Accidents may do. 'Tis to much purpoſe, that the great Poet *Lucretius* keeps ſuch a clutter with his Philoſophy, when behold he is ruin'd with a Philtre, one poor draught of Love. Is it to be imagin'd, that an Apoplexy will not make an Aſs of *Socrates*, as well as of a Porter. Some

have

have forgot their own names by the violence of a Diſeaſe, and a ſlight Wound has turn'd the Judgment of others topſey-turvey. Let him be as wiſe as he will, but in fine he is a Man; and than that, what is there more miſerable, or more nothing? Wiſdom does not force our natural Diſpoſitions.

Sudores itaque & pallorum exiſtere toto *Lucret. lib. 3.*
Corpore, & infringi linguam, vocemque aboriri,
Caligare oculos, ſonere aures, ſuccidere artus,
Denique conſidere ex animi terrore videmus.

Paleneſs, and Sweat the Countenance confounds,
The Tongues deliver'd of Abortive Sounds,
The Eyes grow dim, Ears deaf, the Knees grow lame,
And do refuſe to prop the trembling Frame,
And laſtly out of fear of Mind we all
Things ſee into a Diſſolution fall.

He muſt ſhut his Eyes againſt the blow that threatens him; he muſt tremble upon the Margent of a precipice like a Child: Nature having reſerv'd theſe light works of her Authority, not to be forc'd by our Reaſon and Stoical Vertue, to teach Man his Morrality, and little Power. He turns pale with fear, red with ſhame, and groans with the Chollick, if not very loud, at leaſt ſo as to confeſs his Frailty.

Humane à ſe nihil alienum putet. *Terence.*

To any other man what may befall,
Let him not think ſtrange to himſelf at all.

The Poets that feign all things at pleaſure, dare

dare not acquit their greateſt Heroes of Tears.

Virg. 6. *Sic fatur lacrimans, claſſique immittit habenas.*

Thus did he weeping ſay, and then his Fleet
Did to the mercy of the Sea commit.

'Tis ſufficient for a man to curb and moderate his Inclinations, for totally to ſuppreſs them is not in him to do. Even our great *Plutarch*, that excellent and perfect Judge of Humane Actions, when he ſees *Brutus* and *Torquatus* Murther their own Children, begins to doubt, whether Vertue could proceed ſo far; and to queſtion, whether theſe perſons had not rather been ſtimulated by ſome other Paſſion. All Actions exceeding the ordinary bounds are liable to ſiniſter Interpretation: For as much as our likeing does no more proceed from what is above, than from what is below it.

Let us leave this other Sect, and make a downright profeſſion of fierceneſs. But when even in that Sect, reputed the moſt quiet and gentle, we hear theſe Rhodomontades of *Metrodorus*: *Occupavi te, Fortuna, atque cepi: Omneſque aditus tuos intercluſi, ut ad me aſſpirare non poſſes.* Fortune, thou art mine, I have thee faſt, and have made all the Avenues ſo ſure thou canſt not come at me. When *Anaxarchus*, by the command of *Nicreocreon*, the Tyrant of *Cyprus*, was put into a Stone-Mortar, and laid upon with Mauls of Iron, ceaſes not to ſay, Strike, Batter, Break, 'tis not *Anaxarchus*, 'tis but his Sheath that you pound and bray ſo. When we hear our Martyrs cry out to the Tyrant in the middle of the Flame, this ſide is Roaſted enough,

enough, fall to, and eat, it is enough, fall to work with the other. When we hear the Child in *Josephus*, torn piece-Meal with biting Pincers, defying *Antiochus*, and crying out with a constant and assured Voice, Tyrant, thou losest thy Labour, I am still at ease, where is the Pain, where are the Torments with which thou didst so threaten me? Is this all thou canst do? My Constancy torments thee more, than thy Cruelty does me: O Pitiful Coward, thou Faintest, and I grow Stronger, make me Complain, make me Bend, make me Yield if thou canst; Encourage thy Guards, Cheer up thy Executioners, see, see they Faint, and can do no more; Arm them, Flesh them anew, Spur them up. Really a man must confess, that there is some alteration and fury, how Holy soever, that does at that time possess those Souls. When we come to these Stoical Sallies: *I had rather be Furious than Voluptuous*, a Saying of *Antisthenes*; When *Sextius* tells us, *he had rather be Fetter'd with Affliction, than Pleasure*: When *Epicurus* takes upon him to play with his Gout, and that refusing Health and Ease, he defies all Torments, and despising the Lesser Pains, as disdaining to contend with them, he covets and calls out for sharper, more violent and more worthy of him:

Spumantemque dari pecora inter inertia votis
Optat aprum, aut fulvum descendere monte leonem. *Æneid. l. 4.*

And for ignobler Chaces wishes some
Lyon or Boar, would from the Mountain come.

Who

Who but muſt conclude, that they are puſht on by a Courage, that has broke looſe from its place? Our Soul cannot from her own Seat reach ſo high, 'tis neceſſary ſhe muſt leave it, raiſe her ſelf up, and taking the Bridle in her Teeth, tranſport her man ſo far, that he ſhall after himſelf be aſtoniſht at what he has done. As in occaſion of War, the Heat of Battle ſometimes puſhes the generous Souldiers to perform things of ſo infinite Danger, as after having recollected themſelves, they themſelves are the firſt to wonder at. As alſo fares with the Poets, who are often rapt with admiration of their own Writings, and know not where again to find the track, through which they performed ſo happy a Carreer; which alſo is in them call'd Rage, and Rapture: and as *Plato* ſays, 'tis to no purpoſe for a Sober man to knock at the door of Poeſy: and *Ariſtotle* ſays to the ſame effect, that no excellent Soul is exempt from the mixture of Folly; & he has reaſon to call all Tranſports, how comendible ſoever, that ſurpaſs our own Judgment and Underſtanding, Folly: For as much as Wiſdom is a regular Government of the Soul, which is carryed on with Meaſure and Proportion, and which ſhe is to her ſelf reſponſible for. *Plato* argues thus, that the Faculty of Prophecying is ſo far above us, that we muſt be out of our ſelves, when we meddle with it, and our Prudence muſt either be obſtructed by Sleep or Sickneſs, or lifted from her place by ſome Celeſtial Rapture.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

The Cuſtom of the Iſle of Cea.

IF to Philoſophize, be, as 'tis defin'd, to doubt, much more to write at random, and play the Fool, as I do, ought to be reputed doubting, for it is for Novices and Freſhmen to inquire and to diſpute, and for the Chair-man to moderate and determine. My Moderator is the Authority of the Divine Will, that Governs us without contradiction, and that is ſeated above theſe vain and human Conteſts. *Philip* being forceably entred into *Peleponneſus*, and ſome one ſaying to *Damidas*, that the *Lacedæmonians* were likely very much to ſuffer, if they did not in time reconcile themſelves to his favour: Why you pitiful Fellow, replied he, what can they ſuffer, that do not fear to dye? It being alſo demanded of *Agis*, which way a man might live free? Why, ſaid he, by deſpiſing Death. Theſe, and a thouſand other ſayings to the ſame purpoſe, do diſtinctly ſound ſomething more than the Patient attending the ſtroke of Death, when it ſhall come; for there are ſeveral accidents in Life, far worſe to ſuffer than Death it ſelf. Witneſs the *Lacedæmonian* Boy, taken by *Antigonus*, and ſold for a Slave, who being by his new Maſter commanded to ſome baſe Imployment, *Thou ſhalt ſee*, ſays the Boy, *whom thou haſt bought*, it would be a ſhame for me to ſerve, being ſo near the reach of Liberty,

To Philoſophize, what?

Several Accidents worſe to ſuffer than Death.

berty, and having so said, threw himself from the top of the house. *Antipater* severely threatning the *Lacedæmonians*, that he might the better encline them to acquiesce in a certain demand of his; *If thou threatnest us with more than Death*, replyed they, *we shall the more willingly dye*: And to *Phillip* having writ them word, that he would frustrate all their Enterprizes, *What, wilt thou also hinder us from dying?* This is the meaning of the Sentence, *That the Wise man lives as long as he ought, not so long as he can*; and that the most obliging Present Nature has made us, and which takes from us all colour of complaint of our condition, is to have delivered into our own custody the Keys of Life. She has only ordered one door into Life, but a hundred thousand ways out. We may be straightned for Earth to Live upon, but Earth sufficient to Dye upon can never be wanting, as *Boiocatus* answered the *Romans*, why dost thou complain of this World? It detains thee not; thy own Cowardize is the Cause if thou livest in Pain: There remains no more to Dye but to be willing to do it.

Senec. The. Act. 1. Sca. 1.

Ubique mors est: Optime hoc cernit Deus,
Erripere Vitam nemo non homini potest:
At nemo Mortem: Mille ad hanc aditus patent.

To Death a man can never want a Gate,
Heav'n has provided very well for that,
There's not so mean a Wretch on earth but may
Take the most Noble Hero's Life away;
But to the willing none can Death refuse,
There are to that a thousand Avenues.

Nei-

Neither is it a *Receipe* for one Diſeaſe, Death is the Infallible Cure of all, 'tis a moſt aſſured Port that is never to be feared, and very often to be ſought: It comes all to one, whether a man gives himſelf his end, or ſtays to receive it by ſome other means? whether he pays before his day, or ſtays till his day of payment come: From whenceſoever it comes, it is ſtill his: In what part ſoever the thread breaks, there's the end of the Clue, the moſt voluntary Death, is the moſt brave. Life depends upon the Pleaſure and Diſcretion of others, Death upon our own. We ought not to accommodate our ſelves to our own Humour in any thing ſo much as in that. Reputation is not concerned in ſuch an Enterprize: and it's a folly to be diverted by any ſuch apprehenſion, Living is Slavery, if the Liberty of Dying be away. The ordinary method of Cures is carried on at the expence of Life, they torment us with Cauſticks, Inciſions, and Amputations of Limbs, at the ſame time interdicting Aliments, and exhauſting our Blood; one ſtep farther and we are cured indeed. Why are not the *Jugular* Veins as much at our diſpoſe, as the *Cephalick*, *Baſilick*, or *Median* Vein? For a deſperate Diſeaſe a deſperate Cure. *Servius* the Grammarian, being tormented with the Gout, could adviſe of no better Remedy, than to apply Poiſon to his Legs, to deprive them of their Sence, then let them be Gouty on God's name, ſo they were inſenſible of Pain. God gives us leave enough, when he is pleaſed to reduce us to ſuch a condition, that to live is

Death depends upon the Will.

far

far worse than to die. 'Tis weakness to truckle under Infirmities, but 'tis madness to nourish them. The Stoicks say, that it is living according to Nature in a Wise man to take his leave of Life even in the height of Prosperity, if he do it opportunely, and in a Fool to prolong it, tho he be miserable, provided he be indigent of those things, which are reputed the necessaries of human life. As I do not offend the Law provided against Thieves, when I embezel my own Money, and cut my own Purse, nor that against Incendiaries, when I burn my own Wood; so am I not under the lash of those made against Murtherers, for having deprived my self of my own Life. *Hegesias* said, that as the condition of Life did, so the condition of Death ought to depend upon our own choice: And *Diogenes* meeting the *Philosopher Speucippus*, so blown up with an inveterate Dropsie, that he was fain to be carried in a Litter, and by him saluted with the complement of, I wish you good health; no health to thee, reply'd the other, who art content to live in such a condition. And in truth, not long after *Speucippus*, weary of so languishing an estate of Life, found a means to dye. But this does not pass without admitting a dispute. For many are of Opinion, that we cannot quit this Garrison of the World, without the express command of him, who has placed us in it: and that it appertains to God, who has placed us here, not for our selves only, but for his Glory, and the Service of others, to dismiss us when it shall best please him, and not

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for us to depart without his Licence: That we are not born for our ſelves only, but for our Country alſo, the Laws of which require an account from us, upon the ſcore of their own intereſt, and have an Action of Man-ſlaughter good againſt us. Or if theſe fail to take cognizance of the Fact, we are puniſhed in the other World, as deſerters of our Duty.

Proxima deinde tenent mæſti Loca, qui ſibi lethum *Æneid. l. 6.*
Inſontes peperere manu, lucemque peroſi
Proicere animas.

Next theſe, thoſe Melancholick Souls remain,
Who innocent by their own hands were ſlain,
And hating light, to Voluntary Death
Ecclipſt their eye-balls, and bequeath'd their breath.

There is more Conſtancy in ſuffering the Chain we are tied in, then in breaking it, and more pregnant evidence of fortitude in *Regulus*, than in *Cato*. 'Tis Indiſcretion and Impatience that puſhes us on to theſe precipices. No accidents can make true Vertue turn her back, ſhe ſeeks and requires Evils, Pains and Grief, as the things by which ſhe is nouriſh'd and ſupported. The menaces of Tyrants, Wracks, and Tortures ſerve only to animate and rouſe her.

Duris ut ilex tonſa bipennibus
Nigræ feraci frondis in Algido
Per damna, per cædes, ab ipſo
Ducit opes, animumque ferro. *Hor. lib. 4. Ode. 4.*

As in Mount *Algidus* the sturdy Oak,
Ev'n from th'injurious Axes wounding stroak,
Derives new vigour, and does further spread
By Amputations a more graceful head.

And as another says,

Cen. Th. Act. 1. Scen. 1.
Non est ut putas virtus, Pater,
Timere vitam, sed malis ingentibus
Obstare, nec se vertere ac retro dare.

They are mistaken, and do judge amiss,
Who think to fear to live, a Vertue is;
He's brave, the greatest evils can withstand,
And not retire, nor shift to either hand.

Or as this.

Mart. l. 11. Epig. 57.
Rebus in adversis facile est contemnere mortem.
Fortius ille facit, qui miser esse potest.

The wretched well may laugh at Death, but he
Is braver far can live in Misery.

'Tis Cowardize not Vertue, to lye squat in sorrow under a Tomb to evade the blows of Fortune. Vertue never stops, nor goes out of her path for the greatest storm that blows.

Hor. lib. 3. Ode. 3.
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidam ferient ruinæ.

Should the Worlds Axis crack, and Spheat fall down,
The ruins would but crush a fearless Crown.

And for the most part, the flying of other inconveniencies brings us to this, that, endeavouring to evade death we run into the mouth of it.

Hic

Hic, rogo, non furor est, ne moriare, mori? *Mar. lib. 2. Epig. 80.*
Can there be greater madness, pray reply,
Than that one should for fear of dying dye?

Like those who for fear of a precipice, throw themselves headlong into it.

——*Multos in summa pericula misit* *Lucan. l. 7.*
Venturi timor ipse mali: Fortissimus ille est,
Qui promptus metuenda pati, si cominus instent,
Et differre potest.
The fear of future ills oft makes men run
Into far worse then those they strive to shun;
But he deserves the noblest Character,
Dare boldly stand the mischiefs he does fear,
When they confront him, and appear in view,
And can defer at least if not eschew.

——*usque adeo mortis formidine, vitæ* *Lucr. l. 3.*
Percipit humanos odium, lucisque videndæ
Ut sibi consciscant mœrenti pectore lethum,
Obliti fontem curarum hunc esse timorem.
Death unto that degree does some men fright,
That causing them to hate both life and light,
They kill themselves in sorrow, not aware,
That this same fear's the fountain of that care.

Plato in his Laws assigns an ignominious sepulture to him who has deprived his nearest and best friend (namely himself) of life, and his destin'd course of years, being neither compell'd so to do by publick judgment, by any sad *Ignominious sepulture of self homicides.*

and inevitable accident of fortune, nor by any inſupportable diſgrace, but meerly puſht on by cowardize, and the imbecility of a timorous Soul. And the Opinion, that makes ſo little of Life is ridiculous; for it is our being: 'tis all we have. Things of a nobler, and more elevated being, may indeed accuſe this of ours; but it is againſt nature, for us to contemn, and make little account of our ſelves; 'tis a diſeaſe particular to man, and not diſcern'd in any other creatures, to hate and deſpiſe it ſelf. And it is a Vanity of the ſame ſtamp, to deſire to be ſomething elſe than what we are. The Effects of ſuch a deſire do not at all concern us, for as much as it is contradicted, and hindred in it ſelf: and he that deſires of a man to be made an Angel, wiſhes nothing for himſelf; he would be never the better for it; for being no more, who ſhould rejoice or be ſenſible of this benefit for him.

Idem Ibid. *Debet enim miſere cui forte ægreque futurum eſt,*
Ipſe quoq; eſſe in eo tum tempore, cum male poſſit
Accidere.

For it is neceſſary ſure that he,
Who for the future wretched is to be,
Should then be by himſelf inhabited,
That the events of Fate been fruſtrated;
But that the ills he threatned is withall,
Should rightly in their due appointment fall.

Security, Indolency, Impoſſibility, and the privation of the evils of Life, which we pretend to purchaſe at the price of dying, are of no manner of Advantage to us. That man evades

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war to very little purpose, that can have no fruition of peace? and as impertinently does he avoid labour and toil, who cannot enjoy repose. Amongst those of the first of these two opinions, there has been great debate, what occasions are sufficient to justifie the meditation of self-murther, which they call, ἐυλογον ἐξαγωγὴν, a handsom Exit. For tho they say, that men are often to dye for trivial causes, seing those that detein us in Life are of no very great weight, yet there is to be some measure. There are fantastick and senceless humors, that have prompted not only particular men, but whole Nations to destroy themselves, of which I have elsewhere given some Examples; and we further read of the *Milesian* Virgins, that, by a furious compact, they hang'd themselves, one after another, 'till the Magistrate took order in it, enacting, that the bodies of such as should be found so hang'd, should be drawn by the same halter stark naked through the City. When *Threicion* persuaded *Cleomenes* to dispatch himself by reason of the ill posture of his affairs, and having evaded a death of the most honor in the Battle he had lost, to accept of this the second in honor to it, and not to give the Conquerors leisure to make him undergo either an ignominious death, or an infamous life: *Cleomenes* with a Courage truly Stoick & *Lacedæmonian* rejected his Counsel as unmanly and poor; *that*, said he, *is a remedy that can never be wanting, and which a man is never to make use of, whilst there is an inch of hope remaining*: telling him, *that it was sometimes Constancy, and Valour to live, that he would*

that even his death ſhould be of uſe to his Country, and would make of it an Act of Honor and Vertue. Threicion notwithſtanding thought himſelf in the right, and did his own buſineſs; and *Cleomenes* after did the ſame; but not till he had firſt tried the utmoſt malevolence of fortune. All the inconveniences in the World are not conſiderable enough that a man ſhould die to evade them, and beſides there being ſo many, ſo ſuddain, and unexpected changes in human things, it is hard, rightly to judg when we are at the end of our hope.

Sulpitii Servaſti.

Sperat & in ſæva victus gladiator arena,
Sit licet infeſto pollice turba minax.

The Fencer conquer'd in the liſts hopes on,
Tho the Spectators point that he is gon.

All things (ſays the old Adage) are to be hoped for by a man whilſt he lives: ay but replies *Seneca*, why ſhould this rather be always running in a mans head, that Fortune can do all things for the living man, than this, that Fortune has no power over him that knows how to dye? *Joſephus* when engaged in ſo near and apparent danger, a whole People being violently bent againſt him, that there was no viſible means of eſcape, nevertheleſs, being, as himſelf ſays in this extremity counſell'd by *Simon* one of his faithful Guards to diſpatch himſelf, it was well for him, that he yet maintained himſelf in ſome hope, for fortune diverted the accident beyond all humane expectation; ſo that he ſaw himſelf delivered without any manner of inconvenience. Whereas *Brutus* and *Caſſius*,

Joſeph. *Antiq. Jews. p.* 537.

on

on the Contrary threw away the remains of the *Roman* Liberty, of which they were the sole Protectors, by the precipitation and temerity wherewith they kill'd themselves before the due time, and a just occasion. *Monsieur* d' *Anguien*, at the Battel of *Cerisolles*, twice attempted to run himself through, despairing of the Fortune of the day, which went indeed very untowardly on that side of the Field where he was engaged, and by that precipitation was very near depriving himself of the joy and honor of so brave a Victory. I have seen an hundred Hares escape out of the very teeth of the Grey-hounds. *Aliquis carnifici suo superstes fuit.* Some have survived their Executioners. *Montluc Comment.* *Sen. Ep.* 13.

Multa dies, variusque labor mutabilis ævi
Retulit in melius, multos alterna revisens
Lusit, & in solido rursus fortuna locavit.
Æneid. lib. 11.

Much time and labour often does translate
Life's mutability t'a better state,
Now fortune turning shews a reverse face,
And then again in solid joy does place.

Pliny says, there are three sorts of diseases, to escape, any of which a man has good Title to destroy himself; the worst of which is the stone in the bladder, when the Urine is suppress. *Seneca* says, those only, which for a long time discompose the functions of the Soul: And some there have been, who to avoid a worse, have chosen one to their own liking. *Democritus*, General of the *Ætolians*, being brought Prisoner to *Rome*, found means to make his escape by night: but close pursu'd by his keepers, rather than

than ſuffer himſelf to be retaken, he fell upon his own Sword and died. *Antinous* and *Theodotus* their City of *Epirus* being reduc'd by the *Romans* to the laſt extremity, gave the People Counſel generally to kill themſelves; but the advice of giving themſelves up to the Arms of the Enemy prevailing, they went to ſeek the death they deſir'd, ruſhing furiouſly upon the Enemy with an intention to ſtrike home but not to defend a blow. The Iſle *Goſa* forc'd ſome years ago by the *Turks*, a *Sicilian*, who had two beautiful daughters mariagable, kill'd them both with his own hand, and their mother (running in to ſave them) to boot. Which having done, ſallying out of the houſe with a Cros bow, and a harquebuze, with thoſe two ſhoots he kill'd two of the firſt *Turks* neareſt to his door, and drawing his Sword charg'd furiouſly in amongſt the reſt, where he was ſuddenly enclos'd, and cut to pieces. By that means delivering his family and himſelf from ſlavery and diſhonor. The *Jewiſh* Women after having circumciz'd their Children, threw themſelves down a Precipice to avoid the cruelty of *Antigonus*. I have been told of a Priſoner of condition in one of our Priſons that his friends being informed he would certainly be Condemn'd, to avoid the ignominy of ſuch a death, ſuborn'd a Prieſt to tell him, that the only means of his deliverance was, to recommend himſelf to ſuch a Saint, under ſuch and ſuch Vows, and Faſt eight days together, without taking any manner of nouriſhment whatever, what weakneſs or faintneſs ſoever he might find in himſelf during the time, he followed

lowed their advice, and by that means destroy'd himself before he was aware, not dreaming of death, or any danger in the Experiment. *Seribonia* advising her Nephew *Libo* to kill himself, rather than to attend the stroke of Justice, told him, that it was properly to do other Peoples business to preserve his life, to put it after into the hands of those who within three or four days would come fetch him to Execution; and that it was to serve his Enemies to keep his blood to gratifie their malice. We read in the Bible that *Nicanor* the persecutor of the Law of God, having sent his Souldiers to seize upon the good old man *Razis*, sirnam'd in honor of his vertue the Father of the *Jews*: The good man seeing no other remedy, his Gates burnt down, and the Enemies ready to seize him, choosing rather to dye generously, than to fall into the hands of his wicked adversaries, and suffer himself to be cruelly butchered by them, contrary to the honor of his ranck and quality, he stabb'd himself with his own sword, but the blow for haste not having been given home, he ran and threw himself from the top of a wall headlong among them, who seperating themselves, and making room, he pitcht directly upon his head. Notwithstanding which, feeling yet in himself some remains of life, he renu'd his courage, and starting up upon his feet all bloody, and wounded as he was, and making his way through the crowd, through one of his wounds drew out his bowels, which tearing and pulling to pieces with both his hands, he threw amongst his pursuers, all the while attesting, and invoking the

Maccab. l. 2 Cap. 1. 4.

Divine

Divine vengeance upon them, for their cruelty and injustice.

Of violences offer'd to the conscience, that against the chastity of woman, is in my opinion, most to be evaded, for as much as there is a certain pleasure naturally mixt with it, and for that reason the dissent cannot therein be sufficiently perfect and entire, so that the violence seems to be mixt with a little consent of the forc't party. The Ecclesiastical History has several examples of devout persons, who have embrac't death to secure them from the outrages prepar'd by Tyrants against their Religion and honour. *Pelagia* and *Sophronia* both Canoniz'd, the first of these precipitated her self with her mother and sisters into the River to avoid being forc't by some Souldiers, and the last also kill'd her self to evade being ravish't by the Emperor *Maxentius*. It may peradventure be an honor to us in future Ages, that a learned Author of this present time, and a *Parisian*, takes a great deal of pains to perswade the Ladies of our age, rather to take any other course, than to enter into the horrid meditation of such a despair. I am sorry he had never heard (that he might have inserted it amongst his other stories) the saying of a woman, which was told me at *Tholouze*, who had past thorough the handling of some Souldiers. *God be prais'd*, said she, *that once at least in my life I have had my fill without sin.* I must confess these cruelties are very unworthy the *French* sweetness and good nature, and also God be thanked, the air is very well purg'd of it, since this good advice: 'Tis enough that they

they say no in doing it, according to the Rule of the good *Morot.*

History is every where full of such, as after a thousand ways have for death exchanged a painful and irksome Life. *Lucius Arruntius* kill'd himself, to fly, he said, both the future and the past. *Granius Silvanus* and *Statius Proximus*, after having been pardoned by *Nero*, kill'd themselves; either disdaining to live by the favour of so Wicked a man; or that they might not be troubled at some other time to obtain a second Pardon, considering the proclivity and faculties of his Nature, to suspect and credit accusations against worthy men. *Spargapizes* the Son of Queen *Tomyris*, being a Prisoner of War to *Cyrus*, made use of the first favour *Cyrus* shew'd him in commanding him to be unbound, to kill himself, having pretended to no other benefit of liberty, but only to be reveng'd of himself for the disgrace of being taken. *Bogez* Governor in *Eion* for King *Xerxes*, being beseiged by the *Athenian* Arms under the conduct of *Cimon*, refused the conditions offered, that he might safe return into *Asia* with all his wealth, impatient to survive the loss of a place his Master had given him to keep; wherefore having defended the City to the last extremity, nothing being left to eat, he first threw all the Gold, and what ever else the Enemy could make booty of, into the River *Strymon*, and after causing a great pile to be set on fire, and the throats of all the Women, Children, Concubines and Servants to be cut, he threw their Bodies into the fire, and at last leapt in to it himself. *Ninathe-*

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tuen, an *Indian* Lord, so soon as he heard the first whisper of the *Portugal Vice-Roy's* determination, to dispossess him without any apparent cause, of the Command in *Malaca*, to transfer it to the King of *Campar*, he took this resolution with himself. He caus'd a scaffold more long than broad to be erected, supported by Columns, royally adorn'd with tapestry, and strew'd with flowers and abundance of perfumes. All which being thus prepar'd, in a Robe of cloth of Gold, set full of Jewels of great value, he came out into the street, and mounted the Steps to the Scaffold, at one corner of which he had a pile lighted of Aromatick wood. Every body ran to the novelty, to see to what end these unusual preparations were made. When *Ninachetuen* with a manly, but discontented countenance, began to remonstrate how much he had oblig'd the *Portuguese* Nation, and with how unspotted fidelity he had carried himself in his Charge; that having so often with his sword in his hand manifested in the behalf of others, that honour was much more dear to him than life, he was not to abandon the concern of it for himself; that Fortune denying him all means of opposing the affront was design'd to be put upon him, his courage at least enjoyn'd him to free himself from the sense of it, and not to serve for a fable to the People, nor for a triumph to Men less deserving than himself; which having said, he leapt into the Fire. *Sextilia* the wife of *Scaurus*, and *Praxea* the Wife of *Labeo*, to encourage their husbands to evade the dangers that prest upon them, wherein they had no

other

other ſhare, than meer conjugal affection, voluntarily expos'd their own lives to ſerve them in this extream neceſſity for company and example. What they did for their husbands, *Cocceius Nerva* did for his Country, with leſs utility, though with equal affection. This great Lawyer, flouriſhing in health, riches, reputation and favour with the Emperor, had no other cauſe to kill himſelf, but the ſole compaſſion of the miſerable Eſtate of the *Roman* Republick. Nothing can be added to the nicety of the death of the wife of *Fulvius*, a familiar favourite of *Auguſtus*. *Auguſtus* having diſcover'd, that he had vented an important ſecret he had intruſted him withal; one morning that he came to make his Court, receiv'd him very coldly, and lookt frowningly upon him. He returns home full of deſpair, where he ſorrowfully told his Wife, that being fall'n into this misfortune, he was reſolv'd to kill himſelf: To which ſhe roundly replied, 'tis but reaſon you ſhould, ſeeing that having ſo often experimented the incontinency of my tongue, you could not learn, nor take warning: But let me kill my ſelf firſt, and without any more diſpute ran her ſelf through the Body with a Sword. *Vibius Virius* deſpairing of the ſafety of his City, beſieg'd by the *Romans* and of their mercy: In the laſt deliberation of his Cities, Senat, after many remonſtrances conducing to that end, concluded, that the moſt noble means to eſcape Fortune, was by their own hands: telling them that the Enemy would have them in honour, and *Hannibal* would be ſenſible how many faithful friends he had abandoned;

doned; inviting those who approved of his Advice, to go take a good Supper he had ready at home, where after they had eaten well, they would drink together of what he had prepar'd, a Beverage, said he, that will deliver our Bodies from Torments, our Souls from Injury, and our Eyes and Ears from the sence of so many hateful Mischiefs, as the Conquered are to suffer from cruel and implacable Conquerors. I have, said he, taken order for fit Persons to throw our Bodies into a Funeral Pile before my door, so soon as we are dead. Enough approv'd this high Resolution, few imitated it, seven and twenty Senators follow'd him, who after having try'd to drown the thought of this fatal determination in Wine, ended the Feast with the mortal Mess; and embracing one another, after they had jointly deplor'd the misfortune of their Country, some retir'd home to their own houses, others staid to be burnt with *Vibius* in his Funeral Pyre; and were all of them so long a dying, the Vapour of the Wine having prepossest the Veins, and by that means deferring the effect of the Poison, that some of them were within an hour of seeing the Enemy within the Walls of *Capua*, which was taken the next morning, and of undergoing the miseries, they had at so dear a rate endeavour'd to evade. *Taurea Jubellius* another Citizen of the same Country, the Consul *Fulvius* returning from the shameful Butchery he had made of Two Hundred Twenty Five Senators, call'd him back fiercely by his name, and having made him stop, give the word, said he, that some body

body may dispatch me after the Massacre of so many others, that thou mayest boast, to have kill'd a much more valiant Man than thy self. *Fulvius* disdaining him, as a man out of his Wits: as also having received Letters from *Rome* contrary to the inhumanity of this Execution, which tied his hands; *Jubellius* proceeded, since that my Country being taken, my Friends dead, and having with my own hands slain my Wife and Children to rescue them from desolation of this ruine, I am denied to die the Death of my Fellow-Citizens, let us borrow from Vertue the Vengeance of this hated life, and therewithal drawing a short Sword, he carried conceal'd about him, he ran it through his own Bosom, falling down backward, and expiring at the Consuls feet. *Alexander* laying Seige to a City of the *Indies*, those within finding themselves very hardly set, put on a vigorous Resolution to deprive him of the pleasure of his Victory, and accordingly burnt themselves in general together with their City, in dispite of this humanity. A new kind of War, where the Enemies sought to save them, and they to lose themselves, doing to make themselves sure of Death, all that men do to secure their Lives. *Astapa* a City of *Spain* finding it self weak in Walls and Defence to withstand the *Romans*, the Inhabitants made a heap of all their Riches and Furniture in the publick Place and having rang'd upon this heap all the Women and Children, and pil'd them round with wood and other combustible matter to take suddain Fire, and left fifty of their young men

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for the Execution of that whereon they had reſolved: They made a deſperate Sally, where for want of power to overcome, they caus'd themſelves to be every Man ſlain. The fifty after having Maſſacred every living Soul throughout the whole City, and put fire to this Pile, threw themſelves laſtly into it, finiſhing their generous Liberty, rather after an inſenſible, than after a ſorrowful and diſgraceful manner, giving the Enemy to underſtand, that if Fortune had been ſo pleaſed, they had as well the Courage to ſnatch from them Victory, as they had to fruſtrate and render it dreadful, and even mortal to thoſe who allured by the ſplendor of the Gold melting in this flame having approcht it, a great number were there ſuffocated and burnt, being kept up from retiring by the crowd that followed after. The *Abideans*, being preſt by King *Philip*, put on the ſame reſolution, but being curb'd ſo ſhort, they could not put it in effect, the King who abhored to ſee the temerarious precipitation of this Execution (the treaſure and moveables that they had variouſly condemned to Fire and Water being firſt ſeiz'd) drawing off his Souldiers granted them three days time to kill themſelves in, that they might do it with more order, and at greater eaſe; which ſpace they fill'd with Blood and Slaughter, beyond the utmoſt exceſs of all hoſtil Cruelty: So that not ſo much as any one Soul was left alive, that had power to deſtroy it ſelf. There are infinite Examples of like popular Concluſions which ſeem the more fierce, and cruel, by

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how much the effect is more univerſal, and yet are really leſs, than when ſingly executed. What arguments and perſwaſion cannot make upon every individual man; they can do upon all, the ardour of Society raviſhing particular judgments. The condemn'd, who would live to be executed, in the Reign of *Tiberius*, forfeited their goods, and were denied the rites of Sepulture; thoſe who by killing themſelves did anticipate it, were enterred, and had liberty to diſpoſe of their Eſtates by Will.

But men ſometimes covet death out of hope of a greater good. I deſire (ſays St. *Paul*) to be with Chriſt, and who ſhall rid me of theſe bands? *Cleombrotus Ambraciota*, having read *Plato's Phædo*, entred into ſo great a deſire of the life to come, that without any other occaſion, he threw himſelf into the Sea. By which it appears, how improperly we call this voluntary diſſolution, deſpair, to which the eagerneſs of hope does often encline us, and often a calm and temperate deſire proceeding from a mature and conſiderate judgment. *Jacques du Caſtel* Biſhop of *Soiſſons*, in St. *Lewis* his forreign expedition, ſeeing the King and whole Army upon the point of returning into *France*, leaving the affairs of Religion imperfect, took a reſolution rather to go into Paradiſe, wherefore having taken ſolemn leave of his friends, he charg'd alone in the ſight of every one into the Enemies Army, where he was preſently cut to pieces. In a certain Kingdom of the new diſcover'd World, upon a day of ſolemn Proceſſion, when the Idol they adore is

drawn about in publick upon a Chariot of wonderful greatneſs; beſides that ſeveral are then ſeen, cutting of cantells of their quick fleſh to offer to him, there are a number of others who proſtrate themſelves upon the place, cauſing themſelves to be cruſht and broke to pieces with the weighty wheels to obtain the veneration of Sanctity after their death, which is accordingly paid them. The death of the forenamed Biſhop with his Sword in his Hand has more of generoſity in it, and leſs of feeling, the ardour of Combat taking away part of the latter. There are ſome Governments, who have taken upon them to regulate the Juſtice and opportunity of voluntary Death ſo much, as in former times, there was kept in our City of *Marſeilles* a Poyſon prepared out of *Hemlock* at the publick charge, for thoſe who had a mind to haſten their end, having firſt before the ſix hundred, which were their Senat, given account of the reaſons and motives of their deſign, and it was not otherwiſe Lawful, than by leave from the Magiſtiſtrate, and upon juſt occaſion to do violence to themſelves. The ſame Law was alſo in uſe in other places. *Sextius Pompeius* in his Expedition in *Aſia* touch't at the Iſle of *Cea* in *Negropont*: it accidentally hapned whilſt he was there, (as we have it from one that was with him) that a Woman of great quality, having given an account to her Citizens why ſhe was reſolv'd to put an end to her Life, invited *Pompeius* to her death, to render it the more honourable: an invitation that he unwillingly

lingly accepted: but having long tried in vain by the power of his Eloquence (which was very great) and diſſwaſion to divert her from that deſign, he acquieſc'd in the end in her own will. She had paſt the Age of fourſcore and ten in a very happy Eſtate both of body and mind, but being then laid upon her bed, better dreſt than ordinary, and leaning upon her Elbow; the Gods, ſaid ſhe, *O Sextus Pompeius*, and rather thoſe I leave, than thoſe I go to ſeek, reward thee, for that thou haſt not diſdain'd to be both the Counſellor of my Life, and the Witneſs of my death. For my part, having always try'd the ſmiles of fortune, for fear leſt the deſire of living too long may make me ſee a contrary face, I am going by a happy end to diſmiſs the remains of my Soul; leaving behind two daughters of my Body and a Legion of Nephews: which having ſaid with ſome exhortations to her Family to live in peace, ſhe divided amongſt them her Goods, and recommending her Domeſtick Gods to her eldeſt daughter, ſhe boldly took the Bowl that contain'd the Poyſon, and having made her Vows and Prayers to *Mercury*, to conduct her to ſome happy abode in the other World, ſhe roundly ſwallow'd the mortal Potion, which having done, ſhe entertained the company with the progreſs of its operation, and how the cold by degrees ſeized the ſeveral parts of her body one after another, till having in the end told them it began to ſeize upon her heart and bowels; ſhe called her daughters to do their laſt Office and cloſe her

Eyes. *Pliny* tells us of a certain *Hyperborean Nation*, where by reaſon of the ſweet temperature of the Air, Lives did rarely end but by the voluntary ſurrender of the Inhabitants, but that being weary of, and ſotted with living, they had a cuſtom at a very old Age, after having made good cheer, to precipitate themſelves into the Sea from the top of a certain rock. deſtin'd for that ſervice. Pain and the fear of a worſe death ſeem to me the moſt excuſable incitements.

CHAP. IV.

To Morrow's a New Day.

I Give, and I think with good reaſon, the Palm to *Jacques Amiot* of all our *French* Writers, not only for the propriety and purity of his language, wherein he excells all others, nor for his conſtancy in going thorough ſo long a work, nor for the depth of his knowledge, having been able ſo ſucceſsfully to ſmooth and unravel ſo knotty and intricate an Author (for let People tell me what they will, I underſtand nothing of *Greek*, but I meet with ſenſe ſo well united and maintained throughout his whole Tranſlation, that certainly he either knew the true fancy of the Author, or having, by being long converſant with him, imprinted a lively and general Idea of that of *Plutarch* in his Soul, he has delivered us nothing, that either derogates from, or

The utility of the French Plutarch.

or contradicts him) but above all, I am the moſt taken with him, for having made ſo diſcreet a choice of a Book ſo worthy, and of ſo great utility wherewith to preſent his Country. We dunces had been loſt, had not this Book raiſed us out of the dirt, by this favour of his we dare now ſpeak and write, the Ladies are able to read to Schoolmaſters, 'tis our Breviary. If this good Man be yet living, I would recommend to him *Xenophon*, to do as much by that. 'Tis a much more eaſie task than the other, and conſequently more proper for his Age. And beſides, I know not how, methinks, tho he does briskly, and clearly enough trip over ſteps another would have ſtumbled at, that nevertheleſs his Stile ſeems to be more his own, where he does not encounter thoſe difficulties and rowles away at his own eaſe. I was juſt now reading this paſſage, wh[illegible] *Plutarch* ſays of himſelf, that *Ruſticus* being preſent at a Declamation of his at *Rome*, he there receiv'd a Packet from the Emperor, and deferr'd to open it till all was done: For which, ſays he, all the company highly applauded the gravity of this perſon. 'Tis true, that being upon the diſcourſe of that curioſity, and that eager paſſion for news, which makes us with ſo much indiſcretion and impatience, leave it all to entertain a new commer and without any manner of reſpect, or civility tear open on a ſuddain, in what company ſoever, the Letters are delivered to us, he had reaſon to applaud the gravity of *Ruſticus* upon this occaſion, and might moreo-

ver have added to it the commendation of his civility and courteſie, that would not interrupt the current of his Declamation. But I doubt, whether any one can commend his prudence; for receiving unexpected Letters, and eſpecially from an Emperor, it might have fall'n out, that the deferring to read them might have been of great prejudice. The vice oppoſite to curioſity is negligence, to which I naturally incline, and wherein I have ſeen ſome Men ſo extream, that one might have found the Letters had been ſent them three or four days before, ſtill ſeal'd up in their pockets. I never open any Letters directed to another, not only thoſe entruſted with me, but even ſuch as fortune has guided to my hand, and am very angry with my ſelf, if my Eyes unawares ſteal any contents of Letters of importance he is reading, when I ſtand near a great Man. Never was Man leſs inquiſitive, or leſs prying into other mens affairs, than I. In our Fathers days, *Monſieur de Boutieres* had like to have loſt *Turin*, for having, being engaged in good company at ſupper, deferred to read an Advertiſement was ſent him of the Treaſon was plotted againſt that City, where he commanded. And this very *Plutarch* has given me to underſtand, that *Julius Cæſar* had preſerved himſelf, if going to the Senate the day he was aſſaſſinated by the Conſpirators, he had read a Ticket was preſented to him by the way. He tells alſo the Story of *Archias* the Tyrant of *Thebes*, that the night before the execution of the deſign

Negligence the oppoſite vice to Curioſity.

Peloſidas

Pelopidas had plotted to kill him, to reſtore his Country to liberty, he had an account ſent him in Writing by another *Archias* an *Athenian* of the whole conſpiracy, and that this packet having been deliver'd to him while he ſate at ſupper, he deferr'd the opening of it, ſaying, which afterward turn'd to a Proverb in *Greece*, *To morrow is a new day.* A wiſe man may, I confeſs, out of reſpect to another, as not to diſturb the company, as *Ruſticus* did, or not to break off another affair of importance in hand, defer to read, or hear any new thing that is brought him; but for his own intereſt, or particular pleaſure, eſpecially if he be a publick Miniſter, that he will not interrupt his dinner, or break his ſleep, he is inexcuſable. And there was anciently at *Rome*, the Conſular place, as they called it, which was the moſt honourable at the Table, for being a place of moſt liberty, and of more convenient acceſs to thoſe who came in to talk with the perſon ſeated there. By which it appears, that for being at meat, they did not totally abandon the concern of other affairs and accidents. But when all is ſaid, it is very hard in human actions, to give ſo exact a Rule upon the beſt grounds, that fortune will not have a hand in them, and maintain her own right.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Of Conſcience.

THE *Sieur de la Prouſſe* my Brother and I, Travelling one day together during the time of our Civil Wars, met a Gentleman of good faſhion, he was of the contrary party, tho I did not know ſo much, for he pretended otherwiſe: and the miſchief on't is, that in this ſort of War, the Cards are ſo ſhuffl'd, an Enemy not being diſtinguiſht from a Friend, by any apparent mark either of language or habit, nouriſht under the ſame Laws, air and manners, that it is very hard to avoid diſorder and confuſion. This made me afraid my ſelf of meeting any of our Troops in a place where I was not known, that I might not be in fear to tell my name, and peradventure of ſomthing worſe. As it had befall'n me before, where, by ſuch a miſtake, I loſt both men and horſes, and amongſt others an Italian Gentleman my Page, that I bred with the greateſt care and affection, miſerably ſlain, in whom a promiſing Youth and of great Expectation was unfortunately extinguiſht. But the Gentleman my Brother and I met, had ſo ſtrange a fear upon him, at the meeting with any horſe, or paſſing by any of the Towns that held for the King that I at laſt diſcovered them to be alarms of Conſcience, and the poor man ſeemed to be in ſuch a condition, as if through his Viſor, and the Croſſes upon

upon his Caſſock, one might have penetrated into his boſom, and read the moſt ſecret intentions of his heart. So wonderful is the power of Conſcience, that makes us betray, accuſe and fight againſt our ſelves; and for want of other witneſſes, to give evidence againſt our ſelves.

Occultum quatiens animo tortore flagellum. *Juven. Sat. 13.*

Conſcience the torturer of the Soul, unſeen
Does fiercely brandiſh a ſharp ſcourge within.

This Story is in every childs mouth, *Biſſus* the *Pœonian*, being reproch'd with ill nature for pulling down a neſt of young Sparrows, and killing them, replied, that he had reaſon ſo to do, ſeing that thoſe little birds never ceaſt falſly to accuſe him of the murther of his Father. This *Parricide* had till then been conceal'd and unknown, but the revenging furie of Conſcience cauſed it to be diſcover'd by himſelf, who was juſtly to ſuffer for it. *Heſiod* corrects the ſaying of *Plato*, *That puniſhment cloſely follows ſin*, it being, as he ſays, born at the ſame time with it. Whoever expects puniſhment, already ſuffers it, and whoever has deſerved it, expects it. Wickedneſs contrives Torments againſt it ſelf. *Malum conſilium conſultori peſſimum.* Ill deſigns are worſt to the contriver. As the waſp ſtings and offends another, but moſt of all it ſelf; for it there loſes the ſting and the uſe of it forever.

Strange diſcovery of a Parricide.

Eraſm. Adag.

——— *Vitaſque in vulnere ponunt.* *Virg. Geo. lib. 4.*

And

And do their own lives ſtake,
In the ſmall wound they make.

Cantharides have ſomewhere about them, by a contrariety of nature, a counterpoiſon againſt their poiſon. In like manner at the ſame time that men take delight in vice, there ſprings in the Conſcience a diſpleaſure, that afflicts us ſleeping and waking with ſeveral tormenting imaginations.

Lucr. lib. 5.

Quippe ubi ſe multi per ſomnia ſæpe loquentes
Aut morbo delirantes procraſſe ferantur,
Et celerata diu in medium peccata dedisſe.
The Guilty hardly their own counſel keep,
They either will by talking in their ſleep:
Or in a Feaver raving will reveal
What they long had, & ſtill meant to conceal.

Appollodorus dreamt, that he ſaw himſelf flead by the *Scythians*, and after boyl'd in a Cauldron, and that his heart mutter'd theſe words, I am the cauſe of all theſe miſchiefs that have befal'n thee. *Epicurus* ſaid, that no hiding hole could conceal the Wicked, ſince they could never aſſure themſelves of being hid, whilſt their conſcience diſcover'd them to themſelves.

Juven. Sat. 13.

——— *Prima eſt hæc ultio, quod ſe*
Judice nemo nocens abſolvitur.
——— 'Tis the firſt puniſhment of ſin,
That no Man does abſolve himſelf within.

As Conſcience fills us with fear when ill, ſo a good one gives us greater confidence and aſſurance; and I can truly ſay, that I have gone through ſeveral hazards with a more ſteady pace, in conſideration of the ſecret knowledge

had of my own will, and the innocency of my intentions.

Conſcia mens ut cuiq; ſua eſt, ita concipit intra Pectora pro facto ſpemque metumque ſuo. Ovid. Faſt. lib. 13.

As a Mans Conſcience is, ſo hope within,
Or fear prevails, ſuiting to his deſign.

Of this are a Thouſand Examples; but it will be enough to inſtance three, of one and the ſame perſon, *Scipio*, being one day accuſed before the people of *Rome* of ſome crimes of a very high nature, inſtead of excuſing himſelf, or inſinuating into the favour of his Judges, *It will become you very well* (ſaid he) *to ſit in Judgment upon a head, by whom you have the power to judge all the World.* And another time all the Anſwer he gave to ſeveral Impeachments brought againſt him by a Tribune of the People, inſtead of making his defence; let us go Citizens, ſaid he, let us go render thanks to the Gods for the Victory they gave over the *Carthaginians* as this day, and advancing himſelf before towards the Temple, he had preſently all the Aſſembly and his very Accuſer himſelf following at his heels. And *Petilius* having been ſet on by *Cato* to demand an account of the money had paſt through his hands in the Province of *Antioch*, *Scipio* being come into the Senate to that purpoſe, produced a Book from under his Robe, wherein he told them was an exact account of his Receipts and Disburſments; but being required to deliver it to the Pronotary to be examined and enrolled, he refuſed, ſaying, he would not do himſelf

The confident innocency of Scipio.

ſo

ſo great a diſgrace; and in the preſence of the whole Senat tore the Book with his own hands to pieces. I do not believe that the moſt ſear'd Conſcience could have counterfeited ſo great an aſſurance. He had naturally too high a Spirit, and was accuſtomed to too high a fortune, ſays *Titus Livius*, to know how to be criminal, and to diſpoſe himſelf to the meanneſs of defending his Innocency. This putting men to the Rack is a dangerous invention, and ſeems to be rather a tryal of patience than truth. Both he who has the fortitude to endure it, conceals the truth, and he who has not: for why ſhould pain ſooner make me to confeſs what really is, than force me to ſay what is not? And on the contrary, if he who is not guilty of that whereof he is accuſed, has the courage to undergo, thoſe torments, why ſhould not he who is guilty have the ſame, ſo fair a reward as Life being in his proſpect: I think the ground of this invention proceeds from the conſideration of the force of Conſcience. For to the guilty it ſeems to aſſiſt the Rack to make him confeſs his fault, and to ſhake his reſolution, and on the other ſide, that it fortifies the innocent againſt the torture. But when all is done, 'tis in plain truth a tryal full of incertainty and danger. What would not a man ſay, what would not a man do to avoid ſo intolerable torments?

Pub. Symin. de dolore.

Etiam innocentes cogit mentiri dolor.

Pain the moſt innocent will make to lye.

Whence it comes to paſs, that he whom the

the Judge has rackt, that he may not dye innocent, he makes him die both innocent and rackt. A thouſand and a thouſand have charged their own heads by falſe confeſſions. Amongſt which I place *Philotas*, conſidering the circumſtances of the Tryal *Alexander* put him upon, and the progreſs of his torture, But ſo it is, (ſays one) that it is the leaſt evil human weakneſs could invent; very inhumanly notwithſtanding, and to very little purpoſe in my opinion. Many Nations leſs Barbarous in this, than the *Greeks* and *Romans* who call them ſo, repute it horrible and cruel, to torment and pull a man to pieces for a fault of which they are yet in doubt. How can he help your ignorance? Are not you unjuſt, that, not to kill him without cauſe, do worſe than kill him? And that this is ſo, do but obſerve how many ways he had rather die without Reaſon, than undergo this Examination, more painful than Execution it ſelf; and that oft-times, by its Extremity, prevents Execution, and diſpatches him. I know not where I had this Story but it exactly matches the Conſcience of our Juſtice in this particular. A Country-woman to a General of very ſevere Diſcipline, accuſed one of his Souldiers that he had taken from her Children the little milk ſhe had left to nouriſh them withal, the Army having conſum'd all the reſt; but of this, Proof there was none. The General, after having cautioned the woman to take good heed to what ſhe ſaid, for that ſhe would make herſelf guilty of a falſe Accuſation, if ſhe told a lie;

lie; and ſhe perſiſting, he preſently cauſed the Souldiers belly to be ript up, to clear the truth of the fact, and the Woman was found to be in the right. An inſtructive Sentence.

CHAP. VI.

Uſe makes Perfectneſs

'TIS not to be expected, that Argument and Inſtruction, tho we never ſo voluntarily ſurrender our belief to what is read to us, ſhould be of force to lead us on ſo far as to Action, if we do not over and above exerciſe and form the Soul by Experience to the courſe for which we deſign it: it will otherwiſe doubtleſs find it ſelf at a loſs, when it comes to the pinch of the buſineſs. This is the reaſon, why thoſe amongſt the Philoſophers, who were ambitious to attain to a greater excellence, were not contented to expect the ſeverities of Fortune in their retirement, and repoſe of their own habitations, leſt ſhe ſhould have ſurpriz'd them raw and unexpert in the Combat; but ſallied out to meet her, and purpoſely threw themſelves into the proof of difficulties. Some of which abandoned Riches to exerciſe themſelves in a voluntary poverty: others have ſought out labour, and an auſterity of life, to inure them to hardſhips and inconveniencies; others have depriv'd themſelves of their deareſt members, as of their ſight and inſtruments of Ge-

Generation, leſt their too delightful and effeminate ſervice ſhould ſoften and debauch the ſtability of their Souls. But in dying which is the greateſt work we have to do, Practice is out of doors, and can give us no aſſiſtance at all. A man may by cuſtom fortifie himſelf againſt pains, ſhame, neceſſity, and ſuch like accidents; but, as to death, we can experiment it but once, and are all Apprentices when we come to it. There have antiently been men ſo excellent managers of their time, that they have tried, even in death it ſelf, to reliſh and taſt it, and who have bent their utmoſt faculties of mind to diſcover what this paſſage is: but they are none of them come back to tell us the news.

——*Nemo expergitus extat,* *Lucret. l. 3.*
Frigida quem ſemel eſt vitai pauſa ſequuta.

——No one was ever known to wake,
Who once in deaths cold arms a nap did take

Canius Julius, a noble Roman, of ſingular conſtancy and vertue, having ben condemn'd to die by that beaſt *Caligula*, beſides many admirable teſtimonies that he gave of his reſolution, as he was juſt going to receive the ſtroke of the Executioner, was asked by a Philoſopher a friend of his; well *Canius*, ſaid he, whereabout is your Soul now? what is ſhe doing? what are you thinking of? I was thinking, reply'd the other, to keep my ſelf ready and the faculties of my mind ſettl'd and fixt, to try if in this ſhort and quick inſtant of Death, I could perceive the motion of the Soul when ſhe parts from the body, and whether ſhe has any reſentment at the

the ſeparation. that I may after come again if I can, to acquaint my friends with it. This man Philoſophizes not unto death only, but in death it ſelf. What a ſtrange aſſurance was this, and what bravery of courage, to deſire his death ſhould be a Leſſon to him, and to have leiſure to think of other things in ſo great an affair?

Lucr. lib. 8. ——— *Jus hoc animi morientis habebat.*

This mighty pow'r of mind he dying had.

And yet I fancy, there is a certain way of making it familiar to us, and in ſome ſort of making tryal, what it is. We may gain experience, if not entire and perfect, yet ſuch at leaſt, as ſhall not be totally uſeleſs to us; and that may render us more aſſur'd. If we cannot overtake it, we may approach it and view it, and if we do not advance ſo far as to the Fort, we may at leaſt diſcover it, and make our ſelves perfect in the Avenues. It is not without reaſon that we are taught to conſider ſleep, as a reſemblance of death. With how great facility do we paſs from waking to ſleeping, and with how little concern do we loſe the knowledge of light, and of our ſelves! Peradventure the faculty of ſleeping would ſeem uſeleſs and contrary to nature, being it deprives us of all action and ſenſe, were it not that by it Nature inſtructs us, that ſhe has equally made us to die, as to live, and from life preſents us the Eternal Eſtate, ſhe reſerves for us after it, to accuſtom us to it, and to take from us the fear of it. But ſuch as have by

Sleep the Image of Death.

by ſome violent accident fallen into a ſwoon, and in it have loſt all ſenſe, theſe, methinks, have been very near ſeeing the true and natural face of death; for as to the moment of the paſſage, it is not to be fear'd that it brings with it any pain, or diſpleaſure, for as much as we can have no feeling without leiſure; our ſufferings require time, which in death is ſo ſhort and precipitous, that it muſt neceſſarily be inſenſible. They are the approaches that we are to fear, and thoſe may fall within the limits of experience. Many things ſeem greater by imagination, than they are in effect. I have paſt a good part of my age in a perfect and entire health; I ſay, not only entire; but moreover ſpritely and wanton. This eſtate, ſo full of verdure, jollity and vigour, made the conſideration of ſickneſs ſo formidable to me, that when I came to experiment it, I found the Attacques faint, and eaſie in compariſon of what I had apprehended. Of this I have daily experience; If I am under the ſhelter of a warm room, in a ſtormy and tempeſtuous night, I wonder how People can live abroad, and am afflicted for thoſe who are out in the field: If I am there my ſelf, I do not wiſh to be any where elſe. This one thing, of being always ſhut up in a chamber I fancied inſupportable: but I was preſently inur'd to be ſo impriſon'd a week, nay a month together. And have found that in the time of my health, I did much more lament the ſick, than I think my ſelf to be lamented when I am ſo, and that the force of my imagination enhances near one half of the

eſſence and reality of the thing. I hope that when I come to die I ſhall find the ſame, and that I ſhall not find it worth the pains I take, ſo much preparation and ſo much aſſiſtance as I call in, to undergo the ſtroak. But we cannot give our ſelves too much advantage at all adventures.

In the time of our third, or ſecond troubles (I do not well remember which) going one day abroad to take the Air, about a league from my own houſe, which is ſeated in the very Center of all the buſtle and miſchief of the late Civil Wars of *France*, thinking my ſelf in all ſecurity, and ſo near to my retreat that I ſtood in need of no better Equipage, I had taken a horſe that went very eaſie upon his pace, but was not very ſtrong. Being upon my return home, a ſuddain occaſion falling out to make uſe of this horſe, in a kind of ſervice that he was not acquainted with; one of my train, a luſty proper Fellow, mounted upon a ſtrong *German* horſe, that had a very ill mouth, but was otherwiſe vigorous and unfoild; to play the *Brave* and appear a better man than his Fellows, comes thundring full ſpeed in the very track where I was, ruſhing like a *Coloſſus* upon the little man, and the little horſe, with ſuch a carreer of ſtrength and weight, that he turn'd us both over and over, topſie turvy with our heels in the Air? So that there lay the horſe overthrown and ſtun'd with the fall, and I ten or twelves paces from him ſtretcht out at length, with my face all batter'd and broken, my ſword, which I had in my hand, above ten paces beyond

beyond that, and my belt broke all to pieces, without motion or ſenſe any more than a ſtock. 'Twas the only ſwoon I was ever in till this hour in my life. Thoſe who were with me, after having uſed all the means they could to bring me to my ſelf, concluding me dead, took me up in their arms, and carried me with very much difficulty home to my houſe; which was about half a *French* League from thence. Having been by the way and two long hours after, given over for a dead man, I began to move and to fetch my breath; for ſo great abundance of blood was fall'n into my ſtomack, that Nature had need to rouſe her forces to diſcharge it. They then raiſed me upon my feet, where I threw off a great quantity of pure Florid blood, as I had alſo done ſeveral times by the way, which gave me ſo much eaſe, that I began to recover a little life, but ſo leiſurely and by ſo ſmall advances, that my firſt ſentiments were much nearer the approaches of death than life.

Perche dubbioſa anchor del ſuo ritorna
Non s'aſſecura attonita la mente. *Taſſo. Cant.* 12.

Becauſe the Soul her manſion half had quit,
And was not ſure ſhe was return'd to it.

The remembrance of this accident, which is very well imprinted in my memory, ſo naturally repreſenting to me the Image and Idea of death, has in ſome ſort reconcil'd me to that untoward accident. When I firſt began to open my eyes after my trance, it was with ſo perplex't, ſo weak and dead a ſight, that I could

yet diſtinguiſh nothing and could only diſcern the light.

Taſſo. Cant. 8. —— Come quel ch'or apre, or chiude
Gli occhi, mezzo tra'l ſonno e l'eſſer deſto.
As people in the morning when they riſe,
'Twixt ſleep, and wake, open and ſhut their eyes

As to the functions of the Soul, they advanced with the ſame pace and meaſure with thoſe of the Body. I ſaw my ſelf all bloody, my doublet being ſtain'd and ſpotted all over with the blood I had vomited; and the firſt thought that came into my mind, was, that I had a Harquebuze ſhot in my Head: and indeed at the ſame time, there were a great many fir'd round about us. Methought, my life but juſt hung upon my lips; and I ſhut my eyes, to help, methought, to thruſt it out; and took a pleaſure in languiſhing and letting my ſelf go. It was an imagination that only ſuperficially floted upon my Soul, as tender and weak as all the reſt, but really, not only exempt from pain, but mixt with that ſweetneſs and pleaſure that People are ſenſible of, when they indulge themſelves to drop into a ſlumber. I believe it is the very ſame condition thoſe People are in, whom we ſee to ſwoon with weakneſs, in the agony of death, and am of opinion that we lament them without cauſe, ſuppoſing them agitated with grievous dolours, or that their Souls ſuffer under painful thoughts. It has ever been my belief, contrary to the opinion of many and particularly of *Stephen Boetius*, that thoſe whom we ſee ſo ſubdued and ſtupified at the

the approaches of their end, or depreſt with the length of the diſeaſe, or by accident of an Apoplexy, or falling Sickneſs.

(Vi morbi ſæpe coactus
Ante oculos aliquis noſtros ut fulminis ictu *Lucret. lib. 3.*
Concidit, & ſpumas agit, ingemit, & fremit artus
Deſipit, extentat nervos, torquetur, anhelat,
Inconſtanter & in jactando membra fatigat.)

By the diſeaſe compell'd ſo we ſee ſome,
As they were thunder-ſtruk, fall, groan and foam.
Tremble, ſtretch, writh, breath ſhort, until at length
In various ſtruglings they tire out their ſtrength.)

Or hurt in the head, whom we hear to mutter and by fits to utter grievous groans, though we gather from thence ſome ſign by which it ſeems as if they had ſome remains of ſenſe and knowledge, I have always believ'd, I ſay, both the Body and the Soul benumm'd, and aſleep.

Vivit & eſt vitæ neſcius ipſe ſuæ. *Ovid. Tuſt. lib. 1. Eleg. 3.*

He lives, but does not know,
That he does ſo.

And could not believe that in ſo great a ſtupefaction of the members and ſo great a defection of the ſenſes, the Soul could maintain any force within, to take cognizance of her ſelf or look into her own condition, and that therefore they had no tormenting reflexions, to make them conſider and be ſenſible of the miſery of their condition, and conſequently were not much to

be lamented. I can for my part think of no Eſtate ſo inſupportable and dreadful, as to have the Soul ſpritely and afflicted without means to declare it ſelf: as one ſhould ſay of ſuch who are ſent to Execution, with their tongues firſt cut out; were it not that in this kind of dying, the moſt ſilent ſeems to me the moſt graceful, if accompanied with a grave and conſtant countenance; or of thoſe miſerable Priſoners, who fall into the hands of the baſe bloody Souldiers of this Age, by whom they are tormented with all ſorts of inhuman Uſage, to compel them to ſome exceſſive and impoſſible ranſom, kept in the mean time in ſuch condition and place, where they have no means of expreſſing, or ſignifying their mind and miſery, to ſuch as they may expect ſhould relieve them. The Poets have feign'd ſome Gods, who favour the deliverance of ſuch as ſuffer under a languiſhing death.

Æneid. lib. 4.

——— *Hunc ego Diti*
Sacrum juſſa fero, teque iſto corpore ſolvo.
I by command offer to *Pluto* this,
And from that body do the Soul diſmiſs.

Both the interrupted words, and the ſhort and irregular anſwers one gets from them ſometimes by bawling and keeping a clutter about them; or the motions which ſeem to yield ſome conſent to what we would have them do, are no teſtimony nevertheleſs that they live an entire Life at leaſt. So it happens that in the yawning of ſleep, before it has fully poſſeſt us to perceive, as in a dream, what is done about us, and to follow

low the laſt things are ſaid with a perplex'd and uncertain hearing, which ſeem but to touch upon the borders of the Soul; and make anſwers to the laſt words have been ſpoken to us, which have more in them of fortune than ſenſe. Now ſeing I have effectually tried it, I make no doubt but I have hitherto made a right judgment. For firſt, being in a ſwoon, I labour'd with both hands to rip open the buttons of my Doublet, (for I was without arms) and yet I felt nothing in my imagination that hurt me; for we have many motions in us, that do not proceed from our direction.

Semianimeſque micant digiti, ferrumque retractant.

And half-dead fingers grope about and feel,
To graſp again the late abandon'd ſteel.

So falling People extend their arms before them by a natural impulſe, which prompts them to offices and motions, without any Commiſſion from us.

Falceferos memorant currus abſcindere membra,
Vt tremere in terra videatur ab artubus, id quod *Lucret. lib. 3.*
Decidit abſciſſum, cum mens tamen atque hominis vis
Mobilitate mali non quid ſentire dolorem.

How limbs ſyth-bearing Chariots lopt, they tell.
Would move and tremble on the ground they fell,
When he himſelf, from whom the Limb was ta'ne,
Could by the ſwiftneſs feel no kind of pain.

My ſtomack was ſo oppreſt with the coagulated blood, that my hands moved to that part of their own voluntary motion, as they frequently do to the part that itches, without being directed by our Will. There are ſeveral Animals and even Men, in whom one may perceive the Muſcles to ſtir and tremble after they are dead. Every one Experimentally knows that there are ſome members, which grow ſtiff and flag without his leave. Now theſe paſſions which only touch the outward Bark of us, as a man may ſay, cannot be ſaid to be ours: to make them ſo, there muſt be a concurrence of the whole man and the pains, which are felt by the hand or the foot while we are ſleeping, are none of ours. As I drew near my own houſe, where the Alarm of my fall was already got before me, and that my family were come out to meet me, with the hubbub uſual in ſuch caſes; I did not only make ſome little anſwer to ſome queſtions were askt me, but they moreover tell me, that I had ſo much ſenſe, as to order that a horſe I ſaw trip and faulter in the way, which is mountainous & uneaſy, ſhould be given to my Wife. This conſideration ſhould ſeem to proceed from a Soul, that retained its functions, but it was nothing ſo with me. I knew not what I ſaid or did, and they were nothing but idle thoughts in the Clouds, that were ſtir'd up by the ſenſes of the eyes and ears, and proceeded not from me. I knew not for all that, or whence I came, or whether I went, neither was I capable to weigh and conſider, what was ſaid to me: theſe were light effects, that the

ſenſes

ſences produced of themſelves, as of cuſtom, what the Soul contributed was in a dream, as being lightly toucht, lickt and bedew'd by the ſoft impreſſion of the ſenſes. Notwithſtanding, my condition was in truth very eaſy and quiet, I had no afflictions upon me, either for others or my ſelf. It was an extream drooping and weakneſs without any manner of pain. I ſaw my own houſe but knew it not. When they had put me to bed, I found an inexpreſſible ſweetneſs in that repoſe; for I had been damnably tugg'd and lugg'd by thoſe poor people, who had taken the pains to carry me upon their Arms a very great and a very ill way, and had in ſo doing all quite tir'd out themſelves twice or thrice one after another. They offer'd me ſeveral remedies, but I would take none, certainly believing that I was mortally wounded in the head. And in earneſt, it had been a very happy death, for the weakneſs of my underſtanding, deprived me of the faculty of diſcerning, and that of my body from the ſenſe of feeling. I ſuffer'd my ſelf to glide away ſo ſweetly and after ſo ſoft and eaſy a manner, that I ſcarce find any other Action leſs troubleſom than that was. But when I came again to my ſelf and to reaſſume my faculties.

Ut tandem ſenſus convaluere mei, *Ovid Tr. ſt. lib. 1. El. 3.*

As my loſt ſenſes did again return,

Which was two or three hours after, I felt my ſelf on a ſudden involved in terrible pain, having my limbs ſhatter'd and ground to pieces with my fall, and was ſo exceeding ill two or three

three nights after, that I thought once more to die again, but a more painful death, having concluded my ſelf as good as dead before, and to this hour am ſenſible of the bruiſes of that terrible ſhock. I will not here omit, that the laſt thing I could make them beat into my head, was the memory of this accident, and made it be over and over again repeated to me whither I was going, from whence I came, and at what time of the day this miſchance befel me, before I could comprehend it. As to the manner of my fall, that was conceal'd from me in favour to him, who had been the occaſion, and other ſlim-flams were invented to palliate the truth. But a long time after and the very next day that my memory began to return & to repreſent to me the eſtate wherein I was, at the Inſtant that I perceived this Horſe coming full drive upon me (for I had ſeen him come thundring at my heels, and gave my ſelf for gone: But this thought had been ſo ſuddain, that fear had no leiſure to introduce it ſelf) it ſeemed to me like a flaſh of lightning that had pierc'd through my Soul, and that I came from the other World.

This long Story, of ſo light an accident, would appear vain enough, were it not for the knowledge I have gained by it for my own uſe; for I do really find, that to be acquainted with death, is no more but nearly to approach it. Every one, as *Pliny* ſays, is a good Doctrine to himſelf, provided he be capable of diſcovering himſelf near at hand. This is not my Doctrine, 'tis my Study; and is not the Leſſon of another but my own, and yet if I communi-

cate

cate it, it ought not to be ill taken. That which is of uſe to me, may alſo peradventure be uſeful to another. As to the reſt, I ſpoil nothing, I make uſe of nothing but my own; and if I play the fool, 'tis at my own expence and no body elſe is concerned in it: for 'tis a folly, that will die with me and that no one is to inherit. We hear but of two or three of the Ancients, who have beaten this Road, and yet I cannot ſay, if it be after this manner, knowing no more of them but their names. Not one ſince has followed the track: 'tis a tickle Subject and more nice than it ſeems, to follow a pace ſo extravagant and uncertain as that of the Soul: to penetrate the dark Profundities of their intricate internal windings; to chooſe and lay hold of ſo many little graces and nimble motions, and a new and extraordinary undertaking, and that withdraws us from the common and moſt recommended emploiments of the world. 'Tis now many years ſince, that my thoughts have had no other aim and level, than my ſelf, and that I have only pried into and ſtudied my ſelf: Or if I ſtudy any other thing, 'tis to lay it up for, and to, apply it to my ſelf. And yet I do not think it a fault, if, as others do, by other much leſs profitable Sciences, I communicate what I have learnt in this affair: tho I am not very well pleaſed with what I have writ upon this Subject. There is no Deſcription ſo difficult, nor doubtleſs of ſo great utility, as that of a Man's ſelf. And withal a man muſt curl, ſet out and adjuſt himſelf to appear in publick.

Now

Now I am perpetually tickling my ſelf; for I am eternally upon my own diſcription. Cuſtom has made all ſpeaking of a Man's ſelf vicious and does poſitively interdict it, in hatred to the vanity, that ſeems inſeperably joyned with the teſtimony men give of themſelves. I do not know that neceſſarily follows; but allowing it to be true, and that it muſt of neceſſity be preſumption to entertain the people with Diſcourſes of ones ſelf: I ought not, purſuing my general Deſign to forbear an Action that publiſhes this Infirmity of mine; nor conceal the Fault which I not only practiſe, but profeſs. Notwithſtanding, to ſpeak my thought freely, I do think that the cuſtom of condemning Wine, becauſe ſome people will be drunk, is it ſelf to be condemned. A man cannot abuſe any thing but what is good in it ſelf: and I believe that this Rule has only regard to the popular Vice: they are Bits with which neither the Saints whom we hear ſpeak ſo highly of themſelves, nor the Philoſophers, nor the Divines will be curbed; neither will I who am as little the one as the other: Of what does *Socrates* treat more largely, than of himſelf? To what does he more direct, and addreſs the Diſcourſes of his Diſciples, than to ſpeak of themſelves, not of the Leſſon in the Book, but of the Eſſence and Motion of their Souls? We confeſs our ſelves Religiouſly to God & our Confeſſor; and, as they are our Neighbours to all the people. But ſome will anſwer and ſay, that we there ſpeak nothing but Accuſation againſt our ſelves: Why then we

ſay

ſay all, for our very Vertue it ſelf is faulty and penitable; my Trade and Art *is to live.* He that forbids me to ſpeak according to my own Senſe, Experience and Practice, may as well enjoyn an Architect nót to ſpeak of Building according to his own knowledge, but according to that of his Neighbour; according to the knowledge of another, and not according to his own. If it be Vain-glory for a man to publiſh his own Vértues, why does not *Cicero* prefer the Eloquence of *Hortenſius*, and *Hortenſius* that of *Cicero*? Peradventure they mean, that I ſhould give teſtimony of my ſelf by Works and Effects, not barely by words: I chiefly paint my Thoughts, an Inform Subject, and incapable of Operative Production. 'Tis all that I can do to couch it in this airy body of the Voice. The Wiſeſt and Devouteſt Men have lived in the greateſt Care to avoid all diſcovery of Works: Effects would more ſpeak of Fortune, than of me. They manifeſt their own Office, and not mine? but uncertainly, and by conjecture, They are but Patterns of ſome one particular Vertue I expoſe my ſelf entire: 'tis a Skeleton where at one view the Veins, Muſcles and Tendons are apparent every of them in its proper place. I do not write my own Acts, but my Self and my Eſſence: I am of opinion, that a man muſt be very wiſe to value himſelf, and equally conſciencious, to give a true Report; be it better or worſe, indifferently: If I thought my ſelf perfectly good and wiſe, I would ſpeak with open mouth, and rattle it out to ſome purpoſe. To ſpeak leſs of a man's

man's ſelf, than what one really is, is folly, not modeſty; and to take that for currant pay, which is under a man's value, is Puſillanimity and Cowardize, according to *Ariſtotle.* No Vertue aſſiſts it ſelf with Falſhood: Truth is never the Maſter of Error: to ſpeak more of ones ſelf, than is really true, is not always Preſumption, 'tis moreover very often Folly: To be immeaſurably pleaſed with what one is, and to fall into an indiſcreet ſelf-love, is, in my opinion, the Subſtance of this Vice. The moſt Sovereign Remedy to cure it, is, to do quite contrary to what theſe people direct, who in forbidding them to ſpeak of themſelves, do conſequently at the ſame time interdict thinking of themſelves too. Pride dwells in the Thought, the Tongue can have but a very little ſhare in it: They fancy, that to think of ones ſelf is to be delighted with himſelf; to frequent, and to converſe with a man's ſelf, to be over indulgent. But this Exceſs ſprings only in thoſe, who only take of themſelves a Superficial View, and dedicate their main Inſpection to their Affairs; that call Meditation, Raving and Idleneſs, looking upon themſelves as a third perſon only, and a ſtranger. If any one be raviſhed with his own Knowledge, whilſt he looks only on thoſe below him; let him but turn his Eye upward toward paſt Ages, and his Pride will be abated, when he ſhall there find ſo many thouſand Wits that trample him under foot. If he enter into a flattering vanity of his perſonal Valour, let him but recollect the Lives of *Scipio*, *Epaminondas*, ſo many Armies and Nations that leave

leave him ſo far behind them, and he will be cur'd of his Self-opinion. No particular Quality can make any man proud, that will at the ſame time put ſo many other meek and imperfect ones as he has in him in the other Scale, and the Nothingneſs of Human Condition to ballance the weight: becauſe *Socrates* had alone ſwallow'd to purpoſe the Precept of his God, *To know himſelf*, and by that ſtudy was arrived to the perfection of ſetting himſelf at naught; he was only reputed worthy the Title of a *Sage*. Whoſoever ſhall ſo know himſelf, let him boldly ſpeak it out.

CHAP. VII.

Of Recompences of Honour.

THey who write the Life of *Auguſtus Cæſar*, obſerve his in this Military Diſcipline, That he was wonderfully liberal of Gifts to Men of Merit; but that as to the true Recompences of Honour, he was as ſparing. So it is, that he had himſelf been gratified by his Uncle, with all the Military Recompences, before he had ever been in the Field. It was a pretty Invention, and received into moſt Governments of the World, to Inſtitute certain vain and inſignificant Diſtinctions to Honour and recompence Vertue; ſuch as the Crowns of Lawrel, Oak, and Myrrh, the particular Faſhion of ſome Garment, the priviledge to ride in a Coach

in

in the City, or to have a Torch by Night; ſome peculiar place aſſigned in publick Aſſemblies; the Prerogative of certain additional Names and Titles; certain Diſtinctions in their bearing of Coats of Arms, and the like: The uſe of which, according to the ſeveral Humours of Nations, has been variouſly receiv'd, and do yet continue. We in *France*, as alſo ſeveral of our Neighbours, have the Orders of Knighthood, that are inſtituted only for this end. And 'tis in earneſt a very good and profitable Cuſtom to find out an Acknowledgment for the Worth of rare and excellent Men; and to ſatisfie their Ambition with rewards, that are not at all chargable either to Prince or People. And that which has been always found both by ancient Experience; and that we our ſelves may alſo have obſerved in our own times; that men of Quality have ever been more jealous of ſuch Recompences, than of thoſe wherein there was Gain and Profit, is not without very good ground and reaſon. If with Reward, which ought to be ſimply a Recompence of Honour, they ſhould mix other Emoluments, and add Riches: this mixture inſtead of procuring an encreaſe of Eſtimation, would vilifie and abate it. The Order of St. *Michael*, which has been ſo long in repute amongſt us, had no other, nor greater Commodity, than that it had no communication with any other; which produced this Effect, that formerly there was no Office, nor Title whatever, to which the Gentry pretended with ſo great Deſire and Affection, as they did to that; nor Quality that carried with

Orders of Knighthood inſtituted to reward Military Vertue.

The Order of Saint Michael.

it more Reſpect and Grandure: Vertue more willingly embracing, and with greater Ambition, aſpiring to a Recompence truly her own, and rather Honourable than Beneficial: For intruth, the other Rewards have not ſo great a Dignity of Uſage, by reaſon they are laid out upon all ſorts of Occaſions. With Mony a man pays the Wages of a Servant, the Diligence of a Courrier, Dancing, Vaulting, Speaking, and the vileſt Offices we receive; nay, and reward Vice with it too; as Flattery, Treachery, and Pimping: And therefore 'tis no wonder if Vertue does leſs deſire, and leſs willingly receive this common ſort of payment, than that which is proper and peculiar to her, throughout Generous and Noble. *Auguſtus* had reaſon to be a better Husband, and more ſparing of this, than the other; by how much Honour is a Priviledge that extracts its principal Eſteem from Rarity, and Vertue it ſelf.

Cui malus eſt nemo, quis bonus eſſe poteſt?
To whom none ſeemeth ill, who good can ſeem?

Mart. lib. 2. Epig. 82.

We do not intend it for a Commendation, when we ſay, that ſuch a one is careful in the Education of his Children: by reaſon it is a common Act, how juſt and well done ſoever; no more than we commend a great Tree, where the whole Forreſt is the ſame. I do not think that any Citizen of *Sparta* valued himſelf much upon his Valour, it being the univerſal Vertue of the whole Nation, and as little glorified himſelf upon his Fidelity, and contempt of Riches.

Valour of the Citizens of Sparta.

There is no recompence due to Vertue, how great ſoever, that is once paſt into a Cuſtom; and I know not withal, whether we can ever call it Great, being Common. Seeing that theſe Remunerations of Honour have no other Value and Eſtimation, but only this, That few people enjoy them; 'tis but to be liberal of them, to bring them down to nothing. And though there ſhould be now more men found than in former times worthy of our Order, the eſtimation of it nevertheleſs ſhould not be abated, nor the honour made cheap. And it may eaſily fall out, that more may merit it; for there is no Vertue that ſo eaſily dilates it ſelf, as that of Military Valour: There is another true, perfect and Philoſophical, of which I do not ſpeak (and only make uſe of the word in the common acceptation) much greater than this, and more full, which is a force and aſſurance of Souls, equally diſpoſing all ſorts of adverſe Accidents, equal, uniform and conſtant; of which ours is no more, than one little Ray. Uſance, Precept, Example and Cuſtom, can do all in all to the eſtabliſhment of that whereof I am ſpeaking, and with great facility render it vulgar, as by the experience of our Civil War is manifeſt enough; and whoever could at this inſtant unite us *Catholick* and *Hugonot* into one Body, and ſet us upon ſome brave Enterprize we ſhould again make our ancient Military Reputation to flouriſh. It is moſt certain, that in times paſt, the Recompence of this Order had not only a regard to Valour, but had a farther Proſpect. It never was the Reward of

a Valiant Souldier, but of a Great Captain. The Science of obeying was not reputed worthy of ſo honourable a Guerdon, there was therein a more univerſal Military Expertneſs requir'd, and that comprehended the moſt and the greateſt Qualities of a Military Man; *Neque enim eædem Militares & Imperatoriæ arte ſunt.* For the Military Knowledge requir'd in a common Souldier, and a General, are not the ſame; as alſo beſides a condition ſutable to ſuch a Dignity. But I ſay, that though more men were worthy than formerly; yet ought it not to be more liberally diſtributed, and that it were better to fall ſhort in not giving it to all to whom it ſhould be acknowledged due, than for ever to loſe, as we have lately done, the Fruit of ſo profitable an Invention. No man of Spirit will deign to advantage himſelf with what is in common with many: And ſuch of the preſent time, as have leaſt merited this Recompence, make the greater ſhew of diſdaining it, being thereby to be rankt with thoſe, to whom ſo much wrong has been done, by the unworthy conferring and debaſing the Character, which was their particular right. Now to expect that in obliterating and aboliſhing this ſuddenly, to create and bring into credit a like new Inſtitution, is not a proper Attempt for ſo licentious and ſo ſick a Time as this, wherein we now are; and it will fall out, that the laſt will from its birth incur the ſame inconveniences, that have ruin'd the other. The Rules for the diſpenſing of this New Order, had need to be extreamly clipt, and bound under great Reſtrictions to

The Order of the Holy Ghoſt.

give it Authority; and this tumultuous Seaſon is incapable of ſuch a Curb: Beſides, that before this can be brought into Repute, 'tis neceſſary that the Memory of the firſt, and the Contempt into which it is fall'n, be totally buried in Oblivion.

This place might naturally enough admit of ſome Diſcourſe upon the conſideration of Valour, and the difference of this Vertue from others: But *Plutarch* having ſo often handled this Subject, I ſhould give my ſelf an unneceſſary Trouble to repeat what he has ſaid; but this is worth conſidering; That our Nation place Valour in the Higheſt Degree of Vertue, as the very Word does evidence, being deriv'd from *Value*, and that according to our Uſance when we decipher a Worthy man, or a man of Value; only in our Court ſtyle, to ſay a valiant man, after the *Roman* way: For the general Appellation of Vertue with them, takes Etymology from *Force*. The proper, ſole, and eſſential method of the *French Nobleneſs*, is the practice of Arms: And 'tis likely that the firſt Vertue which diſcovered its ſelf amongſt men, and that has given ſome advantage over others, was this; by which the ſtrongeſt and moſt Valiant have Lorded it over the weaker, and Entail'd upon themſelves a particular Authority and Reputation: Or elſe that theſe Nations being very Warlike, has given the Preheminence to that of the *Vertues* which was moſt Familiar to them, and that they thought of the moſt worthy Character. Juſt as our Paſſion and the Feaveriſh Solicitude we have of the Chaſtity

Chaſtity of Woman, makes that to ſay, a good Woman, a Woman of worth; and a Woman of Honour and Vertue, ſignifie no more but a Chaſt Woman: as if to Oblige her to that one Duty, we were indifferent as to all the reſt, and gave them the Reins to all other Faults whatever, to compound for that one of Incontinence.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the Affection of Fathers to their Children.

To Madam *D' ESTISSAC.*

MAdam, if the Strangeneſs and Novelty of my Subject which are wont to give Value to things, do not ſave me, I ſhall never come off with Honour from this fooliſh Attempt: But 'tis ſo Fantaſtick, and carries a Face ſo unlike the common Uſance, that peradventure may make it paſs. 'Tis a Melancholick Humour, and conſequently an Humour very much an Enemy to my Natural complexion, engendred by the Penſiveneſs of the Solitude, into which for ſome years paſt I have retir'd my ſelf, that firſt put into my head this idle Fancy of Writing: Wherein finding my ſelf totally Unprovided and Empty of other Matter, I preſented my ſelf to my Self for Argument and Subject. 'Tis the only Book in the world of its kind, and of a wild and extravagant Deſign; there is nothing worth Remark but

the Extravagancy in this Affair: for in a Subject so vain and frivolous, the best Workman in the World could not have given it a form fit to recommend it to any manner of Esteem.

Now, *Madam*, being to draw mine own Picture to the Life, I had omitted the only graceful Feature, had I not therein represented the Honour I have ever had for you, and your Merits; which I have purposely chosen to say in the beginning of this Chapter, by reason that amongst many other Excellent Qualities you are Mistress of, that of the tender Love you have manifested to your Children, is worthily seated in one of the highest places. Whoever shall know at what age *Monsieur d'Estissac* your Husband left you a Widow, the great and honourable Matches have since been offer'd to you, as many as to any Lady of your Condition in *France*; the constancy and steadiness wherein you have liv'd so many years, and wherewith you have gone through so many sharp Difficulties, the Charge and Conduct of their Affairs who have prosecuted you in every Corner of the Kingdom, and who yet are not weary of tormenting you; and the happy Direction you have given in all this, either by your single Prudence, or good Fortune, will easily conclude with me, that we have not so lively an Example as yours of maternal Affection in our times. I praise God, *Madam*, that it has been so well employ'd; for the great hope that *Monsieur d'Estissac* the Son gives of himself do advance sufficient assurance, that when he comes to age, you will reap from him all the

Obedience

Obedience and Gratitude of a very good man. But foraſmuch as by reaſon of his tender years he has not been capable of taking notice of thoſe Offices of extreameſt kindneſs he has in ſo great number receiv'd from you; I will, if theſe Papers ſhall one day happen to fall into his hands, when I ſhall neither have Mouth nor Speech left to deliver it to him, that he ſhall receive a true account of thoſe things from me, which ſhall be more effectually manifeſted to him by their own Effects, by which he will underſtand, that there is not a Gentleman in *France*, who ſtands more indebted to a Mothers Care; and that he cannot for the future give a better, nor more certain Teſtimony of himſelf, of his own Worth and Vertue, than by acknowledging you for that excellent Mother you are.

The affection of Parents towards their Children, greater than that of Children towards them; and why?

If there be any Law truly Natural, that is to ſay, any Inſtinct that is ſeen univerſally and perpetually imprinted in both Beaſts and Men (which is not without Controverſie) I can then ſay, that in my opinion, next to the Care every Animal has of his own Preſervation, and to avoid that which may hurt him, the Affection that the Begetter bears to his Off-ſpring, holds the ſecond place in this File. And ſeeing that Nature ſeems to have recommended it to us, having regard to the Extenſion and Propagation of the ſucceſſive Piece of this Machine: 'tis no wonder if on the contrary, that of Children towards their Parents is not ſo great. To which we may add this other *Ariſtotelian* Conſideration, that he who confers a Benefit on any one, loves him better, than he is belov'd by

him again: and that every Artificer is fonder of his Work, than if that Work had Senſe, it would be of him; by reaſon that is dear to us to be, and to be, conſiſts in moving and action: Therefore every one has in ſome ſort a being in his Work. Who confers a Benefit, exerciſes a fair and honeſt Action; who receives it, exerciſes the *Utile* only. Now the *Utile* is much leſs amiable than the *Honeſt*: The *Honeſt* is ſtable and permanent, ſupplying him who has done it with a continual Gratification. The *Utile* loſes it ſelf, eaſily ſlides away, and the Memory of it is neither ſo freſh, nor ſo pleaſing. Thoſe things are deareſt to us that have coſt us moſt, and giving is more chargeable than receiving. Since it has pleas'd God to endue us with ſome capacity of weighing and conſidering things, to the end we may not like Brutes be ſervilely ſubjected and enſlav'd to the Laws common to both; but that we ſhould by judgment and a voluntary liberty apply our ſelves to them: We ought indeed ſomething to yield to the ſimple Authority of Nature, but not ſuffer our ſelves to be tyrannically hurried away and tranſported by her; being that Reaſon alone ſhould have the Conduct of our Inclinations. I for my part have a ſtrange Diſguſt to theſe Propenſions that are ſtarted in us, without the Meditation and Direction of the Judgment. As upon the Subject I am ſpeaking of, I cannot entertain that Paſſion of Dandling and Careſſing an Infant ſcarcely born, having as yet neither motion of Soul, nor ſhape of Body diſtinguiſhable, by which they can render themſelves

ſelves amiable; and have not willingly ſuffered them to be nurs'd near me: A true and regular Affection ought to ſpring and encreaſe with the knowledge they give us of themſelves, and then if they are worthy of it, the natural Propenſion walking hand in hand with Reaſon, to cheriſh them with a truely Paternal Love; and to judge and diſcern alſo if they be otherwiſe, ſtill rendring our ſelves to Reaſon, notwithſtanding the Inclination of Nature. It goes through ſometimes quite otherwiſe, and moſt commonly we find our ſelves more taken with running up and down the Play, and Puerile Simplicity of our Children, than we do afterwards with their moſt compleated Actions; as if we had lov'd them for our ſport, like Monkies, and not as Men. And ſome there are, who are very liberal in buying them Balls to play withal, who are very cloſe handed for the leaſt neceſſary Expence when they come to Age. Nay, to that degree, that it looks as if the jealouſie of ſeeing them appear in, and enjoy the World, when we are about to leave it, render'd us more niggardly and ſtingy towards them. It vexes us that they tread upon our Heels, as if to ſolicite us to go out; and if this be to be fear'd, ſince the order of things will have it ſo that they cannot, to ſpeak the truth, be, nor live, but at the expence of our Being and Life, we ſhould never meddle with getting Children. For my part I think it Cruelty and Injuſtice not to receive them into the ſhare and ſociety of our Goods, and not to make them Partakers in the Intelligence of our Domeſtick Affairs, when they are capable,

capable, and not to leſſen and contract our own Expences to make the more room for theirs, ſeeing we beget them to that effect. 'Tis unjuſt that an old Fellow, deaf, lame and half dead, ſhould alone in a Corner of the Chimney, enjoy the Goods that were ſufficient for the Maintenance and Advancement of many Children, and to ſuffer them in the mean time to loſe their beſt years, for want of means to put themſelves into publick Service, and the knowledge of men. A man by this means drives them to deſperate Courſes, and to ſeek out by any means, how unjuſt or diſhonorable ſoever, to provide for their own ſupport. As I have in my time ſeen ſeveral young men of good Extraction, ſo addicted to ſtealing, that no Correction could cure them of it. I know one of a very good Family, to whom, at the requeſt of a Brother of his, a very honeſt and brave Gentleman, I once ſpoke upon this account; who made anſwer, and confeſt to me roundly, that he had been put upon this dirty practice by the Severity and Avarice of his Father: but that he was now ſo accuſtom'd to it, he could not leave it. At which time he was trapt ſtealing a Ladies Rings, being come into her Chamber, as ſhe was dreſſing with ſeveral others. He put me in mind of a ſtory I had heard of another Gentleman, ſo perfect and accompliſht in this gentile Trade in his Youth, that after he came to his Eſtate and reſolv'd to give it over, could not hold his hands, nevertheleſs, if he paſt by a ſhop where he ſaw any thing he liked, from catching it up, tho it put him to the ſhame of ſending afterwards to pay

Youngmen given to filching.

pay for't. And I have my ſelf ſeen ſeveral ſo habituated to this laudable quality, that even amongſt their Comrades they could not forbear filching, tho with intent to reſtore what they had taken. I am a *Gaſcon*, and yet there is no Vice I ſo little underſtand as that; I hate it ſomething more by diſpoſition, than I condemn it in my Diſcourſe: I do not ſo much as deſire any thing of another man's. This Province of ours is, in plain truth, a little more ſuſpected, than the other parts of the Kingdom; and yet we have often ſeen in our times men of good Families of other Provinces in the hands of Juſtice, Convicted of ſeveral abominable Theſts: I fear this Debauch is in ſome ſort to be attributed to the forementioned Vice of the Fathers; and, if a man ſhould tell me, as a Lord of very good Underſtanding once did, that he hoarded up Wealth, not to extract any other fruit and uſe from his Parſimony, but to make himſelf honour'd, and ſought to, by his own Relations: and that Age having deprived him of all other Forces, it was the only remaining Remedy to maintain his Authority in his Family, and to keep him from being neglected and deſpiſed by all the World (and in truth, not only old Age, but all other Imbecility, according to *Ariſtotle*, is the Promoter of Avarice) This is ſomething, but it is Phyſick for a Diſeaſe, that a man ſhould prevent. A Father is very miſerable, that has no other hold of his Children's Affection, than the need they have of his Aſſiſtance, if that can be call'd Affection; he muſt render himſelf worthy to be reſpected by his Vertue and Wiſdom

Gaſcons *generally addicted to ſtealing.*

dom, and belov'd by his bounty, and the ſweetneſs of his Manners. Even the very Aſhes of a rich matter have their Value; and we are wont to have the Bones and Relicks of worthy Men in regard and reverence. No old Age can be ſo ruinous and offenſive in a man who has paſt his Life in Honour, but it muſt be Venerable, eſpecially to his Children; the Soul of which he muſt have train'd up to their Duty by Reaſon, not by Neceſſity, and the Need they have of him; nor by roughneſs and force.

—— & errat longe, mea quidem ſententia,
Qui imperium credat eſſe gravius aut ſtabilius
Vi quod fit, quam illud quod amicitia adjungitur.

Terrence. Adolph. Act. 1. *Sce.* 1.

And he does mainly vary from my ſence,
Who thinks the Empire gain'd by violence,
More abſolute and durable, than that,
Which gentleneſs and friendſhip do create.

I condemn all Violence in the Education of a tender Soul, that is deſign'd for Honour and Liberty. There is, I know not what, of Servile in Rigour and Reſtraint; and I am of opinion, that what is not to be done by Reaſon, Prudence and Addreſs, is never to be effected by Force. I my ſelf was brought up after that manner; and they tell me, that, in all my firſt Age, I never felt the the Rod but twice, and then very eaſily. I have practis'd the ſame Method with my Children, who all of them died at Nurſe; but *Leonor* my only Daughter is arriv'd to the age of ſix years, and upward, without other Correction for her Childiſh Faults (her Mothers Indulgence eaſily concurring) than Words only,

only, and thoſe very gentle. In which kind of proceeding, though my end and expectation ſhould be both fruſtrated, there are other Cauſes enough to lay the Fault on, without blaming my Diſcipline, which I know to be natural and juſt, and I ſhould in this have yet been more Religious towards the Males, as born to leſs Subjection, and more free; and I ſhould have made it my buſineſs to ſwell their Hearts with Ingenuity and Freedom. I have never obſerv'd other effects of whipping, unleſs to render them more cowardly, or more wilful and obſtinate. Do we deſire to be belov'd of our Children? will we remove from them all occaſion of wiſhing our death? (though no occaſion of ſo horrid a Wiſh can either be juſt, or excuſeable; *Nullum ſcelus rationem habet*) let us reaſonably accommodate their Lives with that is in our power. In order to this, we ſhould not marry ſo young, that our Age ſhall in a manner be confounded with theirs; for this Inconvenience plunges us into many very great Difficulties: I ſay, the Gentry of the Nation, who are of a condition wherein they have little to do, and live upon their Revenues only: For elſewhere where the Life is dedicated to profit, the plurality and numbers of Children is an encreaſe to the good husbandry, and they are as ſo many new Tools and Inſtruments wherewith to grow rich. I married at three and thirty years of Age, and concur in the opinion of thirty five, which is ſaid to be that of *Ariſtotle*. *Plato* will have no body marry before thirty; but he has reaſon to laugh at thoſe who undertake the work of

Marriage

Marriage after five and fifty, and condemn their Off-ſpring as unworthy of Aliment and Life. *Thales* gave to this the trueſt Limits, who young, and being importun'd by his Mother to Marry, anſwered, That it was too ſoon, and being grown into years, and urg'd again, That it was too late. A man muſt deny opportunity to every importunate Action. The ancient *Gauls* looked upon it as a very horrid thing, for a man to have had Society with a woman before twenty years of Age; and ſtrictly recommended to the men, who deſigned themſelves for War, the keeping of their Virginity till well grown in years, foraſmuch as Courage is abated and diverted by the uſe of Women.

The uſe of Women enervates young Men.

Taſſo Cant. 10.

Ma hor congiunta à griovinetta ſpoſa,
Lieto homai, de figli era invilito
Negli affetti di padre, & di marito.

But now being married to a fair young Wife,
He's quite faln off from his old courſe of Life:
His mettle is grown ruſty, and his care
His Wife and Children do betwixt them ſhare.

Muleaſſes King of *Tunis*, he whom the Emperor *Charles* the Fifth reſtor'd to his Kingdom, reproacht the Memory of his Father *Mahomet* with the frequentation of Women, ſtyling him Looſe, Effeminate, and a Getter of Children. The *Greek Hiſtory* obſerves of *Iecus* the *Tarentine* of *Chryſo*, *Aſtiplus*, *Diopompus*, and others, that to keep their Bodies in order for the *Olympick Games*, and ſuch like Exerciſes, they deny'd themſelves, during that preparation, all Com-

Commerce with *Venus.* In a certain Country of the *Spaniſh Indies,* men were not admitted to marry till after Forty years of Age, and yet the Girls were allowed to go to't at Ten. 'Tis not time for a Gentleman of Five and Thirty years old to give place to his Son who is Twenty; he being himſelf in a Condition to ſerve both in the Expeditions of War, and in the Court of his Prince, has himſelf need of all his Equipage; and yet doubtleſs ought to allow his Son a ſhare, but not ſo great a one, as wholly to diſfurniſh himſelf; and for ſuch a one, the Saying, that Fathers have ordinarily in their mouths, *That they will not put off their Cloaths, before they go to bed,* is proper enough: But a Father overworn with Age and Infirmities, and deprived by his weakneſs and want of health of the common Society of men, wrongs himſelf and his, to rake together a great Maſs of uſeleſs Treaſure. He has liv'd long enough, if he be wiſe, to have a mind to ſtrip himſelf to go to bed, not to his very Shirt, I confeſs, but to that, and a good warm Night-Gown: the remaining Pomps of which he has no further uſe, he ought voluntarily to ſurrender to thoſe to whom by the order of Nature they belong. 'Tis reaſon, he ſhould refer the uſe of thoſe things to them, ſeeing that Nature has reduced him to ſuch an Eſtate, that he cannot enjoy them himſelf: otherwiſe there is doubtleſs ill nature and envy in the caſe. The greateſt Act of the Emperor *Charles* the Fifth was, that, when in imitation of ſome of the Ancients of his own Quality, confeſſing it but reaſon to ſtrip our ſelves when our

our cloaths encumber and grow too heavy for us, and to lie down when our Legs begin to fail us; he reſign'd his Dignity, Grandeur, and Power to his Son, when he found the vigour and ſteadineſs in the conduct of his Affairs to fail in himſelf, with the Glory he had therein acquir'd,

Hor. lib. I. *Ep.* I.

Solve ſenescentem mature ſanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus, & ilia ducat.

The Old worn Courſer in good time diſmiſs,
Leſt failing in the Liſts, Spectators hiſs.

This fault of not perceiving betimes, and not being ſenſible of the feebleneſs and extream alteration that Age naturally brings both upon the Body and Mind (which in my Opinion is equal, if the Soul is no more than the half) has loſt the Reputation of moſt of the great men in the World. I have known in my time, and been intimately acquainted with ſome Perſons of very great Quality, whom a man might eaſily diſcern ſo manifeſtly laps'd from their former ſufficiency, I was ſure they were once endu'd with, by the Reputation they had acquired in their former years; that I could heartily, for their own ſakes, have wiſht them at home at their eaſe, diſcharg'd of their Publick Military Employments, which were now grown too heavy for their Shoulders. I have formerly been very familiar in a Gentleman's Houſe, a Widower, and very old, though healthy and chearful enough: This Gentleman had ſeveral Daughters to marry, and a Son already of a ripe Age, which brought upon him many Viſits, and

a great Expence; neither of which did very well pleaſe him, not only out of conſideration of Frugality; but yet more, for having, by reaſon of his Age, enter'd into a courſe of Life far differing from ours. I told him one day a little boldly, as I uſe to do, that he would do better to give us room, and to leave his principal Houſe (for he had but that well ſcituated and furniſht) to his Son, and retire himſelf to an Eſtate he had hard by, where no body would trouble his Repoſe, ſeeing he could not otherwiſe avoid being importun'd by us, the Condition of his Children conſidered. He took my advice afterwards and found an advantage by ſo doing: I do not mean, that a man ſhould ſo inſtate them, as not to reſerve to himſelf a liberty to recant; I, who am now arriv'd to the age, wherein ſuch things are fit to be done, would reſign to them the enjoyment of my Houſe and Goods, but with a power of Revocation, if they ſhould give me cauſe to alter my mind: I would leave to them the Uſe, they being no longer proper for me, and of the general Authority and Power over all, would reſerve as much as I thought good to my ſelf: Having always thought, that it muſt needs be a great ſatisfaction to an aged Father, himſelf to put his Children into the way of governing his Affairs, and to have power during his own life to controul their Deportments, ſupplying them with Inſtruction and Advice from his own Experience, and himſelf to tranſfer the ancient Honour and Order of his Houſe into that of thoſe who are to ſucceed him, and by that means to be reſponſible to

himſelf (by the hopes he may conceive) for their future conduct. And in order to this, I would not avoid their company, I would obſerve them near at hand, and partake, according to the condition of my age, of their Feaſts and Jollities. If I did not live amongſt them (which I could not do, without being a diſturbance to them, by reaſon of the moroſity of my age, and the reſtleſneſs of my Infirmities, and without violating alſo the Rules and Order of living, I ſhould then have ſet down to myſelf) I would at leaſt live near them in ſome remote part of my Houſe, not the beſt in ſhew, but the moſt commodious. Nor as I ſaw ſome years ago a Dean of St. *Hilaire* of *Poitiers*, by his Melancholy given up to ſuch a ſolitude, that at the time I came into his Chamber, it had been Two and twenty years that he had not ſtept one foot out of it, and yet had all his Motions free, and eat, and was in perfect health, ſaving a little Rheume that fell upon his Lungs: He would hardly once in a Week ſuffer any one to come in to ſee him; he always kept himſelf ſhut up in his Chamber alone, except that a Servant brought him once a day ſomething to eat, and did then but juſt come in, and go out again. His Employment was to walk up and down, and read ſome book, for he was a piece of a Scholar: but as to the reſt, obſtinately bent to die in this Retirement, as he preſently after did. I would endeavour by a ſweet and obliging Converſation, to create in my Children a lively and unfeigned friendſhip and good will, which in well-deſcended Natures is not hard to

do;

do; for if they be Brutes, of which this Age of ours produces thouſands, we are then to hate and avoid them. I am angry at the cuſtom, very much in uſe, of forbidding Children to call their Father by the Name of *Father*, and to enjoyn them another, as more full of reſpect and reverence, as if Nature had not ſufficiently provided for our Authority: We call *Almighty God Father*, and diſdain to have our Children call us ſo; I have reform'd this Errour in my Family. And 'tis alſo folly and injuſtice to deprive Children, when grown up, of a familiarity with their Father, and to carry a ſcornful and auſtere Countenance toward them, thinking by that to keep them in awe and obedience; for it is a very idle force, that, inſtead of producing the effect deſign'd, renders Fathers diſtaſtful; and, which is worſe, ridiculous to their own Children. They have Youth and Vigour in poſſeſſion, and conſequently the breath and favour of the World, and therefore receive theſe fierce and tyrannical looks (mere Scar-Crows) of a man without blood, either in his Heart or Veins, with mockery and contempt. Though I could make my ſelf fear'd, I had yet much rather make my ſelf belov'd. There are ſo many ſorts of defects in old Age, ſo much impuiſſancy, and it is ſo liable to contempt, that the beſt purchaſe a man can make, is the kindneſs and affection of his own Family; command and fear are no more his Weapons: Such a one I have known, who having been very inſolent in his Youth, when he came to be Old, though he might have liv'd at his full eaſe, and

had his judgment as entire as ever, would yet torment himſelf, and others; ſtrike, rant, ſwear and curſe; the moſt tempeſtuous Maſter in *France*: Fretting himſelf with unneceſſary ſuſpicion and vigilancy; and all this rumble and clutter, but to make his Family cheat him the ſooner, and the more; of his Barn, his Kitchin, Cellar, nay, and his very Purſe too, others had the greateſt uſe and ſhare, whilſt he keeps his Keys in his Boſom, much more carefully than his Eyes: Whilſt he hugs himſelf with the Frugality of the pitiful pittance of a wretched and niggardly Table; every thing goes to wrack and ruin in every Corner of his Houſe, in play, drink, all ſorts of profuſion; making ſports in their Junkets with his vain Anger and fruitleſs Parſimony. Every one is a Centinel againſt him, and if by accident any wretched Fellow that ſerves him is of another humour, and will not joyn with the reſt, he is preſently rendred ſuſpected to him, a Bait that old age very eaſily bites at of its ſelf. How oft has this Gentleman boaſted to me, in how great awe he kept his Family, and how exact an Obedience and Reverence they paid him? How clearly did this man ſee into his own Affairs!

Ter. Adel. Act. 4. Scen. 2. *Ille ſolus neſcit omnia.*

I do not know any one that can muſter more Parts both natural and acquir'd, proper to maintain ſuch a dominion, than he; yet he is ſunk from it like a Child. For this reaſon it is, that I have pickt out him amongſt ſeveral others that I know of the ſame humour, for the greateſt

Example

Example. It were matter ſufficient for a Queſtion in the Schools. Whether he is better thus, or otherwiſe. In his Preſence all ſubmit to, and bow before him, and give ſo much way to his vanity, that no body ever reſiſts him; he has his belly full of Cringe, and all poſtures of Fear, Submiſſion and Reſpect. Does he turn away a Servant? he packs up his Bundle, and is gone; but 'tis no further than juſt out of his ſight: the Pace of old Age is ſo ſlow, and the Scene is ſo weak and troubled, that he will live and do his old Office in the ſame Houſe a year together, without being perceiv'd. And after a fit interval of time, Letters are pretended to come a great way off, from I know not where, very humble, ſuppliant, and full of promiſes of amendment; by vertue of which he is again receiv'd into favour. Does *Monſieur* make any Bargain, or ſend away any Diſpatch that does not pleaſe? 'tis ſuppreſt, and Cauſes now afterward forg'd to excuſe the want of Execution in the one, or Anſwer in the other. No ſtrange Letters being firſt brought to him, he never ſees any, but thoſe that ſhall ſeem fit for his knowledge: If by accident they fall firſt into his own hand, being us'd to truſt ſome body to read them to him, he reads *extempore* what he thinks fit, and very often makes ſuch a one ask him pardon, who abuſes and rails at him in his Letter. Finally he ſees nothing, but by an Image prepar'd and deſign'd before-hand, and the moſt ſatisfactory they can invent, not to rouze and awake his ill humour and choler. I have ſeen enow differing Forms of Oeconomy, long, conſtant,

ſtant, and of like effect. Women, eſpecially the perverſe and elder ſort, are evermore addicted to croſs their Husbands: They lay hold with both hands on all occaſions to contradict and oppoſe them, and the firſt excuſe ſerves for a plenary Juſtification. I have ſeen who has groſly purloyned from her Husband, that, as ſhe told her Confeſſor, ſhe might diſtribute the more liberal Alms: Let who will truſt to that Religious Diſpenſation. No management of Affairs ſeems to them of ſufficient Dignity, if proceeding from the Husband's aſſent; they muſt uſurp either by Inſolence, or Cunning, and always injuriouſly, or elſe it has not the Grace of Authority they deſire. When, as in the caſe I am ſpeaking of, 'tis againſt a poor Old man, and for the Children, than they make uſe of this Title to ſerve their Paſſion with Glory; and as in a common Servitude, eaſily monopolize againſt his Government and Dominion. If they be Males grown up, and flouriſhing, they preſently corrupt either by force or favour, both Steward, Receivers, and all the Rout. Such as have neither Wife, nor Son, do not ſo eaſily fall into this misfortune; but withal more cruelly, and undeſervingly. *Cato* the elder in his time, ſaid, *So many Servants, So many Enemies.* Conſider then, whether according to the vaſt difference betwixt the purity of the age he liv'd in, and the corruption of this of ours, he does not ſeem to advertiſe us, that Wife, Son and Servant, So many Enemies to us? 'Tis well for old age, that it is always accompanied with Stupidity, Ignorance, and a facility of being deceiv'd;

ceiv'd; for ſhould we ſee how we are us'd, and would not acquieſce, what would become of us? eſpecially in ſuch an age as this, where the very Judges who are to determine, are uſually partial to the young, in any cauſe that comes before them. In caſe that the diſcovery of this cheat eſcape me, I cannot at leaſt fail to diſcern that I am very fit to be cheated; and can a man ever enough ſpeak the value of a Friend, in compariſon with theſe civil tyes? The very Image of it, which I ſee ſo pure and uncorrupted in Beaſts, how religiouſly do I reſpect it? If others deceive me, yet do I not at leaſt deceive my ſelf, in thinking I am able to defend me from them, or in cudgeling my Brains to make my ſelf ſo? I protect my ſelf from ſuch Treaſons in my own Boſom, not by an unquiet and tumultuary curioſity, but rather by Mirth and Reſolution. When I hear talk of any ones condition, I never trouble my ſelf to think of him, I preſently turn my Eyes upon my ſelf; to ſee in what condition I am; what ever concerns another, relates to me, the accident that has befaln him, gives me caution, rouzes me to turn my Defence that way. We every day and every hour ſay things of another, that we might more properly ſay of our ſelves, could we but revert our Obſervation to our own concerns, as well as extend it to others. And ſeveral Authors have in this manner prejudic'd their own cauſe, by running headlong upon thoſe they attack, and darting thoſe Shafts againſt their Enemies, that are more properly, and with greater advantage to be return'd upon them.

The Author ſeems to hint, that the Judges were young Men themſelves.

them. The laſt *Mareſchal de Monlue*, having loſt his Son, who was ſlain at the Iſle of *Madera*; in truth a very brave Gentleman, and of great expectation, did to me, amongſt his other Regrets, very much inſiſt upon what a Sorrow and Heart-breaking it was, that he had never made himſelf familiar and acquainted with him; and by that humour of Fatherly Gravity and Sowrneſs, to have loſt the opportunity of having an inſight into, and of well knowing, his Son; as alſo of letting him know the extream affection he had for him, and the worthy opinion he had of his Vertue. That poor Boy, ſaid he, never ſaw in me other, than a ſtern and diſdainful Countenance, and is gone in a belief, that I neither knew how to love nor eſteem him according to his deſert. For whom did I reſerve the diſcovery of that ſingular Affection I had for him in my Soul? Was it not he himſelf who ought to have had all the pleaſure of it and all the Obligation? I forc'd and rack'd myſelf to put on and maintain this vain diſguiſe and have by that means depriv'd my ſelf of the pleaſure of his Converſation, and, I doubt in ſome meaſure, his Affection, which could not but be very cold towards me, having never other from me than Auſterity; nor felt other than a tyrannical manner of proceeding. I find this Complaint to be rational and rightly apprehended; for, as I my ſelf know by too certain Experience, there is no ſo ſweet conſolation in the loſs of Friends, as the Conſcience of having had no reſerve of ſecret for them; and to have had with them a perfect and entire

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Communication. Oh my Friend! am I the better for being ſenſible of this; or am I the worſe? I am doubtleſs much the better. I am conſolated and honored in the ſorrow for his death. Is it not a pious and a pleaſing Office of my Life to be always upon my Friends Obſequies? Can there be any Joy equal to this Privation; I open my ſelf to my Family, as much as I can, and very willingly let them know, in what eſtate they are in my Opinion and good Will, as I do every body elſe. I make haſt to bring out, and expoſe my ſelf to them; for I will not have them miſtaken in me in any thing. Amongſt other particular Cuſtoms of our Ancient *Gauls*, this, as *Cæſar* reports, was one, That the Sons never preſented themſelves before their Fathers, nor durſt never appear in their company in publick, till they began to bear Arms; as if they would intimate by that, that it was alſo time for their Fathers to receive them into their familiarity and acquaintance. I have obſerved yet another ſort of Indiſcretion in Fathers of my time, That not contented with having deprived their Children during their own long lives, of the ſhare they naturally ought to have had in their Fortunes, they afterwards leave to their Wives the ſame Authority over their Eſtates, and Liberty to diſpoſe of them according to their own fancy: And have known a certain Lord one of the principal Officers of the Crown, who having in his proſpect, by right of ſucceſſion, above Fifty Thouſand Crowns yearly Revenue, died neceſſitous, and overwhelmed with debt, at above fifty years of age;

The ancient Gauls *never permitted their Sons to preſent themſelves before them till they came to bear Arms.*

age; his Mother in his extreameſt decrepitude and neceſſity, being yet in poſſeſſion of all his Goods by the will of his Father, who had for his part, lived till near Fourſcore years Old. This appears by no means reaſonable to me. And therefore I think it of very little advantage to a man, whoſe Affairs are well enough, to ſeek a Wife that will charge his Eſtate with too great a Joynture: There being no ſort of foreign Debt or Encumbrance, that brings greater and more frequent ruin to Eſtates and Families, than that. My Predeceſſors have ever been aware of that danger, and provided againſt it, and ſo have I: But theſe who diſſuade us from rich Wives, for fear they ſhould be leſs tractable and kind, are out in their Advice, to make a man loſe a real convenience for ſo frivolous a conjecture. It coſts an unreaſonable Woman no more to paſs over one Reaſon, than another. They love but where they have the moſt wrong. Injuſtice allures them, as the Honour of their vertuous Actions does the good; and the more Riches they bring with them, they are by ſo much the more gentle, and ſweet natur'd; as Women who are fair, are more inclin'd, and proud to be chaſt. 'Tis reaſonable to leave the adminiſtration of Affairs to the Mothers, during the minority of the Children; but the Father has brought them up very ill, if he cannot hope, that when they come to Maturity, they will have more Wiſdom and Dexterity in the management of Affairs, than his Wife, conſidering the ordinary Weakneſs of the Sex. It were notwithſtanding

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to ſay the truth, more againſt Nature, to make the Mothers depend upon the Diſcretion of their Children: They ought to be plentifully provided for, to maintain themſelves according to their Quality and Age, by reaſon that Neceſſity is much more indecent and inſupportable to them, than to men; and therefore the Son is rather to be cut ſhort, than the Mother. In general, the moſt judicious Diſtribution of our Goods, when we come to dye, is, in my Opinion, to let them be diſtributed according to the Cuſtom of the Country. The Laws have conſidered it better than we know how to do, and 'tis better to let them fail in their Election, than raſhly to run the hazard of miscarrying in ours. Neither are they properly ours, ſince, by a civil preſcription, and without us, they are all judged to certain Succeſſors. And altho we have ſome Liberty beyond that, yet I think we ought not, without great and manifeſt cauſe, to take away that from one which his Fortune has alotted him, and to which the publick Equity gives him Title; and that it is againſt reaſon to abuſe this liberty, in making it to ſerve our own frivilous and private Fancies. My Deſtiny has been kind to me, in not preventing me with Occaſions to tempt and divert my Affection from the common and legitimate Inſtitution. I ſee well enough, with whom 'tis time loſt, to employ a long Diligence of Good Offices: A word ill taken obliterates ten years merit; and he is happy, who is in place to oyl their Good Will at this laſt Paſſage. The laſt Action carries it: Not the beſt, and moſt fre-

frequent Offices, but the moſt recent and pre-
ſent do the Work. Theſe are people that play
with their Wills, as with Apples and Rods, to
gratifie or chaſtiſe every Action of theſe, tha
pretend to an Intereſt in their Care. Tis a thing
of too great weight and conſequence, to be ſo
tumbled and toſt, and alter'd every moment
And wherein the VViſe men of the VVorld de
termine once for all, having therein above a
things, a regard to reaſon, and the publick ob
ſervance. VVe alſo lay theſe Maſculine Subſti
tutions too much to heart, propoſing a ridiculou
Eternity to our Names. And are moreover to
ſuperſtitious in the vain conjectures of the futur
which we derive from the little Obſervation
we make of the Words and Actions of Chil
dren. Peradventure they might have don
me an Injuſtice, in diſpoſſeſſing me of m
Right, for having been the moſt dull and he
vy, the moſt ſlow and unwilling at my Book
not of all my Brothers only, but of all the Boy
in the whole Province: Whether about lear
ing my Leſſon, or any other bodily Exercis
'Tis a folly to make an extraordinary Electio
upon the Credit of theſe Divinations, where
we are ſo often deceived. If the Rule of Prim
geniture were to be violated, and the Deſti
nies corrected in the choice they have made
our Heirs, one might more plauſibly do it u
on the account of ſome enormous perſonal D
formity; a conſtant and incorrigible Vice, an
in the opinion of us *French*, who are great a
mirers of Beauty, of important prejudice. Th
pleaſant Dialogue betwixt *Plato*'s *Legiſlato*
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and his Citizens, will be an Ornament to this place. What, ſaid they, feeling themſelves about to dye, may we not diſpoſe of our own to whom we pleaſe? Good God, what cruelty! That it ſhall not be lawful for us, according as we have been ſerved, and attended in our Sickneſs, in our Old Age, and other Affairs, to give more or leſs to thoſe whom we have found moſt diligent about us, at our own Fancy and Diſcretion! To which the *Legiſlator* anſwers thus; My Friends, who are now without queſtion, very ſoon to dye, it is hard for you in the Condition you are, either to know your ſelves, or what is yours, according to the *Delphick* Inſcription. I, who make the Laws, am of opinion, that you neither are your ſelves your own, neither is that yours of which you are poſſeſt. Both your Goods, and you belong to your Families, as well thoſe paſt, as thoſe to come; but yet both your Family and Goods do much more appertain to the publick. Wherefore leſt any Flatterer in your Age, or in your Sickneſs, or any Paſſion of your own, ſhould unſeaſonably prevail with you to make an unjuſt Will, I ſhall take care to prevent that Inconvenience. But having reſpect both to the univerſal Intereſt of the City, and that of your particular Family, I ſhall eſtabliſh Laws, and make it by lively Reaſons appear, that a particular Convenience ought to give place to the common Benefit. Go then chearfully where Human Neceſſity calls you. It belongs to me, who have no more reſpect to one thing than another: and who, as much as in me lies, am careful of the pub-

publick concern, to take care of what you leave behind you.

To return to my Subject it appears to me that ſuch Women are very rarely born, to whom the Prerogative over men, in others excepted, is in any ſort due; unleſs it be for the puniſhment of ſuch as in ſome luſtful humour have voluntarily ſubmitted themſelves to them: but that does nothing concern the Old ones, of which we are now ſpeaking. This Conſideration it is, which has made us ſo willingly to forge and give force to a Law which was never yet ſeen by any one; and by which, women are excluded the Succeſſion to this Crown, and there is hardly a Government in the World where it is not pleaded, as 'tis here, by meer reaſon of the thing that gives it Authority, tho Fortune has given it more Credit in ſome places, than in others. 'Tis dangerous to leave the diſpoſal of our Succeſſion to their Judgment, according to the Choice they ſhall make of Children, which is often fantaſtick and unjuſt; for the irregular Appetite and depraved Taſte they have, during the time of their being with Child, they have at all other times in the mind. We commonly ſee them fond of the moſt weak, ricketty and deform'd Children; or of thoſe if they have ſuch, as are hanging at their Breaſts. For not having ſufficient force of reaſon to chooſe and embrace that which is moſt worthy, they the more willingly ſuffer themſelves to be carried away, where the impreſſions of Nature are moſt alone: Like Animals that know their Young no longer than they give

The Satick Law never ſeen by any.

give them ſuck. As to what remains, it is eaſie by Experience to be diſcerned, that this Natural Affection to which we give ſo great Authority, has but a very weak and ſhallow Root. For a very little profit we every day raviſh their own Children out of the Mothers Arms, and make them take ours in their room: We make them abandon their own to ſome pittiful Nurſe, to which we diſdain to commit ours, or to ſome Shee-Goat: forbidding them, not only to give them Suck, what danger ſoever they run thereby, but moreover, to take any manner of care of them, that they may wholly be taken up with the care of, and attendance upon, ours: And we ſee in moſt of them an adulterate Affection, begot by Cuſtom toward the faſter Children, more vehement than the Natural; and a greater Solicitude for the Preſervation of thoſe they have taken charge of, than their own. And that which I was ſaying of Goats, was upon this account; that it is ordinary, all about where I live, to ſee the Country-women, when they want Suck of their own, to call Goats to their aſſiſtance. And I have at this hour, two Foot-men that never ſucked Womans Milk more than eight days after they were born. Theſe Goats are immediately taught to come to Suckle the little Children, well knowing their Voices when they cry, and come running to them; when if any other than that they are acquainted with be preſented to them, they refuſe to let it ſuck, and the Child, to another Goat, will do the ſame. I ſaw one the other day, from whom they had taken away the Goat that us'd

Goats trained to give ſuck to Children.

to

to nouriſh it, by reaſon the Father had on borrowed it of a Neighbour; that would n touch any other they could bring, and double died of hunger. Beaſts do as eaſily alter and co rupt their Natural Affection as we: I believe th in what *Herodotus* relates of a certain place *Lybia*; there are very many miſtake; he ſay that the women are there in common; but th the Child ſo ſoon as it can go, finds him out the Crowd for his Father, to whom he is firſt by his Natural Inclination. Now, to conſid this ſimple reaſon for loving our Children, having begot them, therefore calling them o Second ſelves? It appears, methinks, that the is another kind of Production proceeding fro us, that ſhould no leſs recommend them to o Love: For that which we engender by the So the iſſue of our Underſtandings, Courage a Abilities, ſpring from nobler Parts than th of the Body, and that are much more our o We are both Father and Mother in this Gene tion; theſe coſt us a great deal more, and bri us more Honour, if they have any thing good in them. For the Value of our other C dren is much more theirs, than ours; the ſh we have in them is very little; but of the all the Beauty, all the Grace and Value is ou as alſo they more lively repreſent and reſem us, than the reſt. *Plato* adds, that theſe immortal Children, that immortalize and de their Fathers, as *Lycurgus*, *Solon* and *Mi* Now Hiſtories being full of Examples of common Affection of Fathers to their Childr it ſeems not altogether improper, to introdu

Books immortal Children.

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ſome few, alſo of this other kind. *Heliodorus*, that good Biſhop of *Tricea*, rather choſe to loſe the Dignity, Profit and Devotion of ſo Venerable a Prelacy, than to loſe his Daughter; a Daughter that continues to this day very graceful and comely; but notwithſtanding, peradventure a little too curiouſly and wantonly trickt, and too amorous for an Eccleſiaſtical and Sacerdotal Daughter. There has been one *Labienus* at *Rome*, a Man of great Valour and Authority; and amongſt other good Qualities, excellent in all ſorts of Literature; who was, as I take it, the Son of that great *Labienus*, the chiefeſt of *Cæſars* Captains in the Wars of *Gaule*; and who, afterwards ſiding with *Pompey* the Great, ſo valiantly maintained his cauſe, till he was by *Cæſar* defeated in *Spain*. This *Labienus*, of whom I am now ſpeaking, had ſeveral Enemies, who were emulous of his Vertue; and is likely the Courtiers and Minions of the Emperour of his time, who were very angry at, and diſpleas'd with, his Freedom, and Paternal Humours, which he yet retain'd againſt Tyranny, with which it is to be ſuppos'd, he had infected his Books and Writings. His Adverſaries before the Magiſtracy of *Rome*, proſecuted ſeveral pieces he had publiſh't, and prevail'd ſo far againſt him, as to have them condemn'd to the Fire. It was in him that this new Example of Puniſhment was begun, which was afterwards continued againſt ſeveral others at *Rome*, to puniſh even Writing, and Studies with Death. There would not be means and matter enough of Cruelty, did we not mix with

His Romance of Theagines *and* Cariclea.

them things, that Nature has exempted from all Senſe and Suffering; as Reputation, and the Products of Wit; and communicate Corporal Puniſhments to the Learning and Monuments of the *Muſes*. Now *Labienus* could not ſuffer this loſs, nor ſurvive theſe his ſo dear Iſſue, and therefore caus'd himſelf to be convey'd and ſhut up alive in the Monument of his Anceſtors, where he made ſhift to kill, and bury himſelf at once. 'Tis hard to ſhew a more violent Paternal Affection, than this. *Caſſius Severus*, a Man of great Eloquence, and his very intimate Friend, ſeeing his Books burn, cry'd out, That by the ſame Sentence they ſhould as well condemn him to the Fire too, being that he carried in his Memory all that they contain'd.

Cordus's *Writings condemn'd to the Fire.*

The like Accident befel *Geruntius Cordus*, who being accus'd for having in his Books commended *Brutus* and *Caſſius*; that dirty, ſervile and degenerated Senate, and worthy a worſe Maſter than *Tiberius*, condemned his Writings to the Flame. He was willing to bear them Company, and kill'd himſelf with Faſting. The good *Lucan* being condemn'd by that Beaſt Nero at the laſt gaſp of his Life, when the greateſt part of his Blood was already gone by the Veins of his Arms, which he had caus'd his Phyſitian to open to make him dye, and that the cold had ſeiz'd of all his Extremities, and began to approach his Vital Parts; the laſt thing he had in his Memory, was, ſome of the Verſes of his Battle of *Pharſalia*, which he repeated, and died with them in his Mouth. What was to do but taking a Tender and Paternal Leave

his Children in imitation of the Valedictions and Embraces wherewith we part with ours, when we come to dye; and an effect of that Natural Inclination, that ſuggeſts to our remembrance in this Extremity, thoſe things which were deareſt to us, during the time of our Life? Can we believe that *Epicurus*, who, as he ſays, himſelf, dying of intolerable pains of the Chollick, had all his Conſolation in the Beauty of the *Doctrine* he left behind him, could have received the ſame ſatisfaction from many Children, though never ſo well Educated, had he had them, as he did from the iſſue of ſo many rich and admirable Writings? Or that, had it been in his choice to have left behind him a deform'd and untoward Child, or a Fooliſh and ridiculous Book, he, or any other Man of his Underſtanding would not rather have choſe to have run the firſt Misfortune than the other? It had been (for Example) peradventure, an impiety in St. *Auſtin*, if on the one hand, it had been propos'd to him to bury his Writings, from which Religion has receiv'd ſo great Advantage; or on the other, to bury his Children, had he had them, had he not rather choſe to bury his Children. And I know not whether I had not much rather have begot a very Beautiful one, through my Society with the *Muſes*, than by lying with my Wife. To this, ſuch as it is, what I give it, I give abſolutely and irrevocably, as Men do to their bodily Children. That little I have done for it, is no more at my own diſpoſe. It may know many things that are gone from me, and from

me keep that which I have not retain'd: And that, as a Stranger, I might borrow thence, ſhould I ſtand in need. If I am wiſer than my Book, it is richer than I. There are few Men addicted to Poetry, who would not be much prouder to be Father to the *Æneid*, than to the handſomeſt and beſt faſhion'd Youth of *Rome*, and that would not much better bear the loſs of the one than the other. For according to *Ariſtotle*, the Poet, of all ſorts of Artificers, is the fondeſt of his Work. 'Tis hard to believe that *Epaminondas*, who boaſted, that in lieu of all Poſterity he left two Daughters behind him, which would one day do their Father Honour (meaning the two Victories he obtain'd over the *Lacedemonians*) would willingly have conſented to exchange thoſe, for the moſt Beautiful Creature of *Greece*: Or that *Alexander*, or *Cæſar*, ever would to be depriv'd of the Grandeur of their glorious Exploits in War, for the conveniency of Children and Heirs, how perfect and accompliſh ſoever. Nay, I make a great Queſtion, whether *Phidias*, or any other excellent Statuary would be ſo ſolicitous of the preſervation and continuance of his Natural Children, as he would be of a rare Statue, which with long Labour and Study, he had perfected according to Art. And to thoſe furious and irregular Paſſions that have ſometimes flam'd in Fathers towards their own Daughters, and in Mothers towards their own Sons, the like is alſo found in this other ſort of Parentry: Witneſs what is related of *Pygmalion*, who having made the Statue of a Woman of ſingular Beauty, fell ſo

ſionately in love with this Work of his, that the Gods, in favour of his paſſion, muſt inſpire it with Life.

Tentatum molleſcit ebur, poſitoque rigore,
Subſidit digitis.

Ovid. Meta. lib. 10.

The tempted Ivory pliant grows, and now,
Under his wanton Touch, does yield and bow.

CHAP. IX.

Of the Arms of the Parthians.

'TIS an ill cuſtom, and a little unmanly, the Gentlemen of our time have got, not to put on their Arms, but juſt upon the point of the moſt extream neceſſity; and to lay them by again, ſo ſoon as ever there is any ſhew of the Danger being a little over; from whence many Diſorders ariſe: For every one buſtling and running to his Arms juſt when he ſhould go to charge, has his curaſs to buckle on, when his Companions are already put to rout. Our Anceſtors were wont to give their Head-piece, Lance and Gantles to carry, but never put off the other Pieces ſo long as there was any Work to be done. Our Troops are now cumber'd and render'd unſightly, with the clutter of Bagage and Servants, that cannot be from their Maſters, by reaſon they carry their Arms. *Titus Livius* ſpeaking of our Nation, *Intolleranti ſſima laboris Corpora vix Arma Humeris gerebant.* *Li. lib.* 5.

Their Bodies were ſo impatient of Labour, tha
they could ſcarce endure to wear their Arm
Many Nations do yet, and did anciently, go t
War without Defenſive Arms; or ſuch, at leaſ
as were of very little proof.

Æneid. lib. 6. *Tegmina queis Capitum raptus de Subere Corti*

For Helmets they their Temples only bind
With a light Scull, made of the Cork-tree-rin

Alexander, the moſt adventurous Captain th
ever was, very ſeldom wore Arms, and ſuc
amongſt us as ſlight them, do not by that muc
harm to the main concern; for if we ſee ſom
kill'd for want of them, there are few leſs who
the lumber of Arms helps to deſtroy, either
being over-burthen'd, cruſh't and cramp't wi
their weight by a rude Shock, or otherwi
For, in plain truth, to obſerve the weight a
thickneſs of thoſe we have now in uſe, it ſeem
as if we only pretend to defend our ſelves, a
that we are rather loaded, than ſecured by the
We have enough to do to ſupport their weig
being ſo manacled, and immur'd, as if we w
only to contend with our own Arms; and a
we had not the ſame Obligation to defend tho
that they have to defend us. *Tacitus* gives
pleaſant Deſcription of the Men at Arms of
ancient *Gauls*; ſo armed, as only to be able
move, without power to offend, or poſſibl
to be offended, or to riſe again when once bea
down. *Lucullus* ſeeing certain Souldiers of
Medes, that made the Front of *Tigranes* his A
my, heavily arm'd, and very uneaſie, as if
Priſons of Iron, from thence conceiv'd ho

with great eaſe to defeat them; and by them began his charge and victory. And now that our Muſqueteers are come into credit, I believe ſome Invention will be found out to immure us for our Safety, and to draw us to the War in Sconces, ſuch as thoſe the Ancients loaded their Elephants withal. This Humour is far differing from that of the younger *Scipio*, who ſharply reprehended his Souldiers, for having planted *Caltrops* under Water, in a Graff, by which thoſe of the Town he held beſieged might ſally out upon him; ſaying, That thoſe who aſſaulted ſhould think of attacking, and not to fear; ſuſpecting, with good Reaſon, that this ſtop they had put to the Enemies, would make them leſs vigilant upon their Duty. He ſaid alſo to a young Man, ſhewing him a fine Buckler he had; that he was very proud of, *It is a very fine Buckler indeed, but a* Romon *Souldier ought to repoſe greater Confidence in his Right Hand, than his Left.*

Now 'tis nothing but the not being us'd to wear them, that makes the weight of our arms ſo intolerable.

L'husbergo in dolle haveano, & l'elmo in teſta,
Due di quelli guerrier di quali, je canto.
Ne notte o di doppo ch'entraro in queſta
Stanza, gl'haveano mai meſi da canto,
Che facile a portor comme la veſta
Era lor, perche in uſo l'avean tanto.

Ariſto. Cant. 12.

Two of theſe Hero's, that I name, had on
Each his bright Helm, and ſtrong Harbegeon,

And night nor day, not one poor Minutes ſpace,
Once laid them by whilſt here they were in place.
Thoſe heavy Arms, by a long practice, were
So very eaſie grown, and light to bear.

Arms of the Roman Infantry, and their Military Diſcipline.

The Emperor *Caracalla* was wont continually to march on foot, compleatly arm'd, at the Head of his Army. The *Roman* Infantry always carried not only a Morion, a Sword and a Shield; for as to Arms, ſays *Cicero*, they were ſo accuſtomed to have them always on, that they were no more trouble to them, than their own Limbs: *Arma enim, membra militis eſſe dicant*; but moreover, fifteen days Proviſion, together with a certain number of Piles, or Stakes, wherewith to fortifie their Camp, to ſixty pounds weight. And *Marius*'s Souldiers loaden at the ſame rate, were inur'd to march in Battalia five Leagues in five hours; and ſometimes upon any urgent occaſion, ſix. Their Military Diſcipline was much ruder than ours, and accordingly produced much greater effects. The younger *Scipio*, reformed his Army in *Spain*, ordered his Soldiers to eat ſtanding, and nothing that was dreſt. The Jeer that was given a *Lacedemonian* Soldier, is marvelouſly pat upon this account, who, in an Expedition of War, was reproached to have been ſeen under the Roof of a Houſe: They were ſo inur'd to Hardſhip, that, let the Weather be what it would, it was a ſhame to be ſeen under any other Cover than the Roof of Heaven. We ſhould not march our People very far at that rate. As to what remains, *Marcellinus*, a Man bred up in the *Roman* Wars, does curiouſly ob-

Cicero *Thuſ. lib.* 2.

ſerve

ſerve the manner of the *Parthians* arming themſelves; and the rather, for being ſo different from that of the *Romans*. *They had*, ſays he, *Arms ſo Artificially woven, as to have the Scollops fall over one another like ſo many little Feathers; which did nothing hinder the Motion of the Body, and yet were of ſuch Reſiſtance, that our Darts hitting upon them would rebound:* (which were the Coats of Male our Fore-Fathers were ſo conſtantly wont to uſe.) And in another place; *They had* (ſays he) *ſtrong and able Horſes, covered with thick tann'd Hides of Leather, and were themſelves armed* Cap a Pie *with great Plates of Iron, ſo artificially ordered, that in all parts of the Limbs, which required bending, they aſſiſted Motion.* One would have ſaid, that they had been Men of Iron; having Arms for the Head ſo neatly fitted, and ſo naturally repreſenting the form of a Face, that they were no where vulnerable, ſave at two little round Holes, that gave them a little Light; and certain ſmall Chinks about their Mouth and Noſtrils through which they did, with great difficulty, breath.

Arms of the Parthians.

Flexilis inductis animatur lamina membris,
Horribilis viſu, credas ſimulacra moveri
Ferrea, cognatoque viros ſpirare metallo.
Par veſtitus equis, ferrata fronte minantur,
Ferratoſque movent ſecuri vulneris armos.

Claud. in Ruff. lib. 2.

Stiff Plates of Steel over the Body laid,
By Armorers skill, ſo flexible were made,
That dreadful to be ſeen, you would think theſe
Not living men, but moving Images: (above
The Horſe, like arm'd, Spikes wore in fronts
And fearleſs, on their Iron ſhoulders move.

A Description very near resembling the Equipage of the Men at Arms in *France*, with their Barded Horses. *Plutarch* says, that *Demetrius* caused two compleat Suits of Arms to be made for himself, and for *Alcinus*, a Captain of the greatest Note and Authority about him, of six score pounds weight each, whereas the ordinary Suits weighed but half so much.

CHAP. X.

Of Books.

I Make no doubt, but that I oft happen to speak of things that are much better, and more truly handled by those who are Masters of the Trade. This here is purely an Essay of my Natural Parts, and not of those acquir'd. And whoever shall take me tripping in my Ignorance, will not in any sort displease me; for I should be very unwilling to become responsible to another for my Writings, who am not so to my self, not satisfied with them. Whoever goes in quest of Knowledge, let him seek for it where it is to be found; there is nothing I so little profess. These are Fancies of my own, by which I do not pretend to discover things, but to lay open my self: They may peradventure, one day be known to me, that have formerly been, according as my Fortune has been able to bring me in place where they have been explained; but I have utterly forgot them

them: and if I am a Man of ſome reading, I am a Man of no retenſion: So that I can promiſe no certainty, if not to make known to what certain *Mark*, the Knowledge I now have does riſe. Therefore let no Body inſiſt upon the Matter I write, but my Method in writing. Let them obſerve in what I borrow, if I have known how to chuſe what is proper to raiſe, or relieve the Invention, which is always my own: For I make others ſay for me, what, either for want of Language, or want of Senſe, I cannot my ſelf well expreſs. I do not number my Borrowings, I weigh them. And had I deſigned to raiſe their Eſtimate by their number, I had made them twice as many. They are all, or within a very few, ſo fam'd and ancient Authors, that they ſeem, methinks, themſelves ſufficiently to tell who they are, without giving me the trouble. In Reaſons, Compariſons and Arguments, if I tranſplant any into my own Soil, and confound them amongſt my own, I purpoſely conceal the Author to awe the Temerity of thoſe precipitous Cenſures, that fall upon all ſorts of Writings; particularly, the late ones, of Men yet living, and in the Vulgar Tongue, which put every one into a Capacity of cenſuring, and which ſeem to convince the Authors themſelves of vulgar Conception and Deſign. I will have them wound *Plutarch* through my Sides, and rail againſt *Seneca* when they think they rail at me. I muſt ſhelter my own Weakneſs under theſe great Reputations; I ſhall love any one that can plume me, that is, by clearneſs of Underſtanding and Judgment,

and

and by the ſole Diſtinction, of the Force and Beauty of Diſcourſe. For I, who, for want of Memory, am at every turn at a loſs to pick them out of their National Livery, am yet wiſe enough to know, by the Meaſure of my own Abilities, that my Soil is incapable of producing any of thoſe rich Flowers, that I there find ſet, and growing; and that all the Fruits of my own Growth are not worth any one of them. For this, indeed, I hold my ſelf very reſponſible, tho the Confeſſion makes againſt me; if there be any Vanity and Vice in my Writings, which I do not of my ſelf perceive, nor can diſcern, when pointed out to me by another; for many Faults eſcape the Eye, but the Infirmity of Judgment conſiſts in not being able to diſcern them, when, by another, laid open to us. Knowledge and Truth may be in us without Judgment, and Judgment alſo without them; but the Confeſſion of Ignorance is one of the faireſt and ſureſt Teſtimonies of Judgment that I know; I have no other Officer to put my Writings in *Rank* and *File* but only Fortune. As things come into my head, I heap them one upon another, which ſometimes advance in whole Bodies, ſometimes in ſingle Files: I am content that every one ſhould ſee my natural and ordinary Pace as ill as it is. I ſuffer my ſelf to jog on at my own rate and eaſe. Neither are theſe Subjects, which a man is not permitted to be ignorant in, or caſually, and at a venture, to diſcourſe of. I could wiſh to have a more perfect Knowledge of things, but I will not buy it ſo dear as it will coſt. My deſign is to paſs over

over eaſily, and not laboriouſly, the Remainder of my Life. There is nothing that I will cudgel my Brains about; no, not Knowledge, of what price ſoever. I ſeek, in the reading of Books, only to pleaſe my ſelf, by an irreproachable Diverſion: Or if I ſtudy, it is for no other Science, than what treats of the Knowledge of my ſelf, and inſtructs me how to dye, and live well.

Has meus ad metas ſudet oportet equus.

——I to this only *Courſe*
Train up, and in it only breath my Horſe.

I do not bite my Nails about the Difficulties I meet with in my Reading; after a Charge or two, I give them over. Should I inſiſt upon them, I ſhould both loſe my ſelf, and time; for I have an impatient Underſtanding, that muſt be ſatisfied at firſt: What I do not diſcern at firſt, is, by Perſiſtency, rendred more obſcure. I do nothing without Gaiety; Continuation, and a too obſtinate Endeavour, darkens, ſtupifies and tires my Judgment. My Sight is confounded and diſſipated with poring; I muſt withdraw it, and refer my Diſcovery to new Attempts: Juſt, as to judge rightly of the Luſtre Scarlet, we are taught to paſs it lightly with the Eye, in running it over at ſeveral ſuddain and reiterated Views and Glances. If one Book do not pleaſe me, I take another, and never meddle with any, but at ſuch times as I am weary of doing nothing. I care not much for new ones, becauſe the old ſeem fuller, and of ſtronger Reaſon; neither do I much tamper with

with Greek Authors, my Knowledge in that Language being too little to read them with any delight. Amongſt thoſe that are ſimply pleaſant, of the Moderns, *Boccace* his *Decameron*, *Rabelais*, and the *Baſſa* of *Johannes Secundus* (if thoſe may be ranged under that Title) are worth Reading. As to *Amadis de Gaule*, and ſuch kind of ſtuff, they had not the credit to take me, ſo much as in my Childiſh Years. And I will moreover ſay (whether boldly, or raſhly) that this old, heavy Soul of mine is now no longer delighted with *Arioſto*; no, not with *Ovid*; and that his Facility and Invention, with which I was formerly ſo raviſhed, are now of no more Reliſh, and I can hardly have the patience to read him. I ſpeak my Opinion freely of all things, even of thoſe that, perhaps, exceed my Capacity, and that I do not conceive to be in any wiſe, under my Juriſdiction. And accordingly, the Judgment I deliver, is to ſhew the Meaſure of my own Sight, and not of the things I make ſo bold to cenſure: When I find my ſelf diſguſted with *Plato*'s *Axiochus*, as with a Work (with due reſpect to ſuch an Author be it ſpoken) without force, my Judgment does not believe it ſelf: It is not ſo arrogant as to oppoſe the Authority of ſo many other famous Judgments of Antiquity, which it conſiders as its Regents and Maſters, and with whom it is rather content to err. In ſuch a Caſe, it condemns it ſelf, either for ſtopping at the outward Bark, nor being able to penetrate to the Heart, or for conſidering it by ſome falſe Light, and is content with ſecuring it ſelf from Trouble

and

and Error only; and, as to its own Weakneſs does frankly acknowledge and confeſs it. It thinks it gives a juſt Interpretation, according to the Appearances, by its Conceptions preſented to it; but they are weak and imperfect. Moſt of the Fables of *Æſop* have in them ſeveral Senſes and Meanings, of which, the *Mythologiſts* choſe ſome one, that quadrates well to the Fable; but, for the moſt part, tis but the firſt Face that preſents it ſelf, and is Superficial only, There yet remain others more lively, eſſential and profound, into which they have not been able to penetrate; and juſt ſo do I.

But, to purſue the buſineſs of this Eſſay, I have always thought, that in Poeſie, *Virgil*, *Lucretius*, *Catullus* and *Horace* do many degrees excel the reſt; and ſignally, *Virgil* in his *Georgicks*, which I look upon for the moſt accompliſhed piece of Poetry; and, in compariſon of which, a man may eaſily diſcern, that there are ſome places in his *Æneids*, to which the Author would have given a little more of the File, had he had leiſure: and the fifth Book of his *Æneids* ſeems to me the moſt perfect. I alſo love *Lucan*, and willingly read him; not ſo much for his Style, as for his own Worth, and the Truth and Solidity of his Opinions and Judgments. As for *Terence*, I find the Queintneſs and Eloquencies of the Latin Tongue ſo admirable lively to repreſent our Manners, and the Movements of the Soul, that our Actions throw me, at every turn, upon him; and cannot read him ſo oft, that I do not ſtill diſcover ſome new Grace and Beauty. Such as lived near *Vir-*

Cenſure of Virgil.

And Lucan.

Of Terence

Of Lucretius. *Virgil's* time, were ſcandalized, that ſome ſhould compare him with *Lucretius.* I am, I confeſs, of Opinion, that the compariſon is, in truth, very unequal; a Belief that, nevertheleſs, I have much ado to aſſure my ſelf in, when I meet with ſome excellent paſſages in *Lucretius.* But if they were ſo angry at this compariſon, what would they have ſaid of the Brutiſh and Barbarous Stupidity of thoſe, who, at this Hour, compare him with *Arioſto?* Or would not *Arioſto* himſelf ſay?

Catullus Epig. 40. *O Sæclum inſipiens, & infacetum!*

I think the Ancients had more reaſon to be angry with thoſe who compared *Plautus* with *Terence,* than *Lucretius* with *Virgil.* It makes much for the Eſtimation and Preference of *Terence,* that the Father of the *Roman* Eloquence has him ſo often in his Mouth; and the Sentence, that the beſt Judge of *Roman* Poets has paſs'd upon the other. I have often obſerved, that thoſe of our times, who take upon them to write Comedies (in imitation of the *Italians,* who are happy enough in that way of Writing) take in three or four Arguments of thoſe of *Plautus,* or *Terence,* to make one of theirs, and crowd five or ſix of *Boccace* his Novels, into one ſingle Comedy. And that which makes them ſo load themſelves with Matter, is the Diffidence they have of being able to ſupport themſelves with their own Strength. They muſt find out ſomething to lean to; and having not of their own wherewith to entertain the audience, bring in the Story, to ſupply the defect of Lan-

Of Terence.

guage.

guage. It is quite otherwiſe with my Author; the Elegancy and Perfection of his way of Speaking, makes us loſe the Appetite of his Plot. His fine Expreſſion, Elegancy and Queintneſs is every where Taking: He is ſo pleaſant throughout.

Liquidus, puroque ſimillimus amni. Hor. lib. 2. Epiſt. 2.

Liquid, and like a Cryſtal running Stream. And does ſo poſſeſs the Soul with his Graces, that we forget thoſe of his *Fable*. This very conſideration carries me further: I obſerve, that the beſt and moſt ancient Poets have avoided the Affectation, and hunting after, not only of fantaſtick *Spaniſh*, and Petrarchick Elevations, but even the ſofteſt, and moſt gentle Touches, which are the only Ornaments of ſucceeding Poeſie. And yet there is no good Judgment that will condemn this in the Ancients, and that does not incomparably more admire the equal Politeneſs, and that perpetual Sweetneſs, and flouriſhing Beauty, that appears in *Catullus* his Epigrams, than all the Stings with which *Martial* arms the Tails of his. This is by the ſame Reaſon that I gave before, and as *Martial* ſays of himſelf; *Minus illi ingenio laborandum fuit, in cujus locum materia ſucceſſerat.* Theſe firſt, without being mov'd, or making themſelves angry, make themſelves ſufficiently felt; they have matter enough of Laughter throughout, they need not tickle themſelves: The others have need of Foreign aſſiſtance; as they have the leſs Wit, they muſt have the more Body; they mount on

Compariſon betwixt Catullus *and* Martial. Mart. prælib. 8.

Horſe-back, becauſe they are not able to ſtand on their own Legs. As in our Balls, thoſe mean Fellows that teach to dance, not being able to repreſent the Preſence and Decency of our Nobleneſs, are fain to ſupply it with dangerous Leaps, and other ſtrange Motions, and fantaſtick Tricks. And the Ladies are leſs put to it in Dances, where there are ſeveral *Coupees*, Changes, and quick Motions of Body, than in ſome other of a more ſolemn kind, where they are only to move a natural Pace, and to repreſent their ordinary Grace and Preſence. And, as I have alſo ſeen good Tumblers, when in their own Every-day-Cloaths, and with the ſame Face they always wear, give us all the pleaſure of their Art, when their Apprentices, not yet arrived to ſuch a pitch of perfection, are fain to meal their Faces, put themſelves into ridiculous Diſguiſes, and make a hundred Mimick Faces, to prepare us for Laughter. This Conception of mine is no where more demonſtrable, than in comparing the *Æneid* with *Orlando Furioſo*; of which, we ſee the firſt, by Dint of Wing, flying in a brave and loftie place, and always following his point; the latter, fluttering and hopping from Tale to Tale, as from Branch to Branch, not daring to truſt his Wings but in very ſhort Flights, and pearching at every turn, leſt his Breath and Force ſhould fail.

Virg. Georg. 4. *Excurſuſque breves tentat.*

Theſe then, as to this ſort of Subjects, are the Authors that beſt pleaſe me. As to what concerns my other Reading that mixes a little more

Profi-

Profit with the Pleaſure, and from whence I learn how to marſhal my Opinions and Qualities; the Books that ſerve me to this purpoſe, are *Plutarch* (ſince tranſlated into *French*) and *Seneca*: Both of which have this great convenience ſuited to my Humour, that the Knowledge I there ſeek, is diſcourſed in looſe pieces, that do not engage me in any great Trouble of reading long, of which I am impatient. Such are the Opuſculums of the firſt, and the Epiſtles of the latter, which are alſo the beſt, and moſt profiting of all their Writings. 'Tis no great attempt to take one of them in hand, and I give over at pleaſure; for they have no ſequele or dependance upon one another. Theſe Authors, for the moſt part, concur in uſeful and true Opinions: And there is this Parallel betwixt them, That Fortune brought them into the World about the ſame Age: They were both Tutors to two *Roman* Emperours: Both ſought out from foreign Countries: Both Rich, and both Great Men. Their Inſtruction is the Cream of Phyloſophy, and deliver'd after a plain and pertinent manner. *Plutarch* is more uniform and conſtant; *Seneca* more various and waving. The laſt toil'd, ſet himſelf, and bent his whole Force to fortifie Vertue againſt Frailty, Fear and Vitious Appetites: The other ſeems more to ſlight their Power, and to diſdain to alter his Pace, and to ſtand upon his Guard. *Plutarch's* Opinions are *Platonick*, ſweet, and accommodated to Civil Society: Thoſe of the other are *Stoical* and *Epicurean*, more remote from the common uſance, but, in my Opinion, more eſpecially proper,

The Characters of Plutarch *and* Seneca.

proper, and more firm. *Seneca* ſeems to lean a little to the Tyranny of the Emperours of his time, and only ſeems; for I take it for granted, that he ſpake againſt his Judgment, when he condemns the generous Action of thoſe who aſſaſſinated *Cæſar*. *Plutarch* is frank throughout. *Seneca* abounds with brisk Touches and Sallies: *Plutarch* with things that heats and moves you more; this contents and pays you better. This guides us, the other puſhes us on. As to *Cicero*, thoſe of his Works that are most uſeful to my Deſign, are they that treat of Philoſophy, eſpecially Moral: But boldly to confeſs the truth, his way of Writing, and that of all other Long-winded Authors, appears to me very tedious: For his Prefaces, Definitions, Diviſions and Etimologies take up the greateſt part of his Work: Whatever there is of Life and Marrow, is ſmother'd and loſt in the Preparation. When I have ſpent an hour in reading him (which is a great deal for me) and recollect what I have thence extracted of Juice and Subſtance; for the moſt part I find nothing but Wind; for he is not yet come to the Arguments that ſerve to his purpoſe, and the Reaſons that ſhould properly help to looſe the knot I would untye. For me, who only deſire to become more Wiſe, not more Learned or Eloquent, theſe Logical or Ariſtotelian Diſpoſitions of parts are of no uſe. I would have a Man begin with the main Propoſition; and that wherein the force of the Argument ies: I know well enough what Death and Pleaſure are, let no Man trouble himſelf the Trouble to anatomize them.

Cenſure of Cicero.

me; I look for good and ſolid Reaſons at the firſt daſh to inſtruct me how to ſtand the Shock, and reſiſt them; to which purpoſe, neither Grammatical Subtilties, nor the queint Contexture of Words and Argumentations are of any uſe at all: I am for Diſcourſes that gives the firſt Charge into the Heart of the Doubt; his languiſh about his Subjects, and delay our Expectation. Thoſe are proper for the Schools, for the Bar, and for the Pulpit, where we have leiſure to nod, and may awake a quarter of an hour after time enough to find again the Thread of the Diſcourſe. It is neceſſary to ſpeak after this manner to Judges, whom a Man has a deſign, Right or Wrong, to encline to favour his Cauſe, to Children and Common-people; to whom a Man muſt ſay all he can, and try what effects his Eloquence can produce. I would not have an Author make it his buſineſs to render me attentive? Or that he ſhould cry out fifty times, *O-yes*, as the Clerks and Heralds do. The *Romans* in their Religious Exerciſes, began with *Hoc age*: As we in ours do with *Surſum corda*, which are ſo many words loſt to me: I come thither already fully prepared from my Chamber, I need no Allurement, no Invitation, no Sauce; I eat the Meat Raw, ſo that, inſtead of whetting my Appetite by theſe Preparatives, they tire, and pall it. Will the Licenſe of the time excuſe the Sacrilegious Boldneſs to cenſure the *Dialogiſms* of *Plato* himſelf, for as dull and heavy as the other before nam'd, whilſt he too much ſtifles his Matter? And to lament ſo much

And of Plato.

time loſt by a Man who had ſo many better things to ſay, in ſo many long and needleſs Preliminary Interlocutions? My Ignorance will better excuſe me in that, I underſtand not Greek ſo well, as to diſcern the Beauty of his Language. I would generally chuſe Books that uſe Science not ſuch as only lead to them. The two firſt and *Pliny*, and their like, have nothing of this *Hoc age*; they will have to do with Men already inſtructed; or if they have, 'tis a ſubſtantial *Hoc age*, and that has a Body by it ſelf. I alſo delight in reading his Epiſtles, *ad Atticum* not only becauſe they contain a great deal of Hiſtory, and the Affairs of his time; but much more becauſe I therein diſcover much of his own private Humour: For I have a ſingular curioſity (as I have ſaid elſewhere) to pry into the Souls, and the Natural and True Judgments of the Authors with whom I converſe. A Man may indeed judge of their Parts, but not of their Manners, nor of themſelves, by the Writings they expoſe upon the Theatre of the World. I have a thouſand times lamented the loſs of this Treatiſe *Brutus* writ upon Vertue; for it is better Learning the *Theorie* of thoſe who beſt know the *Practick*. But ſeeing the thing preached and the Preacher are different things, I would as willingly ſee *Brutus* in *Plutarch*, as in a Book of his own. I would rather chooſe to be certainly inform'd of the Conference he had in his Tent with ſome particular Friend of his the night before a Battle, than of the Harangue he made the next day to his Army; and of what he did in his Cloſſet and his Chamber, than what he

did in the publick Place, and in the Senate. As to *Cicero*, I am of the common Opinion that (Learning excepted) he had no great Natural Parts. He was a good Citizen, of an affable Nature, as all fat, heavy Men, ſuch as he was, uſually are: But given to eaſe, and had a mighty ſhare of Vanity and Ambition. Neither do I know how to excuſe him for thinking his Poetry fit to be publiſh'd. 'Tis no great Imperfection to make ill Verſes; but it is an Imperfection not to be able to judge how unworthy his Verſes were of the Glory of his Name. For what concerns his Eloquence, that is totally out of compariſon, and I believe it will never be equall'd. The younger *Cicero*, who reſembled his Father in nothing but in Name, whilſt commanding in *Aſia*, had ſeveral Strangers one day at his Table, and amongſt the reſt, *Cæſtius* ſeated at the lower end, as Men often intrude to the open Tables of the Great: *Cicero* ask't one of the Waiters who that Man was, who preſently told him his Name: But he, as one that had his Thoughts taken up with ſomething elſe, and that had forgot the Anſwer made him, asking three or four times, over, and over again, the ſame Queſtion; the Fellow, to deliver himſelf from ſo many Queſtions, and to make him know him by ſome particular Circumſtance; 'Tis that *Cæſtius*, ſaid he, of whom it was told you, that he makes no great Account of your Fathers Eloquence in compariſon of his own. At which, *Cicero* being ſuddenly nettled, commanded poor *Cæſtius* preſently to be ſeiz'd, and caus'd him to be very well whipt in his own preſence; a very

diſcourteous Entertainer! Yet even amongſt thoſe, who, all things conſidered, have reputed his Eloquence incomparable: there have been ſome however, who have not ſtuck to obſerve ſome Faults in his Writing: As that Great *Brutus* his Friend, for example, who ſaid 'twas a broken and feeble Eloquence, *fractam & elumbem*. The Orators alſo neareſt to the Age wherein he liv'd, reprehended in him the Care he had of a certain long Cadence in his Periods, and particularly took notice of theſe Words, *eſſe videtur*, which he there ſo oft makes uſe of. For my part, I better approve of a ſhorter Style, and that comes more roundly off. He does, though ſometimes, ſhuffle his Parts more briskly together, but 'tis very ſeldom. I have myſelf taken notice of this one Paſſage, *Ego vero me minus diu ſenem mallem, quam eſſe ſenem, antequam eſſem.* The Hiſtorians are my true Province, for they are pleaſant and eaſy; where immediately Man in general, the Knowledg of whom I hunt after, does there appear more lively and intire than any where beſides: The Variety and Truth of his Internal Qualities, in groſs and peace-meal, the diverſity of means by which he is united and knit, and the Accidents that threaten him. Now thoſe that write Lives, by reaſon they inſiſt more upon Counſels than Events, more upon what ſallies from within, than upon that which happens without, are the moſt proper for my reading; and therefore, above all others, *Plutarch* is the Man for me. I am very ſorry we have not a dozen *Laertius*, or that he was not further extended, and better

under-

underſtood: For I am equally curious to know the Lives and Fortunes of theſe great Inſtructors of the World, as to know the Diverſities of their Doctrines and Opinions. In this kind of Study (the Reading of Hiſtories) a Man muſt tumble over, without diſtinction, all ſorts of Authors, both Antick and Modern; as well Barbarous and Abſolute, as thoſe of current Language, there to know the things of which they variouſly treat: But *Cæſar*, in my Opinion, particularly deſerves to be ſtudyed, not for the Knowledg of the Hiſtory only, but for himſelf, ſo great an Excellence and Perfection he has above all the reſt, though *Saluſt* be one of the number. In earneſt, I read this Author with more reverence and reſpect than is uſually allow'd to Human Writings; one while conſidering him in his Perſon, by his Actions and miraculous Gaeatneſs, and another in the Purity and inimitable Neatneſs of his Language and Style, wherein he not only excels all other Hiſtorians, as *Cicero* confeſſes, but peradventure, even *Cicero* himſelf; ſpeaking of his Enemies with ſo much Sincerity in his Judgment; that, the falſe Colours with which he ſtrives to palliate his ill Cauſe, and the Ordure of his Peſtilent Ambition excepted, I think there is no Fault to be objected againſt him, ſaving this, that he ſpeaks too ſparingly of himſelf, ſeeing ſo many great things could not have been perform'd under his Conduct, but that his own Perſonal Valour muſt neceſſarily have had a greater ſhare in the Execution, than he attributes to himſelf. I love Hiſtorians, who are either very ſincere, or ve-

Cæſar's Com. commended.

ry excellent. The Sincere who have nothing o
their own to mix with it, and who only mak
it their Buſineſs to make a faithful Collectio
of all that comes to their Knowledg, and Faith
fully to record all things without choice or pre
judice, leaving to us the entire Judgment of di
cerning the Truth of things. Such, for exam
Froiſſard. ple amongſt others, as honeſt *Froiſſard*, who ha
proceeded in his Undertaking with ſo frank
Plainneſs, that having committed an Error, h
is not aſham'd to confeſs, and correct it in th
place where the Finger has been laid, and wh
repreſents to us even the Variety of Rumou
that were then ſpread abroad, and the differe
Reports that were made to him; which is th
naked and unaffected Matter of Hiſtory, and
which every one may make his Profit, accordi
to his proportion of Underſtanding. The mo
excellent Sort of Hiſtorians have Judgment t
pick out what is moſt worthy to be known; and
of two Reports, to examine which is the mo
likely to be true: From the Condition of Pri
ces, and their Humours, they conclude th
Counſels, and attribute to them Words propo
for the Occaſion; and ſuch have Title to a
ſume the Authority of Regulating our Beli
to what they themſelves belief; but certainl
this Priviledge belongs not to every one. Fo
the middle ſort of Hiſtorians (of which, th
moſt part are) they ſpoil all; they will chew
our Meat for us, they take upon them to judg
of, and conſequently, to incline the Hiſtory to
their own Liking; for if the Judgment pa
tially lean to one ſide, a Man cannot avoid wre
ſting

ſling and writhing his Narrative to that *Byaſs*. They undertake to chuſe things worthy to be known, and yet very oft conceal from us ſuch a Word, ſuch a private Action, as would much better inſtruct us; omit, as incredible, ſuch things as they do not underſtand, and peradventure ſome, becauſe they cannot expreſs them well in good *French* or *Latin*. Let them, in God's Name, diſplay their Eloquence, and judge according to their own Fancy: But let them, withal, leave us ſomething to judge of after them, and neither alter, nor diſguiſe, by their Abridgments, and at their own choice, any thing of the ſubſtance of the Matter; but deliver it to us pure and entire in all it's Demenſions. For the moſt part, and eſpecially in theſe latter Ages, Perſons are cull'd out for this Work, from amongſt the Common-People, upon the ſole Conſideration of Well-ſpeaking, as if we were to learn Grammar from thence; and the Men ſo choſen have alſo reaſon, being hired for no other end, and pretending to nothing but Babble, not to be very ſollicitous of any part but that, and ſo, with a fine Gingle of Words, prepare us a pretty Contexture of Reports, they pick up in the Streets. The only good Hiſtories are thoſe that have been writ by the Perſons themſelves who commanded in the Affairs whereof they write, or who have participated in the Conduct of them, or, at leaſt, who have had the Conduct of others of the ſame nature. Such almoſt are all the *Greek* and *Roman*: For ſeveral Eye-Witneſſes having writ of the ſame Subject (in the time when Grandeur and Learning

ing frequently met in the ſame Perſon) if there happen to be an Errour, it muſt of neceſſity be a very ſlight one, and upon a very doubtful Accident. What can a Man expect from a *Phyſician*, who will undertake to write of War; or from a meer Scholar, treating upon the Deſigns of Princes? If we could take notice how religious the *Romans* were in this, there would need but this Example: *Aſinius Pollio* found in the Hiſtory of *Cæſar* himſelf, ſomething miſ-reported; a Miſtake occaſioned, either by reaſon he could not have his Eye in all parts of his Army at once, and had given Credit to ſome particular Perſon, who had not delivered him a very true Account; or elſe, for not having had too perfect notice given him by his Lieutenants, of what they had done in his Abſence. By which we may ſee, whether the Inquiſition after Truth be not very delicate, when a man cannot believe the Report of a Battle from the Knowledge of him who there commanded, nor from the Soldiers who were engaged in it, unleſs, after the Method of a Judicatory Information, the Witneſſes be confronted, and the Challenges received upon the Proof of the Punctillios of every Accident. In good earneſt, the knowledge we have of our own private Affairs, is much more obſcure: but that has been ſufficiently handled by *Bodin*, and according to my own Sentiment. A little to relieve the weakneſs of my Memory (ſo extream, that it has hapned to me more than once, to take Books again into my hand for new, and unſeen, that I had carefully read over a few Years before, and ſcribled with my Notes) I have

have taken a Cuſtom of late, to fix at the end of every Book (that is, of thoſe I never intended to read again) the Time when I made an end on't, and the Judgment I had made of it, to the end that that might, at leaſt, repreſent to me the Air and general Idea, I had conceived of the Author in reading it; and I will here tranſcribe ſome of thoſe Annotations. I writ this, ſome ten Years ago, in my *Guicciardin* (of what Language ſoever my Books ſpeak to me in, I always ſpeak to them in my own:) *He is a diligent Hiſtoriographer, and from whom, in my Opinion, a Man may learn the truth of the Affairs of his time, as exactly as from any other; in the moſt of which he was himſelf alſo a perſonal Actor, and in honourable Command. 'Tis not to be imagined, that he ſhould have diſguiſed any thing, either upon the account of Hatred, Favour, or Vanity; of which, the liberal Cenſures he paſſes upon the Great Ones; and particularly, thoſe by whom he was advanced, and complyed in Commands of great Truſt and Honour* (as Pope Clement *the Seventh*) *give ample Teſtimony. As to that part, which he thinks himſelf the beſt at, namely, his Digreſſions and Diſcourſes he has, indeed, very good ones, and enriched with fine Expreſſions; but he is too fond of them: for to leave nothing unſaid, having a Subject ſo plain, ample, and almoſt infinite, he degenerates into Pedantry, & reliſhes a little of the Scholaſting Prattle. I have alſo obſerved this in him, That of ſo many Souls, and ſo many Effects; ſo many Motives, and ſo many Counſels as he judges of, he never attributes any one to Vertue, Religion or Conſcience; as if all thoſe were utterly extinct in the World: And*

Cenſure of Guicciardin

of

of all the Actions how brave in outward shew so-
ver they appear in themselves, he always throws the
Cause and Motive upon some vicious Occasion, or
some prospect of Profit. It is impossible to imagine
but that, amongst such an infinite number of Actions
as he makes mention of, there must be some one pro-
duced by the way of Reason. No Corruption could
so universally have infected Men, that some one
would not have escaped the Contagion: Which
makes me suspect, that his own Taste was vicious,
from whence it might happen, that he judged other
Men by himself. In my *Philip de Comines*, there
is this written; *You will here find the Language*
sweet and delightful, of a native Simplicity, the
Narration pure, and wherein the Veracity of the
Author does evidently shine; free from Vanity
when speaking of himself; and from Affection or
Envy, when speaking of others: His Discourses
and Exhortations more accompanied with Zeal and
Truth, than with any exquisite Sufficiency; and
throughout, with Authority and Gravity, which
speak him a Man of Extraction, and nourished
in great Affairs. Upon the Memoirs of Mon-
sieur *du Bellay*, I find this; *'Tis always pleasant*
to read things writ by those that have experimen-
ted how they ought to be carried on; but withal, it
cannot be denyed but there is a manifest Decadence
in these two Lords from the freedom and liberty of
Writing, that shines in the antient Historians:
Such as the Sire de Joinville, *a Domestick to*
St. Louis: Eginard, *Chancellor to* Charlemain;
and, of latter date, in Philip de Comines. *There*
here is rather an Apology for King Francis,
against the Emperor Charles *the Fifth, than a His-*
story;

And of Philip de Commines.

ſtory. I will not believe that they have falſifyed any thing, as to Matter of Fact; but they make a common Practiſe of wreſting the Judgment of Events (very often contrary to Reaſon) to our advantage, and of omitting whatſoever is nice to be handl'd in the Life of their Maſter; witneſs the Relation of Meſſieurs de Montmorency, *and* de Brion, *which were here omitted: nay, ſo much as the very name of Madam* d'Eſtampes *is not here to be found. Secret Actions an Hiſtorian may conceal; but to paſs over in ſilence what all the World knows, and things that have drawn after them publick Conſequences, is an inexcuſable defect. In fine, Whoever has a mind to have a perfect Knowledge of King* Francis, *and the Revolutions of his Reign, let him ſeek it elſewhere, if my Advice may prevail. The only profit a Man can reap from mine is, from the particular Narrative of Battles, and other Exploits of War, wherein theſe Gentlemen were perſonally engaged; ſome Words, and private Actions of the Princes of their time, and the Practices and Negotiations carried on by the Seigneur* de Lancay; *where, indeed, there are, everywhere, things worthy to be known, and Diſcourſes above the vulgar Strain.*

CHAP. XI.

Of Cruelty.

I Fancy Vertue to be ſomething elſe, and ſomething more noble, than good Nature, and the meer Propenſion to Goodneſs, that we are born into the World withal. Well diſpos'd, and

Inclinations to Goodneſs.

and well descended Souls pursue, indeed, the same Methods, and represent the same Face, that Vertue it self does: But the word *Virtus* imports, I know not what, more great, and active, than meerly for a Man to suffer himself, by a happy Disposition, to be gently and quietly drawn to the Rule of Reason. He who, by a natural Sweetness and Facility, should despise Injuries receiv'd, would, doubtless, do a very great, and a very laudable thing; but he who, provoked, and nettled to the Quick, by an Offence, should fortifie himself with the Arms of Reason, against the furious Appetite of Revenge, and, after a great Conflict, Master his own passion, would, doubtless, do a great deal more. The first would do well; and the latter virtuously: one Action might be called Bounty, and the other Vertue; for, methinks, the very name of Vertue presupposes Difficulty and Contention; and 'tis for this reason, perhaps, that we call God Good, Mighty, Liberal and Just, but we do not give him the Attribute of Vertuous, being that all his Operations are Natural, and without Endeavour. It has been the Opinion of many Philosophers, not only *Stoicks*, but *Epicureans*, that it is not enough to have the Soul seated in a good place, of a good temper, and well disposed to Vertue. It is not enough to have our Resolutions fixed above the power of Fortune, but that we are, moreover, to seek occasions wherein to put it to the proof: We are to covet pain, necessity and contempt, to contend with them, and to keep the Soul in Breath: *Multum sibi adjicit virtus lar-*

That Vertue cannot be exercised without some difficulty.

ſita. 'Tis one of the Reaſons why *Epaminondas*, who was yet of a third Sect, refuſed the Riches Fortune preſented to him by very lawful means; because, ſaid he, *I am to contend with Poverty*: In which Extream he maintain'd himſelf to the laſt. *Socrates* put himſelf, methinks, upon a rude Tryal; keeping for his Exerciſe, a confounded ſcolding Wife, which was fighting at Sharp. *Metellus* having, of all the Senators, alone attempted, by the power of Vertue, to withſtand the Violence of *Saturninus*, Tribune of the people at *Rome*, who would, by all means, cauſe an unjuſt Law, to paſs in favour of the Commons; and by ſo doing, having incurr'd the Capital penalties that *Saturninus* had eſtabliſhed againſt the Diſſenters, entertain'd thoſe who, in this Extremity led him to Execution, with words to this effect: *That it was a thing too eaſie, and too baſe, to do ill; and that to do well where there was no danger, was a common thing; but that to do well where there was danger, was the proper Office of a Man of Vertue.* Theſe words of *Metellus* do very clearly repreſent to us, what I would make out; *viz.* That Vertue refuſes Facility for a Companion; and that that eaſie, ſmooth and deſcending Way, by which the regular ſteps of a ſweet diſpoſition of Natuee are conducted, is not that of a true vertue: She requires a rough and ſtormy Paſſage; ſhe will have either Exotick difficulties to wreſtle with, (like that of *Metullus*) by means whereof Fortune delights to interrupt the Speed of her Carreer; or internal difficulties, that the inordinat Appetites and Imperfections of our condi-

Sen. Epiſt. 25.

tion introduce to diſturb her. I am come thus far at my eaſe; but here it comes into my head, that the Soul of *Socrates*, the moſt perfect that ever came to my knowledge, ſhould, by this Rule, be of very little Recommendation; for I cannot conceive in that perſon any the leaſt Motion of a vicious Inclination: I cannot imagine there could be any difficulty, or conſtraint, in the courſe of his Vertue: I know his Reaſon to be ſo powerful and ſovereign over him, that ſhe would never have ſuffered a vicious Appetite ſo much as to ſpring in him. To a Vertue ſo elevated, as his, I have nothing to oppoſe. Me-thinks I ſee him march, with a victorious and triumphant pace, in pomp, and at his eaſe, without Oppoſition or Diſturbance. If Vertue cannot ſhine bright, but by the Conflict of contrary Appetites, ſhall we then ſay, that ſhe cannot ſubſiſt without the aſſiſtance of Vice; and that it is from her, that ſhe derives her Reputation and Honour? What then alſo would become of that brave and generous *Epicurean* pleaſure, which makes account that it nouriſhes Vertue tenderly in her Lap, and there makes it play and wanton, giving it for Toys to play withal, Shame, Fevers, Poverty, Death and Torments? If I preſuppoſe that a perfect Vertue manifeſts it ſelf in contending, in patient enduring of pain, and undergoing the uttermoſt extremity of the Gout, without being moved in her Seat; If I give her Auſterity and Difficulty for her neceſſary Objects: what will become of a Vertue Elevated to ſuch a degree, as not only to deſpiſe pain, but, moreover, to re-joy

The Vertue of Socrates.

joyce in it, and to be tickled with the Daggers of a ſharp Cholick, ſuch as the *Epicureans* have eſtabliſhed, and of which, many of them, by their actions, have given moſt manifeſt proofs? As have ſeveral others, who I find to have ſurpaſſed, in effects, even the very Rules of their own Diſcipline: Witneſs the younger *Cato*; when I ſee him dye, and tearing out his own Bowels, I am not ſatisfied ſimply to believe, that he had then his Soul totally exempt from all Troubles and Horrour: I cannot think that he only maintained himſelf in the Steadineſs that the Stoical Rules preſcribed him; Temperate without Emotion, and imperturb'd: There was, methinks, ſomething in the Vertue of this Man, too ſpritely and youthful to ſtop there; I do believe that, without doubt, he felt a pleaſure and delight in ſo Noble an Action, and was more pleaſed in it, than in any other of his Life: *Sic abiit e vita, ut cauſam moriendi nactum ſe eſſe gauderet.* I believe ſo far, that I queſtion whether he would have been content to have been deprived of the occaſion of ſo brave an Execution. And if the Sincerity that made him Embrace the publick concern more then his own withheld me not, I ſhould eaſily fall into an Opinion that he thought himſelf obliged to Fortune for having put his Vertue upon ſo brave a Tryal, and for having favoured that * *Thief*, in treading under foot the ancient Liberty of his Country. Methinks I read, in this Action, I know not what Exaltation in his Soul, and an extraordinary and manly Emotion of Pleaſure, when he looked upon the generoſity and height of his Enterpriſe:

The Noble Death of Cato accompanied with Pleaſure.

Cicero. Thuſc. lib. 1.

* Cæſar.

Deliberata morte ferocior.

Hor. lib. 1. Ode 37.

Not ſtimulated with any hope of Glory, as the popular and effeminate Judgments of ſome have concluded; for that conſideration has been too mean and low to poſſeſs ſo generous, ſo haughty, and ſo obſtinate a heart as his: But for the very beauty of the thing in it ſelf, which he, who had the handling of the Springs, diſcern'd more clearly, and in its perfection, than we are able to do. Philoſophy has obliged me in determining, that ſo brave an Action had been indecently placed in any other Life, than that of *Cato*; and that it only appertain'd to His, to end ſo. Notwithſtanding, and according to Reaſon, he commanded his Son, and the Senators that accompanied him, to take another Courſe in their affairs: *Catoni, quum incredibilem naturâ tribuiſſet gravitatem, eamque ipſe perpetua conſtantiâ roboraviſſet ſemperque in propoſito conſilio permanſiſſet, moriendum potius quam Tyranni vultus aſpiciendus erat.* *Nature having endued Cato with an incredible Gravity, which he had alſo fortified with a perpetual Conſtancy, without ever flagging in his Reſolution, he muſt of neceſſity rather dye, than ſee the Face of the Tyrant.* Every Death ought to hold proportion with the Life before it. We do not become others for dying. I always interpret the Death, by the Life preceding; and if any one tell me of a Death ſtrong and conſtant in appearance, annexed to a feeble Life, I conclude it produced by ſome feeble cauſe, and ſuitable to the Life before. The Eaſineſs then of this Death, and the Facility of

Cicero *de Offic. lib.* 1.

Dying

Dying, he had acqured by the vigour of his Soul; ſhall we ſay, that it ought to abate any thing of the luſtre of his Vertue? And who, that has his Brain never ſo little tinctur'd with the true Philoſophy, can be content to imagine *Socrates* only free from Fear and Paſſion, in the accident of his Priſon, Fetters and Condemnation? And that will not diſcover in him, not only Stability and Conſtancy (which was his ordinary Compoſure) but moreover (I know not what) new ſatisfaction, and a frolick chearfulneſs in his laſt Words and Actions? At the Start he gave, with the pleaſure of ſcratching his Leg, when his Irons were taken off, does he not diſcover an equal Serenity and Joy in his Soul for being freed from paſt inconveniences, and at the ſame time to enter into the Knowledge of things to come? *Cato* ſhall pardon me, if he pleaſe; his Death, indeed, is more tragical, and more taken notice of, but yet this is (I know not how) methinks finer. *Ariſtippus*, to one that was lamenting his Death; *The Gods grant me ſuch an one*, ſaid he. A Man diſcerns in the Souls of theſe two great Men, and their Imitators (for I very much doubt, whether there was ever their like) ſo perfect a Habitude to Vertue, that it was turn'd to a Complexion. It is no more a laborious Vertue, nor the precepts of Reaſon, to maintain which, the Soul is ſo wracked; but the very Eſſence of their Souls, their natural and ordinary Habit. They have rendred it ſuch by a long Practice of Philoſophical Precepts, having light upon a rich and ingenious Nature. The vicious Paſſions that ſpring

Vertue turn'd into Habit in Cato *and* Socrates.

in us, can find no Entrance into them. The Force and Vigour of their Souls ſtifle and extinguiſh irregular deſires, ſo ſoon as they begin to move. Now, that it is not more Noble, by a high and divine Reſolution, to hinder the Birth of Temptations, and to be ſo form'd to Vertue, that the very Seeds of Vice be rooted out, than to hinder their Progreſs; and having ſuffer'd themſelves to be ſurprized with the firſt Motions of paſſions, to arm themſelves, and to ſtand firm to oppoſe their Progreſs, and overcome them: And that this ſecond Effect is not alſo much more generous, than to be ſimply endowed with a frail and affable Nature, of it ſelf diſaffected to Debauchery and Vice, I do not think can be doubted; for this third and laſt ſort of Vertue ſeems to render a Man innocent, but not vertuous; free from doing ill, but not apt enough to do well: Conſidering alſo, that this Condition is ſo near Neighbour to Imperfection and Cowardize, that I know not very well how to ſeparate the Confines, and diſtinguiſh them: The very Name of Good Nature and Innocence are, for this reaſon, in ſome ſort grown into contempt. I very well know, that ſeveral Vertues, as Chaſtity, Sobriety and Temperance, may come to a Man through perſonal Defects. Conſtancy in Danger, if it muſt be ſo called, the contempt of Death, and patience in Misfortunes, may oft-times be found in Men, for want of well judging of ſuch Accidents, and not apprehending them for ſuch as they are. Want of Apprehenſion and Sottiſhneſs, do ſometimes counterfeit vertuous Effects: As I have

have oft ſeen it happen, that Men have been commended for what really merited Blame. An *Italian* Lord once ſaid this, in my preſence, to the diſadvantage of his own Nation; That the Subtilty of the *Italians*, and the Vivacity of their Conceptions, were ſo great, that they foreſaw the Dangers and Accidents that might befal them, ſo far off, that it muſt not be thought ſtrange, if they were often, in War, obſerved to provide for their Safety, even before they had diſcover'd the Peril: That we *French* and *Spaniards*, who were not ſo cunning, went on further; and that we muſt be made to ſee and feel the danger, before we would take the Alarm; and that even then we had no Apprehenſion: but the *Germans* and *Swiſſe*, more heavy, and thick-skull'd, had not the Senſe to look about them, even then when the Blows were falling about their Ears. Peradventure, he only talk'd ſo for Mirths ſake; and yet it is moſt certain that, in War, raw Souldiers ruſh into danger with more precipitancy, than after they have been well cudgell'd.

Italians *ſubtile and quick of Apprehenſion.*

Germans *and* Suiſſes *Loggerheads.*

---Haud ignarus, quantum nova gloria in armis,
Et prædulce decus primo certamine poſſit.

Æneid. 11.

Not ign'rant in the firſt Eſſay of Arms,
How hope of Glory the raw Souldier warms.

For this reaſon it is, that, when we judge of a particular action, we are to conſider ſeveral circumſtances, and the whole Man by whom it is perform'd, before we give it a name. To inſtance in my ſelf; I have ſometimes known my Friends call that prudence in me, which

was merely Fortune; and repute that Courage and Patience, which was Judgment and Opinion: and attribute to me one Title for another, ſometimes to my advantage, and ſometimes otherwiſe. As to the reſt, I am ſo far from being arriv'd at the firſt, and moſt perfect degree of Excellence, where Vertue is turned into habit, that even of the ſecond I have made no great Tryal. I have not been very ſolicitous to curb the Deſires, by which I have been importuned. My Vertue it a Vertue or rather, an Innocence, caſual and accidental. If I had been born of a more irregular Complection, I am afraid I ſhould have made ſcurvy work; for I never obſerved any great Stability in my Soul to reſiſt Paſſions, if they were never ſo little vehement. I have not the knack of nouriſhing Quarrels and Debates in my own Boſom, and conſequently, owe my ſelf no great Thanks, that I am from ſeveral Vices:

Hor. *lib.* 1. *Sat.* 6.

Si vitiis mediocribus, & mea paucis
Mendoſa eſt natura, alioqui recta velut ſi
Egregio inſperſos reprehendas corpore nævos.

If of ſmall Crimes, and few, my Nature be
To be accus'd, and from the great ones free,
Thoſe Venial Faults will no more ſpot my Soul,
Than a fair Body's blemiſh'd with a Mole.

I owe it rather to my Fortune, than my Reaſon: She has made me to be deſcended of a Race famous for Integrity; and of a very good Father; I know not whether, or no, he has infus'd into me part of his Humours; or whether Domeſtick Examples, and the good Education of my Infancy

cy hath inſenſibly aſſiſted in the Work, or if I was otherwiſe born ſo;

Seu Libra ſeu me Scorpius *aſpicit*
Formidoloſus, pars violentior
Natalis horæ, ſeu tyrannus
Heſperiæ Capricornus *unde.*

Hor. *lib.* 2. *Ode.* 17.

Whether my Ballance weigh'd my future Fate;
Or *Scorpio*, Lord of my Aſcendant ſate;
Or Tyrant *Capricorn*, that rudely ſways,
And ruffles up the Occidental Seas.

But ſo it is, that I have naturally a Horror for moſt Vices. The Anſwer of *Antiſthenes* to him who asked him, Which was the beſt Apprentiſage, To unlearn Evil, ſeems to point at this. I have them in Horror, I ſay, with a Deteſtation ſo Natural, and ſo much my own, that the ſame Inſtinct and Impreſſion I brought with me from my Nurſe, I yet retain, no Temptation whatever had the power to make me alter it. Not ſo much as my own Diſcourſes, which in ſome things laſhing out of the Common Road of modeſt Speaking, might eaſily licenſe me to Actions, that my Natural Inclination makes me hate. I will ſay a prodigious thing, but I will ſay it however. I find my ſelf in many things more curb'd and retained by my Manners than my Opinion, and my Concupiſcence leſs debaucht than my Reaſon. *Ariſtippus* inſtituted Opinions ſo bold, in favour of Pleaſure and Riches, as made all the Philoſophers murmur at him: But as to his manners, *Dionyſius* the Tyrant having preſented three Beautiful Women before him, to take his choice; he made anſwer,

That

That he would chooſe them all, and that it had hapned ill to *Paris* to have prefer'd one before the other two: But having taken them home to his Houſe, he ſent them back untouched. His Servant finding himſelf overloaden upon the Way, with the Money he carried after him, he ordered him to pour out, and throw away, that which troubled him. And *Epicurus*, whoſe Doctrines were ſo irreligious and effeminate, was in his Life very laborious and devout: He writ to a Friend of his, that he lived only upon Biſcuit and Water, intreating him to ſend him a little Cheeſe to lye by him againſt he had a mind to make a Feaſt. Muſt it be true, that to be a perfect good Man, we muſt be ſo by an Occult, Natural and Univerſal Propriety, without Law, Reaſon or Example? The Debauches wherein I have been ingaged, have not been (I thank God) of the worſe ſort, and I have condemned them in my ſelf, for my Judgment was never infected by them. On the contrary I accuſe them more ſeverely in my ſelf, than in any other. But that is all, for, as to the reſt, I oppoſe too little reſiſtance, and ſuffer my ſelf to encline too much to the other ſide of the Ballance, excepting that I immoderate them, and prevent them from mixing with other Vices, which for the moſt part, will cling together, if a man have not a care. I have contracted and curtail'd mine, to make them as ſingle as I can:

Nec ultra
Errorem foveo.

Ju. ſat. 8. For as to the Opinion of the *Stoicks*, who ſay That

That the Wiſe Man when he Works, Works by all the Vertues together, tho one be moſt apparent according to the Nature of the Action; (and of this the ſimilitude of a Human Body might ſerve them to ſome Inſtance, for the Action of Anger cannot work, but that all the Humours muſt aſſiſt, tho Choler predominate) if from thence they will draw a like Conſequence, that when the Wicked Man does wickedly, he does it by all the Vices together, I do not believe it to be ſimple ſo, or elſe I underſtand them not; for I effectually find the contrary. Theſe are witty and ſubſtantial Subtilties, which Philoſophy ſometimes inſiſts upon. I follow ſome Vices, but I fly others, as much as a Saint would do. The *Peripateticks* alſo diſown this indiſſoluble Connexion; and *Ariſtotle* is of Opinion, that a Prudent, and Juſt Man may be intemperate and laſcivious. *Socrates* confeſſed to ſome, who had diſcovered a certain inclination to Vice in his Phoſiognomy, that it was in truth his Natural Propenſion, but that he had by Diſcipline corrected it. And ſuch as were familiar with the Philoſopher *Stilpo* hath ſaid, That, being born ſubject to Wine and Women, he had by Study rendred himſelf very abſtinent, both from the one, and the other. What I have in me of Good, I have, quite contrary, by the chance of my Birth; and hold it not either by Law, Precept, or any other Inſtruction. The Innocency, that is in me is a ſimple and unexpected one, little Vigour, and leſs Art. Amongſt other Vices, I mortally hate Cruelty, both by Nature and Judgment

ment, as the very extream of all Vices, But with ſo much tenderneſs withal, that I cannot ſee a Chicken's Neck pul'd off, without trouble, and cannot without impatience, endure the Cry of a Hare in my Dogs Teeth, tho the Chaſe be a violent Pleaſure, Such as have Senſuality to encounter, willingly make uſe of this Argument, (to ſhew that it is altogether vicious and unreaſonable) that when it is at the height, it ſubjects us to that degree, that a Man's Reaſon can have no acceſs, and inſtance our own Experience in the Act of Love. wherein they conceive that the Pleaſure does ſo tranſport us, that our Reaſon cannot perform its Office, whilſt we are ſo benumn'd and extaſied in Delight, I know very well, it may be otherwiſe, and that a man may ſometimes, if he will, gain this Point over himſelf to ſway his Soul, even in the Critical moment, to think of ſome thing elſe: But then he muſt leiſurely incline, and ply it to that bent. I know, that a man may triumph over the utmoſt effort of this Pleaſure: I have experienced it in my ſelf, and have not found *Venus* ſo imperious a Goddeſs, as many, and ſome more reformed than I, declare. I do not conſider it as a Miracle, as the Queen of *Navar* does in one of the Tales of her *Heptameron*, (which is a marvellous pretty Book of that kind) nor for a thing of extream difficulty, to paſs over whole nights, where a Man has all the Convenience and Liberty he can deſire, with a long-coveted Miſtreſs, and yet be juſt to his Faith firſt given to ſatisfie himſelf with kiſſes: and innocent Embraces, without preſſing

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any further. I conceive that the Example of the Pleaſure of the Chace would be more proper; wherein tho the Pleaſure be leſs, yet the Raviſhment and the Surprize are more, by which the Reaſon, being aſtoniſhed, has not ſo much leiſure to prepare it ſelf for the Encounter, when after a long Queſt, the Beaſt ſtarts up on a ſudden in a place, where, peradventure, we leaſt expected: which ſudden motion, with the ardour of the Shouts and Crys of the Hunters, ſo ſtrikes us, that it would be hard for ſuch as are eager of the Chace, to turn their Thoughts upon the inſtant another way; and alſo the Poets make *Diana* Triumph over the Torch and Shafts of *Cupid.*

The Pleaſure of the Chace, What.

Quis non malarum quas amor curas habet
Hæc inter obliviſciitur? *Hor. Ep. 2.*

Who amongſt ſuch Delights would not remove
Out of his Thoughts the anxious cares of Love:

But to return to what I was ſaying before, I am tenderly Compaſſionate of others Afflictions, and ſhould eaſily cry for Company, if upon any occaſion whatever, I could cry at all. Nothing tempts my Tears, but Tears, and not only thoſe that are real and true, but whatever they are, either feign'd or painted: I do not much lament the Dead, and ſhould envy them rather; but I very much lament the Dying. The Savages do not ſo much offend me, in roaſting and eating the Bodies of the Dead, as they do, who torment and perſecute the Living. Nay, I cannot look ſo much as upon the ordinary Executions of Juſtice, how reaſonable ſoever, with

Julius Cæſar's *Clemency.*

a ſteady Eye. Some one being to give teſtimony of *Julius Cæſar*'s Clemency, he was, ſays he, mild and moderate in his Revenges: For having compelled the Pyrates to yield, by whom he had before been taken Priſoner, and put to Ranſom; foraſmuch as they had threatned him with the Croſs, he indeed condemned them to it, but it was after they had been firſt ſtrangled. He puniſhed his Secretary *Philemon*; who had attempted to poyſon him, with no greater ſeverity, than a ſingle Death. Without naming that Latin Author, that dare alledge for a Teſtimony of Mercy, the killing only of thoſe by whom we have been offended: It is eaſy to gueſs that he was ſtruck with the horrid and inhuman Examples of Cruelty, practis'd by the *Roman* Tyrants. For my part, even in Juſtice it ſelf, all that exceeds a Simple Death, appears to me perfect Cruelty; eſpecially in us who ought to have regard to their Souls, to diſmiſs them in a good and calm Condition: which cannot be, when we have diſcompos'd them by inſufferable Torments. Not long ſince, a Souldier, who was a Criminal Priſoner, perceiving from a Tower, where he was ſhut up, that the People began to aſſemble to the place of Execution, and that the Carpenters were buſy, erecting a Scaffold, he preſently concluded, that the Preparation was for him; and therefore entred into a Reſolution to kill himſelf, but could find no Inſtrument to aſſiſt him in his Deſign, ſaving an old ruſty Cart-Nail, that Fortune preſented to him; With this he firſt gave himſelf two great Wounds about his Throat, but finding thoſe would not do

he preſently after gave himſelf a third in the Belly, where he left the Nayl ſticking up to the head. The firſt of his Keepers that came in, found him in this Condition, yet alive, but ſunk down, and near expiring by his Wounds. To make uſe of time therefore, before he ſhould die and defeat the Law, they made haſt to read his Sentence, which having done, and he hearing that he was only condemned to be Beheaded, he ſeemed to take new Courage, accepted of Wine, which he had before refuſed, and thanked his Judges for the unhoped for Mildneſs of their Sentence; ſaying, That indeed he had taken a reſolution to diſpatch himſelf for fear of a more ſevere and inſupportable Death; Having entertain'd an Opinion by the Preparations he had ſeen in the Place, that they were reſolved to torment him with ſome horrible Execution: and ſeem'd to be delivered from Death, for having it changed from what he apprehended. I ſhould adviſe, that theſe Examples of Severity, by which 'tis deſign'd to retain the People in their Duty, might be exerciſed upon the dead Bodies of *Criminals*; for to ſee them deprived of Sepulture, to ſee them boyl'd, and divided into Quarters, would almoſt work as much upon the Vulgar, as the Pain they make the Living to endure: though that in effect be little or nothing, as God himſelf ſays, who kill the Body, and, after that, have no more than they can do. I hapned to come by one day accidentally at *Rome*, juſt as they were upon executing *Catena*, a notorious Robber: He was ſtrangled without any Emo-

S. Luke Ch. 12. v. 4.

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tion of the Spectators, but when they came to cut him in Quarters, the Hang-man gave not a Blow, that the People did not follow with a doleful Cry, and with Exclamation, as if every one had lent his Feeling to the miſerable Carkaſs. Thoſe inhuman Exceſſes ought to be exerciſed upon the Bark, and not upon the Quick. *Artaxerxes*, in almoſt a little caſe, moderated the Severity of the Ancient Laws of *Perſia*, Ordaining, that the Nobility, who had committed a Fault, inſtead of being whipt, as they were us'd to be, ſhould be ſtript only, and their Cloaths whipt for them; and that whereas they were wont to tear off their Hair, they ſhould only take off their High-crown'd *Tiara*. The ſo devout *Egyptians*, thought they ſufficiently ſatisfied the Divine Juſtice in Sacrificing Hogs in *Effigie* and Repreſentation; a bold Invention to pay God, ſo Eſſential a Subſtance in Picture only, and in ſhow. I live in a time, where we abound in credible Examples of this Vice through the licence of our Civil Wars; and we ſee nothing in Ancient Hiſtories more extream than what we have proof of every day. I could hardly perſwade my ſelf, before I ſaw it with my Eyes, that there could be found out Souls ſo cruel and fell, who, for the ſole Pleaſure of Murther would commit, hack, and hew off the Limbs of others; ſharpen their Wits to invent unuſual Torments, and new kinds of Deaths without Hatred. without Profit, and for no other end, but only to enjoy the pleaſant Spectacle of the Geſtures and Motions, the lamentable Groans and Crys of a Man in anguiſh

The ſevere Laws of Perſia, *moderated by* Artaxerxes.

Hogs Sacrificed in Figure to the Divine Juſtice by the Egyptians.

The Cruelties exerciſed in Civil Wars.

For this is the utmost point to which Cruelty can arrive, *Ut hominem non iratus, non timens, tantum spectaturus occidat.* That a Man should kill a Man without being angry, or without fear, only for the Pleasure of the Spectacle. For my own part, I cannot, without Grief, see so much as an innocent Beast pursu'd, and kill'd, that has no defence, and from whom we have receiv'd no Offence at all. And that which frequently happens, that the Stag we hunt, finding himself weak, and out of breath, seeing no other Remedy surrenders himself to us, who pursue him, imploring Mercy by his Tears,

Sen. de Clem.

——— *questuque cruentus,*
Atque implorantis similis,

Æneid. l. 7.

That Bleeding by his Tears, does Mercy crave.

It has ever been to me a very unpleasing sight; and I hardly ever take beast alive, that I do not presently turn out. *Pythagoras* bought them of Fishermen and Fowlers, to do the same.

Beasts bought alive by Pythagoras *to turn out.*

——— *primoque a cæde ferarum,*
Incaluisse puto maculatum sanguine ferrum.

Ovid. Met. lib. 15.

I think, 'twas Slaughter of Wild Beasts that made
Too docile Man first learn the Killing Trade.

Those Natures that are sanguinary towards Beasts, discover a Natural Propension to Cruelty. After they had accustomed themselves at many to Spectacles of the slaughter of Animals, they proceeded to those of the slaughter of Men,

the Foneers. Nature has her self (I doubt) im-
printed in Man a kind of instinct to Inhuma-
nity; no body takes pleasure in seeing Beas
play, and caress one another, but every one
delighted with seeing them dismember-
tear one another to pieces. And that I m
not be laught at for the simpathy I have wi
them, *Theologie* it self enjoyns us some Favo
in their behalf. And considering that one, a
the same Master, has lodg'd us together in t
Palace, for his Service, and that they, as
as we, are of his Family, it has reason to enjo
us some affection and regard to them. *Py*
goras borrow'd the *Metempsycosis* from the *Eg*
tians, but it has since been receiv'd by seve
Nations and particularly by our *Druids*.

Pythagoras *his Transmutation of Souls.* *Id ibid.*

Morte carent animæ, semperque priore relicta
Sede, novis domibus vivunt, habitantque rec

Souls never dye, but, having left one Sea
Into new Houses they Admittance get.

The Religion of our Ancient *Gauls* main
that Souls, being Eternal, never ceased
move and shift their places from one body
another: Mixing moreover, with this Fan
some consideration of Divine Justice. Ac
cording to the deportments of the Soul,
it had been in *Alexander*, they said, that
ordered it another body to inhabit, mo
less painful, and proper for its Conditions.

Clad. in Ruff. lib. 2.

——— multa ferarum
Cogit vincla pati, truculentos ingerit ossi
Prædonesque lupis, fallaces vulpibus ad
Atque ubi per varios annos per mille figu

Egit, Lethæo purgatos flumine tandem
Rurſus ad humanæ revocat primordia formæ.

The ſilent Yoak of *Brutes* he made them wear,
The Bloody Souls he did encloſe in Bears,
The ravenouſin Woolves he wiſely ſhut,
The ſly and cunning he in Foxes put,
Where after having, through ſucceſſive years
And thouſand Figures, finiſht their Carreers,
Purging them well in *Lethe's* Flood, at laſt
In humane Bodies he the Souls replac't.

If it had been valiant, he lodg'd it in the Body of a Lyon; if voluptuous, in that of a Hog; if timorous, in that of a Hart or Hare, if ſubtil; in that of a Fox, and ſo of the reſt, till having purified it by this chaſtiſement, it again enter'd into the Body of ſome other Man;

Ipſe ego, nam memini, Trojani tempore Belli
Panthoides Euphorbus eram.

Ovid. Met. lib. 15.

For I my ſelf remember in the days
Oth' *Trojan* War, that I *Euphorbus* was.

As to the Relation betwixt us and Beaſts, I do not much admit of it, nor allow what ſeveral Nations, and thoſe the moſt Ancient and moſt Noble, have practiſed, who have not only received *Brutes* into their Society, but have given them a Rank infinitely above them; Eſteeming them one while Familiars and Favourites of the Gods, and having them in more than humane, Reverence and Reſpect; and others allowing no other, nor other Divinity but they.

Beaſts reverenced for Gods by ſome of the Ancients.

Quæ a Barbaris propter beneficium conſecratæ.

The *Barbarians* conſecrated Beaſts, out of Opinion of ſome Benefit received by them,

——Crocodilon adorat
Pars hæc, illa pavet ſaturam ſerpentibus Ibin
Eſſigies ſacri hic nitet aurea Cercopitheci.
——Hic piſcem fluminis, illic
Oppida tota canem venerantur.

Juven. ſat. 15.

One Country does adore the Crocodile,
That does inhabit Monſter-breeding Nile;
Another does the Long-bill'd Ibis dread,
With poyſonous Fleſh of ugly Serpents fed:
And in another place you may behold
The Statue of a Monkey ſhine in Gold;
Here Men, ſome monſtrous Fiſhes aid implore,
And there whole Towns a grinning Dog adore.

And the very Interpretation, that *Plutarch* gives to this Error, which is very well taken, is advantageous to them: For, he ſays, that it was not the Cat, or the Oxe (for example) that the *Egyptians* ador'd: But that they in those Beaſts ador'd ſome Image of the Divine Faculties; in this the Patience and Utility, in that the Vivacity, or, as our Neighbours, the *Burgundians*, with the *Germans*, the Impatience to ſee it ſelf ſhut up; by which, they repreſented the Liberty they lov'd and ador'd, above all other Divine Faculties, and ſo of the reſt. But when amongſt the more moderate Opinions, I meet with Arguments, that endeavour to demonſtrate the near reſemblance betwixt us and Animals, how much they ſhare in our greateſt Priviledges, and with how great probability they compare and couple us together,

can

earneſt, I abate a great deal of our preſumption, and willingly let fall the Title of that imaginary Sovereignty, that ſome attribute to us over other Creatures. But ſuppoſing all this were true, there is nevertheleſs a certain Reſpect, and a general Duty of Humanity, that ties us not only to Beaſts that have Life and Senſe, but even to Trees and Plants. We owe Juſtice to Men, and Grace and Benignity to other Creatures that are capable of it. There is a certain Natural Commerce, and Mutual Obligation betwixt them and us; neither ſhall I be afraid to diſcover the Tenderneſs of my Nature ſo childiſh, that I cannot well refuſe to play with my Dog, when he the moſt unſeaſonably importunes me ſo to do. The *Turks* have Alms and Hoſpitals for Beaſts. The *Romans* had a publick regard to the Nouriſhment of Geeſe, by whoſe Vigilancy their Capitol had been preſerv'd: The *Athenians* made a Decree, that the Mules and Moyles which had ſerv'd at the building of the Temple call'd *Hecatompedon*, ſhould be free, and ſuffer'd to paſture at their own choice without hindrance. The *Agrigentines* had a common uſance ſolemnly to inter the Beaſts, they had a kindneſs for; as Horſes of ſome rare qualities, Dogs and Birds of whom they had had profit, and even thoſe that had only been kept to divert their Children. And the Magnificence that was ordinary with them in all other things, did alſo particularly appear in the Sumptuoſity and Numbers of Monuments, Erected to this very end, that remain'd in their Beauty ſeveral Ages

after. The *Egyptians* buried Wolves, Bears, Crocodiles, Dogs and Cats in Sacred places, embalm'd their Bodies, and put on Mourning at their Death. *Cimon* gave an honourable Sepulture to the Mares, with which he had three times gain'd the Prize of the courſe at the *Olympick Games.* The Ancient *Xanthippus* caus'd his Dog to be inter'd on an Eminence near the Sea, which has ever ſince retain'd the Name. And *Plutarch* ſays, That he made Conſcience of ſelling, for a ſmall profit to the Slaughter, an Oxe, that had been long in his Service.

CHAP. XII.

Apology for *Raimond de Sebonde.*

LEarning is, in truth, a very great, and very conſiderable quality; and ſuch as diſpiſe it, ſufficiently diſcover their own want Underſtanding: But yet I do not prize it the exceſſive rate, ſome others do; as *Heri* the Philoſopher for one, who therein pla the Sovereign Good, and maintain'd, that was only in her to render us wiſe and conten which I do not believe: no more than I do what others have ſaid, That Learning is Mother of all Vertue, and that all Vice proce from Ignorance, which, if it be true, is ſubj to a very long Interpretation. My Houſe long been open to Men of Knowledge, and very well known ſo to be; for my Father, w govern'd it Fifty years, and more, inflam

with the new ardour, with which, *Francis* the First embraced Letters, and brought them into esteem, with great Diligence and Expence hunted after the acquaintance of Learned Men, receiving them at his House, as Persons Sacred, and that had some particular Inspiration of Divine Wisdom; collecting their sayings and sentences as so many Oracles, and with so much the greater Reverence and Religion, as he was the less able to judge; for he had no knowledge of Letters, no more than his Predecessors. For my part, I love them well, but I do not adore them. Amongst others, *Peter Bunel*, a Man of great Reputation for knowledg in his time, having, with some others of his sort, stayed some days at *Montaigne*, in my Father's company; he presented him, at his departure, with a Book, Intituled, *Theologia naturalis; sive Liber Creaturarum Magistri Raimondi de Sebonde.* And being that the *Italian* and *Spanish* Tongues were familiar to my Father; and that this Book is writ in *Spanish*, fustian'd with Latin Terminations, he hoped that, with little help, he might be able to understand it, and therefore recommended it to him for a very useful piece, and proper for the time wherein he gave it to him; which was then, when the Novel *Doctrines* of *Martin Luther* began to be in vogue, and in many places to stagger our ancient belief: wherein he was very well adviz'd, wisely, in his own Reason, foreseeing, that the beginning of this Distemper would easily run into an Execrable *Atheism*, for the Vulgar not having the faculty of judging of things themselves, suffering them-

Learning brought into esteem by Francis *the First in* France.

Sebonde.

selves to be carried away by appearance, after having once been inspired with the Boldness to despise and controul those Opinions they had before, had, in extream Reverence, such as those wherein their Salvation is concerned, and that some of the *Articles* of their *Religion* were brought into Doubt and Dispute; they afterwards throw all other parts of their Belief into the same uncertainty, they having in them no other Authority or Foundation, than the other they had already discomposed, and shake off all the Impressions they had received from the Authority of the Laws, or the Reverence of Ancient Custom, as a Tyrannical Yoak;

Lucr. *lib.* 5. *Nam Cupide inculcatur nimis ante metutum.*

For with most eagerness they spurn the Law,
By which they were before most kept in awe.

Resolving to admit nothing for the future, to which they had not first interpos'd their own Decrees, and given their particular Consent. It hapned that my Father a little before his death, having accidentally found this Book under a heap of other neglected Papers, commanded me to translate it for him into *French*. It is good to Translate such Authors as that, where is little but the matter it self to express; but such wherein the Ornament of a Language and Elegancy of Style, is the main Endeavour, are dangerous to attempt; especially, when a Man is to turn them into a weaker Idiom. It was a strange and a new Undertaking for me: but having, by chance, at that time little else to do, and not being able to resist the Command

What Books are proper to translate

of

of the best Father that ever was, I did it as well as I could; and he was so well pleased with it, as to order it to be Printed; which also, after his death, was performed. I found the Imagination of this Author exceeding fine, the Contexture of his Work, well followed, and his Design full of Piety; and because many People take a delight to read it, and particularly the Ladies to whom we owe the most Service, I have often been ready to assist them, to clear the Book of two principal Objections. His Design is hardy, and bold; for he undertakes, by Human and Natural Reasons, to establish, and make good against the Atheists, all the *Articles* of Christian *Religion*: wherein (to speak the truth) he is so firm, and so successful, that I do not think it possible to do better upon that Subject, and do believe that he has been equalled by none. This Work seeming to me to be too beautiful, and too rich for an Author, whose Name is so little known, and of whom, all that we know is, that he was a *Spaniard* who professed Physick at *Thoulouse* about two hundred Years ago; I enquired of *Adrian Turnebus*, who knew all things, what he thought of that Book; who made Answer, That he thought it was some Abstract drawn from St. *Thomas* of *Aquin*; for that, in truth, his Wit, full of infinite Learning, and absolute Subtilty, was only capable of those Thoughts. So it is, that, whoever was the Author and Inventor (and 'tis not reasonable, without greater occasion, to deprive *Sebonde* of that Title) he was a Man of great Sufficiency, and most admirable Parts. The first

Object against Sebonde's Book the first.

first thing they reptehend in his Work is, *That Christians are too blame to repose their belief upon Humane Reasons, which is only conceiv'd by Faith, and the particular Inspiration of Divine Grace.* In which Objection, there appears to be something of Zeal to Piety, and therefore we are to endeavour to satisfie those who put it forth, with the greater Mildness and Respect. This were a Task more proper for a Man well-read in Divinity, than for me who know nothing of it: nevertheless, I conceive that, in a thing so Divine, so high, and so far transcending all humane Intelligence, as this Truth, with which it has pleased the Bounty of Almighty God to enlighten us, it is very necessary that he should, moreover, lend us his Assistance after a very extraordinary Method of Favour, to conceive and imprint it in our Understandings: and do not believe, that means, purely humane, are in any sort capable of doing it: For, if they were, so many rare and excellent Souls, and so abundantly furnish'd with natural Force, in former Ages, had not fail'd, by their Reason, to arrive at this Knowledge. 'Tis *Faith* alone, that lively and certainly comprehends the deep Mysteries of our Religion, but withal, I do not say, that it is not a brave, and a very laudable Attempt, to accommodate the natural and humane Utensils that God has endow'd us with, to the service of our Faith: It is not to be doubted, but that it is the most noble use we can put them to; and that there is not a design in a Christian-Man more Noble, than to make it the Aim and End of all his Thoughts and Studies, to extend and amplifie

amplifie the truth of his Belief. We do not ſatisfie our ſelves with ſerving God with our Souls and underſtanding only, we moreover owe and render him a Corporal Reverence, and apply our Limbs, Motions, and external Things, to do him Honour; we muſt here do the ſame, and accompany our Faith with all the Reaſon we have, but always with this Reſervation, not to fancy that it is upon us that it depends, nor that our Arguments and Endeavours can arrive at ſo ſupernatural and divine a knowledge. If it enter not into us by an extraordinary infuſion; if it only enter, not only by Arguments of Reaſon, but, moreover, by Human Ways, it is not in us in its true Dignity and Splendor; and yet, I am afraid we only have it by this way. If we laid hold upon God by the Mediation of a lively *Faith*; if we laid hold upon God by him, and not by us; if we had a Divine Baſis and Foundation, Human Accidents would not have the power to ſhake us as they do, our *Fortreſs* were not to render to ſo weak a Battery: the Love of Novelty, the Conſtraint of Princes, the ſucceſs of one Party, and the raſh and fortuitous Change of our Opinions would not have the power to ſtagger, and alter our Belief: We ſhould not then leave it to the Mercy of every novel Argument, nor abandon it to all the Rhetorick in the World: We ſhould withſtand the fury of theſe Waves with an immote, and unyielding Conſtancy.

The marvellous effects of lively Faith.

Iliſos fluctus rupes ut vaſta refundit,
Et varias circum latrantes diſſipat undas
Male ſua.

As

As a vaſt Rock repels the rowling Tides,
That foam and bark about her Marble Sides,
From the Strong Mole

If we were but touched with this Ray of Divinity, it would appear throughout; not only our Words, but our Works alſo, would carry its Brightneſs and Luſtre; whatever proceeded from us, would be ſeen illuminated with this noble Light. We ought to be aſhamed, that, in all the Human Sects, there never was any of the Faction, what Difficulty and ſtrange Novelty ſoever his Doctrine impos'd upon him, that did not, in ſome meaſure, conform his Life and Deportments to it, whereas ſo Divine and Heavenly an Inſtitution, does only diſtinguiſh Chriſtians by the Name. Will you ſee the Proof of this? Compare our Manners to thoſe of a Mahometan or Pagan, you will ſtill find, that we fall very ſhort; whereas out of regard to the Reputation, and Advantage of our Religion we ought to ſhine in Vertue, and that it ſhould be ſaid of us; Are they ſo Juſt, ſo Charitable, ſo Good? Then they are Chriſtians. All other Signs are common to all Religions; Hope, Truſt, Events, Ceremonies, Penance and Martyrs. The peculiar Mark of our Truth ought to be our Vertue, as it is alſo the moſt heavenly and difficult, and the moſt worthy Product of Truth. For this, our good St. *Lewis* was in the right; when the King of the *Tartars*, who was become Chriſtian, deſigned to come to *Lyons*, to kiſs the *Pope's* Feet, and there to be an Eye-witneſs of the Sanctity he hoped to find in our Manners: immediately to divert him from his purpoſe;

Vertue, the particular mark of Chriſtian Religion.

for

for feat leaſt our inordinate way of Living ſhou'd on the contrary put him out of conceit with ſo holy a Belief. And yet it hapned quite otherwiſe ſince to this other, who going to *Rome* to the ſame End, and there ſeeing the Diſſolution of the *Prelates*, and people of that time, ſettled himſelf ſo much the more firmly in our *Religion*, conſidering how great the Force and Divinity of it muſt neceſſarily be, that could maintain its Dignity and Splendor amongſt ſo much Corruption, and in ſo vicious Hands. If we had but one ſingle Grain of Faith, we ſhould remove Mountains from their places, ſays the Sacred Word; our Actions, that would then be directed and accompanied by the Divinity would not be meerly human, they would have in them ſomething of Miraculous, as well as our Belief; *Brevis eſt inſtitutio vitæ honeſtæ, beatæque ſi credas.* Some impoſe upon the World that they believe that which they do not; others more in number make themſelves believe that they believe, not being able to penetrate into what it is to believe. We think it ſtrange, if in the Civil War, which, at this time diſorders our State, we ſee events float, and vary after a common and ordinary manner; which is, becauſe we bring nothing to it but our own. Juſtice which is in one party, is only there for Ornament and Palliation, it is indeed pretended, but 'tis not there received, ſetled and eſpouſed: It is there, as in the Mouth of an *Advocat*, not as in the Heart and Affection of the Party. God owes his extraordinary Aſſiſtance to *Faith* and *Religion*; but not to our *Paſſions*. Men there

God aſſiſts our Faith and Religion, not our Paſſions.

God assists our Faith and Religion, not our Passions.

there are the conductors, and therein serve themselves of *Religion*, which ought to be quite contrary. Observe if it be not by our own Hands, that we guide, and train it, and draw it like Wax into so many contrary Figures, from a Rule in it self so direct and firm. When and where was this manifest, than in *France* in our days? They who have taken it on the Left-hand they who have taken it on the Right, they who call it black, they who call it white, a like employ it to their Violent and Ambitious design, conduct it with a Progress so conform in Rage and Injustice, that they render the Diversity they pretended in their Opinions, in a thing whereon the Conduct and Rule of our Life depends, doubtful and hard to believe. Can a Man see, even from the same School and Discipline, Manners more united, and more the same? Do but observe with what horrid Impudence we toss Divine Arguments to and fro, and how irreligiously we have both rejected and retaken them, according as *Fortune* has shifted our Places in these intestine Storms. This so solemn Proposition, *Whether it be Lawful for a Subject to Rebel, and take up Arms against his Prince for the Defence of his Religion*; Do you Remember in whose Mouths the last year, the Affirmative of it was the prop of one party, and the Negative the Pillar of another? And hearken now from what Quarter comes the Vote, and Instruction of both the one, and the other; and if Arms makes less noise, and rattle for this Cause, than for that. We condemn those to the Fire, who say, That Truth must be made to bear the

Proposition, Whether it be Lawful to take Arms against the King in defence of Religion.

Yoak

Yoak of our Necessity; and how much more does *France*, than say it? Let us confess the Truth; whoever should draw out the Army, lawfully rais'd by the Kings Authority, those who take up Arms out of pure Zeal to Religion, and also those who only do it to protect the Laws of their Country, or for the Service of their Prince, could hardly out of both these put together, make one compleat Company of *Gens-d'Armes*. Whence does this proceed, that there are so few to be found, who have maintained the same Will, and the same Progress in our Civil commotions, and that we see them one while move but a Foot-pace, and another run Full-speed? And the same Men one while endamage our Affairs by their violent Heat and Austerity, and another by their Coldness, Gentleness and Slowness; but that they are pushed on by particular and causal considerations, according to the Variety whereof they move? I evidently perceive, that we do not willingly afford Devotion any other Offices, but those that best suit with our own Passions. There is no Hostility so admirable, as the Christian. Our Zeal performs Wonders, when it seconds our inclinations to Hatred, Cruelty, Ambition, Avarice, Detraction and Rebellion: But when it moves against the Hair, towards Bounty, Benignity and Temperance, unless by Miracle, some rare and vertuous disposition prompts us to it, we stir neither hand nor foot. Our Religion is intended to extirpate Vices: Whereas it skreens, nourishes and incites them. We must not mock God. If we did believe in him, I do not say

by

by Faith, but with a simple belief, that is to say (and I speak it to our great shame,) if we did believe him, as we do any other History; or as we would do one of our Companions, we should love him above all other things for the infinite Bounty and Beauty that shines in him: at least he would go equal into our Affections, with Riches, Pleasures, Glory and our Friends. The best of us is not so much afraid to injure him, as he is afraid to injure his Neighbour, his Kinsman, or his Master. Is there any so weak Understanding, that having on one side the Object of one of our vicious Pleasures, and on the other (in equal knowledge and perswasion) the State of an Immortal Glory, will dispute for the first, against the other? And yet we oftimes renounce this out of pure Contempt: But what lust tempts us to blaspheme, if not, peradventure, the very desire to offend? The Philosopher *Antisthenes*, as the *Priest* was initiating him in the *Mysteries* of *Orpheus*, telling him that those who profess themselves of that Religion, were certain to receive Perfect and Eternal Felicities after Death; if thou believest that, answered he, Why doest not thou dye thy self? *Diogenes* more rudely, according to his manner, and more remote from our purpose, to the *Priest* that in like manner preached to him, to become of his Religion, that he might obtain the Happiness of the other World: What, said he, Thou wouldest have me believe that *Agesilaus* and *Epaminondas*, who, were so Great Men, shall be miserable, and that thou, who art but a Calf, and canst do nothing to purpose, shalt be happy?

happy, becauſe thou art a *Prieſt* ? Did we receive theſe great Promiſes of Eternal Beatitude with the ſame Reverence and Reſpect, that we do a Philoſophical *Lecture*, we ſhould not have death in ſo great Horror :

Nou jam ſe moriens diſſolvi conquereretur, Lucret. 13.
Sed magis ire foras, veſtemque relinquere ut anguis
Gauderet, prælonga ſenex aut cornua Cervus.

We ſhould not then dying repine to be
Diſſolu'd, but rather ſtep out chearfully
From our Old Hut, and with the Snake be glad.
To caſt the Old uneaſie ſlough we had ?
Or with th' Old Stag, rejoyce to be now clear.
From the Large Head, too pondrous grown to bear.

I deſire to be diſſolv'd we ſhould ſay, and to be with *Jeſus Chriſt*. The force of *Plato*'s Arguments concerning the Immortality of the Soul, ſent ſome of his Diſciples to untimely Graves, that they might the ſooner enjoy the things he had made them hope for. All which is a moſt evident ſign, that we only receive our Religion after our own faſhion, by our own hands, and no otherwiſe than other *Religions* are receiv'd. Either we are come into the Country where it is in Practice, or we bear a Reverence to the Antiquity of it, or to the Authority of the Men, who have maintained it, or fear the Menaces it fulminates againſt Miſcreants, or are allur'd by its Promiſes. Theſe conſiderations ought,

'tis true, to be applyed to our belief, but as Subſidiaries only, for they are Human Obligations. Another Religion, other Witneſſes, the like promiſes and threats, might by the ſame way, imprint a quite contrary Belief. We are Chriſtians by the ſame Title, that we are *Perigordins* and *Germans*. And what *Plato* ſays, that there are few Men ſo obſtinate in their *Atheiſm*, that a preſſing Danger will not reduce to an acknowledgment of the Divine Power, does not concern a true Chriſtian; 'tis for Mortal and Human Religions to be receiv'd by Human Recommendation. What kind of Faith can we expect that ſhould be, that Cowardize and want of Courage does eſtabliſh in us? A pleaſant *Faith* that does not believe what it believes, but for want of courage to believe it. Can a vicious Paſſion, ſuch as Inconſtancy and Aſtoniſhment cauſe any regular Product in our Souls? They are confident in their own Judgment, ſays he, That what is ſaid of *Hell*, and future Torments, is all feign'd: But an Occaſion of making the Experiment preſenting it ſelf, that Old Age or Diſeaſes bring them to the Brink of the Grave, the Terrour of Death by the Horror of that future Condition, inſpires them with a new Belief. And by reaſon that ſuch Impreſſions render them timorous, he forbids in his Laws all ſuch threatning *Doctrines*, and all Perſwaſion, that any thing of ill can befall a Man from the Gods, excepting for his great good, when they happen to him, and for a Medicinal effect. They ſay of *Bion*, that infected with the Atheiſm of *Theodorus*, he had long had religious

ligious Men in great ſcorn and contempt, but that Death ſurprizing him, he gave himſelf up to the moſt extream Superſtition; as if the Gods withdrew, and return'd according to the Neceſſities of *Bion*. *Plato*, and his Examples, would conclude, that we are brought to a belief of God, either by Reaſon, or by Force. *Atheiſm* being a Propoſition, as unnatural and monſtruous, ſo difficult alſo, and very hard to ſink into Human Underſtanding, how arrogant and irregular ſoever; there are enough ſeen, out of Vanity and Pride, to be the Authors of extraordinary and reforming Opinions, have outwardly affected the Profeſſion, who, if they are ſuch Fools, have nevertheleſs not had the power to plant them in their own Conſcience. Yet will they not fail to lift up their Hands towards Heaven, if you give them a good thruſt with a Sword into the Boſom; and when Fear or Sickneſs has abated and ſuppreſt the licentious Fury of this giddy Humour, they will eaſily reunite, and very diſcreetly ſuffer themſelves to be reconciled to the Publick Faith and Examples. A Doctrin ſeriouſly diſgeſted is one thing, and thoſe ſuperficial Impreſſions another; which ſpringing from the diſorder of an unhing'd Underſtanding, float at random and great uncertainty in the Fancy. Miſerable, and ſenſeleſs Men, who ſtrive to be worſe, than they can! The Error of *Paganiſm*, and the Ignorance of our Sacred Truth! Let this great Soul, but great only in Human Greatneſs, fall yet into this other Miſtake, that Children and Old Men were moſt ſuſceptible of Religion, as if it ſprung

Bion *an Atheiſt.*

What Atheiſm is.

and deriv'd it's Reputation from our Weakneſs. The Knot that ought to bind the Judgment and the Will, that ought to reſtrain the Soul, and joyn it to the Creator, muſt be a Knot that derives the Foldings and Strength, not from our Conſiderations, from our Reaſons and Paſſions; but from a Divine and ſupernatural Conſtraint, having but one Form, one Face, and one Luſtre, which is the Authority of God, and his Divine Grace. Now the Heart and Soul being governed and commanded by Faith, 'tis but reaſon that they ſhould muſter all their other Faculties, for as much as they are able to perform, to the Service and Aſſiſtance of their deſign. Neither is it to be imagined, that all this *Machin* has not ſome Marks imprinted upon it by the Hand of the mighty *Architect*, and that there is not in the things of this World, ſome Image, that in ſome meaſure reſembles the workman, who has built and form'd them. He has in his ſtupendious Works, left the Character of his Divinity, and 'tis our own weakneſs only, that hinders us, we cannot diſcerne it. 'Tis what he himſelf is pleaſed to tell us, that he manifeſts his inviſible Operations to us, by thoſe that are viſible. *Sebonde* applyed himſelf to this laudable and noble Study, and demonſtrates to us, that there is not any part or member of the World, that diſclaims or derogates from its Maker. It were to do Wrong to the Divine Bounty, did not the Univerſe conſent to our Belief: The *Heavens*, the *Earth*, the *Elements*, our *Bodies* and our *Soul's*; all theſe concur to this, if we can but find out the way to uſe them. For this World

Divinity imprinted on the outward Fabrick of the World.

World is a Sacred *Temple*, into which, Man is introduced, there to contemplate *Statues*, not the Works of a Mortal Hand, but ſuch as the Divine Purpoſe has made the Objects of Sence, the *Sun*, the *Stars*, the *Waters* and the *Earth*, to repreſent thoſe that are intelligible to us. The inviſible things of God, ſays St. *Paul*, appear by the Creation of the World, his Eternal Wiſdom and Divinity being conſidered by his Works. *The World a Sacred Temple.*

Atque adeo faciem cæli non invidet orbi
Ipſe Deus, vultuſque ſuus corpuſque recludit
Semper volvendo: Seq; ipſum inculcat & offert,
Ut bene cognoſci poſſit doceatque videndo
Qualis erat, doceatque ſuas attendere leges. Manil. l. 4.

And God himſelf envies not Men the Grace
Of ſeeing and admiring Heavens Face:
But rowling it about, does ſtill a new
Object its Face and Body to our view,
And int' our Minds himſelf inculcates ſo,
That we may well the mighty *Moover* know,
Inſtructing us by ſeeing him the cauſe
Of all, to rev'rence, and obey his Laws.

Now our Prayers, and Humane Diſcourſes are but as Stern and undigeſted matter: The grace of God is the Form: 'Tis that, which gives faſhion and value to it. As the vertuous actions of *Socrates* and *Cato* remain vain and fruitleſs, for not having had the Love and Obedience of the true *Creator* of all things for their End and Object, and for not having known God. So is it with our imaginations and Diſcharſes, they have a kind of Body, but it is an inform Maſs without

without Faſhion, and without Light, if *Faith* and *Grace* be not added to it, *Faith* coming to tinct and illuſtrate it. *Sebonde's* Arguments renders them firm and ſolid, and to that degree, that they are capable of ſerving for Directions, and of being the firſt Guides to an Elementary Chriſtian to put him into the way of this Knowledge: They in ſome meaſure form him to, and render him capable of, the Grace of God, by which means he afterward compleats and perfects himſelf in the true Belief. I know a Man of Authority, bred up to Letters, who has confeſt to me, to have been reduced from the Errors of Miſcreancy by *Sebonde's* Arguments. And ſhould they be ſtripped of this Ornament, and of the Aſſiſtance and Approbation of the Holy Faith, and be looked upon as mere Human Fancies only, to contend with thoſe who are precipitated into the dreadful and horrible Darkneſs of Irreligion, they will even there find them as ſolid and firm, as any others of the ſame Quality, that can be oppoſed againſt them; ſo that we ſhall be ready to ſay to our Opponents.

Si melius quid habes, accerſe, vel imperium fer.

If you have Arguments more fit,
Produce them, or to theſe ſubmit.

Let them admit the force of our Reaſons? or let them ſhew us others, and upon ſome other Subject better woven, and a finer Thread. I am unawares half engaged in the ſecond Objection, to which I propos'd to make anſwer in the

the behalf of *Sebonde.* Some ſay, that his Arguments are weak, and unable to make good what he intends, and undertake with great eaſe to confute them. Theſe are to be a little more roughly handled; for they are more dangerous and malicious, than the firſt. Men willingly wreſt the Sayings of others to favour their own prejudicate Opinions; to an *Atheiſt* all writings tend to *Atheiſm*, he corrupts the moſt Innocent Matter with his own Venom; theſe have their Judgments ſo prepoſſeſt, that they cannot reliſh *Sebonde*'s Reaſons. As to the reſt, they think we give them very fair play, in putting them into the Liberty of our Religion with Weapons merely Human, which in her *Majeſty* full of Authority and Command, they durſt not attack. The means that I ſhall uſe, and that I think moſt proper to ſubdue this Frenzy, is, to cruſh and ſpurn under Foot Pride and Human Fierceneſs; to make them ſenſible of the Inanity, Vanity and Vileneſs of Man: To wreſt the wretched arms of their Reaſon out of their hands, to make them bow down, and bite the Ground under the Authority and Reverence of the Divine *Majeſty.* 'Tis to that alone, that Knowledge and Wiſdom appertain, that alone, that can make a true Eſtimate of it ſelf, and from which we purloin whatever we value our ſelves,

Wiſdom only belongs to the Divinity.

Οὐ γὰρ ἐᾷ φθονεῖν ὁ Θεὸς μέγα τ' ἄλλον ἑαυτόν. *Heroicum Adagium*

God not permits, that any one would be More wiſe than he.

Let us ſubdue this Preſumption; The firſt Foundation of this Tyranny of the Evil Spirit. *Deus*
1 Pet. 55. *Superbis reſiſtit: Humilibus autem dat gratiam.* *God reſiſts the Proud: but gives Grace to the Humble.* Underſtanding is in all the *Gods*, (ſays *Plato*) and not at all, or very little, in Men. Now it is in the mean time a great Conſolation to a Chriſtian Man, to ſee our Frail and Mortals Parts ſo fitly ſuited to our Holy and Divine Faith, that when we employ them to the Subjects of their own Mortal and Frail Nature, they are not even there more equally, or more firmly, adjuſted. Let us ſee then, if Man hath in his power other more forcible and convincing Reaſons, than thoſe of *Sebonde*; That is to ſay, if it be in him to arrive at any certainty by Arguments and Reaſons. For St. *Auguſtin*, diſputing againſt theſe people, has good Cauſe to reproach them with Injuſtice, in that they maintain the part of our Belief to be falſe, that our Reaſon cannot eſtabliſh. And to ſhew that a great many things may be, and may have been of which our Nature could not ſound the Reaſon & Cauſes, he propoſes to them certain known and undoubted Experiments, wherein Men confeſs they ſee nothing, and this he does, as all other things, with a curious and ingenious Inquiſition. We muſt do more than this, and make them know, that to convince the weakneſs of their Reaſon, there is no neceſſity of culling out rare Examples: And that it is ſo defective, and ſo blind that there is no clear Facility clear enough for it, that to it the eaſie and the hard is all one; that all Subjects equally, and Nature

in

in general diſclaims its Authority, and rejects its Mediation. What does Truth mean when ſhe preaches to us to fly worldly *Philoſophy*, when ſhe ſo often inculcates to us, That our Wiſdom is but Folly in the ſight of God. That the vaineſt of all Vanities is Man: That the Man who preſumes upon his Wiſdom, does not yet know what Wiſdom is; and that man, who is nothing if he think himſelf to be any thing, does ſeduce and deceive himſelf? Theſe Sentences of the *Holy Ghoſt* do ſo clearly and lively expreſs that which I would maintain, that I ſhould need no other Proof againſt Men, who would with all Humility and Obedience ſubmit to his Authority: But theſe will be whipt at their own Expence, and will not ſuffer that a Man oppoſe their Reaſon, but by it ſelf. Let us then for once conſider a Man alone, without foreign Aſſiſtance, arm'd only with his own proper Arms, and unfurniſhed of the Divine Grace and Wiſdom, which is all his Honour, Strength, and the Foundation of his Being. Let us ſee what certainty he has in his fine Equipage. Let him make me underſtand by the force of his reaſon, upon what Foundations he has built thoſe great Advantages, he thinks he has over other Creatures: Who has made him believe, that this admirable Motion of the Celeſtial Arch, the Eternal Light of thoſe Tapers that roll over his Head, the wonderful Motions of that infinite Ocean ſhould be eſtabliſhed, and continue ſo many Ages, for his Service and Convenience? Can any thing be imagined ſo ridiculous, that this miſerable and wretched Creature, who is not

The Wiſdom of the World, folly with God.

not ſo much as Maſter of himſelf, but ſubject to the Injuries of all things, ſhould call himſelf Maſter and Emperor of the World, of which, he has not power to know the leaſt part, much leſs to command the whole. And this Priviledge which he attributes to himſelf, of being the only Creature in this vaſt Fabrick, that has the Underſtanding to diſcover the Beauty, and the Parts of it; the only one who can return thanks to the *Architect*, and keep account of the Revenues and Diſburſments of the World; who I wonder, ſeal'd him this Patent? Let us ſee his *Commiſſion* for this great Employment. Was it granted in favour of the Wiſe only? Few people will be concerned in it. Are Fools and wicked Perſons worthy ſo extraordinary a Favour? And being the worſt part of the World, to be preferred before the reſt? Shall we believe *Cicero! Quorum igitur cauſa quis dixerit effectum eſſe mundum? Eorum ſcilicet animantium, quæ ratione utuntur. Hi ſunt Dii & Homines, quibus profecto nihil eſt melius. For whoſe ſake ſhall we therefore conclude, that the World was made? For theirs who have the uſe of Reaſon: Theſe are Gods and Men, than whom certainly nothing can be better.* We can never ſufficiently decry the Impudence of this Conjunction. But wretched *Creature*, what has he in himſelf worthy of ſuch an Advantage? To conſider the incorruptible Exiſtency of the Celeſtial Bodies, their Beauty, Magnitude and continual Revolution by ſo exact a Rule:

Cicero *de Nat. Deo lib.* 2.

Lucr. *l.* 5. *Cum ſuſpicimus magna Cœleſtia mundi*
Templa ſuper, ſtelliſque micantibus Æthera fixum
Et

Et venit in mentem Lunæ, Soliſque viarum:
When we above the Heavenly Arch behold,
And the vaſt Roof ſtudded with Stars of Gold,
And call to mind the Courſes that the Sun
And Moon in their alternate Office run:

To conſider the Dominion and Influence thoſe Bodies have, not only over our Lives and Fortunes;

Facta etenim, & vitas hominum ſuſpendit ab aſtris. Manil. *l.* 3.
Men's Lives and Actions on the Stars depend.

But even over our Inclinations, our Thoughts and Wills, which they govern, incite, and agitate at the Mercy of their Influences,

——— *Speculataque longe* Id. *lib.* 1.
Deprendit tacitis dominantia legibus aſtra,
Et totum alterna mundum ratione moveri,
Fatorumque vices certis diſcernere ſignis.
Contemplating the Stars, he finds that they
Rule by a ſecret and a ſilent ſway;
And that the ennamel'd Sphears which rule above,
Do ever by alternate Cauſes move.
And ſtudying theſe, he alſo can forſee,
By certain Signs the turns of Deſtiny.

To ſee that there is not ſo much as a Man, no not a King, exempt from this Dominion, but that Monarchies, Empires, and all this lower World, follow the Influence of theſe Celeſtial Motions,

Quantaq; quam parvi faciant diſcrimina motus: Id. *lib.* 1.
Tantum eſt hoc regnum, quod Regibus imperat ipſis.

How

How great a change each little motion brings,
So great the Kingdom is, that governs Kings.

If our Vertue our Vices, our Knowledge, and this very Diſcourſe we are upon, of the power of the Stars, and the Compariſon we are making betwixt them and us, proceed, as our Reaſon ſuppoſes, from their Favour:

Id ibid.

.... Furit alter amore,
Et pontum tranare poteſt & vertere Trojam,
Alterius ſors eſt ſcribendis legibus apta:
Ecce patrem nati perimunt: natoſque parentes,
Mutuaque armati coeunt in vulnera fratres,
Non noſtrum hoc bellum eſt, coguntur tanta movere,
Inque ſuas ferri pœnas, lacerandaque membra.

One mad in Love may croſs the Raging Sea,
T'oreturn proud *Illium*'s lofty Palaces;
Another's Fate inclines him more by far,
To ſpend his time at the litigious Bar.
Sons kill their Fathers, Fathers kill their Sons,
And one arm'd Brother 'gainſt another runs.
This War's not theirs, but *Fates* that ſpurs them on,
To ſhed the Blood, which ſhed, they muſt bemoan.

If we derive this little Portion of *Reaſon* we have from the Bounty of Heaven, how is it poſſible that *Reaſon* ſhould ever make us equal to it? How ſubject its Eſſence and Conditions to our Knowledge? Whatever we ſee in that Body does aſtoniſh us; *quæ molitio, quæ ferramenta, qui vectes, quæ machinæ, qui miniſtri tanti operis fuerunt?*

Cic. de Nat. Deo. l. 1.

erunt? *What Contrivance, what Tools, what Timber, what Engines, were employed about ſo ſtupendious a Work?* Why do we deprive it of Soul, of Life and Diſcourſe? Have we diſcovered in it any immote or inſenſible Stupidity, we who have no Commerce with the Heavens, but by Obedienc? Shall we ſay that we have diſcovered in no other Creature, but Man, the uſe of a reaſonable Soul? What, have we ſeen any thing like the Sun? Does he ceaſe to be, becauſe we have ſeen nothing like him? And do his Motions ceaſe, becauſe there are no other like them? If what we have not ſeen, is not, our Knowledge is wonderfully contracted. *Quæ ſunt tantæ animi anguſtiæ.* *How narrow are our Underſtandings?* Are they not Dreams of Human Vanity, to make the *Moon* a Celeſtial Earth; There to Fancy Mountains and Vales, as *Anaxagoras* did? There to fix Habitations and Human Abodes, and plant Colonies for our convenience, as *Plato* and *Plutarch* have done? Of our Earth to make a beautiful and reſplendent Star? *Inter cætera mortalitatis incommoda, & hoc eſt, caligo mentium: Nec tantum neceſſitas errandi, ſed errorum amor. Corruptibile corpus aggravat animam, & deprimit terrena inhabitatio ſenſum multa cogitantem.* *Amongſt the other inconveniencies of Mortality, this is one, to have the Underſtanding clouded, and not only a Neceſſity of Erring, but a Love of Error. The corruptible Body ſtupifies the Soul, and the Earthly Habition dulls the Faculties of the imagination.* Preſumption is our natural and Original Diſeaſe. The moſt wretched and frail of all Creatures,

Sen. *de ira. lib. 2. cap. 9.*

is

is Man, and withal the Proudeſt. He feels, and ſees himſelf lodged here in the dirt and filth of the World, nayled and riveted to the worſt and deadeſt part of the Univerſe, in the loweſt Story of the Houſe, and moſt remote from the Heavenly Arch, with Animals of the worſt condition of the three; and yet in his Imagination will be placing himſelf above the Circle of the *Moon*, and bringing the Earth under his Feet. 'Tis by the ſame vanity of Imagination, that he equals himſelf to God, attributes to himſelf Divine Qualities, withdraws and ſeparates himſelf from the Crowd of other Creatures, cuts out the ſhares of Animals his Fellows and Companions, and diſtributes to them Portions of Faculties and Force, as himſelf thinks fit. How does he know by the Strength of his Underſtanding, the Secret and internal Motions of Animals? And from what Compariſon betwixt them and us, does he conclude the Stupidity he attributes to them? When I play with my Cat who knows whether I do not make her more ſport, than ſhe makes me? We mutually divert one another with our Play. If I have my hour to begin, or to refuſe, ſhe alſo has hers. *Plato*, in his Picture of the Golden Age under *Saturn*, reckons, amongſt the chief Advantages that a Man then had, his communication with Beaſts, of whom inquiring and informing himſelf, he knew the true Qualities and differences of them all, by which he acquired a very perfect Intelligence and Prudence, and led his Life more happily, than we could do. Need we a better Proof to condemn a Human Imp-

dence

dence in the concern of Beaſts? This great Author was of Opinion, that *Nature*, for the moſt part, in the Corporal Form ſhe gave them, had only regard to the Uſance of Prognoſticks that were in his time thence derived. The defect that hinders Communication betwixt them and us, why may it not be on our part, as well as theirs? 'Tis yet to determine, where the Fault lyes, that we underſtand not one another; for we underſtand them no more, than they do us, and by the ſame reaſon, may think us to be Beaſts, as we think them. 'Tis no great wonder if we underſtand not them, when we do not underſtand a *Baſque*. And yet ſome have boaſted, that they underſtood them, as *Apollonius Tyaneus*, *Melampus*, *Tireſias*, *Thales* and others. And ſeing it is ſo, as *Coſmographers* report, that there are Nations that receive a Dog for their King, they muſt of neceſſity be able to interpret his Voice and Motions. We muſt obſerve the Parity betwixt us: We have ſome competent Apprehenſions of their Senſe, and ſo have Beaſts of ours, and much by the ſame reaſon: They careſs us, threaten us, and beg of us, and we do the ſame to them. As to the reſt, we manifeſtly diſcover, that they have a full and abſolute Communication amongſt themſelves, and that they perfectly underſtand one another, not only thoſe of the ſame but of divers kinds.

Communication of Beaſts amongſt themſelves.

Et mutæ pecudes, & denique ſepta ferarum
Diſſimiles fuerant voces, variaſque cluere
Cum metus, aut dolor eſt, aut cum jam gaudia gliſcunt. Lucret. l. 5.

The

The tamer Heards, and wilder ſorts of Brutes,
Though we, and rightly too, conclude them Mutes,
Yet utter diſſonant and various Notes,
From gentler Lungs, or more diſtended Throats,
As Fear, or Grief, or Anger do them move
Or as they more approach the Joys of Love.

In one kind of barking of a Dog, I the Horſe knows he is angry; of another ſort of Bark, he is not afraid. Even in the very Beaſts, that have no Voice at all, we eaſily conclude from the Society of Offices, we obſerve amongſt them ſome other ſort of Communication; their very motions diſcover it,

Non alia longe ratione, atque ipſa videtur
Pootrahere ad geſtum pueros infantia lingue.

As we may ſee in Tongue-ty'd Infancy,
Children by Signs, their want of ſpeech ſupply.

And why not as well, as our *Mutes* diſpute, conteſt, and tell Stories by Signs? Of which I have ſeen ſome by practice, ſo ſubtile and active that way, that in earneſt, they wanted nothing of the perfection of making themſelves underſtood. Lovers are angry, reconcil'd, intreat, thank, appoint, and finally ſpeak all things, by their Eyes.

Aminto del Taſſo

El ſilentio ancor ſuole
Haver prieghi, & parole.

Even ſilence in a Lover,
Love and Courtſhip can diſcover.

What

What, with the Hands? We require, promiſe, call, diſmiſs, threaten, pray, ſupplicate, deny, refuſe, interrogate, admire, number, confeſs, repent, fear, confound, doubt, inſtruct, command, incite, incourage, ſwear, teſtifie, accuſe, condemn, abſolve, injure, deſpiſe, defy, deſpite, flatter, applaud, bleſs, ſubmit, mock, reconcile, recommend, exalt, entertain, congratulate, complain, grieve, deſpair, wonder, exclaim, and what not? And all this with a Variation and Multiplication, even to the Emulation of Speech. With the Head we invite, remand, confeſs, deny, give the lye, welcome, honor, reverence, diſdain, demand, rejoice, lament, reject, careſs, rebuke, ſubmit, huff, incourage, threaten, aſſure and inquire. What, with the Eye-brows? What, with the Shoulders? There is not a motion that does not ſpeak, and in an intelligible Language without diſcipline, and a publick Language that every one underſtands: From whence it ſhould follow, the Variety and Uſage diſtinguiſhed from others, conſidered; that theſe ſhould rather be judged the Propriety of Human Nature. I omit what neceſſity particularly does ſuddenly ſuggeſt to thoſe who are in need; the Alphabets upon the Fingers, Grammars in geſture, and the Sciences which are only by them exerciſed and expreſſed with the Nations that *Pliny* reports, have no other Language. An Embaſſadour of the City of *Abdera*, after a long Conference with *Agis*, King of *Sparta*, demanded of him, Well, Sir, *What Anſwer muſt I return to my Fellow-Citizens? That I have given thee leave*, (ſaid he) *to ſay what*

The tamer Heards, and wilder ſorts of Brutes,
Though we, and rightly too, conclude them
Mutes,
Yet utter diſſonant and various Notes,
From gentler Lungs, or more diſtended
Throats,
As Fear, or Grief, or Anger do them move,
Or as they more approach the Joys of Love.

In one kind of barking of a Dog, I the Hunt knows he is angry; of another ſort of Bark, he is not afraid. Even in the very Beaſts, that have no Voice at all, we eaſily conclude from the Society of Offices, we obſerve amongſt them ſome other ſort of Communication; their very motions diſcover it,

Non alia longe ratione, atque ipſa videtur
Pootrahere ad geſtum pueros infantia lingua.

As we may ſee in Tongue-ty'd Infancy,
Children by Signs, their want of ſpeech ſupply.

And why not as well, as our *Mutes* diſpute, conteſt, and tell Stories by Signs? Of which I have ſeen ſome by practice, ſo ſubtile and active that way, that in earneſt, they wanted nothing of the perfection of making themſelves underſtood. Lovers are angry, reconcil'd, intreat, thank, appoint, and finally ſpeak all things by their Eyes.

Aminto del Taſſo

El ſilentio ancor ſuole
Haver prieghi, & parole.

Even ſilence in a Lover,
Love and Courtſhip can diſcover.

What

What, with the Hands? We require, promiſe, call, diſmiſs, threaten, pray, ſupplicate, deny, refuſe, interrogate, admire, number, confeſs, repent, fear, confound, doubt, inſtruct, command, incite, incourage, ſwear, teſtifie, accuſe, condemn, abſolve, injure, deſpiſe, defy, deſpite, flatter, applaud, bleſs, ſubmit, mock, reconcile, recommend, exalt, entertain, congratulate, complain, grieve, deſpair, wonder, exclaim, and what not? And all this with a Variation and Multiplication, even to the Emulation of Speech. With the Head we invite, remand, confeſs, deny, give the lye, welcome, honor, reverence, diſdain, demand, rejoice, lament, reject, careſs, rebuke, ſubmit, huff, incourage, threaten, aſſure and inquire. What, with the Eye-brows? What, with the Shoulders? There is not a motion that does not ſpeak, and in an intelligible Language without diſcipline, and a publick Language that every one underſtands: From whence it ſhould follow, the Variety and Uſage diſtinguiſhed from others, conſidered; that theſe ſhould rather be judged the Propriety of Human Nature. I omit what neceſſity particularly does ſuddenly ſuggeſt to thoſe who are in need; the Alphabets upon the Fingers, Grammars in geſture, and the Sciences which are only by them exerciſed and expreſſed with the Nations that *Pliny* reports, have no other Language. An Embaſſadour of the City of *Abdera*, after a long Conference with *Agis*, King of *Sparta*, demanded of him, Well, Sir, *What Anſwer muſt I return to my Fellow-Citizens? That I have given thee leave,* (ſaid he) *to ſay what*

thou wouldest, and as much as thou wouldest, without ever speaking a word. Is not this a silent speaking, and very easie to be understood? As to the rest, what is there in us, that we do not see in the Operations of Animals? Is there a Polity better ordered, the Offices better distributed, and more inviolably observed and maintained, than that of Bees? Can we imagine that such, and so regular a distribution of Employments, can be carried on without consideration and prudence?

His quidam signis, atque hæc exemplа sequ
Esse apibus partem divinæ mentis, & hausu
Æthereos dixere.

Having contemplated the Working Bees,
Their Civil Regiment, and Policies,
Some have not stuck presently to conclud
That they in part with reason are endu'd.

The Swallows that we see at the return of t Spring; searching all the corners of our Ho for the most commodious places wherein build their Nest, do they seek without ju ment, and amongst a thousand, choose out most proper for their purpose, without dis tion? In that elegant and admirable contex of their Building, can Birds rather make ch of a square Figure than a round, of an obt than of a right Angle without knowing th Properties and Effects? Do they bring Wa and than Clay, without knowing that the ha ness of the latter grows softer by being Do they matt their Palace with Moss or D without foreseeing, that their tender Young

lye more ſafe and eaſie? Do they ſecure themſelves from the Wet and rainy Winds, and place their Lodgings towards the Eaſt, without knowing the different Qualities of thoſe Winds, and conſidering, that one is more comfortable than the other? Why does the Spider make her Web ſtreighter in one place, and ſlacker in another? Why now make one ſort of Knot, and then another, if ſhe has not deliberation, thought and concluſion? We ſufficiently diſcover in moſt of their Works, how much Animals excel us, and how unable our Art is to imitate them. We ſee nevertheleſs in our more groſs performances, that we employ all our Faculties, and apply the utmoſt power of our Souls; why do we not conclude the ſame of them? Why ſhould we attribute to I know not what Natural and Servile Inclination, the Works that excel all we can do by Nature and Art? Wherein, before we are aware, we give them a mighty advantage over us, in making Nature, with a maternal Sweetneſs, to accompany and lead them, as it were, by the hand, to all the actions and commodities of their Life, whilſt ſhe leaves us to Chance and Fortune, and to ſeek out, by Art, the things that are neceſſary to our conſervation, at the ſame time denying us the means of being able, by any Inſtruction or Contention of Underſtanding, to arrive at the Natural Sufficiency of Beaſts: ſo that their brutiſh Stupidity ſurpaſſes, in all conveniences, all that our Divine Intelligence can do. Really, at this rate, we might with great reaſon call her an unjuſt Step-mother: But it is

Nature above Art.

nothing ſo, our Polity is not ſo irregular and deform'd. Nature has been generally kind to all her Creatures, and there is not one, ſhe has not amply furniſhed with all means neceſſary for the conſervation of his Being. For the common complaints that I hear Men make (as the Liberty of their Opinions do one while lift them up to the Clouds, and then again depreſs them to the Antipodes) that we are the only Animal abandon'd, naked upon the bare Earth, tyed and bound, not having wherewithal to arm and cloath us, but by the ſpoil of others; whereas Nature has cover'd all other creatures, either with Shells, Husks, Bark, Hair, Wool, Prickles, Leather, Down, Feathers, Scales and Silk, according to the Neceſſities of their Being; has arm'd them with Talons, Teeth and Horns, wherewith to aſſault and defend, and has herſelf taught them, that which is moſt proper for them, to ſwim, to run, to fly and to ſing; whereas Man neither knows how to walk, ſpeak, eat, or do any thing but weep, without teaching.

Lucret. *l.* 5.

Tum porrò puer ut ſævis projectus ab undis,
Navita, nudus humi jacet infans, indigus omni
Vitali auxilio, cum primum in luminis oras
Nexibus ex alvo matris natura profudit,
Vagituque locum lugubri compleat, æquum eſt
Cui tantum in vita reſtet tranſire malorum:
At variæ creſcunt pecudes, armenta, feræque,
Nec crepitacula eis opus eſt, nec cuiquam adhi-
benda eſt.
Almæ nutricis blanda atque infracta loquela:
Nec varias quærunt veſtes pro tempore cœli:
Denique non armis opus eſt, non mœnibus altis

Q

Quæis sua tutentur, quando omnibus omnia large
Tellus ipsa parit, naturaque dædala rerum.

Like to the wretched Mariner, when tost
By Raging Seas, upon the desart Coast,
The tender Babe lies naked on the Earth,
Of all supports of Life, stript by his Birth.
When Nature first presents him to the day,
Fre'd from the womb where he imprison'd lay
He fills the ambient Air with doleful Crys,
Foretelling thus Lifes future Miseries;
But Beasts, both mild and tame, greater and less.
Do of themselves in height and bulk encrease;
They need no Rattle, nor the broken Chat,
By which the Nurse first Teaches Boys to prate,
They look not out for diffrent Robes to wear,
According to the Seasons of the Year;
And need no arms nor Walls their Goods to save,
Since Earth and Liberal Nature ever have,
And will, in all abundance still produce,
All things whereof they can have need or use.

The Skin of a Man sufficient proof against Weather.

Those complaints are false; there is in the Polity of the World a greater Equity, and more uniform Relation. Our Skins are as sufficient to defend us from the Injuries of the Weather, as theirs are them; Witness several Nations, that yet know not the use of cloaths. Our Ancient *Gauls* were but slenderly clad, no more than the *Irish*, our Neighbours, in so cold a Climate:

But we may better judge of this by our ſelves: For all thoſe parts, that we are pleas'd to expoſe to the Air, are found very able to endure it: If there be a tender part about us, and that ſeems to be in danger of cold, it ſhould be the Stomach where the digeſtion is, and yet our Fore-fathers wore them always open, and our Ladies as tender and delicate as they are, go ſometimes bare as low as the Navel. Neither is the binding and ſwathing of Infants more neceſſary; and the *Lacedemonian* Mothers brought up their's in all Liberty of Motion of Members, without any Ligature at all. Our crying is common with the greateſt part of other Animals, and there are but few Creatures, that are not obſerv'd to groan, and bemoan themſelves a long time after they come into the World; foraſmuch as it is a Behaviour ſuitable to the weakneſs wherein they find themſelves. As to the uſage of Eating, it is in us, as in them, Natural, and without Inſtruction.

The Ancients us'd to wear their Boſoms open.

The ſwathing of Infants not neceſſary.

Ibid.

Sentit enim vim quiſque ſuam quam poſſit adhi

For every one ſoon finds his Natural Force,
Which he, or better may employ; or wor

Who doubts but an Infant, arriv'd to the ſtrength of feeding himſelf, may make ſhift to get his Living? And the Earth produces and offers him wherewithal to ſupply his Neceſſity without other culture and artifice, and if not at all times, no more does ſhe do it to Beaſts, witneſs the Proviſion, we ſee Ants and other Creatures hoard up againſt the dead ſeaſons of the Year. The late diſcover'd Nations, ſo abundantly ſtor

nish

niſhed with Meat, and Natural Drink without Care, or without Cookery, may give us to underſtand, that Bread is not our only Food, and that without Tillage, our Mother Nature has provided us ſufficiently of all we ſtand in need of; nay, it appears more fully and plentifully, than ſhe does at preſent, now that we have added our own Induſtry:

Et tellus nitidas fruges, vinetaque læta Lucret. *l.* 2.
Sponte ſua primum mortalibus ipſa creavit,
Ipſa dedit dulces fœtus, & pabula læta,
Quæ nunc vix noſtro grandeſcunt aucta labore,
Conterimuſque boves, & vires agricolarum.

The Earth ſpontaneouſly did firſt afford
Choice Fruits and Wines to furniſh out the Board:
She pretty Off-ſprings gave, and verdant fields,
Which ſcarce, by Art, a better Harveſt yields;
Tho Men and Oxen mutually have ſtrove,
With all their utmoſt Force, the Soil t'improve.

The Debauchery and Irregularity of our appetites, outſtrip all the Inventions we can contrive to ſatisfie it. As to arms, we have more that are natural, than the moſt part of other animals, more various motions of Members, and naturally, and without Leſſon; and extract more Service from them: Thoſe that are trained up to fight naked, are ſeen to throw themſelves into the like hazards, that we do. If ſome Beaſts ſurpaſs us in this advantage, we ſurpaſs ſeveral others; and the induſtry of fortifying the Body, and covering it by acquir'd means, we have by *The Natural Arms of Men.*

The Elephant's Teeth.

Inſtinct and natural Precept. That it is ſo, the *Elephant* ſharpens and whets the Teeth he makes uſe of in War (for he has particular ones for that Service, which he ſpares, and never employs them at all to any other uſe) when Bulls go to fight, they toſs and throw the Duſt about them: *Boars* whet their Tuskes, and the *Ichneumon*, when he is to engage with the Crocodile, fortifies his Body, covers and cruſts it all over with a certain cloſe wrought and well-temper'd Slime, as with a Cuiraſs; Why ſhall we not ſay, That it is alſo Natural for us to arm our ſelves with Wood and Iron? As to Speech it is certain, that if it be not natural it is not neceſſary. Nevertheleſs I believe, that a Child which had been brought up in an abſolute Solitude, remote from all Society of Men (which would be a tryal very hard to make) would have ſome kind of Speech to expreſs his Meaning: And 'tis not to be ſuppoſed, that Nature ſhould have denyed that to us, which ſhe has given to ſeveral other Animals: For, what is this Faculty, we obſerve in them of complaining, rejoycing, calling to one another for Succor and the ſofter murmurings of Love, which they perform with the Voice, other, than Speech? And why ſhould they not ſpeak to one another? They ſpeak to us, and we to them. In how many ſeveral *Tones* do we ſpeak to our Dogs, and they anſwer us? We converſe with them, in another ſort of Language, and other Appellations, than we do with Birds, Hogs, Oxen and Horſes; and alter the *Idiom* according to the kind.

Co

Coſi per entro loro ſchiera bruna
S'ammuſa l'una con l'altra formica,
Forſe à piar lor via, & lor fortuna.

Of provident Ants thus do the ſable Bands
'Gainſt one another head, to head make ſtands,
T' obſerve each others ways perhaps, and ſome
Perhaps do ſpy what Prizes are brought home.

Lactantius ſeems to attribute to Beaſts, not only Speech but Riſibility alſo. And the difference of Language, which is manifeſt amongſt us, according to the variety of Countries, is alſo obſerved in Animals of the ſame kind. *Ariſtotle*, in proof of this, inſtances the various Calls of *Partridges*, according to the Scituations of Places: *Riſibility attributed to Beaſts.*

---Variaque Volucres
Longe alias alio jaciunt in tempore voces,
Et partim mutant cum tempeſtatibus una
Rauciſonos cantus. Lucr. l. 5.

And ſeveral Birds do from their warbling Throats,
At ſeveral times utter quite different Notes,
And ſome their hoarſe Songs with the Seaſons Change.

But it is yet to be known what Language this Child would ſpeak; and of that what is ſaid by gueſs, has no great appearance. If a Man will alledge to me in Oppoſition to this Opinion, that thoſe who are naturally deaf, ſpeak not: I anſwer that that follows not only becauſe they could not receive the Inſtruction of ſpeaking by Ear; but rather becauſe the Senſe of *Why Men naturally deaf, ſpeak not.*

Hearing, of which, they are deprived, relates to that of Speaking, and hold together by a natural and inſeparable Tye; in ſuch manner, that what we ſpeak, we muſt firſt ſpeak to our ſelves within, and make it firſt ſound in our own Ears, before we can utter it to others. All this I have ſaid to prove the reſemblance there is in Human things; and to bring us back, and join us to the Crowd. We are neither above, nor below the reſt. All that is under Heaven (ſays the Wiſe Man) runs one Law, and one Fortune.

Ibid. *Indupedita ſuis fatalibus omnia vinclis.*

---All things remain,
Kept ſhort and bound in the ſame fatal Chain.

There, is indeed, ſome difference, there are ſeveral Orders and Degrees; but it is under the Aſpect of one and the ſame Nature:

Ibid. *---res quæque ſuo ritu procedit, & omnes*
Fœdere Naturæ certo diſcrimina ſervant.

All things by their own rites proceed and draw
Towards their ends by Natures certain Law.

Man muſt be compell'd, and reſtrain'd within the Bounds of this Polity. Miſerable Creature, he is not in a condition really to ſtep over the Rayle: he is fettered, and circumſcribed, he is ſubjected to the ſame neceſſity, the other Creatures of his Rank and Order are; and of a very mean Condition, without any Prerogative or true and real Preheminence. That which he attributes to himſelf by vain Fancy and Opinion, has neither Body, nor Taſt: And if it be ſo, that he only of all the Animals, has this Priviledge of Imagination, and Irregular

of Thoughts repreſenting to him that which is, that which is not; and that he would have the Falſe, and the True; 'tis an Advantage dearly bought, and of which he has very little reaſon to be Proud: Seeing that from thence ſprings the principal and original Fountain of all the Evils that befal him, Sin, Sickneſs, Irreſolution, Affliction and Deſpair. I ſay then (to return to my Subject) that there is no appearance to induce a Man to believe, that beaſts ſhould by a natural, and forc'd Inclination, do the ſame things that we by our Choice, and Induſtry do. We ought from like Effects to conclude like Faculties, and from greater Effects greater Faculties: and conſequently confeſs, that the ſame Meditation, and the very ſame Ways by which we operate, are common with them, or that they have others that are better. Why ſhould we imagin this natural Conſtraint in them, who experiment no ſuch effect in our ſelves? Conſidering that it is more honorable to be guided, and obliged to act regularly by a naturally, and irreſiſtible Diſpoſition, and nearer ally'd to the Divinity, than to act regularly by a temerarious and fortuitous Liberty; and more ſafe to entruſt the Reins of our Conduct in the Hands of Nature, than our own. The vanity of our Preſumption is the Cauſe, that we had rather own our Sufficiency to our own Induſtry, than to her Bounty, and that we enrich the other Animals with natural Goods, and abjure them in their Favour, to honor, and enoble our ſelves with Goods acquired, very fooliſhly in my Opinion; for I ſhould as much value Parts

and

and Vertues naturally, and purely my own, t
those I had begg'd, and obtained from Educa
tion. It is not in our Power to obtain a noble
Reputation, than to be favoured of God, and
Nature. For this Reason, should we see the
Fox, the People of *Thrace* make use of, when
they will attempt to pass over the Ice of some
frozen River, and turn him out before them to
that purpose, lay his Ear upon the Banks of
the River, down to the Ice, to listen it from a
more remote or nearer distance, he can hear the
noise of the Waters Current, and, according a
he finds by that, the Ice to be of a less or
greater thickness to retire, or advance; have we
not reason to believe from thence, that the
had some thoughts, that we should have upon
the like Occasion, and that it is a Ratiocina-
on and Consequence drawn from natural Sense
that, that which makes a noise, runs, that which
runs, is not frozen, what is not frozen, is liquid,
and that which is liquid, yields to impression?
For to attribute this to a vivacity of the Sense
of Hearing without Meditation and Conse-
quence is a *Chimera*, that cannot enter into the
Imagination. We are to suppose the same of
so many sorts of Subtilties and Inventions, with
which Beasts secure themselves from, and frus-
strate the Enterprizes we complot against them.
And if we will make an Advantage even of this,
that it is in our power to seize them, to employ
them in our Service, and to use them at our
Pleasure, 'tis but still the same Advantage we
have over one another. We have our Slaves
upon these terms, and the *Climacida*, were
they

they not Women in *Syria*, which being on all four, ſerved for a Ladder, and half Pace, by which the Ladies mounted the Coach? And the greateſt part of free Perſons, ſurrender for very trivial Conveniences their Life, and Being, into the Power of another. The Wives, and Concubines of the *Thracians* contend who ſhall be choſen to be ſlain upon their Husbands Tomb. Have Tyrants ever fail'd of finding men enough vow'd to their Devotion: Some of them moreover adding this neceſſity of accompanying them in Death, as well as Life? Whole Armies have obliged themſelves after this manner to their Captains. The form of the Oath in the rude School of *Fencers* who were to fight it out to the laſt, was in theſe Words: *We ſwear to ſuffer our ſelves to be chain'd, burnt, hurt and kill'd with the Sword, and to endure all that true Gladiators ſuffer from their Maſter*; religiouſly engaging both Bodies, and Souls in his Service:

Ure meum ſi vis flamma caput, & pete ferro
Corpus, & intorto verbere terga ſeca.

Tib. l. 1. Eleg. 10.

Wound me with Steel, burn off my Head with Fire,
Or Scourge my Shoulders with well-twiſted Wire.

This was an Obligation indeed, and yet there were ſome Years, Ten Thouſand who entred in to it, and loſt themſelves in it. When the *Scythians* interr'd their King, the ſtrangled upon his Body the moſt beloved of his Concubines, his Cup-bearer, the Maſter of his Horſe, his Chamberlain, the Uſher of his Chamber and his

Obſequies of the Scythian Kings

his Cook. And upon his Anniversary they kill'd fifty Horses mounted by fifty Pages, that they had empall'd all up the spine of the Back to the Throat, and there left them fixt in Triumph about his Tomb. The men that serve us, do it better cheap, and for a less curious and favourable Usage than that we entertain our Hawkes, Horses, and Dogs withal. To what Solicitude do we not submit for their Convenience, I do not think, that Servant of the most abject Condition would willingly do that for their Masters, that Princes think it an Honour to do for their Beasts. *Diogenes* seeing his Relations solicitous to redeem him from Servitude: *They are Fools*, said he, *'tis that which treats and nourishes, and that serves me*; and they who make so much of Beasts, ought rather to be said to serve them, than to be served by them. And withal, they have something more generous, that one Lyon never submitted to another Lyon; nor one Horse to another, for want of Courage. As we go to the Chace of Beasts, so do *Tigres* and *Lyons* to the Chace of Men; and do the same Execution upon one another, Dogs upon Hares, Pikes upon Tenches, Swallows upon Flies, and Spar-hawks upon Blackbirds and Larks:

Juvenal. Sat. 14.

—— Serpente ciconia pullos
Nutrit, & inventa per devia rura lacerta;
Et Leporem, aut Capream famulæ Jovis & generosæ
In saltu venantur aves.

The Stork her young ones nourishes with Snakes And Lizards found in Meadows, and in Lakes

Jove's

Jove's Eagle truſſes Hares, and Birds of Prey, Hawke in the Woods.

We divide the Quarry, as well as the Pains and Labor of the Chace with our Hawkes and Hounds. And above *Amphipolis* in Thrace, the Hawkers, and wild Faulcons equally divide the Prey in the middle; As alſo along the Lake *Meotis*, if the Fiſhermen do not honeſtly leave the Wolves an equal Share of what he has caught, they preſently go, and tear his Nets in pieces. And as we have a way of fiſhing that is carried on more by Subtilty, than Force, namely Angling with Lines, and Hooks, there is alſo the like amongſt other Animals. *Ariſtotle* ſays, that the *Cuttle-fiſh* caſts a Gut out of his Throat as long, as a Line, which he extends and draws back at pleaſure; and as ſhe perceives ſome little Fiſh approach her, ſhe lets it nibble upon the end of this Gut, lying herſelf conceal'd in the ſand, or mud, and by little and little draws it in, till the little Fiſh is ſo neat her, that at one ſpring ſhe may ſurprize it. As to what concerns ſtrength, there is no Creature in the World expoſed to ſo many Injuries, as Man: We need not a *Whale*, an *Elephant*, or a *Crocodile*, nor any ſuch like Animals (of which one alone is ſufficient to defeat a great number of men) to do our buſineſs: Lice are ſufficient to vacate *Sylla's* Dictatorſhip; and the heart, and life of a great and triumphant Emperor, is the breakfaſt of a little contemptible Worm. Why ſhould we ſay, that it is only for

for man by knowledge, improv'd by Art and Meditation, to distinguish the things commodious for his being, and proper for the cure of his Diseases, to know the virtues of *Rhubarb*, and *Polypody*: And when we see the Goats of *Candie*, when wounded with an Arrow, amongst a million of Plants, choose out *Dictamnie* for their cure; and the *Tortoise*, when she has eaten of a Viper, immediately go to look out for *Origanum* to purge her, the Dragon to rub, and clear his Eyes with *Fennel*, the Storkes to give themselves Clysters of Sea-Water, the *Elephants* to draw not only out of their own Bodies, and those of their Companions, but out of the Bodies of their Master too (witness the Elephant of King *Porus*, whom *Alexander* defeated) the Dart, and Javelins thrown at them in Battle, and that so dexterously, that we our selves could not do it with so little pain to the patient; why do not we say the same, that this is knowledg and prudence? For to alledg to their disparagement, that 'tis by the sole Instruction and Dictate of *Nature*, that they know all this, is not to take from them the dignity of Knowledg and Prudence: But with greater Argument to attribute it to them, than to us; for the honour of so infallible a Mistress. *Chrysippus*, tho in all other things as scornful a Judg of the condition of Animals, as any other *Philosopher* whatever, considering the motions of a Dog, who coming to a place where three ways met, either to hunt after his Master he has lost, or in pursuit of some Game that flies before him, goes snuffing first in one of the Ways, and then in another

another, and after having made himſelf ſure of two, without finding the Trace of what he ſeeks, throws himſelf into the third without examination; he is forc'd to confeſs, that this conſideration is in the Dog, I have followed my Maſter by the Foot to this place, he muſt of neceſſity be gone one of theſe three ways, he is not gone this way, nor that, he muſt then infallibly be gone this other: And that aſſuring himſelf by this concluſion, he makes no uſe of his Noſe, in the third way, nor ever lays it to the ground, but ſuffers himſelf to be carried on by the force of Reaſon. This Sally, which is purely Logical, and this manner of ſtating Propoſitions divided, and conjoin'd, and the right Enumeration of Parts, is it not every whit as good, that the dog know all this of himſelf, as to have learnt it by Rules of Art? And Animals are not incapable however, of being inſtructed after our method. We teach *Blackbirds*, *Ravens*, *Pies* and *Parrats* to ſpeak; and the Facility and Complacency wherewith we ſee they lend us their Voices, and render both them, and their Breath ſo ſupple and pliant, to be form'd, and confin'd within a certain number of Letters and Syllables, does evince, that they have an Examination of things within, which renders them ſo docile and willing to learn. Every Body, I believe, is glutted with the ſeveral ſorts of Tricks, that *Tumblers* teach the Dogs, the Dances where they do not miſs any one cadence of the Sound they hear, the ſeveral various motions and leaps, they make them perform by the command of a Word: But

I obſerve this Effect with the greateſt admiration, which nevertheleſs is very common, of the Dogs, that lead the Blind, both in the Country, and in Cities: I have taken notice how they ſtopt at certain doors, where they were wont to receive Alms, how they avoided the encounter of coaches and carts, even there where they have had ſufficient room to paſs; and have ſeen them by the Trench of a Town, forſake a plain and even Path, and take a worſe, only to keep their Maſters further from the ditch. How could a Man have made this Dog underſtand, that it was his Office to look to his Maſters Safety only, and to deſpiſe his own conveniency to ſerve him? And how had he the Knowledge, that a way was large enough for him, that was not ſo for a blind Man? Can all this be apprehended without Ratiocination? I muſt not omit what *Plutarch* ſays he ſaw of a dog at *Rome*, with the Emperor *Veſpaſian* the Father, at the Theatre of *Marcellus*. This dog ſerv'd a Player, that play'd a *Farce* of ſeveral Geſtures, and ſeveral Perſons, and had therein his part. He was amongſt other things to counterfit himſelf for ſome time dead, by reaſon of a certain Drug he muſt be ſuppos'd to have eaten: After he had ſwallowed a piece of Bread, which muſt paſs for the Drug, he began after a while to tremble and ſtagger, as if he were aſtoniſh'd: At laſt ſtretching himſelf out ſtiff as if he had been dead, he ſuffered himſelf to be drawn, and drag'd from place to place, as it was his part to do; and afterward, when he knew it to be time, he began firſt gently to ſtir

as if newly awak'd out of ſome profound Sleep, and lifting up his Head, look'd about him after ſuch a manner, as aſtoniſh'd all the Spectators. The Oxen that ſerv'd in the Royal Gardens of *Suſa*, to water them, and turn certain great Wheels to draw water for that purpoſe, to which Buckets were faſtned (ſuch as there are many in *Languedoc*) being ordered every one to draw a hundred turns a day: They were ſo accuſtomed to this number, that it was impoſſible by any Force, to make them draw one turn more, but, their Task being perform'd, they would ſuddainly ſtop, and ſtand ſtill. We are almoſt Men before we can count a hundred, and have lately diſcovered Nations that have no knowledge of Numbers at all. There is more Underſtanding required in the teaching of others, than in being taught. But ſetting aſide what *Democritus* held, and prov'd, that moſt of the Arts we have, were taught us by other Animals: As the Spider, to weave and ſew, the Swallow to build, the Swan and Nightingale Muſick, and ſeveral Animals by their imitation to make Medicines. *Ariſtotle* is of Opinion, that the Nightingales teach their young ones to ſing and ſpend a great deal of time, and care in it, from whence it happens, that thoſe we bring up in Cages, and have not had time to learn of their Dams, want much of the grace of their ſinging. We may judg by that, that they improve by Diſcipline and Study: And even amongſt the wild, it is not all one, and every one alike, every one has learnt to do better, or worſe, according to their Capacity. And ſo

jealous are they of one another, whilſt learning, that they contend with Emulation, and ſo vigorous a Contention, that ſometimes the vanquiſhed fall dead upon the place, the Breath rather failing than the Voice. The younger ruminate, penſive, and begin to mutter ſome broken Notes; the Diſciple liſtens to the Maſters Leſſon, and gives the beſt account he is able; they are ſilent by turns, one may hear Faults corrected, and obſerve ſome Reprehenſions of the Teacher. I have formerly ſeen (ſays *Arius*) an *Elephant* having a Cymbal hung at each Leg, and another faſtned to his Trunk, at the ſound of which all the others danced round about him, riſing and falling at certain Cadences, as they were guided by the Inſtrument, and took a delight in Harmony. In the Spectacles of *Rome*, there were ordinarily ſeen Elephants taught to move and dance, to the ſound of the Voice, Dances wherein were ſeveral Changes, and Steps, and cadences very hard to learn. And ſome have been ſeen in private, ſo intent upon their Leſſon, as to practiſe it by themſelves, that they might not be chidden, nor beaten by their Maſters. But this other Story of the *Pie*, of which we have *Plutarch* himſelf for warrant, is very ſtrange: She was in a Barbers Shop at *Rome*, and did wonders in imitating with her Voice, whatever ſhe heard. It hapned one day, that certain Trumpeters ſtood a good while ſounding before the Shop: after that, and all the next day, the *Pie* was penſive, dumb, and melancholick; which every body wondred at, and thought that the noiſe of the Trumpets had

Elephants wearing Cymbals.

Elephants taught to Dance.

A Story of a Magpye at Rome.

had ſo ſtupified and aſtoniſhed her, that her Voice was gone with her Hearing: But they found at laſt, that it was a profound Meditation, and a retiring into her ſelf, her Thoughts exerciſing and preparing her Voice to imitate the Sound of thoſe Trumpets, ſo that the firſt Voice ſhe uttered was perfectly to imitate their Strains, Stops and Changes; having by this new Leſſon quitted and diſdained all ſhe had learned before. I will not omit this other Example of a *Dog* alſo, which the ſame *Plutarch* ſays he ſaw, being on ſhip-board. This Dog being puzzled how to get the Oyl that was in the bottom of a Cruce, which he could not reach with his Tougue, by reaſon of the narrow Mouth of the Veſſel, went and fetched Stones, and let them fall into the Jar, till he made the Oyl riſe ſo high, that he could reach it. What is this but an Effect of a very ſubtil Capacity? 'Tis ſaid that the *Ravens* of Barbarie do the ſame, when the Water they would drink is too low. This Action is ſomething a-kin to what *Juba*, a King of their Nation relates of the *Elephants*; then, when by the Craft of the Hunter, one of them is trapt in certain deep Pits prepared for them, and cover'd over with Bruſh, to deceive them, all the reſt, in great diligence, bring a great many Stones, and Logs of Wood to raiſe the Bottom ſo, that he may get out. But this Animal in ſeveral other Effects comes ſo near to human Capacity, that ſhould I particularly relate all that Experience hath delivered to us, I ſhould eaſily have, what I uſually maintain, granted, namely that

The Cunning of a Dog, to get the Oyl out of a Jar.

The Subtlety of Elephants to diſengage one another.

there is no more difference betwixt ſuch and ſuch a Man, [than] betwixt ſuch a Man and ſuch a Beaſt. The Keeper of an *Elephant* in a private Houſe of *Syria*, rob'd him every Meal, of the half of his Allowance: One day his Maſter would himſelf feed him, and poured the full meaſure of Barly he had ordered for his allowance, into his Manger; at which, the Elephant caſting an angry Look at his Keeper, with his Trunk ſeparated the one half from the other, and thruſt it aſide, by that declaring the Wrong was done him. And another, having a Keeper that mixt Stones with his Corn, to make up the Meaſure, came to the Pot where he was boyling Fleſh for his own Dinner, and fill'd it with aſhes. Theſe are particular Effects: But that which all the World has ſeen, and all the World knows, that in all the Armies of the Levant, one of their greateſt Forces conſiſted in Elephants, with whom they did, without compariſon, much greater Execution, than we now do with our Artillery; which is, as it were, in their ſtead in a day of Battle (as may eaſily be ſuppos'd by ſuch, as are well read in antient Hiſtory.)

An Elephant diſcovers the Cheat of his Keeper.

——*Siquidem Tyrio ſervire ſolebant*
Annibali, & noſtris ducibus, Regique Moloſſo
Horum Majores, & dorſo ferre Cohortes,
Partem aliquam Belli, & euntem in prelia turrim.

Juvenal. Sat. 12.

Of theſe, thoſe of the largeſt ſize were wont The Carthaginian *Hannibal* to mount:

Our

Our *Leaders* too theſe mighty Beaſts beſtrid;
An Elephant, great King *Moloſſus* rid;
Nay more, upon their Backs they us'd to bear
Whole Bands and Cohorts when they went to VVar.

They muſt neceſſarily very confidently rely upon the Fidelity and Underſtanding of theſe Beaſts, when they enturuſted them with the Vanguard of a Battle, where the leaſt ſtop they ſhould have made by reaſon of the bulk, and heavineſs of their Bodies, and the leaſt Fright that ſhould have made them face about upon their own People, had been enough to ſpoil all. And there are but few Examples where it has hapned, that they have fallen foul upon their own Troops, whereas we our ſelves, break into our own Battalions, and rout one another. They had the Commiſſion, not of one ſimple motion only, but of many ſeveral things they were to perform in the Battail: As the *Spaniards* did to their Dogs in their new Conqueſt of the *Indies*, to whom they gave Pay, and allowed them a ſhare in the Spoil; and thoſe Animals ſhew'd as much Dexterity and Judgment in purſuing the Victory, and ſtopping the Purſuit; in charging and retiring as Occaſion requir'd, and in diſtinguiſhing their Friends from their Enemies, as they did Ardour and Fierceneſs. VVe more admire, and value things that are unuſual and ſtrange than thoſe of ordinary Obſervation. I had not elſe ſo long inſiſted upon theſe Examples: For I believe, whoever ſhall ſtrictly obſerve what we ordinarily ſee in thoſe Animals we have amongſt us, may there find as

wonderful Effects, as thoſe we fetch from remote Countries and Ages, 'Tis one ſame nature that rouls her Courſe, and whoever had ſufficiently conſidered the preſent ſtate of things, might certainly conclude both the future, and the paſt. I have formerly ſeen Men brought hither by Sea, from very diſtant Countries, whoſe Language being not underſtood by us, and that moreover their Meen, Countenance and Habit, were quite differing from ours; which of us did not repute them Savages and Brutes? Who did not attribute it to Stupidity and want of common Sence, to ſee them mute, ignorant of the *French* Tongue, ignorant of our Salutations, and Cringes, our Port and Behavior, from which all human Nature muſt by all means take its Pattern and Example. All that ſeems ſtrange to us, and that we do not underſtand, we condemn. The ſame things happen alſo in the Judgments we make of Beaſts; They have ſeveral Conditions, like to ours; from thoſe we may by Compariſon draw ſome Conjecture: But thoſe Qualities that are particular to themſelves; what know we what to make of them? The Horſes, Dogs, Oxen, Sheep, Birds and moſt of the Animals that live amongſt us, know our Voices, and ſuffer themſelves to be governed by them: So did *Craſſus* his *Lamprey*, and came when he call'd it, as alſo do the *Eels* that are in the Lake *Arethuſa*: and I have ſeen ſeveral Stews, where the Fiſhes run to eat at a certain Call of thoſe who uſe to feed them.

Mart. *l.* 4. *Epig.* 30.

——— *nomen habent, & ad Magiſtri*
Vocem quiſque ſui venit citatus.

They

They every one have their own Names and all Straightway appear at their own Maſters Call.

We may judge of that; We may alſo ſay, that the Elephants have ſome participation of Religion, foraſmuch as after ſeveral Waſhings, and Purifications, they are obſerved to liſt up their Trunks like Armes, and fixing their Eyes towards the riſing of the Sun, continue long in Meditation, and Contemplation, at certain Hours of the Day, of their own Motion, without Inſtruction, or Precept. But becauſe we do not ſee any ſuch Signs in other Animals, we cannot for that conclude, that they are without Religion, nor make any Judgment of what is conceal'd from us. As we diſcern ſomething in this Action, which the Philoſopher *Cleanthes* took notice of, becauſe it ſomething reſembles our own. He ſaw, he ſays, Ants go from their Ant-hill, carrying the dead Body of an Ant towards another Ant-hill, from whence ſeveral other Ants came out to meet them, as if to ſpeak, and expoſtulate with them; where after having been a pretty while together, the laſt return'd, to conſult, you may ſuppoſe, with their fellow Citizens, and ſo made two or three Journeys, by reaſon of the difficulty of Capitulation: In the Concluſion, the laſt commers brought the firſt a Worm out of their Burrow, as it were for the Ranſom of the Defunct, which the firſt laid upon their Backs, and carried home, leaving the dead Body to the others. This was the Interpretation that *Cleanthes* gave of this Tranſaction, giving us by that to underſtand, that

Elephants participate of Religion.

Communication of Ants.

that thoſe Creatures that have no Voice, are not, nevertheleſs, without Practice, and mutual Communication, whereof tis through our own Defect, that we do not participate; and for that reaſon fooliſhly take upon us to paſs our Cenſure. But they yet produce other Effects, far beyond our Capacity, to which we are ſo far from being able to arrive by imitation, that we cannot ſo much, as by imitation conceive it. Many are of Opinion, that in the great and laſt naval Engagement, that *Anthony* loſt to *Auguſtus*, his Admiral Gally was ſtay'd in the middle of her Courſe, by the little Fiſh the Latins call *Remora*, by reaſon of the Property ſhe has of ſtaying all ſorts of Veſſels, to which ſhe faſtens herſelf. And the Emperor *Caligula*, ſailing with a great Navy upon the Coaſt of *Romania*, his Galley only was ſuddenly ſtayed by the ſame Fiſh, which he cauſed to be taken, faſtned as it was to the Keel of his Ship, very angry that ſuch a little Animal could reſiſt both the Sea, the Wind and the Force of all his Oars, by being only faſtned by the Beak to his Galley (for it is a Shell-Fiſh) and was moreover, not without great Reaſon aſtoniſhed, that being brought to him in the Long-boat, it had no more than Strength it had without. A Citizen of *Zycicum*, formerly acquired the Reputation of a good Mathematician, for having learnt the Condition of the Hedg-hog. He has his Burrow open in diverſe places, and to ſeveral Winds, and foreſeeing the Wind that is to come, ſtops the hole on that ſide, which the Citizens obſerving, gave the City certain Predictions of the Wind, which

was

was presently to Blow. The *Cameleon* takes her Colour from the place upon which it is laid; but the *Polypus*, gives himself what Colour he pleases, according to Occasion, either to conceal himself from what he fears, or from that he has a design to seize: In the *Cameleon* 'tis a passive, but in the *Polypus* 'tis an active Change. We have some Changes of Color, as in Fear, Anger, Shame and other Passions, that alter our Complexions; but it is by the effect of Suffering, as with the *Cameleon*. It is in the Power of the *Jaundice* indeed, to make us turn Yellow, but 'tis not in the Power of our own Will. Now these Effects that we discover in other Animals, much greater than ours, seem to imply some more excellent Faculty in them, unknown to us; as 'tis to be presumed several other Qualities and Abilities of theirs are, of which no appearences have arrived at us. Amongst all the Predictions of Elder times, the most antient and the most certain, were those taken from the Flight of Birds, we have nothing like it, not any thing so much to be admired. That rule and order of the moving of the Wing, from whence they derived the Consequences of future things, must of necessity be guided by some excellent means, to so noble an Operation: For to attribute this great Effect to any natural Disposition, without the Intelligence, Consent and Meditation of him by whom it is produced, is an Opinion evidently False: That it is so, the *Cramp-fish* has this Quality, not only to benumn all the Members that touch her, but even through the Nets transmit a heavy dulness into the

Change of Color in the Cameleon and Polypus.

Augury, the most certain way of Prediction.

the Hands of thoſe that move and handle them; nay it is further ſaid, that if one powre Water upon her, he will feel this Numneſs mount up the Water to the Hand, and ſtupify the Feeling through the VVater. This is a miraculous Force; but 'tis not uſeleſs to the *Cramp-fiſh*, ſhe knows it, and makes uſe on't, for to catch the Prey ſhe deſires, ſhe will bury her ſelf in the Mud, that other Fiſhes, ſwiming over her, ſtruck and benumm'd with this Coldneſs of hers, may fall into her Power. *Cranes*, *Swallows*, and other Birds of Paſſage, by ſhifting their Abode according to the Seaſons, ſufficiently manifeſt the knowledg they have of their divining Faculty, and put it in uſe. Huntſmen aſſure us, that to cull out from amongſt a great many Puppies, that which ought to be preſerv'd for the beſt, the beſt way is to refer the Choice to the Damm, as thus, take them, and carry them out of the Kennel, and the firſt ſhe brings back, will certainly be the beſt: Or if you make a ſhew as if you would environ the Kennel with Fire, thoſe that ſhe firſt catches up to ſave. By which it appears they have another ſort of Prognoſtick than we have; or that they have ſome Virtue in judging of their Whelps, other and more certain than we have. The manner of coming into the World, of Engendring, Nouriſhing, Acting, Moving, Living and Dying of Beaſts, is ſo near to ours, that whatever we retrench from their moving Cauſes, and add to our own Condition above theirs, can by no means proceed from any Meditation of our own reaſon. For the Regiment of our Health, Phyſitians propoſe

to

to us the Example of the Beaſts Manners, and way of living, for this ſaying, has, in all times, been in the Mouth of theſe People.

Tenez chaud les pieds, & la teſte, Plutarch.
Au demeurant vivez en beſte,

Keep warm thy Feet and Head, as to the reſt,
Live like a Beaſt.

Generation is the principal of all natural Actions. We have a certain Diſpoſition of Members, moſt proper and convenient for us in that Affair: Nevertheleſs, we are ordered to conform to the Poſture of Brutes, as the moſt effectual.

——— *more ferarum,* Lucr. l. 4.
Quadrupedumq; magis ritu, plerumq; putantur,
Concipere uxores: quia ſic loca ſumere poſſunt,
Pectoribus poſitis, ſublatis ſemina lumbis.

And condemn as hurtful, thoſe extravagant, and indiſcreet Motions the Women have ſuperadded to the Work, reducing them to the Example and practice of Beaſts of their own Sex, more Sober and Modeſt.

Nam mulier prohibet ſe concipere atque repugnat, Ibid.
Clunibus ipſa viri Venerem ſi læta retractet,
Atque exoſſato ciet omni pectore fluctus:
Ejicit enim ſulci recta regione viaque
Vomerem, atque locis avertit ſeminis ictum.

If it be Juſtice to render to every one their Due, the Beaſts that Serve, Love and Defend their Benefactors, and that Purſue, and Fall upon Stran-

Strangers and thoſe who Offend them, do in this repreſent a certain air of our Juſtice: As alſo in obſerving a very equitable Equality in the diſtribution of what they have, to their Young, and as to Friendſhip, they have it without Compariſon more lively, and conſtant than Men have. King *Lyſimachus* his Dog *Hyrcan*, his Maſter being dead, lay upon his Bed, obſtinately refuſing either to eat, or drink, and the day that his Body was burnt, he took a run, and leaped into the Fire, where he was conſumed. As alſo did the Dog of one *Pyrrhus*; for he would not ſtir from off his Maſters Bed, from the time that he died; and when they carried him away, let himſelf be carried with him, and at laſt leap'd into the Pile, where they burnt his Maſters Body. There are certain Inclinations of Affection, which ſometimes ſpring in us, without the conſultation of Reaſon; and by a fortuitous Temerity, which others call Sympathy: Of which, Beaſts are as capable, as we. We ſee Horſes take ſuch an acquaintance with one another, that we have much ado to make them eat or travail, when ſeparated: We obſerve them to fancy a particular colour in thoſe of their own kind, and where they meet it, run to it with great Joy and Demonſtrations of Good Will, and have a diſlike and hatred for ſome other colour. Animals have choice, as well as we, in their Amours, and call out their Miſtreſſes; neither are they exempt from our Jealouſies and implacable Malice. Deſires are either natural and neceſſary, as to eat and drink; or natural and not neceſſary, as the coupling with

The love of Dogs to their Maſters.

with Females: or neither natural nor neceſſary: Of which laſt ſort, are almoſt all the Deſires of Men: They are all ſuperfluous and artificial: For 'tis not to be believ'd, how little will ſatisfie Nature, how little ſhe has left us to deſire: Our Ragous and Kickſhaws are not of her Ordinary. The *Stoicks* ſay, that a Man may live of an Olive a day: Our delicacy in our Wines is no part of her Inſtruction, nor the over-acting the Ceremonies of Love.

——— *neque illa*
Magno prognatum depoſcit Conſule Cunnum.

Hor. *lib.* 2. *Sat.* 2.

Theſe irregular Deſires, that the Ignorance of Good and a falſe Opinion have infus'd into us, are ſo many, as they almoſt exclude all the Natural; no otherwiſe, than if there were ſo great a number of Strangers in a City, as to thruſt out the Natural Inhabitants, or uſurping upon their Ancient Rights and Priviledges, ſhould extinguiſh their Authority, and introduce new Laws and Cuſtoms of their own. Animals are much more regular than we, and keep themſelves with greater moderation within the limits Nature has preſcrib'd; but yet not ſo exactly, that they have not an Analogy with our Debauches. And as there have been known furious Deſires, that have hurried Men to the Love of Beaſts, ſo there has been Examples of Beaſts that have fallen in love with us, and caught with monſtrous Affection betwixt different kinds: Witneſs the Elephant who was rival to *Ariſtophanes* the Grammarian in the love of a young Herb-wench in the City of *Alexandria*, who was nothing behind him in all the Offices of a very paſſi-

Animals more regular than we.

paſſionate Suitor: For going through the Mar-
ket where they ſould Fruit, he would take ſom
in his Trunk, and carry them to her? H
would as much as poſſible keep her always
his ſight, and would ſometimes put his Trun
under her Hankerchief into her Boſom to fe
her Breaſts. They tell alſo of a Dragon
love with a Maid, and of a *Gooſe* enamor'd
a Child, of a Ram that was Servant to th
Minſtrelleſs *Glaucia*, and we ſee with our ow
Eyes *Baboons* furiouſly in love with Women.
We ſee alſo certain Male Animals, that are ſom
of the Males of their own kind. *Oppianus* an
others give us ſome examples of the Reverenc
that Beaſts have to their kindred in their Co
pulations; but Experience often ſhews us th
contrary.

Ovid *Met.* *lib.* 10.

——*nec habetur turpe juvencæ*
Ferre patrem tergo: Fit equus ſua filia conjux:
Quaſq; creavit, init pecudes caper: Ipſaq; cui
Semine concepta eſt, ex illo concipit ales.

The Heifer thinks it not a ſhame to take
Her curled Sire upon her willing Back:
The Horſe his Daughter leaps: Goats ſcru-
ple not
T'encreaſe the Heard by thoſe they have beg
And Birds of all ſorts do in common live,
And by the Seed they were conceiv'd conceiv
And for malicious Subtilty, can there be a m
pregnant Example than in the Philoſopher
Thales's Mule? Who foarding a River load
with Salt, and by accident ſtumbling there, ſ
that the Sacks he carried were all wet, perceiv
that by the melting of the Salt, his burthen w
ſom

ſomething lighter, he never failed ſo oft as he came to any River to lye down with his Load; till his Maſter diſcovering the Knavery, order'd that he ſhould be loaden with Wool, wherein finding himſelf miſtaken, he ceas'd to practiſe that Device. There are ſeveral, that very lively repreſent the true Image of our Avarice, for we ſee them infinitely ſolicitous to catch all they can, and hide it with exceeding great care, though they never make any uſe of it at all. As to Thriſt, they ſurpaſs us not only in the foreſight and laying up, and ſaving for the time to come, but they have moreover a great deal of the Science neceſſary thereto. The Ants bring abroad into the Sun their Grain and Seeds to air, refreſh and dry them, when they perceive them to mould and grow muſty, leſt they ſhould decay and rot; But the caution and prevention they uſe in gnawing their Grains of Wheat, ſurpaſs all imagination of Human Prudence: For by reaſon that the Wheat does not always continue ſound and dry, but grows ſoft, thaws and diſſolves, as if it were ſteept in Milk, whilſt haſting to Germination, for fear leſt it ſhould ſhoot, and loſe the Nature and Property of a Magazine for their ſubſiſtence, they nibble off the end by which it ſhould ſhoot and ſprit. As to what concerns War, which is the greateſt and moſt magnificent of Human Actions, I would very fain know, whether we would ſerve for an argument of ſome Prerogative, or on the contrary for a teſtimony of our weakneſs and imperfection; as in truth the Science of undoing and killing one another, and of ruining

ining and deſtroying our own kind, has nothing in it ſo tempting, as to make it be coveted by Beaſts who have it not.

——*quando leoni*
Fortior eripuit vitam Leo, quo nemore unquam
Expiravit aper majoris dentibus Apris?

——who ever yet beheld
A weaker Lyon by a ſtronger kill'd;
Or in what Forreſt was it ever known
That a ſmall Boar dy'd by a mighty one?

Wars betwixt Bees.

Yet are they not univerſally exempt, Witneſs the furious Encounters of Bees, and the Enterprizes of the *Princes* of the contrary Armies:

——*ſæpe duobus*
Virg. Georg. *lib.* 4. *Regibus inceſſit magno diſcordia motu,*
Continuoque animos vulgi, & trepidantia bel
Corda licet longe præſciſcere.

Betwixt two Kings ſtrange Animoſities,
With great Commotion often do ariſe,
When ſtreight the Vulgar ſort are heard fro
far,
Sounding their little Trumpets to the War

I never read this Divine Obſervation, but th methinks, I there ſee Human Folly and Van repreſented in their true and lively colours. theſe Preparatſons for War that ſo fright aſtoniſh us with their Noiſe and Tumult, rattle of Guns, Drums and confuſed Voices:

Lucret. *lib.* 2. *Fulgur ubi ad cœlum ſe tollit, totaque circu*
Ære renidiſcit tellus, ſubterque virum vi
Excitur pedibus ſonitus, clamoreque monte
Icti rejectant voces ad ſidera mundi.

Wh

When burnish'd Arms to Heav'n dart their Rays,
And the Earth glows with Beams of shining Brass.
And trampled is by Horses, and by Men,
Until the Center even groans again,
And that the Rocks, struck by the various Crys,
Reverberate the Sound unto the Skies.

In the dreadful embattelling of so many thousands of armed Men, and so great Fury, Ardour and Courage, 'tis pleasant to consider, by what idle occasion they are excited, and by how light ones appeas'd.

Paridis propter narratur amorem,
Græcia Barbariæ diro collisa duello.

Horat. *lib.* 2. *Epist.* 2.

Of wanton *Paris* the illicite Love,
Did *Greece* and *Troy* to ten years Slaughter move.

All *Asia* was ruin'd and destroy'd for the ungovern'd Lust of one lascivious *Paris*. The Envy of one single Man, a Despite, a Pleasure or a Domestick Jealousie, causes, that ought not to set two Oyster-Wenches by the Ears, is the mover of all this mighty Bustle. Shall we believe those who are themselves the Principal Authors of these Mischiefs? Let us then hear the greatest and most victorious Emperour, that ever was, making sport of, and with marvellous Ingenuity, descanting upon, and, turning *en ridicule*, several Battels fought both by Sea and Land, the Blood and Lives of five hundred thousand Men that followed his Fortune, and

Laws of Asia *about the Loves of* Paris *and* Helen.

the Strength and Riches of two parts of the World drain'd for the Expence of his Expeditions.

Mart. *l.* 11. *Epig.* 21.

Quod futuit Glaphyram Antonius, hanc mihi pœnam.
Fulvia conſtituit, ſe quoque uti futuam.
Fulviam ego ut futuam? Quid ſi me Mænia oret
Pœdicem, faciam? Non puto, ſiſapiam.
Aut futue aut pugnemus, ait: Quid ſi mihi vita
Charior eſt ipſa mentula? Signa canant.

(I uſe my Latin with the Liberty of Conſcience you are pleas'd to allow me.) Now this great Body has ſo many Fronts, and has ſo many motions, as ſeems to threaten Heaven and Earth,

Æneid. *lib.* 7.

Quam multi Lybico volvuntur marmore fluctus
Sævus ubi Orion Hybernis conditur undis:
Vel cum ſole novo denſæ torrentur Ariſtæ,
Aut Hermi campo, aut Lyciæ flaventibus arvis,
Scuta ſonant, pulſuque pedum tremit excita tellus.

As num'rous as the *Lybian* Waves that roul,
When in thoſe Seas *Orion* does controul;
Or thick-ſet Ears ſcorch'd by the Summer Ray,
On *Hermus* Banks, or fruitful *Lycia*,
Are the bright Shields, that dreadfully reſound;
And as they march, their Footing ſhakes the Ground,

This furious Monſter with ſo many Heads and arms

Arms, is yet Man, feeble, calamitous and miserable Man. 'Tis but an ant-hill of Ants disturb'd and provok'd by a Spurn.

It nigrum campis agmen.

The black Troop marches to the Field. Virg. Æn. lib. 4.

A contrary Blast, the croaking of a flight of Ravens, the Stumble of a Horse, the casual Passage of an Eagle, a Dream, a Voice, a Sign, a Morning mist are any one of them sufficient to beat down and over-turn him. Dart but a Sun-beam in his Face, he is melted and vanished. Blow but a little dust in his Eyes, as our Poet says of the Bees; and all our Ensigns and Legions, with the Great *Pompey* himself at the Head of them, are routed and crushed to pieces: For it was he, as I take it, that *Sertorius* beat in *Spain*, with those brave arms; which also serv'd *Eumenes* against *Antigonus*, and *Surena* against *Crassus*:

Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescent. Virg. Geor. lib. 4.

This mighty anger, and these furious blows,
A handful of dust thrown, will soon compose.

Let us but slip our Flies after them, and they will have the Force and Courage to defeat them. Of fresh Memory the *Portuguese* having besieg'd the City of *Tamly* in the Territory of *Xiatine*, the Inhabitants of the place brought a great many Hives, of which are great plenty in that place, upon the Wall; and with Fire drove the Bees so furiously upon the Enemy, that they gave over the Enterprize, and truss'd up their

The Siege of Tamly *mis'd by the Bees.*

Baggage, being not able to ſtand their Attacks, and endure their Stings. And ſo their City, by this new ſort of relief, was freed from the Danger, with ſo wonderful a Fortune, that at their return from the Purſuit, they found they had not loſt ſo much as one Man. The Souls of Emperours and Coblers are caſt in the ſame Mould. The weight and importance of the Actions of Princes conſider'd, we perſwade our ſelves that they muſt be produced by ſome as weighty and important cauſes: But we are deceiv'd, for they are puſhed on, and pull'd back in their Motions, by the ſame Springs, that we are in our little Undertakings. The ſame reaſon that makes us wrangle with a Neighbour, cauſes a War betwixt Princes; the ſame reaſon that makes us whip a Lacquey, falling into the Hands of a King, makes him ruin a whole Province. They are as prompt, and as eaſily mov'd as we, but they are able to do more Miſchief. In a *Gnat* and an *Elephant* the Paſſion is the ſame. As to what concerns Fidelity, there is no Animal in the World ſo treacherous as Man. Our Hiſtories have recorded the violent Purſuits that Dogs have made after the Murtherers of their Maſters. King *Pyrrhus* obſerving a Dog that watch'd a dead Man's body, and underſtanding that he had for three days together performed that Office, commanded that the Body ſhould be buried, and took the Dog along with him. One day as he was at a general Muſter of his army, this Dog was aware of his Maſters Murtherers, and with great Barking and extream ſigns of anger, flew upon them

Dogs revenge the Death of their Maſters.

by this firſt Accuſation, awaking the Revenge of this Murther, which was ſoon after perfected by Form of Juſtice. As much was done by the Dog of the wiſe *Heſiod*, who convinced the Sons of *Ganiſtor* of *Naupactus* of the Murther committed in the perſon of his Maſter. Another Dog being to guard a Temple at *Athens*, having ſpied a Sacrilegious Thief, who carried away the faireſt Jewels, fell to barking at him with all the force he had; But the Warders not awaking at the Noiſe, he followed him, and day being broke, kept off at a farther diſtance, without loſing ſight of him; if he offer'd him any thing to Eat, would not take it, but would wag his Tail at all the Paſſengers he met, and took whatever they gave him at their hands; and if the Thief laid down to ſleep, he likewiſe ſtayed upon the place. The News of this Dog being come to the Warders of this Church, they put themſelves upon the purſuit, inquiring of the colour of the dog, and at laſt found him in the City of *Cromyon*, and the Thief alſo whom they brought back to *Athens*, where he had his reward; And where the Judges, taking cognizance of the good Office, order'd a certain meaſure of corn for the dogs daily Suſtenance, at the publick charge, and the *Prieſts* to take care in it. *Plutarch* delivers this Story for a moſt certain Truth, and that it hapned in the age wherein he lived. As to Gratitude (for I doubt, we had need bring this word into a little greater repute) this one example, which *Appion* reports himſelf to have been an Eye-witneſs of, ſhall ſuffice. One day (ſays he) that at *Rome*

The Fidelity of a Dog in perſuing a Sacrilegious perſon.

The Gratitude of a Lyon towards a Slave.

they entertain'd the people with the pleaſure of the fighting of ſeveral ſtrange Beaſts, and principally of *Lyons* of an unuſual ſize; there was one amongſt the reſt, who, by his furious deportment, by the ſtrength and largeneſs of his Limbs, and by his loud and dreadful Roaring, attracted the Eyes of all the Spectators. Amongſt other Slaves, that were preſented to the people in this combat of Beaſts, there was one *Androdus* of *Dacia*, belonging to a *Roman* Lord of conſular dignity. This Lyon having ſeen him at a diſtance, firſt made a ſudden ſtop, as it were, in a wondring poſture, and then ſoftly approached nearer in a gentle and peaceable manner, as if it were to enter into acquaintance with him. This being done, and being now aſſured of what he ſought for, he began to wag his Tail, as dogs do when they flatter their Maſters, and to kiſs and lick the Hand and Thighs of the poor Wretch, who was beſides himſelf, and almoſt dead with fear. *Androdus* being by this kindneſs of the Lyon, a little come to himſelf, and having taken ſo much heart, as to conſider and know him; it was a ſingular pleaſure to ſee the Joy and Careſſes that paſſed betwixt them. At which, the people breaking into loud acclamations of Joy, the Emperour caus'd the Slave to be call'd, to know from him the cauſe of ſo ſtrange an Event; who, thereupon told him a new and a very ſtrange ſtory: My Maſter (ſaid he) being *Pro-Conſul* in *Africk*, I was conſtrained by his ſeverity and cruel Uſage, being daily beaten, to ſteal from him, and to run away. And to hide my

my ſelf ſecurely from a perſon of ſo great Authority in the Province, I thought it my beſt way to fly to the Solitudes, Sands and Uninhabitable parts of that Country, reſolving that in caſe the means of ſupporting Life ſhould chance to fail me, to make ſome ſhift or other to kill my ſelf. The Sun being exceſſively hot at Noon, and the Heat intolerable, I accidentally found a private and almoſt inacceſſible Cave, and went into it. Soon after there came in to me this Lyon with one Foot wounded and bloody; complaining and groaning with the Pain he indur'd; At his coming I was exceedingly afraid, but he having eſpied me hid in a corner of his Den, came gently to me holding out, and ſhewing me his wounded Foot, as if he demanded my Aſſiſtance in his diſtreſs. I then drew out a great Splinter he had got there, and growing a little more familiar with him, ſqueezing the Wound, thruſt out the Dirt and Gravel which was got into it, wiped and cleanſed it the beſt I could; He finding himſelf ſomething better, and much eaſed of his Pain, laid him down to repoſe, and preſently fell aſleep with his Foot in my hand. From that time forward he and I lived together in this Cave three whole years; upon one and the ſame Diet; for of the Beaſts that he kill'd in hunting, he always brought me the beſt pieces, which I roaſted in the Sun for want of Fire, and ſo eat it. At laſt growing weary of this wild and brutiſh Life, the Lyon being one day gon abroad to hunt for our ordinary Proviſion, I eſcaped from thence, and the third day after was taken by the Soul-

diers

diers, who brought me from *Africk* to this City to my Maſter, who preſently condemn'd me to dye, and to be thus expos'd to the wild Beaſts. Now by what I ſee, I perceive that this Lyon was alſo taken ſoon after, who would now have recompenſed me for the Benefit and Cure that he received at my hands. This is the Story that *Androdus* told the Emperor, which he alſo conveyed from hand to hand to the people: wherefore at the general Requeſt, he was abſolved from his Sentence, and ſet at liberty, and the Lyon was by order of the People, preſented to him. We afterwards ſaw (ſays *Appion*) *Androdus* leading this Lyon, in nothing but a ſmall Leaſh, from Tavern to Tavern at *Rome* and receiving what Money every body would give him, the Lyon being ſo gentle, as to ſuffer himſelf to be covered with the Flowers that the People threw upon him, every one that met him ſaying, *There goes the Lyon that entertained the Man, there goes the Man that Cur'd the Lyon.* We oft lament the loſs of the Beaſts we love, and ſo do they they the loſs of us.

Weeping of Beaſts for the loſs of thoſe we love.

Virg. En. *lib.* 11.

Poſt bellator equus, poſitis inſignibus, Æthon
It lacrymans, guttiſque humectat grandibus ora.

——— The Triumph more to Grace,
Æthon his Horſe of War came next in place,
Who of his Trappings ſtript, ſhew'd ſuch regret,
That with large Tears his hairy Cheeks were wet.

As ſome Nations have their Wives in Common, and ſome others have every one his own: Is not the ſame evident amongſt Beaſts, and Mar-

ria-

riages better kept than ours? As to the Society and Confederation they make amongſt themſelves, to league themſelves together, and to give one another mutual Aſſiſtance: Is it not manifeſt, that *Oxen*, *Hogs* and other Animals, at the Cry of any of their Kind, that we offend, all the Heard run to his Ayde and embody for his Defence? The Fiſh *Scarus*, when he has ſwallowed the Anglers Hook, his Fellows all crowd about him, and gnaw the Line in pieces; and if by chance, one be got into the Leap or Wheel, the others preſent him their Tayls on the out ſide, which he holding faſt with his Teeth, they after that manner diſengage and draw him out. *Mullets*, when one of their Companions is engaged, croſs the line over their back, and with a Fin they have there, indented like a Saw, cut and ſaw it aſunder. As to the particular Offices that we receive from one another, for the ſervice of Life, there are ſeveral like Examples amongſt them. 'Tis ſaid, that the *Whale* never moves, that ſhe has not always before her a little Fiſh, like the *Sea-Gudgion*, for this reaſon call'd the *Guide Fiſh*; whom the Whale follows, ſuffering himſelf to be led and turned with as great Facility as the Stern guides the Ship: In recompence of which ſervice alſo, whereas all other things whether Beaſt or Veſſel, that enters into the dreadful Gulf of this Monſters Mouth, is immediately loſt, and ſwallowed up, this little Fiſh retires into it in great ſecurity, and there ſleeps, during which, the *Whale* never ſtirs: But ſo ſoon as ever it goes out, he immediately follows: and if by ac-

Society amongſt Beaſts.

A Fiſh that chews.

accident he loses the sight of his little Guide, he goes wandring here, and there, and strikes his Sides against the Rocks, like a Ship that has lost her Rudder: Which *Plutarch* affirms to have seen in the Island of *Anticyra*. There is a like Society betwixt the little Bird called a Wren and the Crocodile; the Wren serves for a Centinel over this great Animal: And if the *Ichneumon*, his mortal Enemy, approach to fight him, this little Bird, for fear lest he should surprize him a sleep, both with his Voice, and Bill, rouses him and gives him notice of his Danger. He feeds of this Monsters Leavings, who receives him familiarly into his Mouth, suffering him to pick in his Jaws, and betwixt his Teeth, and thence to pick out the Bits of Flesh that remain, and when he has a mind to shut his Mouth, he first gives the Bird warning to go out by closing it by little and little and without bruising, or doing it any harm at all. The Shell-Fish, call'd a *Naker*, lives also with the Shrimp in the same Intelligence; a little sort of Animal of the Lobster kind, serving him in the Nature of a Porter, sitting at the opening of the Shell, which the *Naker* keeps always gaping and open till the Shrimp sees some little Fish, proper for their Prey, within the hollow of the Shell, where she enters too, and pinches the *Naker* so to the Quick, that she is forced to close her Shell, where they two together devour the prey they have trap'd in their Fort. In the manner of living of the *Tunnies*, we observe a singular Knowledge of the three parts of Mathematicks. As to Astrology, they teach it Men for

they

they ſtay in the place where they are ſurpriz'd by the *Brumal Solſtice*, and never ſtir from thence till the next *Equinox*: For which Reaſon, *Ariſtotle* himſelf attributes to them this Science. As to *Geometry* and *Arithmetick*, they always form their Body in the Figure of a Cube, every way Square, and make up the Body of a *Battalion*, ſolid, cloſe and environed round with ſix equal Sides, ſo that ſwimming in this ſquare Order, as large behind, as before; whoever in ſeeing them can count one Rank, may eaſily number the whole Troop, by reaſon that the Depth is equal to the Breadth, and the Breadth to the Length. As to Magnanimity, it will be hard to give a better Inſtance of that than in the Example of the great Dog, ſent to *Alexander* the Great, from the *Indies*: They firſt brought him a *Stag* to Encounter, next a *Boar*, and after that a *Bear*, all which he ſlighted, and diſdained to ſtir from his place; but when he ſaw a *Lyon*, he then immediately rous'd himſelf; evidently manifeſting, that he declared that alone, worthy to enter the Liſts with him: As to what concerns repentance, and the acknowledgment of Faults, 'tis reported of an *Elephant*, that having in the impetuoſity of his Rage, kill'd his keeper, he fell into ſo extream a Sorrow that he would never after Eat, but ſtarv'd himſelf to Death. And as to Clemency, 'tis ſaid of a *Tiger*, the moſt inhuman of all Beaſts; that a Kid having been put in to him, he ſuffer'd two days Hunger rather than hurt it, and the third, broke the Grate he was ſhut up in, to ſeek elſewhere for Prey, ſo unwilling he was

Magnanimity of an Indian Dog.

Repentance of an Elephant.

was to fall upon the Kid, his Familiar and his Gueſt. And as to the Laws of Familiarity and Agreement, form'd by Converſation, it ordinarily happens, that we bring up Cats, Dogs and Hares, tame together: But that which Sea-men experimentally know, and particularly in the *Cilician Sea*, of the Quality of the *Halcyons*, does ſurpaſs all human Thought. Of what kind of Animal has Nature even ſo much honored the Sitting, Enlivening and Diſcloſing? The Poets indeed ſay, that one only Iſle of *Delos*, that before was a floating Iſland, was fixed for the Service of *Latona*'s lying in; but God has ordered that the whole Ocean ſhould be ſtayed, made Stable and ſmooth'd without Waves, without Winds, or Rain, whilſt the *Halcyon* broods upon her Young, which is juſt about the Solſtice, the ſhorteſt day of the Year, ſo that by her Priviledge, we have ſeven days and ſeven nights, in the very heart of Winter, wherein we may ſayl without Danger. Their Females never have to do with any other Male, but their own, whom they always ſerve, and aſſiſt, without ever forſaking him all their Lives: if he happen to be weak, and broken with Age, they take him upon their Shoulders and carry him from place to place and ſerve him till Death. But the moſt Inquiſitive into the Secrets of Nature, could never yet arrive at the Knowledg of the wonderful Fabrick, and Architecture wherewith the *Halcyon* builds her Neſt for her little ones, nor gueſs at the matter. *Plutarch*, who has ſeen and handled many of them, thinks it is the Bones of ſome Fiſh, which ſhe joyns and bind

Marvellous condition of the Halcyons.

The ſtructure of their Neſts and the matter whereof they are built.

binds together, interlacing them ſome lengthwiſe, and others acroſs, and adding Ribs, and Hoopes in ſuch manner, that ſhe forms at laſt a round Veſſel fit to Launch, which being done, and the Building finiſhed, ſhe carries it to the Waſh of the Beach, where the Sea beating gently againſt it, ſhews her where ſhe is to mend what is not well jointed and knit, and where better to Fortify the Seams that are leaky, and that open at the beating of the Waves; and on the contrary, what is well built, and has had the due finiſhing, the beating of the Waves does ſo cloſe and bind together, that it is not to be broken or crack'd, by blows either of Stone or Iron, without very much ado. And that which is more to be admired, is the Proportion and Figure of the Cavity within, which is compos'd and proportioned after ſuch a manner, as not poſſible to receive, or admit any other thing, than the Bird that built it: For to any thing elſe, it is ſo impenetrable, cloſe and ſhut that nothing can enter, not ſo much as the Water of the Sea. See here a very clear Deſcription of this building, and borrowed from a very good Hand; and yet, methinks, it does not give us ſufficient Light into the Difficulty of this Architecture. Now from what Vanity can it proceed, to Deſpiſe and diſdainfully to Interpret Effects, that we can neither imitate, nor comprehend? To purſue a little further this Equality and Correſpondence betwixt us and Beaſts; the Privilege our Soul ſo much glorifies herſelf upon, of bringing all things ſhe conceives to her own Law, of ſtripping all things that come to her,

her, of their mortal and corporal Qualities, of ordering and placing things ſhe conceives worthy her taking notice of, ſtripping and diveſting them of their corruptible Qualities, and making them to lay aſide Length, Breadth, Depth, Weight, Colour, Smell, Roughneſs, Smoothneſs, Hardneſs, Softneſs, and all ſenſible Accidents, and mean and ſuperfluous Veſtments, to accommodate them to her own immortal, and ſpiritual Condition: As *Rome* and *Paris*, for Example, that I have in my Fancy. *Paris* that I imagin, I imagine; and conceive it without Greatneſs, and without Place, without Stone, without Plaiſter and without Wood: This very ſame Priviledge, I ſay, ſeems to be evidently in Beaſts: For a Courſer accuſtomed to the Danger of Trumpets, the Rattle of Muſket-ſhot, and the Buſtle of Battles, we ſee him ſtart and tremble in his Sleep, and ſtretch'd upon his Litter as if he were in a Fight; it is almoſt certain, that he conceives in his Soul the beat of Drum without Noiſe, and an Army without Arms and without Body.

Lucr. *l.* 4. *Quippe videbis equos fortes, cum membra jacebunt*
In ſomnis, ſudare tamen, ſpirareque ſæpe,
Et quaſi de Palma ſummas contendere vires.

You ſhall ſee manag'd Horſes in their Sleep,
Sweat, Snort, Start, Tremble and a Clutter keep,
As if with all their Force they ſtriving were,
The Victor's Palm Proudly away to bear.

The *Hare* that a *Gray-hound* imagines in his Sleep, after which we ſee him pant ſo whilſt he ſleeps,

ſleeps, ſtretch out his Tail, ſhake his Legs, and perfectly repreſents all the Motions of a Courſe, is a *Hare* without Wool, and without Bones.

Venantumque canes in molli ſæpe quiete Ibid.
Jactant crura tamen ſubito, voceſque repente
Mittunt, & crebras reducunt naribus auras,
Ut veſtigia ſi teneant inventa ferarum:
Expergefactique ſequuntur inania ſæpe
Cervorum ſimulacra, fugæ quaſi dedita cernant:
Donec diſcuſſis redeant erroribus ad ſe.

And Hounds ſtir often in their quiet Reſt,
Spending their Mouths, as if upon a Queſt,
Snuff, and breath quick, and ſhort, as if they went
In a full Chace upon a burning Scent:
Nay being awak'd, imagin'd Stags purſue,
As if they had them in their real View,
Till having ſhook themſelves more broad awake,
They do, at laſt, diſcover the Miſtake.

The Bandogs, we often obſerve to ſnarle in their Dreams, and afterwards bark out, and ſtart up on a ſudden, as if they perceiv'd ſome Stranger at hand; This Stranger that the Soul diſcerns, is a ſpiritual Man, and Imperceptible, without Dimenſion, without Colour, and without Being.

Conſueta domi catulorum blanda propago Ibid.
Degere, ſæpe levem ex oculis volucremque ſoporem
Diſcutere, & corpus de terra corripere inſtant,
Proinde quaſi ignotas facies, atque ora tuentur.

The fawning Issue of House-Dogs will rise,
And shaking the soft Slumber from their eyes,
Oft wildly stare at every one within,
As upon Faces they had never seen.

As to the Beauty of the Body, before I proceed any further, I should know whether or no, we are agreed about the Description: 'Tis likely we do not well know what Beauty is in Nature; and in general, since to our own human Beauty we give so many divers Forms; of which, were there any natural Rule and Prescription, we should know it in common, as the heat of the Fire. But we fancy the Forms according to our own Appetite, and Liking.

Turpis Romano Belgicus ore color.

Propert. *lib.* 2. *Eleg.* 13.

The fair Complexion of a German Lass,
Would be thought ugly in a Roman Face.

Beauty of the Indians.

Indians paint it black and tawny, with great swell'd Lips, great and flat Noses, and load the Cartlage betwixt the Nostrils with great Rings of Gold, to make it hang down to the Mouth; as also the under Lip with great Circles, enrich'd with Stones, that weigh them down to fall upon the Chin, it being with them a singular Grace to shew their Teeth, even below the Roots. In *Peru*, the greatest Ears are the most Beautiful, which they stretch out as far as they can by Art. And a Man now living says, that he has seen in an Eastern Nation, this care of enlarging them in so great Repute, and the Ear loaden with so ponderous Jewels, that he did with great ease, put his Arm, Sleeve and all, through the hole of an Ear. There are elsewhere

where Nations, that take great care to black their Teeth, and hate to see them white; whilst others paint them red. The Women are reputed more beautiful, not only in *Biscay*, but elsewhere, for having their Heads shaved: And which is more, in certain frozen Countries, as *Pliny* reports; The *Mexicans* esteem a low Fore-head a great Beauty, and tho they shave all other Parts, they nourish Hair on the Fore-head, and increase it by Art; and have great Breasts in so great Reputation, that they affect to give their Children suck over their Shoulders. We should paint Deformity so. The *Italians* fashion it Gross and Massy, The *Spaniards*, Gaunt and Slender; and amongst us, one has made it White, another Brown: One Soft and Delicate; another Strong and Vigorous: One will have his Mistress Soft and Gentle; others Scornful and Proud. Just as the Preference in Beauty, that *Plato* attributes to the spherical Figure, the *Epicureans* give rather to the Pyramidal, or Square, and cannot swallow a God in the form of a Bowl. But be it how it will, *Nature* has no more privileg'd us in this from these common Laws, than in the rest. And if we will judg our selves aright, we shall find, that if there be some Animals less favoured in this, than we; there are others, and in great number, that are more. *A multis animalibus decore vincimur*; even the Terrestrial, our Compatriots. For as to those of the Sea (setting the Figure aside, which cannot fall into any manner of Proportion, being so much another thing) In Color, Cleanness, Smoothness and Disposition,

White Teeth despised.

Senec. Epist. 124.

we ſufficiently give place to them; and no leſs in all Qualities to the Aereal. And this Prerogative that the Poets make ſuch a mighty matter of, our erect Stature, looking towards Heaven our Original

Pronaque cum ſpectent animalia cætera terram,
Os homini ſublime dedit, cælumque videre
Juſſit, & erectos ad ſydera tollere vultus.

Ovid. Met. *lib.* 2.

And whereas other Animals do bow,
Their prone abjected Looks to Earth below
He gave Men Looks erected, to behold
The Heavenly Arch ſtudded with ſtars of Gold.

is truly Poetical: For there are ſeveral little Beaſts, who have their ſight abſolutely turn'd towards Heaven; and I find the Countenances of *Camels* and *Oſtriges*, much higher rais'd, and more erect than ours. What Animals have not their Faces above, and not before, and do not look oppoſite as we do: And that do not in their natural poſture diſcover as much of Heaven and Earth as Man? And what Qualities of our bodily Conſtitution in *Plato* and *Cicero*, may not indifferently ſerve a thouſand ſorts of Beaſts? Thoſe that moſt reſemble us, are the moſt deſpicable, and deform'd of all the Herd: For thoſe in outward appearance and form of Viſage, are Baboones and Monkies:

Cic. de *Nat. Deor. lib.* 1. *ex Ennio.*

Simia quam ſimilis, turpiſſima beſtia nobis!
How like to Man in Viſage, and in ſhape,
Is, of all Beaſts the moſt deform'd, the Ape!

For the Internal, and Vital Parts, the Hog. In earneſt, when I imagine Man ſtark naked (er-

in that ſex, that ſeems to have the greateſt ſhare of Beauty) his Defects, natural ſubjection, and imperfections, I find that we have more reaſon than any other animal, to cover our ſelves; and are to be excus'd for borrowing of thoſe, to whom Nature has in this been kinder, than to us, to trick our ſelves with their Beauties, and hide our ſelves under their ſpoils, their Wool, Feathers, Hair and Silk. Let us obſerve as to the reſt, that man is the ſole animal, whoſe Nudities offend his own Companions, and the only one, who in his natural actions withdraws and hides himſelf from his own kind. And really, 'tis alſo an Effect worth conſideration, that they, who are Maſters in the Trade, preſcribe as a Remedy for amorous Paſſions, the full and free View of the Body a Man deſires, ſo that to cool the ardour, there needs no more, but a Liberty to ſee and contemplate the Part he loves.

Ille quod obſcœnas in aperto corpore partes
Viderat, in curſu qui fuit, hæſit amor.
Ovid. de Rem. Amor. *l.* 2.

The Loves that's tilting, when thoſe Parts appear
Open to View, flags in the hot Carreer.

And altho this Receipt may peradventure proceed from a nice and cold humor: It is notwithſtanding, a very gerat ſign of our want of ſtrength and Mettle, that Uſe and Acquaintance would make us diſguſt one another. It is not modeſty ſo much as cunning and prudence, that makes our Ladies ſo Circumſpect, to refuſe us admittance into their Cabinets, before they are painted and trickt up for the publick View.

Nec Veneres noſtras hoc fallit, quo magis ipſæ
Omnia ſummopere hos vitæ poſt ſcenia celant,
Quos retinere volunt adſtrictoque eſſe in amore,

Of this, our Ladies are full well aware,
Which makes them with ſuch Privacy and Care,
Behind the Scene all thoſe Defects remove,
Should check the Flame of thoſe, they moſt do love.

Whereas in ſeveral Animals there is nothing that we do not love, and that does not please our ſences: ſo that from their very Excrements, we do not only extract wherewith to heighten our ſawces; but alſo our richeſt Ornaments and Perfumes. This Diſcourſe reflects upon none but the ordinary ſort of Women, and is not ſo ſacrilegious, as to comprehend thoſe Divine, Supernatural and extraordinary Beauties, which we ſee ſhine amongſt us, like Stars under a Corporeal and Terreſtrial Vail. As to the reſt, the very ſhare that we allow to Beaſts, of the bounty of Nature, by our own Confeſſion, is very much to their Advantage. We attribute to our ſelves imaginary and fantaſtick Goods, future and abſent Goods, for which human Capacity cannot of her ſelf be reſponſible: Or Goods that we falſly attribute to our ſelves by the Licence of Opinion, as Reaſon, Knowledg and Honor: And leave to them for their Divident, Eſſential, Durable and Palpable Goods, as Peace, Repoſe, Security, Innocence and Health: Health, I ſay, the faireſt and richeſt Preſent that Nature can make us. In ſo much that the *Philoſopher*,

Health the beſt and richeſt Gift of Nature.

ſopher, even the Stoick, is ſo bold as to ſay, that *Hyraclitus* and *Pherecides*, could they have truck'd their Wiſdom for Health, and have deliver'd themſelves, the one of his Dropſey, and the other of the Lowſy Diſeaſe that tormented him into the bargain, they had done well. By which they ſet a greater value upon Wiſdom, comparing and putting it into the Ballance with Health, than they do with this other Propoſition, which is alſo theirs. They ſay, that if *Circe* had preſented *Ulyſſes* with two Potions, the one to make a Fool become a Wiſe-Man, and the other to make a Wiſe-Man become a Fool, that *Ulyſſes* ought rather to have choſen the laſt, than conſent to that *Circe* had chang'd his human Figure into that of a Beaſt: And ſay that Wiſdom it ſelf would have ſpoke to him after this manner. *Forſake me, let me alone, rather than lodge me under the Body and Figure of an Aſs.* How The *Philoſophers* then will abandon this great and divine Wiſdom, for this corporal and terreſtrial Covering? It is then no more by Reaſon, by Diſcourſe and by the Soul, that we excel Beaſts: 'Tis by our Beauty, our fair Complexion and our fine Symmetry of Parts, for which we muſt quit our Intelligence, our Prudence and all the reſt. Well, I accept this natural and free Confeſſion: Certainly they knew, that thoſe Parts upon which we ſo much value our ſelves, are no other than meer Fancy. If Beaſts then had all the Vertue, Knowledg, Wiſdom and Stoical Perfection; they would ſtill be Beaſts, and would not be comparable to Man, Miſerable, Wicked and a Mad-man. For, in fine, what-

Circe's two Potions.

ever is not as we are, is nothing conſiderable: And God, to procure himſelf an Eſteem amongſt us, muſt put himſelf into that Shape, as we ſhall ſhew anon. By which it does appear, that it is not upon any true ground of Reaſon, but by a fooliſh Pride and vain Opinion, that we prefer our ſelves before other Animals, and ſeparate our ſelves from their Society and Condition. But, to return, to what I was upon before, we have for our part, Inconſtancy, Irreſolution, Incertitude, Sorrow, Superſtition, Solicitude of things to come, even after we ſhall be no more, Ambition, Avarice, Jealouſie, Envy, Irregular, Frantick and Untam'd Appetites, War, Lying, Diſloyalty, Detraction and Curioſity. Doubtleſs, we have ſtrangely overpay'd this Fine, upon which we ſo much glorify our ſelves, and this Capacity of Judging and Knowing, if we have bought it at the Price of this infinite number of Paſſions, to which we are eternally ſubject. Unleſs we ſhall yet think fit, as *Socrates* does, to add to the Counterpoiſe, that notable Prerogative about Beaſts, that whereas *Nature* has preſcrib'd them certain Seaſons and Limits for the Delights of *Venus*, ſhe has given us the Reins at all Hours, and all Seaſons. *Ut vinum agrotis quia prodeſt raro, nocet ſæpiſſime, melius eſt non adhibere omnino, quam, ſpe dubiæ ſalutis in apertam perniciem incurrere: Sic haud ſcio, an melius fuerit humano generi motum iſtum celerem, cogitationis acumen, ſolertiam, quam rationem vocamus, quoniam peſtifera ſint multis, admodum paucis ſalutaria, non dari omnino, quam tam munifice & tam large dari.* As it falls out, that Wine often hurts

Cicero *de Nat. Deor. l.* 3. *ſimile.*

hurts the Sick, and very rarely does them good, it is better not to give them any at all, than to run into an apparent Danger, out of hope of an incertain Benefit: So I know not, whether it had not been better for Mankind, that this quick Motion, this penetrancy of Imagination, this Subtlety, that we call Reaſon, had not been given to Man at all; conſidering how peſtiferous it is to many; and uſeful but to few, than to have been conferr'd in ſo abundant manner, and with ſo liberal a Hand. Of what advantage can we conceive the Knowledge of ſo many things was to *Varro*, and *Ariſtotle*? Did it exempt them from human Inconveniences? Were they by it freed from the Accidents, that lay heavy upon the Shoulders of a Porter? Did they extract from their *Logick* any Conſolation for the Gout? Or, for knowing that the Humour is lodged in the Joints, did they feel it the leſs? Have they compounded with Death, by knowing that ſome *Nations* rejoice at his Approach: Or with Cuckoldry, by knowing, that in ſome part of the World, Wives are in Common? On the contrary, having been reputed the greateſt Men for Knowledge, the one amongſt the *Romans*, and the other amongſt the *Greeks*, and in a time when Learning did moſt flouriſh, we have not heard nevertheleſs, that they had any particular Excellence in their Lives: Nay, the *Greek* had enough to do, to clear himſelf from ſome notable Blemiſhes in his. Have we obſerved that Pleaſure and Health have had a better reliſh with him that underſtands *Aſtrology* and *Grammar*, than with others?

Ill-

Hor. *Ep.* 8. *Illiterati num minus nervi rigent?*
Th' illiterate Plough-Man is as Fit
For *Venus* Service as the Wit.

And Shame and Poverty leſs troubleſom to the firſt, than the laſt?

Juv. *Sat.* 14 *Scilicet & morbis, & debilitate carebis,*
Et luctum & curam effugies, & tempora vitæ
Longa tibi poſt hæc fato meliore dabuntur.
——— Thou ſhalt be free
Both from Diſeaſe and from Infirmity,
From Care and Sorrow, and thy Life ſhall be
Prolong'd under a better Deſtiny.

I have known in my time a hundred *Artizans*, and a hundred *Labourers* wiſer and more happy, than the *Rectors* of the *Univerſity*, and whom I had much rather have reſembled. Learning, methinks, has its Place amongſt the neceſſary things of Life, as Glory, Nobility, Dignity, or at the moſt, as Riches, and ſuch other Qualities, which indeed are uſeful to it; but remotely, and more by Opinion, than by Nature. We ſtand very little more in need of Offices, Rules and Laws of Living in our Society, than Cranes and Emmets do in theirs. And yet we ſee that they carry themſelves very regularly, and without Erudition. If Man was Wiſe, he would take the true value of every thing according as it was more uſeful and proper to his Life. Whoever will number us by our Actions and Deportments, will find many more excellent Men amongſt the Ignorant than the Learned: I ſay, in all ſort of Vertue. Old *Rome* ſeems to me,

ſo

to have been of much greater Value, both for Peace and War, than that learned *Rome* that ruin'd it ſelf. And tho all the reſt ſhould be equal; yet the Proweſs, Integrity and Innocency would remain to the Ancients, for they cohabit ſingularly well with Simplicity. But I will leave this Diſcourſe, that would lead me farther than I am willing to follow; and ſhall only ſay this farther, 'tis only Humility and Submiſſion, that can make a compleat good Man. We are not to leave the Knowledge of his Duty to every Man's own Judgment: We are to preſcribe it to him, and not ſuffer him to chooſe it at his own Diſcretion: Otherwiſe, according to the Imbecility and infinite Variety of our Reaſons and Opinions, we ſhould at laſt forge our ſelves Duties, that would (as *Epicurus* ſays) enjoyn us to eat one another. The firſt *Law* that ever God gave to Man, was a *Law* of pure Obedience: It was a Commandment naked and ſimple, wherein Man had nothing to enquire after, or to diſpute, foraſmuch as to obey, is the proper Office of a Rational Soul, acknowledging a heavenly Superior and Benefactor. From Obedience and Submiſſion, ſpring all other Vertues, as all Sin does from Self-Opinion. And on the contrary, the firſt Temptation, that by the Devil was offered to humane Nature, its firſt Poiſon inſinuated it ſelf by the Promiſes was made us of Knowledg and Wiſdom. *Eritis ſicut Dii, ſcientes bonum & malum.* *Ye ſhall be as Gods, knowing Good and Evil.* And the *Syrens* in *Homer*, to allure *Ulyſſes*, and draw him within the danger of their Snares offered

Humility and Submiſſion the Parents of Vertue.

Gen. 3.

offered to give him Knowledge. The Plague of Man, is the Opinion of Wiſdom. And for this reaſon it is, that Ignorance is ſo recommended to us by our Religion, as proper to Faith and Obedience. *Cavete, ne quis vos decipiat per* Philoſophiam, *& inanes ſeductiones, ſecundum elementa mundi. Take heed, leſt any Man deceive you by Philoſophy and vain Deceit, after the Tradition of Men, and the Rudiments of the World.* There is in this a general Conſent amongſt all ſorts of Philoſophers, that the ſoveraign Good conſiſts in the Tranquility of the Soul and Body: But where ſhall we find it?

Coloſſ. c. 2.

Horat. l. 1. Epiſt. 1.

Ad ſummum, ſapiens uno minor eſt Jove, dives,
Liber, honoratus, pulcher, Rex denique Regum;
Præcipue ſanus, niſi cum pituita moleſta eſt:

He that is Wiſe, inferior is to none,
If he be wiſe indeed, but *Jove* alone.
Rich, Free, and Graceful, theſe do Reverence bring,
And laſtly of the Greateſt Kings, a King:
And chiefly ſound, unleſs ſometimes there flow
A trickling Rheume upon his Lungs, or ſo.

It ſeems, in truth, that Nature, for the Conſolation of our miſerable and wretched Eſtate, has only given us Preſumption for our Inheritance. 'Tis as *Epictetus* ſays, *That Man has nothing properly his own, but the uſe of his Opinion*: We have nothing but Wind and Smoak for our Portion. The Gods have Health in Eſſence, ſays *Philoſophy*, and Sickneſs in Intelligence. Man, on the contrary, poſſeſſes his Goods by Fancy, his

Ill-

Ills in Eſſence. We have reaſon to maginifie the Power of our Imagination; for all our Goods are only in Dream. Hear this poor calamitous Animal Huſſ. There is nothing, ſays *Cicero*, ſo charming as the Knowledge of Letters; of Letters I ſay, by means whereof the Infinity of things, the immenſe grandeur of Nature, the Heavens, even in this World, the Earth, and the Seas are diſcovered to us: 'Tis they that have taught us Religion, Moderation and the grandeur of Courage, and that have reſcu'd our Souls from obſcurity, to make her ſee all things, high, low, firſt and laſt and indifferent: 'tis they, that furniſh us wherewith to live happily and well, and conduct us to paſs over our Lives without Diſpleaſure, and without Offence. Does not this Man ſeem to ſpeak of the condition of the Ever-living and Almighty God? And as to the Effect, a thouſand little Country-women have lived Lives more equal, more ſweet and conſtant than his.

——*Deus ille fuit Deus, inclyte Memmi,* Lucr. l. 5.
Qui princeps vitæ rationem invenit eam, quæ
Nunc appellatur ſapientia, quique per artem
Fluctibus e tantis vitam tantiſque tenebris,
In tam tranquilla, & tam clara luce locavit.
That God, great *Memmus*, was a God no doubt,
Who, Prince of Life, firſt found that Reaſon our,
Now Wiſdom call'd, and by his Art, who did
That Life in Tempeſts toſt, and Darkneſs hid,
Place in ſo great a Calm, and clear a Light.

Here

Temerity and Presumption of some Philosophers.

Here are brave ranting Words: But a very light Accident put this Mans Understanding in a worse Condition, than that of the meanest Shepherd: Notwithstanding this Instructing God, this Divine Wisdom. Of the same stamp and Impudence is the Promise of *Democritus's* Book: *I am going to speak of all things.* And that foolish Title that *Aristotle* prefixes to one of his, *of the Immortal Gods:* And the Judgment of *Chrysippus, That Dion was as Vertuous, as God.* And my beloved *Seneca* does indeed acknowledg, that God has given him Life: But that to live well, is his own. According to this other, *In virtute vere gloriamur: quod non contingeret, si id donum à Deo non à nobis haberemus. We truly glory in our Vertue: Which would not be, if it was given us of God, and not by our selves.* This is also *Seneca's* saying, That the Wise Man has Fortitude equal with God; but in human Frailty, wherein he surmounts him. There is nothing so ordinary as to meet with Sallies of the like Temerity: There is none of us, who take so much Offence to see himself equal to God, as he does to see himself undervalued by being ranked with his own Creatures; so much more are we jealous of our own Interest, than that of our Creator. But we must trample under Foot this foolish Vanity, and briskly and boldly shake the ridiculous Foundation, upon which these false Opinions are founded. So long as Man shall believe he has any Means and Power of himself, he will never acknowledg what he ows to his Maker, *his Eggs shall always be Chickens,* as the saying is: We must therefore strip

Cicero *de Nat. Deor. l.* 3.

ſtrip him to his Shirt. Let us ſee ſome notable Example of the Effects of his *Philoſophy*, *Poſſidonius* being tormented with a Diſeaſe ſo painful, as made him Writh his Arms and Gnaſh his Teeth, thought he ſufficiently baffel'd the Dolor, by crying out againſt it: *Thou doſt exerciſe thy Malice to much Purpoſe, I will not Confeſs that thou art an Evil.* He is as ſenſible of the Pain as my Foot-man, but he mightily values himſelf, upon bridling his Tongue at leaſt, and reſtraining it within the Laws of his *Sect*. *Re ſuccumbere non opportebat verbis gloriantem. It did not become him that ſpoke ſo big, to confeſs his Frailty when he came to the Teſt. Archeſilaus*, being ill of the Gout, and *Carneades* coming to ſee him, was returning troubled at his Condition, whom having call'd back, and ſhewing him his Feet and his Breaſt: *There is nothing come from thence hither* ſaid he. This has ſomething a better Grace, for he feels himſelf in Pain, and would be diſengaged from it: But his Heart, notwithſtanning is not Conquered nor Subdued by it. The other ſtands more obſtinately to his Point, but I fear, rather verbally than really. And *Dionyſius Heracleotes*, afflicted with a vehement ſmatting in his Eyes, was reduced and made to quit theſe Stoical Reſolutions. But tho Knowledg ſhould, in effect, do as they ſay, and could blunt the Point, and dull the Edg of the Misfortunes that attend us, what does ſhe more, than what Ignorance does more purely, and evidently do? The *Philoſopher Pyrrho*, being at Sea in very great Danger, by reaſon of a mighty Storm, preſented nothing to the imitation

Cic. Tuſc. l. 2.

of

of thoſe who were with him in the Extremity, but a Hog they had on board, that was fearleſs and unconcerned at the Tempeſt. *Philoſophy*, when ſhe has ſaid all ſhe can, refers us at laſt, to the Example of a *Wreſtler*, or a *Muletteer*, in which ſort of People we commonly obſerve much leſs apprehenſion of Death, ſenſe of Pain, and other Infirmities, and more Conſtancy, than ever Knowledge furniſhed any one withal, that was born without thoſe Infirmities, and of himſelf prepared by a natural Habit. What is the Cauſe, that we make Inciſions, and cut the tender Limbs of an Infant, and thoſe of a Horſe, more eaſily than ours, but Ignorance only? How many has meer force of Imagination made ſick? We often ſee Men cauſe themſelves to be let Blood, Purg'd and Phyſick'd, to be cured of Diſeaſes they only feel in Opinion. When real Infirmities fail us, Knowledge lends us here: That Colour, that Complexion, portend ſome Defluxion: This hot Seaſon threatens us with a Feaver: This breach in the Life-line of your left Hand, gives you notice of ſome near and dangerous Indiſpoſition, and at laſt, roundly attacks Health it ſelf; ſaying, this ſpritelineſs and vigor of Youth, cannot continue in this Poſture, there muſt be Blood taken, and the Heat abated, leſt it run to your Prejudice. Compare the Life of a Man ſubjected to ſuch Imaginations, to that of a Labourer that ſuffers himſelf to be led by his natural Appetite, meaſuring things only by the preſent Senſe, without Knowledge, and without Prognoſtick, that feels no Pain nor Sickneſs, but when he is really tormented,

Diſeaſes caus'd by Imagination.

mented, or sick: Whereas the other has the Stone in his Soul, before he has it either in his Reins or Bladder: As if it were not time enough to suffer the Evil when it shall come, he must anticipate it by Fancy, and run to meet it. What I say of *Physick*, may generally serve in Example for all other Sciences: From thence is derived that antient Opinion of Philosophers, that placed the sovereign Good, in the discovery of the weakness of our Judgment. My Ignorance affords me as much occasion of Hope, as of Fear: And having no other Rule for my Health, than that of the Examples of others, and of Events I see elsewhere upon the like Occasion; I find of all sorts, and rely upon those which by Comparison are most favourable to me. I receive Health with open Arms, free, full and entire, and by so much the more whet my Appetite to enjoy it, by how much it is at present less ordinary, and more rare: So far am I from troubling its Repose and Sweetness, with the bitterness of a new and constrain'd manner of Living. Beasts sufficiently shew us, how much the agitation of the Soul brings Infirmities and Diseases upon us. That which is told us of those of *Brazile*, that they never died but of old Age, is attributed to the serenity and tranquillity of the Air they live in; but I rather attribute it to the serenity and tranquillity of their Souls, free from all Passion, Thought, or Employments, vexed or unpleasing, as People that pass over their Lives in an admirable Simplicity and Ignorance, without Letters, without Law, without King, or any manner of Religion. And

whence comes that, which we find by Experience, that the greatest and most rough-hewn Clowns are the most able, and the most to be desired in amorous Performances? And that the Love of a *Muletter*, oft renders it self more acceptable than that of a well-bred Man? If it be not, that the Agitation of the Soul, in the latter, disturbs his natural Ability, dissolves and tires it, as it also troubles and tires it self. What puts the Soul besides it self, and more usually thrusts it into Madness, but her own Promptness, Vigor and Agility, and finally, her own proper Force? Of what is the most subtile Folly made, but of the most subtile Wisdom? As great Friendships spring from great Enmities, and vigorous Healths from mortal Diseases, so from the rare and quick Agitations of our Souls proceed the most wonderful and most desperate Frenzies; 'tis but a half turn of the Key from the one to the other. In the Actions of mad Men, we see how infinitely Madness resembles the most vigorous Operations of the Soul. Who does not know how undiscernable the difference is betwixt Folly, and the Elevations of a sprightly Soul, and the effects of a supream and extraordinary Vertue? *Plato* says, that melancholick Persons are the most capable of Discipline, and the most excellent, nor indeed is there in any so great a propension to madness. Great Wits are ruined by their own proper force and quickness. What a condition, through his own agitation, and promptness of Fancy, is one of the most judicious, ingenious, and the best form'd Souls

Ariosto.

the antient and true Poesie of any other *Italian* Poet, that has been these very many years, lately fallen into? Has he not great obligation to this Vivacity that has destroy'd him? To this Light that has blinded him? To this exact and subtle apprehension of Reason, that has put him besides his? To his curious and laborious Scrutiny after Sciences, that has reduced him to a Brute? And to this rare aptitude to the Exercises of the Soul, that has rendred him without Exercise, and without Soul? I was more angry, if possible, than compassionate, to see him at *Ferrara* in so pitiful a condition survive himself; forgetting both himself and his Works; which without his knowledge, though before his Face, have been publish'd, deform'd and incorrect. Would you have a Man sound, would you save him regular, and in a steady and secure posture? Muffle him up in the shades of Stupidity and Sloth. We must be made Beasts to be made wise, and Hoodwinked before we are fit to be led. And if one shall tell me that the advantage of having a cold and stupid Sence of Pain and other Evils, brings this disadvantage along with it, to render us consequently less sensible also in the fruition of Good and Pleasure: This is true: But the misery of our condition is this, that we have not so much to enjoy, as to suffer, and that the extreamest pleasure does not affect us to the degree that a light Grief does: *Minus homines bona, quam mala sentiunt.* We are not so sensible of the most perfect Health, as we are of the least Sickness.

Lucret. ——— *pungit*
In cute vix summa violatum plagula corpus,
Quando valere nihil quemquam movet, Hic juvat unum
Quod me non torquet latus, aut pes: Cetera quisquam
Vix queat, aut sanum sese, aut sentire valentem.

The Body with a little stripe is griev'd,
When the most perfect Health is not perceiv'd.
This only pleases me, that Spleen nor Gout
Either offend my Side, or wring my Foot,
Excepting these, scarce any one can tell,
Or does observe, when he's in Health and Well.

Our Well-being is nothing but the privation of Evil. Which is the reason why that Sect of *Philosophers*, who sets the greatest value upon Pleasure, has yet fixt it chiefly in Insensibility of Pain. To be freed from Ill is the greatest Good that Man can hope for or desire: "According to *Ennius*,

Nimium boni est, cui nihil est mali.

For that very tickling and sting, which are certain Pleasures, and that seem to raise us above simple Health and Insensibility; that active, moving, and I know not how, itching and pricking Pleasure; even that very Pleasure it self aims at nothing but Insensibility, as its mark. The Lust that carries us headlong to Women's Embraces, is directed for no other end, but only to cure the Torment of our ardent Desires, and only requires to be glutted and lay

at rest, and deliver'd from that Feaver. And so of the rest. I say then, that if simplicity conducts us to an Estate free from Evil, she leads us to a very happy one, according to our condition. And yet we are not to imagine it so stupid an Insensibility, as to be totally without Sence: For *Crantor* had very good reason to controvert the Insensibility of *Epicurus*; if founded so deep, that the very first Attack and Birth of Evils were not to be perceiv'd. I do not approve such an Insensibility, as is neither possible, nor to be desir'd. I am very well content not to be sick. But if I am, I would know that I am so; and if a Cauſtick be apply'd, or Incisions made in any part, I would feel them. In truth, whoever would take away the Knowledge and Sence of Evil, would at the same time eradicate the Sence of Pleasure, and finally annihilate Man himself. *Illud nihil dolere, non sine magna mercede contingit humanitatis in animo, stuporis in corde.* An Insensibility, that is, not to be purchased, but at the Price of Humanity in the Soul, and of Stupidity in the Body: Evil appertains to Man of course. Neither is Grief and Pain always to be avoided, nor Pleasure always pursued. 'Tis a great advantage to the Honour of Fortitude, that Knowledge it self throws us into Arms; when she finds her self puzzel'd to fortifie us against the weight of Evil, she is contriv'd to come to this Composition, to give us the Reins, and permit us to fly into the Lap of the other, and to shelter our selves under her Protection from the Strokes and Injuries

Cicer. *Tusc.* l. 2.

ries of Fortune. For what else is her meaning, when she instructs us to divert our Thoughts from the Ills that press upon us, and entertain them with the Meditation of Pleasures past and gone, to comfort our selves in present Afflictions, with the remembrance of fled Delights, and to call to our succour, a vanish'd satisfaction, to oppose it to that which lies heavy upon us?

Cicer. Tusc. l. 3. *Levationes ægritudinum in a vacatione a cogitata molestia, & in revocatione ad contemplandas voluptates ponit.* If she be not that where her power fails she will supply it with policy, and make use of slight, and a cunning Trip, where the force of Limbs will not serve her turn? For not only to a *Philosopher*, but to any Man in his right Wits, when he has upon him the Thirst of a burning Fever, what satisfaction can it be to remember the Pleasure of drinking *Greek* Wine? It would rather be a greater torment to him.

Proverb. *Che ricordar si il ben doppia la noia.*

Who do remembers all he Gains,
Is, that he doubles his own Pains.

Of the same stamp is this other Counsel that *Philosophy* gives, only to remember good Fortunes past, and to forget the Misadventures we have undergone, as if we had the Science of Oblivion in our own Power and Counsel, where we are glad those to seek.

Cicero de Fin. l. 2. *Suavis est labor præteritorum malorum memoria.*

The Memory of past Evil is grateful. How? Does *Philosophy* that should arm me to contend with Fortune, and steel my Courage to trample all Human Adversities under foot, is the arm

to this degree of Cowardize, to make me hide my head at this rate, and save my self by these pitiful and ridiculous Shifts? For the Memory represents to us, not what we choose, but what she pleases; nay, there is nothing that so much imprints any thing in our Memory, as a desire to forget it: And 'tis a good way to retain and keep any thing safe in the Soul to solicite her to lose it. And this is false. *Est situm in nobis ut & adversa quasi perpetua oblivione obruamus, & secunda jucunde & suaviter meminerimus.* And *it is in our power to bury, as it were, in a perpetual Oblivion all adverse Accidents, and to retain a pleasant and delightful Memory of our Successes.* And this is true, *Memini etiam quæ nolo: Oblivisci non possum quæ volo. I do also remember what I would not; but I cannot forget what I would.* And whose Counsel is this? His, *qui se unus sapientem profiteri sit ausus. Who only durst profess himself a Wise Man.* Cic. de Fin. lib. 1.

Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, & omnes
Præstrinxit Stellas, exortus uti æthereus Sol. Luer. l. 3.

Who from Mankind the prize of Knowledge won,
And put the Stars out like the rising Sun.

To empty, and disfurnish the Memory, is not this the true way to Ignorance?

Iners malorum remedium ignorantia est. Senec. Oed. Act. 3.

Ignorance is but a dull remedy for Evils. We find several other like Precepts, whereby we are permitted to borrow frivolous appearances from the Vulgar, where we find the greatest

reason cannot do the Feat: Provided they administer Satisfaction and Comfort. Where they cannot cure the Wound, they are content to palliate and benumn it. I believe they will not deny this, that if they could add Order and Constancy in an Estate of Life that could maintain it self in Ease and pleasure by some Debility of Judgment they would accept it;

——*potare, & spargere flores*
Incipiam, patiarque vel inconsultus haberi.

Horat. Ep. lib. 1.

I'll drink and revel like a jovial Lad,
Though for my pains, the World repute me mad.

There would be a great many *Philosophers* of *Lycas* his Mind: This Man being otherwise of very gentle Manners, living quietly and contentedly in his Family, and not failing in any Office of his Duty, either towards his own or Strangers, and very carefully preserving himself from hurtful things, was nevertheless, by some Distemper in his Brains, possessed with a Conceit, that he was perpetually in the *Theatre* a Spectator of the finest sights, and the best Comedies in the World; and being cur'd by the *Physitians* of his Frenzy, had much ado to forbear endeavouring by fruit to compel them to restore him again to his pleasing Imagination.

——*tol me occidistis amici*
Non servastis, ait, cui sic extorta voluptas,
Et deceptus erit vir vestris gratissimus error.

Horat. l. 2. Ep. 2.

By

By Heaven you have kill'd me Friends outright,
And not preſerv'd me, ſince my dear delight
And pleaſing error, by my better ſence
Unhappily return'd, is baniſh'd hence.

With a madneſs like that of *Thraſylaus*, the Son of *Pythadorus*, who made himſelf believe that all the Ships that weigh'd Anchor from the Port of *Pyreum*, and that came into the Haven, only made their Voyages for his Profit: Congratulating them for their happy Navigation, and receiving them with the greateſt Joy, whom his Brother *Crito* having cauſed to be reſtored to his better Underſtanding, he infinitely regretted that ſort of condition, wherein he had lived with ſo much delight, and free from all Anxiety of Mind. 'Tis according to the Old Greek Verſe, that there is a great deal of convenience in not being over-wiſe.

Ἐν τῷ γὰρ εἰδέναι μηδὲν, ἥδιστος βίος.

And *Eccleſiaſtes*, *In much Wiſdom, there is much Sorrow*: and who gets Wiſdom, gets Labour and Trouble. Even that to which *Philoſophy* conſents in general, that laſt Remedy which ſhe applies to all ſorts of Neceſſities, to put an end to the Life, we are not able to endure it. *Placet? Pare: Non placet? Quacunque vis exi: Pungit dolor? Fodiat ſane: Si nudus es, da jugulum: Sin tectus armis Vulcani, id eſt fortitudine, reſiſte. Does it pleaſe? Obey it. Not pleaſe? Go where thou wilt. Does Grief prick thee? Nay, if it ſtab more too: If thou art naked, preſent thy Throat: If covered with the Arms of* Vulcan, *that*

Learning and Wiſdom accompanied with Trouble.

Cicer. *Tuſ. l. 2.*

that is Fortitude, resist it. And this word so us'd in the Greek Festivals, *aut bibat, aut abeat*, That sounds better upon the Tongue of a Gascon, who naturally change the *V.* into *B.* than that of *Cicero*;

Horat. *l.* 2. Epist. 2.

Vivere si recte nescis, decede peritis.
Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti:
Tempus abire tibi est, ne potum largius æquo
Rideat, & pulset lasciva decentius ætas.

If to live well, and right thou do'st not know,
Give place, and leave thy Room to those that do,
Th'ast eaten, drank, and plaid to thy content,
'Tis time to make thy parting Complement,
Least, being over-dost, the younger sort
Laugh at thee first and then exclude thee for't.

What is it other than a Confession of his Impotency, and a sending back not only to Ignorance, to be there in safety, but even to stupidity, insensibility and non-entity?

Luc. l. 3.

Democritum postquam matura vetustas
Admonuit memorem, motas languescere mentis:
Sponte sua letho caput obvius obtulit ipse.

Soon as through Age *Democritus* did find,
A manifest Decadence in his Mind,
He thought he now surviv'd to his own wrong,
And went to meet his Death that stay'd too long.

'Tis what *Antisthenes* said, *That a Man must either make provision of Sense to understand; Or of*

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a Halter to hang himself: And what *Chrysippus* alledged upon this saying of the Poet *Tyrtæus*,

De la vertu, ou de mort approcher. Plutarch.

Or to arrive at Vertue, or at Death.

How Love is to be cured.

And *Crates* said, *That Love must be cur'd by Hunger, if not by time: And whoever disliked these two Remedies, by a With.* That *Sextius* of whom both *Seneca* and *Plutarch* speak with so high an Encomium, having applied himself (all other things set aside) to the Study of *Philosophy*, resolv'd to throw himself into the Sea, seeing the Progress of his studies too tedious and slow. He ran to find death, since he could not overtake knowledge. These are the words of the Law upon this subject. *If peradventure some great inconvenience happen, for which there is no remedy, the Haven is near, and a Man may save himself by swimming out of his Body, as out of a leaky Skiff; for 'tis the Fear of Dying, and not the Love of Life, that ties the Fool to his Body.* As Life renders it self by simplicity more pleasant, so more innocent and better, as I was saying before. The simple and ignorant, says St. *Paul*, raise themselves up to Heaven, and take possession of it, and we with all our Knowledge, plunge our selves into the infernal Abyss. I am neither sway'd by *Valentinian*, a professed Enemy to all Knowledge and Literature, nor by *Licinius*, both Roman Emperours, who called them the Poyson and Pest of all *Politick* Governments: Nor by *Mahomet*, who (as 'tis said) interdicted all manner of Learning to his Followers: But the Example of the Great *Lycurgus*,

The Lacedemonian Policy without Letters.

curgus, and his Authority, with the Reverence of the Divine *Lacedemonian* Policy, so great, so admirable, and so long flourishing in Vertue and Happiness without any Institution or Practice of Letters, ought certainly to be of very great weight. Such as return from the new World, discover'd by the *Spaniards* in our Fathers days, can testifie to us, how much more honestly and regularly those Nations live without Magistrate, and without Law, than ours do, where there are more Officers and Laws, than there are of other sorts of Men and Business.

The New World without Law or Magistrate.

Ariosto. *Can.* 15.

Dicitatorie & di libelli,
D'esamine & di carte, di procure
Hanno le mani & il seno, & gran fastelli
Di chiose, di consigli & di letture,
Perciò le facultà de poverelli
Non sono mai ne le città sicure,
Hanno dittro & dinanzi & d'ambi i lati,
Notai procuratori & advocati.

Sir John Harrington's *Transl.*

Her Lap was full of Writs and of Citations,
Of Process, of Actions and Arrest,
Of Bills, of Answers, and of Replications,
In Courts of Delegates and of Requests,
To grieve the simple sort with great Vexations:
She had resorting to her as her Guests,
Attending on her Circuits and her Journeys,
Scriv'ners and Clerks, and Lawyers and Attorneys.

It

It was what a Roman *Senator* ſaid of the latter ages, that their Predeceſſors Breath ſtunk of Garlick, but their ſtomachs were perfum'd with a good Conſcience: And that on the contrary, thoſe of his time were all ſweet Odour without, but ſtunk within of all ſorts of Vices, that is to ſay, as I interpret it, that they abounded with Learning and Eloquence, but were very defective in moral Honeſty. Incivility, Ignorance, Simplicity and Roughneſs, are the Natural Companions of Innocency: Curioſity, Subtlety and Knowledge bring Malice in their Train: Humility, Fear, Obedience and Affability (which are the principal things that ſupport and maintain Human Society) require an empty and docile Soul, and little preſuming upon it ſelf. *Chriſtians* have a particular Knowledge, how Natural and Original an evil Curioſity is in Man. The Thirſt of Knowledge, and the Deſire to become more Wiſe, was the firſt ruin of Mankind, and the way by which he precipitated himſelf into Eternal Damnation. Pride was his ruin and corruption: 'Tis Pride that diverts from the common Path, and makes him embrace Novelties, and rather chuſe to be Head of a Troop, loſt and wandring in the Path of Error, to be Regent and a Teacher of Lyes, than to be a Diſciple in the School of Truth, ſuffering himſelf to be led and guided by the hand of another, in the right and beaten Road. 'Tis peradventure, the meaning of this old Greek ſaying, ἡ δεισιδαιμονία κεῖται παρὰ τὴν πατρικὴν πρόνοιαν) *That Superſtition follows Pride, and obeys it as if it were a Father.* O Preſumption, how much

Socrates apud Stobæum.

much doeſt thou hinder us! After that, *Socrates* was told, That the God of Wiſdom had attributed to him the Title of a Sage, he was aſtoniſhed at it, and ſearching and examining himſelf throughout, could find no Foundation for this Divine Sentence. He knew others as juſt, temperate, valiant and learned as himſelf: And more eloquent, more handſom, and more profitable to their Country, than he. At laſt he concluded, that he was not diſtinguiſhed from others, nor wiſe, but only becauſe he did not think himſelf ſo. And that his God conſider'd the Opinion of Knowledge and Wiſdom as a ſingular Brutality in Man; and that his beſt Doctrine was the Doctrine of Ignorance, and Simplicity the beſt Wiſdom. The ſacred word declares thoſe miſerable, who have an Opinion of themſelves: *Duſt and Aſhes*, ſays it to ſuch, *What haſt thou wherein to Glorifie thy ſelf?* And in another place, *God has made Man like unto a Shadow*, of whom, who can judge, when by the removing of the Light, it ſhall be vaniſhed? Man is a thing of nothing, whoſe Force is ſo far from being able to comprehend the Divine Height: That of the Works of our Creator, thoſe beſt bear his Mark, and are with better Title, his, which we the leaſt underſtand. To meet with an incredible thing, is an Occaſion to Chriſtians to believe; and it is ſo much the more according to reaſon, by how much it is againſt Human Reaſon. If it were according to reaſon, it would be no more a ſingular thing. *Melius ſcitur Deus neſciendo*, ſays St. *Auſtin*, *God is better known by not knowing*. And *Tacitus*,

Sanctius

Sanctius est ac reverentius de actis Deorum credere quam scire. *It is more Holy and Reverend to believe the Works of God, than to know them.* Div. Aug. l. 2. de ord.

And *Plato* thinks there is something of Impiety in it, to inquire too curiously into God, the World, and first Causes of things. *Atque illum quidem parentem hujus Universitatis invenire, difficile: Et, quum jam inveneris, indicare in vulgus, nefas,* says *Cicero.* *To find out the Parent of the World, is very hard. And when found out to reveal him to the Vulgar, is Sin.* Tacit. de mor. Germ. Cic. in Frag.

We pronounce indeed Power, Truth and Justice, which are words that signifie some great thing; but that thing we neither see, nor conceive at all. We say that God fears, that God is angry, and that God loves!

Immortalia mortalia sermone notantes. Lucr. l. 5.

Giving to things immortal mortal Names.

Which are all Agitations and Emotions, that cannot be in God according to our Form, nor we imagine it according to his; it only belongs to God to know himself, and to interpret his own Works, and he does it in our Language, improperly, to stoop and descend to us who grovel upon the Earth. How can prudence, which is the Choice betwixt Good and Evil, be properly attributed to him, whom no Evil can touch? How the Reason and Intelligence which we make use of, by obscure to arrive at apparent things: Seeing that nothing is obscure to him? And Justice which distributes to every one what appertains to him, a thing begot by the Society and Community of Men, how is

that

that in God? How temperance? Which is the Moderation of corporal Pleasures, that have no place in the Divinity? Fortitude to support Pain, Labour, and Dangers as little appertains to him as the rest, these three things having no access to him. For which reason, *Aristotle* holds him equally exempt from Vertue and Vice. *Neque gratia, neque ira teneri potest, quod quæ talia essent, imbecillia essent omnia.* *He can neither be affected with Favour nor Indignation, because both those are the effects of Frailty.* Cicer. de Nat. Deor. The Participation we have in the knowledge of Truth, such as it is, is not acquir'd by our own Force. God has sufficiently given us to understand that, by the Witnesses he has chosen out of the common people, simple and ignorant Men, that he has been pleased to employ, to instruct us in his admirable Secrets: Our Faith is not of our own acquiring, 'tis purely the Gift of anothers bounty. 'Tis not by Meditation, or by Vertue of our own understanding, that we have acquir'd our *Religion*, but by Foreign Authority and Command; wherein the Imbecillity of our Judgment does more assist us than the Force of it, and our Blindness more than our clearness of Sight. 'Tis more by the Meditation of our Ignorance than our Knowledge, that we know any thing of the Divine Wisdom. 'Tis no wonder, if our Natural and Earthly parts cannot conceive that Supernatural and Heavenly Knowledge: Let us bring nothing of our own, but Obedience and Subjection. For, as it is written, *I will destroy the Wisdom of the Wise, and will bring to nothing the Understanding of the Prudent. Where is the Wise?* 1 Cor. Ch. 1. Ver. 19, 20, 21.

Wiſe? Where is the Scribe? Where is the Diſputer of this World? Hath not God made Fooliſh the Wiſdom of this World. For after that in the Wiſdom of God, the World knew not God, *it pleaſed God by the Fooliſhneſs of preaching to ſave them that believe.* Finally, ſhould I examine whether it be in the power of Man to find out that which he ſeeks, and if that Queſt, wherein he has buſied himſelf ſo many Ages, has inrich'd him with any new Force, or any ſolid Truth: I believe he will confeſs, if he ſpeaks from his Conſcience, that all he has got by ſo long Diſquiſition, is only to have learn'd to know his own Weakneſs. We have only by a long Study confirm'd and verified the Natural Ignorance we were in before. The ſame has fallen out to Men truly Wiſe, which befalls Ears of Corn; they ſhoot and raiſe their heads high and pert, whilſt empty; but when full and ſwell'd with Grain in Maturity, begin to flag and droop. So Men having tryed and ſounded all things, and not having found that Maſs of Knowledge, and Proviſion of ſo many various things, nothing ſolid and firm, and nothing but Vanity, have quitted their Preſumption, and acknowledged their Natural Condition. 'Tis that, *Velleius* reproaches *Cotta* withal and *Cicero*, that they learned of *Philo*, they had learned nothing. *Pherecydes*, one of the ſeven *Sages*, writing to *Thales* upon his Death-bed; I *have*, ſaid he, *given order to my people, after my enterment to carry my Writings to thee. If they pleaſe thee, and the other* Sages, *publiſh, if not, ſuppreſs them. They contain no certainty with which I my ſelf am*

ſatisfied. Neither do I pretend to know the truth, or to attain it. I rather open, than diſcover things. The wiſeſt Man that ever was, being asked what he knew, made anſwer, *He knew this, that he knew nothing.* By which, he verified what has been ſaid, that the greateſt part of what we know, is the leaſt of what we do not; that is to ſay, that even what we think, we know, is but a peice, and a very little one, of our Ignorance. We know things in Dreams, ſays *Plato*, and are ignorant of them in Truth. *Omnes pene Veteres nihil cognoſci, nihil percipi, nihil ſciri poſſe dixerunt: Anguſtos ſenſus, imbecilles animos, brevia curricula vitæ. Almoſt all the Antients have declared, that there is nothing to be known, nothing to be underſtood: The Senſes are too weak, Mens Minds too weak, and the little courſe of Life too ſhort.* And of *Cicero* himſelf, who ſtood indebted to his Learning for all he was worth, *Valerius* ſays, that he began to diſreliſh Letters in his old Age. And when moſt incumbent upon his Studies, it was with great Independency upon any one Party; following what he thought probable, now in one Sect, and then in another, evermore wavering under the Doubts of the Academy. *Dicendum eſt, ſed ita ut nihil affirmem, quæram omnia, dubitans plerumque, & mihi diffidens. I am to ſpeak, but ſo as to affirm nothing: I ſhall enquire into all things, but for the moſt part in doubt and diſtruſt of my ſelf.* I ſhould have too fair a Game, ſhould I conſider Man in his common way of Living and in Groſs: And might do it however by his own Rule; who judges

Cicer. Acad. lib. 1.

Cicero Acad.

judges Truth, not by Weight, but by the number of Votes. Let us let the People alone,

——*Qui vigilans ſtertit.* Lucret. l. 4.
Mortua cui vita eſt, prope jam atque videnti.
Who waking ſnore: whoſe life is but a Dream:
Who only living and awake do ſeem.

who neither feel nor judge: and let moſt of their natural Faculties lye idle. I will take man in his higheſt Station. Let us conſider him in that little number of men, excellent and cull'd out from the reſt, who having been endowed with a remarkable and particular natural Force, have moreover hardned and whetted it by Care, Study and Art, and raiſed it to the higheſt Pitch of Wiſdom, to which it can poſſibly arrive. They have adjuſted their Souls to all Sences, and all Biaſſes; have propt and ſupported them with all forreign Helps proper for them, and enrich'd and adorn'd them with all they could borrow for their Advantage, both within and without the World: Thoſe are they that are plac'd in the utmoſt and moſt ſupreme height, to which humane Nature can attain. They have regulated the World with *Polities* and *Laws*. They have inſtructed it with *Arts* and *Sciences*, and do yet inſtruct it by the Example of their admirable Manners. I ſhall make account of none but ſuch men as theſe, and only make uſe of their Teſtimony and Experience. Let us examine how far they have proceeded, and on what they repos'd their ſureſt hold. The Maladies and Defects that we ſhall find amongſt theſe men, the world may boldly declare to be purely their own.

Whoever goes in ſearch of any thing, muſt come to this, either to ſay that he has found it out, or that it is not to be found out, or that he is yet upon the Queſt. All Philoſophy is divided into theſe three Kinds. All her Deſign is to ſeek out *Truth*, *Knowledge* and *Certainty*. The *Peripateticks*, *Epicureans*, *Stoicks* and others, have thought they have found it. Theſe have eſtabliſhed the Sciences, and have treated of them, as of certain Knowledges. *Clitomachus*, *Carneades* and the *Academicks*, have deſpaired in their Queſt, and concluded the Truth could not be conceiv'd by our Underſtandings. The reſult of theſe are Weakneſs and human Ignorance. This *Sect* has had the moſt, and moſt noble Followers. *Pyrrho* and other *Scepticks*, whoſe Doctrines were held by many of the Ancients, taken from *Homer*, the ſeven *Sages*, *Archilocus*, *Euripides*, *Zeno*, *Democritus* and *Xenophon*, ſay, that they are yet upon the Search of Truth. Thoſe conclude, that the other, who think they have found it out, are infinitely deceiv'd; and that it is too daring a Vanity in the ſecond ſort, to determine that human Reaſon is not able to attain unto it. For this eſtabliſhing a Standard of our Power, to know and judge the Difficulty of things, is a great and extream Knowledge, of which they doubt whether or no man can be capable.

Nil ſciri quiſquis putat, id quoque neſcit,
An ſciri poſſit, quo ſe nil ſcire fatetur. Lucret. l. 4.

He that ſays, nothing can be known, o're- Mr. Creech.
throws
His own Opinion, for he nothing knows,
So knows not that.

The Ignorance that knows it ſelf, judges and condemns it ſelf, is not an abſolute Ignorance: which to be, it muſt be ignorant of it ſelf. So that the Profeſſion of the *Pyrrhonians* is to waver, doubt and enquire, not to make themſelves ſure of, or reſponſible to themſelves for any thing. Of the three Actions of the Soul, the Imaginative, Appetitive, and the Conſenting, they receive the two firſt; the laſt they keep ambiguous, without Inclination or Approbation, either of one thing or another, ſo light and voluble it is. *Zeno* repreſented the Motion of his Imagination, upon theſe diviſions of the Faculties of the Soul, an open and expanded Hand ſignified Appearance: A Hand half ſhut, and the Fingers a little bending, Conſent: A clutch'd Fiſt, Comprehenſion: When with the left he yet thruſt the Fiſt cloſer, Knowledge. Now this ſituation of their Judgment upright and inflexible, receiving all Objects without Application, or Conſent, lead them to their *Ataraxie*, which is a peaceable Condition of Life, temperate and exempt from the Agitations we receive by the Impreſſion of Opinion and Knowledge, that we

think we have of things. From whence ſpring Fear, Avarice, Envy, immoderate Deſires, Ambition, Pride, Superſtition, Love of Novelty, Rebellion, Diſobedience, Obſtinacy, and the greateſt part of bodily Ills: Nay, and by that they are exempt from the Jealouſie of their Diſcipline. For they debate after a very gentle manner. They fear no Revenge in their Diſputes. When they affirm that heavy things deſcend; they would be ſorry to be believ'd, and love to be contradicted, to engender doubt and ſuſpence of Judgment, which is their End. They only put out Propoſitions to contend with thoſe they think we have in our Belief. If you take their Arguments, they will as readily maintain the contrary: 'Tis all one to them, they have no Choice. If you maintain that Snow is Black, they will argue on the contrary that it is White; if you ſay it is neither the one nor the other, they will maintain that 'tis both. If you hold by a certain Judgment that you know nothing, they will maintain that you do. Yes, and if by an affirmative Axiome you aſſure them that you doubt; they will argue againſt you, that you douht not; or that you cannot judge and determine that Doubt. And by this extremity of Doubt, which juſtles it ſelf, they ſeparate and divide themſelves from many Opinions, even of thoſe they have ſeveral ways maintain'd, both concerning Doubt and Ignorance. Why ſhall not they be allow'd, ſay they, as well as the *Dogmatiſts*, one to ſay Green, another Yellow, and even of thoſe to doubt? Can any thing be propos'd to us to grant, or deny, which it ſhall

Doubt and ſuſpence of Judgment, the principal Effect of Pyrrhoniſm.

ſhall not be permitted to conſider as Ambiguous? And where others are carried away, either by the Cuſtom of their Country, or by the Inſtruction of Parents, or by accident, as by a Tempeſt, without Judgment, and without Choice; nay, and for the moſt part, before the Age of Diſcretion to ſuch or ſuch an Opinion, to the Sect of the *Stoicks* or *Epicureans*, with which they are prepoſſeſt, enſlav'd and faſt bound, as to a thing they cannot forſake: *Ad quamcumque diſciplinam velut tempeſtate, delati, ad eam, tanquam ad ſaxum, adhæreſcunt. Every one cleaves to his Principles, as to a Rock againſt which he had been thrown by Tempeſt.* Why ſhall not theſe likewiſe be permitted to maintain their Liberty, and conſider things without Obligation or Slavery? *Hoc liberiores & ſolutiores, quod integra illis eſt judicandi poteſtas. In this more unconſtrain'd and free, becauſe they have the greater Power of Judging.* Is it not of ſome Advantage, to be diſengag'd from the Neceſſity that curbs others? Is it not better to remain in Suſpence, than to entangle himſelf in the innumerable Errors that human Fancy has produc'd? Is it not much better to ſuſpend the Perſwaſion, than to intermeddle with theſe wrangling, and ſeditious Diviſions; What ſhall I chooſe? What you pleaſe, provided you will chooſe. A very fooliſh Anſwer: But ſuch a one nevertheleſs, as all Doctrine ſeems to point at, and by which we are not permitted to be ignorant of what we are ignorant. Take the moſt eminent Side, that of the greateſt Reputation; it will never be ſo ſure, that you ſhall not be forc'd to attack Cicer. Acad.

and contend with a hundred and a hundred Adverſaries to defend it. Is it not better to keep out of this Hurly-burly? You are permitted to embrace *Ariſtotle*'s Opinion of the Immortality of the Soul, with as much Zeal as your Honour and Life, and to give the Lye to *Plato*, and ſhall they be interdicted to doubt him? If it be lawful for *Panetius* to maintain his Opinion about *Augury*, *Dreams*, *Oracles*, *Vaticinations*; of which the Stoicks made no doubt at all; why may not a wiſe Man dare to do the ſame in all things, that he dar'd to do in thoſe he had learn'd of his Maſters, eſtabliſh'd by the common Conſent of the School, whereof he is a Profeſſor and a Member? If it be a Child that judges, he knows not what it is: If a wiſe Man, he is prepoſſeſt. They have reſerv'd for themſelves a marvellous Advantage in Battle, having eas'd themſelves of the care of Defence. If you ſtrike them they care not, provided they ſtrike too, and they turn every thing to their own Advantage. If they overcome, your Argument is Lame; if you, theirs: If they fall ſhort, they verifie Ignorance; if you fall ſhort, you do it: If they prove, that nothing is known, it goes well; if they cannot prove it, 'tis as well: *Ut quum in eadem re paria contrariis in partibus momenta inveniuntur, facilius ab utraque parte Aſſertio ſuſtineatur. That when like Sentiments happen pro and con in the ſame thing, the Aſſertion may on both ſides be more eaſily ſuſpended.* And they make account to find out with much greater Facility why a thing is falſe, than why 'tis true, that which is not, than that which is, and what they

The Immortality of the Soul maintained by Ariſtotle.

they do not believe, than what they do. Their way of ſpeaking is, *I aſſert nothing, it is no more ſo, than ſo, or than neither one nor t'other*: I *underſtand it not.* Appearances are every where equal: The Law of ſpeaking *pro* or *con*, is the ſame. Nothing ſeems true, that may not ſeem falſe. Their Sacramental Word is ἐπέχω, that is to ſay, I hold, I ſtart not. This is the burthen of their Song, and others of like ſtuff. The effect of which is a pure, entire, perfect and abſolute ſuſpenſion of Judgment. They make uſe of their Reaſon to enquire and debate, but not to fix and determine. Whoever ſhall imagine a perpetual Confeſſion of Ignorance, a Judgment without Bias, Propenſion or Inclination, upon any Occaſion whatever, conceives a true *Idea* of *Pyrrhoniſme.* I expreſs this Fancy as well as I can, by reaſon, that many find it hard to conceive, and Authors themſelves repreſent it a little variouſly and obſcurely. As to what concerns the actions of Life, they are in this of the common Faſhion. They yield and give up themſelves to their natural Inclinations, to the Power and Impulſe of Paſſions, to the Conſtitution of Laws and Cuſtoms, and to the Tradition of Arts. *Non enim nos Deus iſta ſcire, ſed tantummodo uti voluit. For God would not have us know, but only uſe thoſe things.* They ſuffer their ordinary actions to be guided by thoſe things, without any Diſpute or Judgment. For which Reaſon I cannot conſent to what is ſaid of *Pyrrho.* They repreſent him ſtupid and immoveable, leading a kind of Savage and Unſociable Life, ſtanding the juſtle of Carts, going upon

Cicer. de Divin. l. 61.

upon Precipices, and refuſing to accommodate himſelf to the Laws. This is to enhaunce upon his Diſcipline. He would never make himſelf a Stock or a Stone, he would ſhew himſelf a living Man, Diſcourſing, Reaſoning, Enjoying all natural conveniences and pleaſures, employing and making uſe of all his corporal and ſpiritual Faculties in Rule and Reaſon. The fantaſtick, imaginary and falſe Priviledges that Man has uſurp'd of Lording it, Ordaining and Eſtabliſhing, he has utterly quitted and renounc'd. Yet there is no *Sect* but is conſtrain'd to permit her *Sage* to follow ſeveral things, not comprehended, perceiv'd, or conſented to, if he means to live. And if he goes to Sea, he follows that Deſign, not knowing whether his Voyage ſhall be ſucceſsful or no; and only inſiſts upon the Tightneſs of the Veſſel, the Experience of the Pilot, and the convenience of the Seaſon, and ſuch probable circumſtances. After which he is bound to go, and ſuffer himſelf to be govern'd by Appearances, provided there be no expreſs and manifeſt contrariety in them. He has a Body, he has a Soul, the Senſes puſh them, the Mind ſpurs them on. And altho he do not find in himſelf this proper and ſingular ſign of Judging, and that he does perceive that he ought not to engage his conſent, conſidering that there may be ſome falſe, equal to theſe true Appearances, yet does he not for all that fail of carrying on the Offices of his Life with great Liberty and Convenience. How many Arts are there that profeſs to conſiſt more in Conjecture than Knowledge? That decide not true and falſe

and

and only follow that, which ſeems the one or the other? There are, ſay they, true and falſe, and we have in us wherewith to ſeek it; but not to make it ſtay when we touch it. We are much more prudent, in letting our ſelves be carried away by the ſwing of the World without Inquiry. A Soul clear from prejudice, has a marvailous advance towards Tranquillity and Repoſe. Men that judg and controul their Judges, do never duly ſubmit to them. How much more docile and eaſie to be govern'd, both in the Laws of Religion and civil Polity, are ſimple and incurious Minds, than thoſe over-vigilant Wits, that will ſtill be prating of Divine and Human Cauſes? There is nothing in human Invention, that carries ſo great a ſhew of likelyhood and utility as this. This preſent Man, naked and empty, confeſſing his natural Weakneſs, fit to receive ſome forreign Force from above, unfurniſh'd of Human, and therefore more apt to receive into him the Divine Knowledg, undervaluing his own Judgment, to make more Room for Faith: Neither believing amiſs, nor eſtabliſhing any Doctrine againſt the Laws and common Obſervances, Humble, Obedient, Diſciplinable, Studious, a ſworn Enemy of Hereſie; and conſequently; freeing himſelf from vain and irreligious Opinions, introduc'd by falſe *Sects*, *Sectarys* and *Hereticks*. 'Tis a blank Paper prepared to receive ſuch Forms from the Finger of God, as he ſhall pleaſe to write upon it. The more we reſign and commit our ſelves, to God, and the more we renounce our ſelves, of the greater value we are. Take in good part, ſays

ſays *Eccleſiaſtes*, the things that preſent themſelves to thee, as they ſeem and taſt from Hand to Mouth: The reſt is out of thy Knowledge. *Dominus novit cogitationes hominum, quoniam vanæ ſunt.* *The Lord knoweth the Heart of Men, that they are but Vanity.* Thus we ſee, that of three general Sects of *Philoſophy*, two make open profeſſion of doubt and ignorance, and in that of the *Dogmatiſts*, which is the third, it is eaſie to diſcover, that the greateſt part of them only aſſume this face of Confidence and Aſſurance, that they may have the better Grace. They have not ſo much thought to eſtabliſh any certainty for us, to ſhew us how far they have proceeded in their ſearch of Truth, *quam docti fingunt magis quam norunt.* *Which the Learned rather feign than know.* *Timæus* being to inſtruct *Socrates* in what he knew of the Gods, the World and Men, propoſes to ſpeak to him as a Man to a Man, and that it is ſufficient, if his Reaſons are probable, as thoſe of another? For that exact Reaſon were neither in his, nor any other mortal Hand. Which one of his Followers has thus imitated: *Ut potero, explicabo; nec tamen ut* Pythyus Apollo, *certa ut ſint, & fixa, quæ dixero: Sed ut homunculus probabilia conjectura ſequens.* *I will, as well as I am able, explain; yet not as* Pythyus Apollo, *that what I ſay, ſhould be fix'd and certain, but like a Man that follows Probalities by Conjecture.* And that other, upon the natural and common Subject of the contempt of Death, he has elſewhere Tranſlated from the very Words of *Plato*. *Si forte, de Deorum natura Ortuque Mundi diſſerentes, minus*

Pſal. 94.

Cicero *Theſ.* lib. 1.

Cicero in Timæo.

id

id quod habemus in animo conſequimur, haud erit mirum. Æquum eſt enim meminiſſe, & me qui diſſeram, hominem eſſe, & vos qui judicetis : Ut ſi probabilia dicentur, nihil ultra requiratis: If perchance, when we diſcourſe of the Nature of Gods and the Worlds Original, we cannot do it as we deſire, it will be no great Wonder. For it is juſt you ſhould remember, that both I who ſpeak, and you who are to judg, are Men : So that if probable things are delivered, you ſhould require and expect no more. *Ariſtotle* does ordinarily heap up a great number of others Opinions and Beliefs, to compare them with his own, and to let us ſee how much he has gone beyond them, and how much nearer he approaches to Poſſibility and Likelyhood of Truth. For *Truth* is not to be judg'd by the Authority and Teſtimony of others; which made *Epicurus* religiouſly avoid quoting them in his Writings. This is the Prince of all *Dogmatiſts*, and yet we are told by him, that much Knowledg does adminiſter many Occaſions of doubting more. In earneſt, we ſee him ſometimes ſo ſhrowd and muffle up himſelf in ſo thick and ſo inexplicable Obſcurity, that we know not what uſe to make of his advice. It is in effect a *Pyrrhoniſme* under a concluding and determining Form. Hear *Cicero's* Proteſtation, who expounds to us anothers Fancy by his own. *Qui requirunt, quid de quaque re ipſi ſentiamus : Curioſius id faciunt, quam neceſſe eſt. Hæc Philoſophiæ ratio, contra omnia diſſerendi, nullamque rem aperte judicandi, profecta a* Socrate, *repetita ab* Arceſilao, *confirmata a* Carneade, *uſque ad noſtram viget ætatem. Hi ſumus, qui.*

Cicero de Nat. Deo. lib. 1.

qui omnibus veris falſa quædam adjuncta eſſe dicamus, tanta ſimilitudine, ut in iis nulla inſit judicandi, & aſſentiendi nota. They who deſire to know what we think of every thing; are therein more inquiſitive than is neceſſary. This Practice in *Philoſophy*, of diſputing againſt every thing and of abſolutely concluding nothing, begun by *Socrates*, repeated by *Archeſilaus*, and confirm'd by *Carneades*, has continued in uſe even to our own times. We are they, who declare that there is ſo great a Mixture of things falſe, amongſt all that are true, and they ſo reſemble one another, that there can be in them no certain Mark to direct us, either to judge or aſſent. Why hath not *Ariſtotle* only, but moſt of the *Philoſophers*, affected Difficulty, if not to ſet a greater value upon the Vanity of the Subject, and amuſe the curioſity of our Wits, by giving them this Bone to Pick. *Clitomachus* affirm'd, that he could never diſcover by *Carneades* Writings, what Opinion he was of. This was it that made *Epicurus* affect to be abſtruſe, and that procured *Heraclitus* the Epithete to his Name of σκοτεινὸς: Difficulty is a Coyn the Learn'd make uſe of, like *Juglers*, to conceal the Vanity of their art, and which human Sottiſhneſs eaſily takes for currant Pay.

Obſcure.

Clarus ob obſcuram linguam, magis inter inanes:
Omnia enim ſtolida magis admirantur amantque,
Inverſis quæ ſub verbis latitantia cernunt.

Lucret. l. 1.

Bumbaſt and Riddle, beſt do Puppies pleaſe,
For Fools admire and love ſuch things as theſe.
And a dull Quibble wrapt in dubious Phraſe;
That to the height does their wiſe Wonder raiſe.

Cicero

Cicero reprehends ſome of his Acquaintance and Friends, for giving more of their Time to the Study of *Aſtrology*; *Law*, *Logick* and *Geometry*, than they were really worth; ſaying, that they were by thoſe diverted from the Duties of Life, and from more profitable and gentile Studies. The *Cyrenaick Philoſophers* did equally deſpiſe natural *Philoſophy* and *Logick*. *Zeno*, in the very beginning of the Books of the Common-wealth, declar'd all the liberal arts of no uſe. *Chrypſippus* ſaid, that what *Plato* and *Ariſtotle* had writ concerning *Logick*, they had only done it in Sport, and by way of Exerciſe: And could not believe, that they ſpoke in earneſt of ſo vain a thing. *Plutarch* ſays the ſame of *Metaphyſicks*: And *Epicurus* would have ſaid as much of *Rhetorick*, *Grammar*, *Poeſie*, *Mathematicks* and (*Natural Philoſophy* excepted) of all the other Sciences; and *Socrates* of them all, excepting that of Manners and of Life. Whatever any one required to be inſtructed in by him, he would ever, in the firſt place, demand an account of the Conditions of his Life preſent and paſt, which he examin'd and judg'd; eſteeming all other Learning ſubſequent to that, and ſupernumerary. *Parum mihi placeant eæ literæ, quæ ad virtutem Doctoribus nihil profuerunt. That Learning is in ſmall repute with me, which nothing profited the Teachers themſelves to Vertue.* Moſt of the *Arts* have been in like manner decry'd by the ſame Knowledg. But they did not conſider that it was from the purpoſe, to exerciſe their Wits in thoſe very matters, wherein there was no ſolid advantage. As to the reſt: Some

The liberal Art deſpis'd.

Sal. de Bello jug.

Some have look'd upon *Plato* as a Dogmatiſt, others as a Doubter, others in ſome things the one, and in other things the other. *Socrates*, the Introducer of Dialogiſms, is eternally upon Queſtions and ſtirring up Diſputes, never determining, never ſatisfying: And profeſſes to have no other Science but that of oppoſing himſelf. *Homer*, their Author, has equally laid the Foundations of all the Sects of *Philoſophy*, to ſhew how indifferent it was, which way we ſhould chooſe. 'Tis ſaid, that ten ſeveral *Sects* ſprung from *Plato*; and in my Opinion, never did any Inſtruction hault and ſtumble, if his does not: *Socrates* ſaid, that Midwives in taking upon them the trade of helping others to bring forth, left the Trade of bringing forth themſelves; and that he by the Title of a wiſe Man or Sage, that the God's had confer'd upon him, was diſabled in his vitile and mental Love, of the Faculty of bringing forth, conſenting to help and aſſiſt thoſe that could; to open their Nature, anoint the Paſſes, and facilitate their Birth: To judge of the infant Kiſs, Nouriſh, Fortifie, Swath, and Circumciſe it, exerciſing and employing his Underſtanding in the Perils and Fortunes of others. It is ſo with the moſt part of this third ſort of Authors, as the Ancients have obſerv'd in the Writings of *Anaxagoras*, *Democritus*, *Parmenides*, *Zenophon* and others. They have a way of Writing, doubtful in Subſtance and Deſign, rather enquiring than teaching? though they mix their Style with ſome Dogmatical Periods. Is not the ſame thing ſeen in *Seneca* and *Plutarch*? How many contradictions are there to be found,

Call'd Wiſe Women in French.

found, if a Man pry narrowly into them? So many, that the reconciling Lawyers ought firſt to reconcile them every one to themſelves. *Plato* ſeems to have affected this Method of *Philoſophizing* in Dialogues; to the end, that he might with greater Decency from ſeveral Mouths, deliver the Diverſity and Variety of his own Fancies. To treat variouſly of things, is as well to treat of them, as conformably, and better, that is to ſay, more copiouſly, and with greater profit. Let us take Example from our ſelves. Judgments are the utmoſt Period of all Dogmatical and determinative ſpeaking: And yet thoſe *Arreſts* that our *Parliaments* give the People, the moſt exemplary of them, and thoſe are moſt proper to nouriſh in them the Reverence due to that Dignity, principally through the Sufficiency of the Perſons acting, derive their Beauty, not ſo much from the Concluſion, which with them is *quotidian* and common to every Judge, as from the Diſpute and Heat of diverſe and contrary Arguments, that the matter of *Law* and *Equity* will permit. And the largeſt Field for Reprehenſion, that ſome *Philoſophers* have againſt others, is drawn from the Diverſities and Contradictions, wherein every one of them finds himſelf perplex'd: Either on purpoſe to ſhew the Vacillation of human Wit concerning every thing; or ignorantly compell'd by the Volability and Incomprehenſibility of all Matter. What means this Clinck in the Cloſe? In a ſlippery and ſliding place let us ſuſpend our Belief: For as *Euripides* ſays,

Plutarch. *Les æuures de Dieu en diverſes*
Facons, nous donnent des Traverſes.
The works of God in ſundry wiſe,
Do puzzle Mens Capacities.

Like that which *Empedocles*; as if rapt with a Divine Fury, and compell'd by Truth, often ſtrew'd here and there in his Writings. *No, no, we feel nothing, we ſee nothing, all things are conceal'd from us; there is not one thing, of which we can poſitively ſay, it is this:* According to the Divine ſaying, *Cogitationes mortalium timidæ, & incertæ adinventiones noſtræ, & providentiæ. For the Thoughts of mortal Men are Miſerable; and our Devices are but uncertain.* It is not to be thought ſtrange, if Men, deſpairing to overtake what they hunt after, have not however loſt the Pleaſure of the Chace; Study being of it ſelf ſo pleaſant an Employment; and ſo pleaſant, that amongſt other Pleaſures, the *Stoicks* forbid that alſo which proceeds from the Exerciſe of the Wit, will have it curb'd, and find a kind of Intemperance in thirſting too much after Knowledge. *Democritus* having eaten Figs at his Table that taſted of Honey, fell preſently to conſidering with himſelf, from whence they ſhould derive this unuſual Sweetneſs; and to be ſatisfied in it, was about to riſe from the Table, to ſee the place from whence the Figs had been gathered? Which his Maid obſerving, and having underſtood the Cauſe, ſhe ſmilingly told him, that he need not trouble himſelf about that, for ſhe had put them into a Veſſel, in which there had been Honey. He was vext at this Diſcovery, and that ſhe had depriv'd him of

Wiſdom, c. v. 14.

of the Occaſion of this Inquiſition, and robb'd his Curioſity of Matter to work upon. *Go thy way*, ſaid he, *thou haſt done me an Injury*; but for all that, I will ſeek out the Cauſe as if it were natural; and would willingly have found out ſome true Reaſon, for a falſe and imaginary Effect. This ſtory of a famous and great *Philoſopher* does very clearly repreſent to us the ſtudious Paſſion, that puts us upon the purſuit of things, of the Acquiſition of which we deſpair. *Plutarch* gives a like Example of ſome one, who would not be ſatisfied in that whereof he was in Doubt, that he might not loſe the Pleaſure of enquiring into it: Like the other, who would not that his *Phyſitian* ſhould allay the Thirſt of his Feaver, that he might not loſe the Pleaſure of quenching it by drinking. *Satius eſt ſupervacua diſcere, quam nihil.* *'Tis better to learn more than is neceſſary, than nothing at all.* Seneca. Epiſt. 89. As in all ſorts of feeding, the Pleaſure of eating is very often ſingle and alone, and that what we take, which is acceptable to the Palate, is not always nouriſhing or wholeſom: So that which our Underſtandings extract from Science, does not ceaſe to be Pleaſant, though there be nothing in it, either nutritive or healthful. Thus, they ſay, the conſideration of Nature is a Diet proper for our Minds, it raiſes and elevates us, makes us diſdain low and terreſtrial Things, by comparing them with thoſe that are Celeſtial and high: Even the Inquiſition of great and occult things is very Pleaſant, even to thoſe who acquire no other Benefit, than the Reverence and Fear of judging it. This is what they Pro-

ſeſs. The vain Image of this ſickly Curioſity is yet more manifeſt in this other Example, that they ſo often urge. *Eudoxus* wiſh'd and begg'd of the Gods, that he might once ſee the Sun near at Hand, to comprehend the Form, Greatneſs and Beauty of it; on the Condition to be immediately burn'd. He would at the Price of his Life purchaſe a Knowledge, of which the Uſe and Poſſeſſion ſhould at the ſame time be taken from him: And for this ſudden and vaniſhing Knowledge, loſe all the other Knowledges he had in preſent, or might afterwards have acquired. I cannot eaſily perſwade my ſelf, that *Epicurus*, *Plato* and *Pythagoras*, have given us their *Atomes*, *Ideas* and *Numbers* for currant Pay. They were too wiſe to eſtabliſh their Articles of Faith upon things ſo diſputable and ſo incertain: But in the obſcurity and ignorance the World then was, every one of theſe great Men endeavoured to preſent ſome kind of Image or Reflexion of Light; and work'd their Brains for Inventions, that might have a pleaſant and ſubtile Appearance; provided, that falſe as they were, they might make good their Ground againſt thoſe that would oppoſe them. *Unicuique iſta pro ingenio finguntur, non ex ſcientiæ vi.* *Theſe things every one fancies according to his Wit, and not by any power of Knowledge.* One of the Ancients, who was reproach'd, *That he profeſt Philoſophy, of which he nevertheleſs in his own Judgment made no great Account.* Made Anſwer, *That that was truly to Philoſophize*: They would conſider all, and ballance every thing, and have found that an Employment well ſuited to our natural

natural Curioſity. Some things they have writ for the benefit of publick Society, as their *Religions*, and for that Conſideration it was but reaſonable, that they ſhould not examine publick Opinions to the Quick, that they might not diſturb the common Obedience to the Laws and Cuſtoms of their Country. *Plato* treats of this Myſtery with a Raillery manifeſt enough: For where he writes according to his own Method; he gives no certain Rule. When he plays the *Legiſlator*, he borrows a magiſterial and poſitive Style, and boldly there foiſts in his moſt fantaſtick Inventions, as fit to perſuade the Vulgar, as impoſſible to be believ'd by himſelf: Knowing very well, how fit we are to receive all ſorts of Impreſſions, eſpecially the moſt immoderate and wicked. And yet in his *Laws*, he takes ſingular Care that nothing be ſung in Publick but Poetry; of which, the Fiction and fabulous Relations tend to ſome advantageous End: It being ſo eaſie to imprint all ſorts of *Phantaſms* in human Minds, that it were Injuſtice not to feed them rather with profitable Untruths, than with Untruths that are unprofitable and hurtful. He ſays very plainly in his Commonwealth, that it is very oft neceſſary for the profit of Men, to deceive them. It is very eaſie to diſtinguiſh, that ſome of the *Sects* have more followed *Truth*, and the others *Utility*, by which the laſt have gain'd their Reputation. 'Tis the miſery of our Condition, that often that which preſents it ſelf to our Imagination for the moſt true, does not appear the moſt utile to Life. The boldeſt *Sects*, as the *Epicurean*, *Pyrrhonian*, and the new Academick,

demick, are yet conſtrain'd to ſubmit to the Ci-
vil Law, at the end of the Account. Other
Subjects there are, that they have tumbl'd and
toſt ſome to the right, and others to the left, eve-
ry one endeavouring, right or wrong, to give
them ſome kind of Colour; for having found
nothing ſo Abſtruſe, they would not venture to
ſpeak to: They are very often forc'd to forge
weak and ridiculous Conjectures; not that they
themſelves look'd upon them as any Foundati-
on, or eſtabliſh any certain Truth, but meerly
Incerto. for Exerciſe. *Non tam id ſenſiſſe, quod dicerent,*
quam exercere ingenia materiæ difficultate videri
tur voluiſſe: *Not ſo much, that they themſelves be-*
liev'd what they ſaid, as that they ſeem to have a
mind to exerciſe their Wits in the Difficulty of
the matter. And if we did not take it thus, how
ſhould we palliate ſo great Inconſtancy, Variety
and Vanity of Opinions, as we ſee have been
produc'd by thoſe excellent and admirable Souls?
For, for Example, what can be more Vain than
to imagine to gueſs at Almighty God by our
Analogies and Conjectures? To direct and go-
vern him and the World, by our *Capacities* and
our *Laws*? And to ſerve our ſelves at the Ex-
pence of the Divinity, with that ſmall Portion of
Knowledge he has been pleas'd to impart to our
natural Condition? And becauſe we cannot ex-
tend our Sight to his glorious Throne, to have
brought him down to our Corruption, and our
Miſeries? Of all human and ancient Opinions
concerning Religion, that ſeems to me the most
likely, and moſt excuſable, that acknowledg'd
God an Incomprehenſible Power? the Origi-

and Preſerver of all things, all Bounty, all Perfection, receiving and taking in good part the Honor and Reverence that Man paid unto him, under what Method, Name or Ceremonies ſoever.

Jupiter omnipotens rerum, regumque Deumque,
Progenitor, Genitrixque ——

This Zeal has univerſally been look'd upon from Heaven with a gracious Eye. All Governments have reap'd Fruit from their Devotion: Men and impious Actions, have every where had ſuitable Events. Pagan *Hiſtories* acknowledge *Dignity, Order, Juſtice, Prodiges* and *Oracles*, employ'd for their Profit and Inſtruction in their fabulous Religions. God, peradventure, through his Mercy vouchſafing by theſe temporal Benefits, to cheriſh the tender Principles of a kind of brutiſh Knowledg, that natural Reaſon gave them of him, through the deceiving Images of their Dreams. Not only deceiving and falſe, but impious alſo; and injurious are thoſe that Man has forg'd from his own Invention. And of all the Religions that St. *Paul* found in Repute at *Athens*, that which they had dedicated to an unknown Divinity, ſeem'd to him the moſt to be excus'd. *Pythagoras* ſhadow'd the Truth a little more cloſely: Judging that the Knowledge of his firſt Cauſe, and *Being* of *Beings*, ought to be indefinite, without Limitation, without Declaration: That it was nothing elſe, than the extream Effort of our Imagination towards Perfection; every one amplifying the *Idea* according to the Talent of his Capacity. But if *Numa* attempted to conform the Devotion of his

What the Knowledge of God was amongſt the Pagans.

The unknown God ador'd at Athens.

Numa's Religion.

People to this Project; to tye them to a Religion purely mental, without any prefixt Object and material Mixture, he undertook a thing of no uſe. Human Wit could never ſupport it ſelf floating in ſuch an infinity of inform Thoughts, there is required ſome certain Image to be preſented, according to its own Model. The Divine Majeſty has thus, in ſome ſort, ſuffered himſelf to be circumſcrib'd in corporal Limits, for our Advantage: His ſupernatural and celeſtial Sacraments have Signs of our earthly Condition: His Adoration is by ſenſible Offices and Words; for 'tis Man that Believes and Prays. I ſhall omit the other Arguments upon this Subject: But a Man would have much ado to make me believe, that the ſight of our Crucifixes, that the Picture of our Saviours Paſſion, that the Ornaments and Ceremonious Motions of our Churches, that the Voices accommodated to the Devotion of our Thoughts, and that Emotion of Senſes do not warm the Souls of the People with a Religious Paſſion of very advantagious Effects. Of thoſe, to whom they have given a Body as Neceſſity required in that univerſal Blindneſs, I ſhould, I fancy, moſt encline to thoſe, who Ador'd the Sun.

Ronſard. ——— *la lumiere commune,*
L'œil du monde; & ſi Dieu au chef porte des yeux,
Les rayons du ſole il ſont ſes yeux radeux,
Qui donnent vie a tous, nous maintiennent, & gardent,
Et les faits des humains en ce monde regardent:
Ce beau, ce grand ſoleil, qui nous fait les ſaiſons,
Selon qu'il entre, ou ſort de ſes douze maiſons:

Qui

Qui remplit l'univers de ſee vertus cogneues :
Qui d'un traict de ſes yeux nous diſſipe les nues :
L'eſprit, l'ame du monde ardant, & flamboyant,
En la courſe d'un jour tout le Ciel tournoyant,
Plein d'immenſe grandeur, rond, vagabond, & ferme :
Lequel tient deſſoubs luy tout le monde pour terme :
En repos, ſans repos, oyſif, & ſans ſejour,
Fils aiſne de Nature, & le Pere du jour.

The common Light that Shines indifferently
On all alike, the Worlds enlightning Eyes,
And if th' Almighty Ruler of the Skies
Has Eyes, the Sun-Beams are his radiant Eyes,
That Life to all impart, maintain and guard,
And all Mens actions upon Earth regard.
This Great, this Beautiful, and glorious Sun,
That Seaſons gives by Revolution ?
That with his Influence fills the Univerſe,
And with one Glaunce does ſullen Shades diſperſe.
Life, Soul o:h' World, that flaming in his (Sphere
Surrounds the Heavens in one Days career,
Immenſly great, moving, yet firm and round,
Who the whole World below has fix'd his Bound,
At Reſt without Reſt, Idle without Stay,
Natures Firſt Son, and Father of the Day.

Foraſmuch as beſides this Grandeur and Beauty of his, 'tis the only piece of this *Machin* that we diſcover at the remoteſt diſtance from us; and by that means ſo little known, that they were pardonable, for entring into ſo great admiration

admiration and reverence of it. *Thales*, who firſt inquir'd into this ſort of matter, believ'd God to be a Spirit, that made all things of Water. *Anaximander*, that the Gods were always dying, and entring into Life; and that there were an infinite number of Worlds. *Anaximines*, that the *Air* was God, that he was procreated and immenſe, always moving. *Anaxagoras* the Firſt, was of Opinion, that the deſcription and manner of all things were conducted by the Power and Reaſon of an infinite Spirit. *Alcmæon* gave the Divinity to the *Sun*, *Moon* and *Stars*, and to the *Soul*. *Pythagoras* has made God a Spirit ſprinkled over the Nature of all things, from whence our Souls are extracted. *Parmenides*, a Circle ſurrounding the Heaven, and ſupporting the World by the Ardour of Light. *Empedocles* pronounc'd the four Elements, of which all things are compos'd, to be Gods. *Protagoras* had nothing to ſay, whether they were or were not, or what they were. *Democritus* was one while of Opinion, that the *Images* and their Circuitions were *Gods*, another this Nature that darts out thoſe *Images*, and then our *Science* and *Intelligence*. *Plato* devides his Belief into ſeveral Opinions. He ſays in his *Timæus*, that the Father of the World cannot be nam'd; in his Laws, That Men are not to inquire into his *Being*. And elſewhere in the very ſame Books, he makes the *World*, the *Heavens*, the *Stars*, the *Earth*, and our *Souls*, Gods, admitting moreover thoſe which have been receiv'd by ancient Inſtitution in every Republick. *Xenephon* reports a like Perplexity

in

in *Socrates* his Doctrine. One while that Men are not to inquire into the Form of God, and preſently makes him maintain that the *Sun* is *God*, and the *Soul God*; and at firſt, that there is but one God, and afterwards that there are many. *Speucippus* the Nephew of *Plato* makes *God* a certain Power governing all things, and that he has a Soul. *Ariſtotle* one while ſays, it is the Spirit, and another, the World; one while he gives this World another *Maſter*, and another, makes *God* the Ardour of *Heaven*. *Xenocrates* makes eight, five nam'd amongſt the *Planets*, the ſixth compos'd of all the fixt Stars, as of ſo many Members, the ſeventh and the eighth, the *Sun* and the *Moon*. *Heraclides Ponticus* does nothing but float in his Opinion, and finally deprives God of Senſe, and makes him ſhift from one Form to another, and at laſt ſays, that 'tis *Heaven* and *Earth*. *Theophraſtus* wanders in the ſame Irreſolution amongſt his Fancies, attributing the ſuperintendency of the World, one while, to the *Underſtanding*, another while to *Heaven*, and another to the Stars. *Strato*, that 'tis *Nature* ſhe having the power of Generation, Augmentation and Diminution without Form and Sentiment. *Zeno* ſays, 'tis the *Law* of *Nature* commanding Good, and prohibiting Evil; which *Law* is an Animal, and takes away the accuſtom'd Gods, *Jupiter*, *Juno* and *Veſta*: *Diogenes Apollonates*, this 'tis *Age*. *Xenophanes* makes *God* round, ſeeing and hearing, not breathing, and having nothing in common with Human Nature. *Ariſto* thinks the Form of God to be incomprehenſible;

deprives

deprives him of Sence, and knows not whether he be an Animal, or ſomething elſe. *Cleanthes* one while ſuppoſes it to be *Reaſon*; another while, the *World*; another the *Soul* of Nature; and then the ſupream Heat rouling about, and environing all. *Perſeus*, *Zeno*'s Diſciple, was of Opinion, that Men have given the Title of Gods to ſuch as have been uſeful, and have added any advantage to Human Life, and even to profitable things themſelves. *Cryſippus* made a confus'd heap of Old Sentences, and reckons amongſt a thouſand Forms of *Gods* that he makes, the Men alſo that have been *Deified*. *Diagoras* and *Theodorus* flatly deny'd, that there were any *Gods* at all. *Epicurus* makes the Gods ſhining, tranſparent and perflable, lodg'd, as betwixt two Forts, betwixt the two Worlds, ſecure from blows, cloth'd in a Human Figure, and with ſuch Members as we have; which Members are to them of no uſe.

Cicer. de Divin. l. 2. ex Ennio.

Ego Deum genus eſſe ſemper duxi & dicam cœlitum,
Sed eos non curare opinor, quid agat humanum genus.

I ever thought that Gods above there were,
But do not think they care what Men do here.

Truſt to your *Philoſophy*, my Maſters: And brag, that you have *found the Bean in the Cake*; What a Rattle is here with ſo many *Philoſophical* Heads! The perplexity of ſo many Worldly Forms have gain'd this over me, that Manners and Opinions contrary to mine, do not ſo much

much diſpleaſe as inſtruct me; nor ſo much make me proud, as they humble me in comparing them. And all other choice, than what comes from the Expreſs and immediate Hand of God, ſeems to me a Choice of very little Priviledge. The Policies of the World are no leſs oppoſite upon this Subject, than the Schools, by which we may underſtand, that Fortune it ſelf is not more variable and inconſtant, nor more blind and inconſiderate than our *Reaſon*. The things that are moſt unknown, are moſt proper to be deified; wherefore to make Gods of our ſelves, as the Ancients did, exceeds the extreameſt Weakneſs of Underſtanding. I ſhould much rather have gone along with thoſe who ador'd the *Serpent*, the *Dog*, or the *Oxe*: Foraſmuch as their Nature and Being is leſs known to us, and that we have more Authority to imagine what we pleaſe of thoſe Beaſts, and to attribute to them extraordinary Faculties. But to have made Gods of our own condition, of whom we ought to know the Imperfections; and to have attributed to them *Deſire*, *Anger*, *Revenge*, *Marriages*, *Generation*, *Alliances*, *Love* and *Jealouſie*; our *Members* and *Bones*, our *Feavers* and *Pleaſures*, our *Death* and *Obſequies*; this muſt needs proceed from a marvelous Intoxication of Human Underſtanding.

Quæ procul uſque adeo divino ab numine diſtant,
Inque Deum numero quæ ſint indigna videri. Lucret. lib. 5.

From Divine Natures, which ſo diſtant were,
They are unworthy of that Character,

Formæ,

Cicer. de Nat. Deor. lib. 2.

Formæ, ætates, veſtitus, ornatus noti ſunt: Genera, conjugia, cognationes, omniaque traducta ad ſimilitudinem imbecillitatis humanæ; nam & perturbatis animis inducuntur: Accipimus enim Deorum cupiditates, ægritudines, iracundias. Their *Forms, Ages, Cloaths and Ornaments are known: Their Deſcents, Marriages and Kindred, and all appropriated to the ſimilitude of Human Weakneſs; for they are repreſented to us with anxious Minds, and we read of the Luſts, Sickneſs und Anger of the Gods.* As having attributed Divinity not only to *Faith, Vertue, Honour, Concord, Liberty, Victory and Piety*? but alſo to *Voluptuouſneſs, Fraud, Death, Envy, Old Age, Miſery; to Fear, Feaver, ill Fortune,* and other Injuries of our frail and tranſitory Life.

Per, Sat. 2.

Quid juvat hoc, templis noſtros inducere mores?
O curvæ in terris animæ, & cœleſtium inanes!

Into our Temples, to what end or uſe,
Do we our Ceremonies introduce?
Oh crooked Souls, that to the Earth bow low,
And nought of Heav'nly Myſteries do know!

The *Egyptians* with an impudent Prudence, interdicted upon pain of hanging, that any one ſhould ſay, that their Gods, *Serapis* and *Iſis*, had formerly been Men: And yet no one was ignorant, that they had been ſuch. And their Effigies repreſented with the Finger upon the Mouth, ſignified, ſays *Varro*, that myſterious *Decree* to their *Prieſts*, to conceal their mortal Original, as it muſt by neceſſary Conſequence cancel all the Veneration pay'd to them. Seeing that Man ſo much deſir'd to equal himſelf

to

to God; he had done better, ſays *Cicero*, to have attracted thoſe Divine conditions to himſelf, and have drawn them down hither below, than to ſend his Corruption and Miſery up on high: But to take it right, he has ſeveral ways done both the one and the other, with like vanity of Opinion. When *Philoſophers* ſearch narrowly into the Hierarchy of their Gods, and make a great buſtle about diſtinguiſhing their *Alliances*, *Offices* and *Power*. I cannot believe they ſpeak as they think. When *Plato* deſcribes *Pluto's Verger* to us, and the bodily Conveniences or Pains that attend us after the ruin and annihilation of our bodies, and accommodate them to the reſentment we have in this Life.

Secreti celant colles, & myrtea circum
Sylva tegit, curæ non ipſa in morte relinquunt. Æneid. l. 6.

In Vales, and mirtle Groves they penſive lye,
And their Cares do not leave them when they dye,

When *Mahomet* promiſes his Followers a *Paradiſe* hung with Tapeſtry, guilded and enamel'd with Gold and precious Stones, furniſhed with Wenches of excelling Beauty, rare Wines, and delicate Diſhes, it is eaſily diſcern'd that theſe are Deceivers that accommodate their Promiſes to our Senſuality, to attract and allure us by Hopes and Opinions, ſuitable to our mortal appetites. And yet ſome amongſt us are fallen into the like Error, promiſing to themſelves, after the Reſurrection, a Terreſtrial and Temporal Life, accompanied with all ſorts of Worldly Conveniences and Pleaſures. Can we believe that *Plato*, he

he who had ſo heavenly Conceptions, and was ſo well acquainted with the Divinity, as thence to derive the Name of the *Divine Plato*, ever thought that the poor Creature, *Man*, had any thing in him applicable to that incomprehenſible Power? And that he believ'd that the weak Holds we are able to take, were capable, or the Force of our underſtanding ſufficient to participate of Beatitude, or Eternal Pains? We ſhould then tell him from Human Reaſon; If the pleaſures thou doſt promiſe us in the other Life, are of the ſame kind that I have injoy'd here below, this has nothing in common with Infinity: Though all my five Natural Senſes ſhould be even loaded with Pleaſure, and my Soul full of all the contentment it could hope or deſire, we know what all this amounts to, all this would be nothing: If there be any thing of mine there, there is nothing Divine; if this be no more than what may belong to our preſent Condition, it cannot be of any value. All contentment of Mortals is mortal. Even the Knowledge of our *Parents*, *Children* and *Friends*, if that can affect and delight us in the other World, if there that ſtill continue a ſatisfaction to us, we ſtill remain in earthly and finite conveniences. We cannot, as we ought, conceive the greatneſs of theſe High and Divine Promiſes, if we could in any ſort conceive them: To have a worthy Imagination of them, we muſt imagine them inimaginable, inexplicable and incomprehenſible, and abſolutely another thing, than thoſe of our miſerable experience. *Eye hath not ſeen*, ſaith St. Paul, *nor ear heard, neither hath entred into the Heart*

Heart of Man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love him. And if to render us capable, our being be reform'd and chang'd (as thou *Plato* ſay'ſt in thy Purifications) it ought to be ſo extream and total a Change, that by Phyſical Doctrine, it will be no more.

Hector erat tunc cum bello certabat, at ille
Tractus ab Æmonio non erat Hector equo. Ovid. Triſt. l. 3. El. 11.

He Hector was, whilſt he could fight, but when Drag'd by *Achilles* Steeds, no Hector then.

It muſt be ſomething elſe that muſt receive theſe Recompences.

—quod mutatur, diſſolvitur, interit ergo:
Trajiciuntur enim partes atque ordine migrant. Lucret. l. 1.

What's chang'd diſſolv'd is, and doth therefore dye,
For parts are mixt, and from their Order flv.

For in *Pythagoras* his Metempſycoſis, and the change of Habitation that he imagin'd in Souls, can we believe that the *Lyon*, in whom the Soul of *Cæſar* is inclos'd, does eſpouſe *Cæſar*'s Paſſions, or that the *Lyon* is he? For if it was ſtill *Cæſar*, they would be in the right, who, controverting this Opinion with *Plato*, reproach him, that the Son might be ſeen to ride his Mother transform'd into a Mule, and the like Abſurdities. And can we believe, that in the Mutations that are made of the Bodies of Animals into others of the ſame kind, that the new Commers are not other, than their Predeceſſors? From the Aſhes of a *Phœnix*, a Worm they ſay is engendred, and from that, another *Phœnix*, who can imagine that this ſecond *Phœ-*

nix, is not other than the firſt? We ſee our *Silk-worms*, as it were, dye and wither; and from this wither'd Body, a *Butterflie* is produced, and from that, another Worm; how ridiculous would it be, to imagine, that this were ſtill the firſt? That which has once ceas'd to be, is no more:

Ibid.

Nec ſi materiam noſtram collegerit ætas
Poſt obitum, rurſumque redegerit, ut ſita nunc eſt.
Atque iterum nobis fuerint data lumina vitæ,
Pertineat quidquam tamen ad nos id quoq; factum,
Interrupta ſemel cum ſit repetentia noſtra.

Neither though time ſhould gather and reſtore
Our Matter to the Form it was before,
And give again new Light to ſee withal,
Would that new Figure us concern at all;
Or we again ever the ſame be ſeen,
Our being having interrupted been.

And *Plato*, when thou ſaiſt in another place, that it ſhall be the Spiritual part of Man, that will be concern'd in the Fruition of the Recompences of another Life, thou telleſt us a thing wherein there is as little appearance of Truth.

Ibid.

Scilicet avolſis radicibus, ut neque ullam
Diſpicere ipſe oculus rem ſeorſim corpore toto

No more than Eyes once from their Opticks torn,
Can ever after any thing diſcern.

For by this account, it would no more be Man, nor conſequently us, who ſhould be concern'd in this Enjoyment: For we are compos'd of two principally Eſſential Parts, the ſeparation of which is the Death and Ruin of our Being.

Into

Inter enim jacta eſt vitai pauſa, vageque Ibid.
Deerarunt paſſim motus ab ſenſibus omnes.

When Life's extinct, all Motions of Sence
Are ta'ne away, diſpers'd and baniſh'd thence.

We cannot ſay, that the Man ſuffers much when the Worms feed upon his Members, and that the Earth conſumes them:

Et nihil hoc ad nos, qui coitu conjugioque Ibid.
Corporis atque animæ conſtitimus uniter apti.

What's that to us who longer feel not Pain,
Than Body and Soul united do remain.

Moreover upon what Foundation of their Juſtice can the Gods take notice of, or reward Man after his Death, for his good and vertuous Actions, ſince it was they themſelves that put them in the way and mind to do them? And why ſhould they be offended at, or puniſh him for wicked ones, ſince themſelves have created him in ſo frail a condition, and what with one Glaunce of their Will, they might prevent him from falling? Might not *Epicurus* with great colour of Human Reaſon object that to *Plato*, did he not often ſave himſelf with this Sentence, That it is impoſſible to eſtabliſh any thing certain of the immortal Nature by the Mortal? She does nothing but err throughout, but eſpecially when ſhe meddles with Divine things. Who does more evidently perceive this, than we? For although we have given her certain and infallible Principles; and though we have inlightned her Steps with the Sacred Lamp of Truth, that it has pleas'd *God* to communi-

cate to us; we daily ſee nevertheleſs, that if ſhe ſwerve never ſo little from the ordinary Path, and that ſhe ſtrays from, or wander out of the way, ſet out and beaten by the *Church*, how ſoon ſhe loſes, confounds and fetters her ſelf, tumbling and floating in this vaſt, turbulent and waving Sea of Human Opinions, without reſtraint, and without any determinate end. So ſoon as ſhe loſes that Great and Common Road, ſhe enters into a Labyrinth of a thouſand ſeveral Paths. Man cannot be any thing but what he is, nor imagine beyond the reach of his Capacity: 'Tis a greater Preſumption, ſays *Plutarch*, in them who are but Men, to attempt to ſpeak and diſcourſe of the *Gods* and *Demi-Gods*, than it is in a Man, utterly ignorant of *Muſick*, to judge of *Singing*; or in a Man who never ſaw a *Camp*, to diſpute about *Arms* and *Martial Affairs*, preſuming by ſome light Conjecture to underſtand the effects of an *Art* he is totally a Stranger to. Antiquity, I believe, thought to put a Complement upon, and to add ſomething to the Divine Grandeur, in aſſimilating it to Man, inveſting it with his Faculties, and adorning it with his ugly Humors, and more ſhameful Neceſſities: Offering it our *Aliments* to eat, preſenting it with our *Dances*, *Maſquerades* and *Farces* to divert it; with our *Veſtments* to cover it, and our *Houſes* to inhabit, careſſing it with the Odors of Incenſe, and the Sounds of Muſick, Feſtons and Noſegayes: And to accommodate it to our vicious Paſſions, flattering his Juſtice with inhuman Vengeance, that is delighted with the Ruin and Diſſipation of things by it created and pre-

preſerv'd: As *Tiberius Sempronius*, who burnt the rich Spoils and Arms he had gained from the Enemy in *Sardinnia*, for a Sacrifice to *Vulcan*: And *Paulus Emylius*, thoſe of *Macedonia* to *Mars* and *Minerva*: And *Alexander* arriving at the *Indian* Ocean, threw ſeveral great Veſſels of Gold into the Sea, in Favour of *Thetis*; and moreover loading her *Altars* with a ſlaughter, not of innocent Beaſts only, but of Men alſo; as ſeveral Nations, and ours amongſt the reſt, were ordinarily uſed to do: And I believe there is no Nation under the Sun, that has not done the ſame.

——*Sulmone creatos* Æneid. lib. 10.
Quatuor hic juvenes, totidem quos educat Ufens
Viventes rapit, inferias quos immolet umbris.

At *Sulmo* born he took of young Men four;
Of thoſe at *Ufens* bred, as many more,
Of theſe alive, in moſt inhuman wiſe,
To offer an infernal Sacrifice.

The *Getes* hold themſelves to be Immortal, and that their Death is nothing but a Journey towards *Zamolxis*, Once in five Years they diſpatch ſome one among them to him, to entreat of him ſuch Neceſſaries as they ſtand in need of: Which *Envoy* is choſen by Lot, and the form of his Diſpatch, after having been inſtructed by Word of Mouth what he is to deliver, is, that of the Aſſiſtants, three hold out ſo many Javelins, againſt which the reſt throw his Body with all their Force. If he happen to be wounded in a mortal Part, and that he immediately dye, 'tis reputed a certain Argument of

Zamolxis *the God of the* Getes.

Divine Favor; but if he eſcape, he is look'd upon as a wicked and execrable Wretch, and another is diſmiſt after the ſame manner, in his ſtead. *Ameſtris*, the Mother of *Xerxes*, being grown old, caus'd at once fourteen young Men, of the beſt Families of *Perſia*, to be buried alive, according to the Religion of the Country, to gratifie ſome infernal Deity. And yet to this Day, the Idols of *Temixtitan* are cemented with the Blood of little Children, and they delight in no Sacrifice, but of theſe pure and infantine Souls; a Juſtice thirſty of innocent Blood.

Sacrifice of 14 young men.

Lucr. l. 1. *Tantum Religio potuit ſuadere malorum.*

Such impious Uſe was of Religion made,
So many Ills and Miſchiefs to perſuade.

Carthaginian Children ſacrific'd to Saturn.

The *Carthaginians* immolated their own Children to *Saturn*; and who had none of their own, bought of others, the Father and Mother being in the mean time obliged to aſſiſt at the Ceremony, with a gay and contented Countenance. It was a ſtrange Fancy, to gratifie the Divine Bounty with our affliction; like the *Lacedemonians*, who regal'd their *Diana* with the tormenting of young Boys, which they caus'd to be whip'd for her Sake, very often to Death. It was a ſavage Humor, to think to gratifie the *Architect* by the Subverſion of his Building, and to think to take away the Puniſhment due to the Guilty, by puniſhing the Innocent: And that poor *Iphigenia*, at the Port of *Aulis*, ſhould by her Death and being Sacrific'd, acquit towards God the whole Army of the *Greeks*, from all the Crimes they had committed:

Et

Et caſta inceſte nubendi tempore in ipſo
Hoſtia concideret mactatu mœſta parentis. Ibid.

And that the chaſt, ſhould in her nuptial Band,
Dye by a moſt unnatural Fathers Hand.

And that the two noble and generous Souls of the two *Decii* the Father and the Son, to encline the Favour of the Gods to be propitious to the Affairs of *Rome*, ſhould throw themſelves headlong into the thickeſt of the Enemy. *Quæ fuit tanta Deorum iniquitas, ut placari populo Romano non poſſent, niſi tales viri occidiſſent? How great an Injuſtice in the Gods was that, that they could not be reconcil'd to the People of* Rome, *unleſs ſuch Men periſhed?* To which may be added, that it is not in the Criminal to cauſe himſelf to be ſcourg'd according to his own Meaſure, nor at his own time; but that it purely belongs to the Judge; who conſiders nothing as Chaſtiſements, but the Penalty that he appoints; and cannot call that Puniſhment, which proceeds from the Conſent of him that ſuffers. The Divine Vengeance preſuppoſes an abſolute Diſſent in us, both from its Juſtice, and our own Penalty. And therefore it was a ridiculous Humor of *Polycrates* the Tyrant of *Samos*, who, to interrupt the continued Courſe of his good Fortune, and to ballance it, went and threw the deareſt and moſt precious Jewel he had into the Sea; believing that by this voluntary and antedated Miſhap, he brib'd and ſatisfied the Revolution and Viciſſitude of Fortune; and ſhe, to delude his Folly, ordered it ſo, that the ſame Jewel came again into his Hands, found in the Belly Cicero de Nat. Deor. lib. 3.

Belly of a Fiſh. And then to what end are thoſe Tearings and Demembrations of the *Corybantes*, the *Menades*, and in our times of the *Mahometans*, who fleſh their Faces, Boſoms and their Limbs, to gratifie their *Prophet*: Seeing that the Offence lies in the Will, not in the Breaſt, Eyes, Genitories, in the Beauty, the Shoulders, or the Throat? *Tantus eſt perturbatæ mentis, & ſedibus ſuis pulſæ, furor, ut ſic Dii placentur, quem admodum ne homines quidem ſæviunt.* *So great is the Fury and Madneſs of troubled Minds, when once diſplac'd from the Seat of Reaſon: As if the Gods ſhould be appeas'd, with what even Men are not ſo mad as to approve.* The uſe of this natural Contexture has not only reſpect to us, but alſo to the Service of God, and other Men. And 'tis unjuſt, willingly to wound or hurt it; as to kill our ſelves upon any Pretence whatever. It ſeems to be great Cowardize and Treaſon to exerciſe Cruelty upon, and to deſtroy the Functions of the Body, that are ſtupid and ſervile, to ſpare the Soul the Solicitude of Governing them according to Reaſon. *Ubi iratos Deos timent, qui ſic propitios habere merentur. In regiæ libidinis voluptatem caſtrati ſunt quidam, ſed nemo ſibi, ne vir eſſet, jubente Domino, manus intulit.* *Where are they, ſo afraid of the anger of the Gods, as to merit their Favour at that rate? Some indeed have been made* Eunuchs *for the Luſt of Princes: But no Man at his Maſters Command, has put his own Hand to unman himſelf:* So did they fill their Religion with ſeveral ill Effects.

Div. Aug. de Cicitat. Dei. lib. 6. cap. 10.

Lucr. l. 1.

——*ſæpius olim*
Religio peperit ſceleroſa, atque impia facta.

—In

——In elder times
Religion did commit notorious Crimes.

Now nothing of ours can in any ſort be compared, or likened unto the Divine Nature, which will not blemiſh and ſmut it with ſo much Imperfection. How can that infinite Beauty, Power and Bounty, admit of any Correſpondence, or Similitude, to ſo abject things as we are, without extream Wrong, and manifeſt Diſhonor to his Divine Greatneſs? *Infirmum Dei fortius eſt hominibus: Et ſtultum Dei ſapientius eſt hominibus. For the Fooliſhneſs of God is wiſer than Men, and the Weakneſs of God is ſtronger than Men.* 1 Cor. c. 1. v. 25. *Stilpo* the Philoſopher being ask'd, whether the Gods were delighted with our Adorations and Sacrifices: *You are Indiſcreet*, anſwered he, *let us withdraw apart, if you talk of ſuch things.* Nevertheleſs we preſcribe him Bounds, we keep his Power beſieg'd by our Reaſons (I call our Ravings and Dreams *Reaſon*, with the Diſpenſation of *Philoſophy*, which ſays, that the wicked Man, and even the Fool, go Mad by Reaſon; but by a particular form of Reaſon.) We will ſubject him to the feeble Appearances of our Underſtanding; him, who has made both us and our Knowledge. Becauſe that nothing is made of nothing, *God* therefore could not make the World without Matter. What, has *God* put into our Hands the Keys and moſt ſecret Springs of his Providence? Is he oblig'd not to exceed the Limits of our Knowledge? Put the Caſe, O Man, that thou haſt been able here to mark ſome Footſteps of his Effects: Doſt thou therefore think that he has employed all he can, and has crowd-

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ed all his *Forms* and *Ideas* in this Work? Thou ſeeſt nothing but the Order and Revolution of this little Vault, under which thou art lodged, if thou doſt ſee ſo much: Whereas his Divinity has an infinite Juriſdiction beyond: This Part is nothing in compariſon of the whole.

Lucr. l. 6. ——*omnia cum cœlo, terraque marique*
Nil ſunt ad ſummam ſummai totius omnem.

All things, both Heaven, Earth, and Sea, do fall Short in the account with the great all of all.

'Tis a municipal *Law* that thou alledgeſt, thou knoweſt not what is Univerſal. Tye thy ſelf to that to which thou art ſubject, but not him; he is not of thy Brotherhood, thy Fellow-Citizen, or Companion: If he has in ſome ſort communicated himſelf unto thee; 'tis not to debaſe himſelf to thy littleneſs, nor to make thee Comptroler of his Power. A human Body cannot fly to the Clouds: 'Tis for thee, the Sun runs every day his ordinary Courſe: The Bounds of the Seas and the Earth cannot be confounded: The Water is Unſtable and without Firmneſs: A Wall, unleſs it be broken, is impenetrable to a ſolid Body: A man cannot preſerve his Life in the Flames; he cannot be both in Heaven and upon Earth, and corporally in a thouſand places at once. 'Tis for thee, that he has made theſe Rules; 'tis thee, that they concern. He has manifeſted to Chriſtians, that he has enfranchis'd them all when it pleaſed him. And in truth why Almighty as he is, ſhould he have limited his Power within any certain Bounds? In favour of whom ſhould he have renounced his Privilege? Thy

Thy *Reaſon* has in no other thing more of likelyhood and Foundation, than in that wherein it perſwades thee that there is a plurality of worlds.

Terramque & ſolem, lunam, mare, cætera quæ ſunt,
Non eſſe unica ſed numero magis innumerali. Lucret. l. 2.

That Earth, Sun, Moon, Sea, and the reſt that are,
Not ſingle, but innumerable were.

The moſt eminent Wits of elder times believed it; and ſome of this age of ours, compelled by the appearances of human Reaſon, do the ſame: Foraſmuch as in this *Fabrick*, that we behold, there is nothing ſingle and one,

——— *cum in ſumma res nulla ſit una,*
Unica quæ gignatur: Et unica ſolaque creſcat: Ibid.

Since nothing's ſingle in this mighty Maſs,
That can alone beget, alone encreaſe:

And that all the kinds are multiplied in ſome number: By which it ſeems not to be likely, that God ſhould have made this Work only without a companion: And that the Matter of this Form ſhould have been totally drain'd in this ſole Individual.

Quare etiam, atque etiam tales fateare neceſſe eſt, Ibid.
Eſſe alios alibi congreſſus materiai,
Qualis hic eſt avido complexu quem tenet æther.

Wherefore 'tis neceſſary to confeſs,
That there muſt elſewhere be the like congreſs
Of the like matter, which the airy ſpace
Contains & holds with a moſt ſtrict Embrace.

Eſpecially

Eſpecially if it be a living Creature, which its motions renders ſo credible, that *Plato* affirms it, and that many of our People do either confirm, or dare not deny: No more than that ancient Opinion, that the *Heavens*, the *Stars*, and other Members of the World, are Creatures compos'd of Body and Soul: Mortal in reſpect of their Compoſition, but Immortal by the determination of the *Creator*. Now if there be many Worlds, as *Democritus*, *Epicurus*, and almoſt all *Philoſophy* has believ'd, what do we know but that the Principles and Rules of this of ours, may in like manner concern the reſt? They may peradventure have another *Form*, and another *Policy*. *Epicurus* ſuppoſes them either like or unlike. We ſee in this World an infinite difference and variety, only by diſtance of Places. Neither the Corn, Wine, nor any of our Animals are to be ſeen in that new corner of the World diſcovered by our Fathers, 'tis all there another thing. And in times paſt, do but conſider in how many parts of the World they had no Knowledge either of *Bacchus* or *Ceres*. If *Pliny* and *Herodotus* are to be believed, there are in certain Places a kind of Men very little reſembling us. And there are mungrel and ambiguous Forms, betwixt the human and brutal Natures. There are Countries, where men are born without Heads, having their Mouth and Eyes in their Breaſt: Where they are all *Hermaphodrites*; where they go on all four; where they have but one Eye in the Forehead, and a Head more like a Dog than one of us: Where they are half Fiſh, the lower part, and live in the Water: Where

the

the Women bear at five years old, and live but eight: Where the Head and Skin of the Forehead is ſo hard, that a Sword will not touch it, but rebounds again: Where Men have no Beards: Nations that know not the uſe of Fire, and others that eject Seed of a black Colour. What ſhall we ſay of thoſe that naturally change themſelves into Woolves, Colts, and then into Men again? And if it be true as *Plutarch* ſays, that in ſome place of the *Indies*, there are men without Mouths, who nouriſh themſelves with the ſmell of certain Odours, how many of our Deſcriptions are falſe? He is no more riſible nor peradventure, capable of Reaſon and Society: The diſpoſition and cauſe of our internal Compoſition would then for the moſt part be to no purpoſe, nor of no uſe; moreover how many things are there in our own Knowledge, that oppoſe thoſe fine Rules we have cut out for, and preſcribed to *Nature*? And yet we muſt undertake to circumſcribe *God* himſelf! How many things do we call miraculous and contrary to *Nature*? This is done by every *Nation*, and by every *Man*, according to the Proportion of his Ignorance. How many occult Properties and Quinteſſences do we daily diſcover? For, for us to go according to *Nature*, is no more but to go according to our Intelligence, as far as that is able to follow, and as far as we are able to ſee into it: All beyond that muſt be monſtrous and irregular. Now by this Account, all things ſhall be monſtrous to the wiſeſt and moſt underſtanding men; for human Reaſon has perſuaded them, that there was no manner of Ground or Foun-

Foundation, not ſo much as to be aſſured that Snow is white; and *Anaxagoras* affirm'd it to be black: If there be any thing, or if there be nothing: If there be Knowledg or Ignorance: which *Metrodorus Chius* denied that Man was able to determine: Or whether we live, as *Euripides* doubts, whether the Life we live is Life, or whether that we call Death be not Life:

Who knows if Life been't that which we call Death,
And Death the thing that we call Life.

And now without ſome appearance. For why do we from this Inſtant derive the Title of Being, which is but a Flaſh in the infinite Courſe of an eternal Night, and ſo ſhort an Interruption of our perpetual and natural Condition? Death poſſeſſing all that paſt before, and all the future of this moment, and alſo a good part of the moment it ſelf. Others ſwear there is no motion at all, as the Followers of *Meliſſus*, and that nothing ſtirs. For if there be but one, neither can that Spherical Motion be of any uſe to him, nor the Motion from one place to another, as *Plato* proves, That there is neither Generation nor Corruption in Nature. *Protagoras* ſays, That there is nothing in Nature but Doubt: That a man may equally diſpute of all things; and even of this, whether a man can equally diſpute of all things: *Manſiphanes*, that of things which ſeem to be, nothing is, more than it is not. That there is nothing certain, but incertainty. *Parmenides*, that of that which ſeems, there is no one thing in general. That there is but one thing. *Zeno*, that one ſame is not; and that there

Motion of things below denied.

there is nothing. If there were one thing, it would either be in another, or in it ſelf. If it be in another, they are two: If it be in it ſelf, they are yet two; the comprehending, and the comprehended. According to theſe Doctrines the Nature of things, is no other than a Shadow, either falſe or vain. This way of ſpeaking in a Chriſtian Man, has ever ſeem'd to me very Indiſcreet and irreverent. *God cannot dye*; *God cannot contradict himſelf*; *God cannot do this, or that*, I do not like to have the divine Power ſo limited by the Laws of Mens Mouths. And the appearance which preſents it ſelf to us in thoſe Propoſitions, ought to be more religiouſly and reverently expreſſed. Our ſpeaking has it's Failings and Defects, as well as all the reſt. *Grammar* is that which creates moſt Diſturbance in the World. Our Suits only ſpring from the Debate of the Interpretation of *Laws*: And moſt Wars proceed from the Inability of *Miniſters*, clearly to expreſs the Conventions and Treaties of Amity of *Princes*. How many Quarrels, and of how great Importance, has the doubt of the meaning of this Syllable *Hoc* created in the World? Let us take the cleareſt Concluſion that *Logic* it ſelf preſents us with. If you ſay it is fair, and that you ſay true, it is then fair Weather. Is not this a very certain form of ſpeaking? And yet it will deceive us: That it will do ſo, let us follow the Example. If you ſay you lye, and that you ſay true, then you do lye. The *Art*, the *Reaſon* and *Force* of the Concluſion of this, are the ſame with the other, and yet we are gravelled. The *Pyrrhonian Philoſophers*, I diſcern,

diſcern, cannot expreſs their general Conception in any kind of ſpeaking: For the World requires a new Language on purpoſe. Ours is all form'd of affirmative Propoſitions, which are totally antartick to them. Inſomuch that when they ſay *I doubt*, they are preſently taken by the Throat, to make them confeſs, that at leaſt they know, and are aſſur'd that they do doubt. By which means they have been compelled to ſhelter themſelves under this medicinal Compariſon, without which, their Humor would be inexplicable. When they pronounce, *I know not*: Or, *I doubt*; they ſay, that this Propoſition carries off it ſelf with the reſt, no more, nor leſs than *Rubarb*, that drives out the ill Humors, and carries it ſelf off with them. This Fancy will be more certainly underſtood by Interrogation: *What do I know?* (as I bear it in the Emblem of a Ballance.) See what uſe they make of this irreverend way of ſpeaking. In the preſent Diſputes about our *Religion*, if you preſs the Adverſaries to it too hard, they will roundly tell you, that it is not in the Power of *God*, to make it ſo, that his Body ſhould be in *Paradice* and upon *Earth*, and in ſeveral Places at once. And ſee what Advantage the old Scoffer makes of this? *At leaſt*, ſays he, *it is no little Conſolation to Man, to ſee that God cannot do all things: For he cannot kill himſelf, though he would; which is the greateſt Privilege we have in our Condition: He cannot make Mortals Immortal, nor revive the Dead: nor make it ſo, that he who has lived, has not; nor that he, who has had Honours, has not had them, having no other right to the paſt, than that*

of

of Oblivion. And that the Compariſon of a Man to *God* may yet be made out by pleaſant Examples, *he cannot order it ſo*, he ſays, *that twice ten ſhall not be twenty.* This is what he ſays, and what a Chriſtan ought to take heed ſhall not eſcape his Lips. Whereas on the contrary, it ſeems, as if all Men ſtudied this impudent kind of blaſphemous Language, to reduce *God* to their own meaſure.

——*cras vel atra*
Nube polum pater occupato,
Vel ſole puro non tamen irritum
Quodcumque retro eſt efficiet, neque
Diffinget infectumque reddet
Quod fugiens ſemel hora vexit.

Hor. Car. l. 3. Ode. 29.

To morrow let it ſhine, or rain,
Yet cannot this the paſt make vain:
Nor uncreate and render void,
That which was yeſterday enjoy'd.

Lord Fanſhaw.

When we ſay, that the Infinity of Ages, as well paſt as to come, are but one Inſtant with God: That his Bounty, Wiſdom and Power are the ſame with his Eſſence: Our Mouths ſpeak it, but our Underſtandings apprehend it not. And yet ſuch is our vain Opinion of our ſelves, that we muſt make the Divinity to paſs through our Seive: And from thence proceed all the Dreams and Errors with which the World abounds, whilſt we reduce and weigh in our Ballance a thing ſo far above our Poize. *Mirum quo procedat improbitas cordis humani, parvulo aliquo invitata ſucceſſu.* 'Tis a wonder to what the wickedneſs of Mans Heart will proceed, if elevated with the leaſt Succeſs. How magiſterially and inſo-

Plin. Nat. Hiſt. l. 2.

lently does *Epicurus* reprove the *Stoicks* from maintaining that the truly good and happy Being appertain'd only to *God*, and that the wiſe Man had nothing but a ſhadow and reſemblance of it? How temeariouſly have they bound *God* by Deſtiny (a thing, that, by my conſent, none that bears the Name of a Chriſtian ſhall ever do again) and both *Thales*, *Plato* and *Pythagoras* have enſlav'd him to Neceſſity. This Arrogancy of attempting to diſcover *God* with our weak Eyes, has been the Cauſe that an eminent Perſon of our Nation, has attributed to the Divinity a corporal Form; and is the reaſon of what happens amongſt us every day, of attributing to *God* important Events, by a particular Aſſignation: Becauſe they ſway with us, they conclude that they alſo ſway with him, and that he has a more intent and vigilant Regard to them than to others of leſs Moment, or of ordinary Courſe. *Magna Dii curant, parva negligunt.* *The Gods are concerned at great matters, but ſlight the ſmall.* Obſerve his Example, he will clear this to you by his Reaſon: *Nec in regnis quidem Reges omnia curant.* *Neither indeed do Kings in their Adminiſtration take notice of all the leſs Concerns.* As if to that *King* of Kings it were more and leſs to ſubvert a Kingdom, or to move the Leaf of a Tree: Or as if his *Providence* acted after another manner in enclining the Event of a Battle, than in the leap of a Flea. The hand of his Government is laid upon every thing after the ſame manner, with the ſame Power and Order: Our Intereſt does nothing towards it; our Inclinations and Meaſures ſway nothing with

Cicero de *Nat. Deor. lib.* 3.

with him. *Deus ita artifex magnus in magnis, ut minor non ſit in parvis. God is ſo great an Artificer in great things, that he is no leſs in the leaſt.* Our Arrogancy ſets this blaſphemous Compariſon ever before us. Becauſe our Employments are a Burthen to us, *Strato* has curteouſly been pleaſed to exempt the *Gods* from all Offices, as their *Prieſts* are. He makes *Nature* produce and ſupport all things; and with her Weights and Motions makes up the ſeveral parts of the World; diſcharging human Nature from the awe of divine Judgments. *Quod beatum, æternumque ſit, id nec habere negotii quicquam, nec exhibere alteri. What is Bleſſed and Eternal, has neither any Buſineſs it ſelf, nor gives any to another.* *Nature* will that in like things there ſhould be a like Relation. The infinite number of Mortals, therefore, concludes a like number of Immortals; the infinite things that kill and deſtroy, preſuppoſe as many that preſerve and profit. As the Souls of the *Gods* without Tongue, Eyes, or Ear, do every one of them feel amongſt themſelves what the other feel, and judge our Thoughts. So the Souls of Men, when at liberty, and looſed from the Body, either by Sleep, or ſome Extaſie, divine, foretel and ſee things, which whilſt joyn'd to the Body they could not ſee. *Men* (ſays St. *Paul*) *profeſſing themſelves to be wiſe, they became Fools; and changed the Glory of uncorruptible God, into an Image made like corruptible Man.* Do but take notice of the jugling in the Ancient *Deifications.* After the great and ſtately Pomp of the Funeral, ſo ſoon as the Fire began to mount to the top of the

Cicero de Nat. Deor. lib. 1.

Rom. 1. v. 22, 23.

Pyramid, and to catch hold of the *Hearſe* where the Body lay, they at the ſame time turn'd out an Eagle, which flying upward, ſignified that the Soul went into *Paradice.* We have yet a thouſand Medals, and particularly of that vertuous *Foſtina*, where this Eagle is repreſented carrying theſe deified Souls with their Heels upwards, towards *Heaven.* 'Tis pity that we ſhould fool our ſelves with our own Fopperies and Inventions,

Luan. l. 1. *Quod finxere timent.*

Like Children who are frighted with the ſame Face of their Play-fellow, that they themſelves had ſmear'd and ſmutted. *Quaſi quicquam infelicius ſit homine, cui ſua figmenta dominantur. As if any thing could be more unhappy than Man, who is inſulted over by his own Imagination.* 'Tis far from honoring who made us, to honor him that we have made. *Auguſtus* had more Temples than *Jupiter*, ſerv'd with as much Religion, and belief of Miracles: The *Thracians*, in return of the Benefits they had receiv'd from *Ageſilaus*, coming to bring him word, that they had canoniz'd him: *Has your Nation*, ſaid he to them, *that Power to make Gods of whom they pleaſe? Pray firſt deifie ſome one amongſt your ſelves, and when I ſhall ſee what Advantage he has by it, I will thank you for your Offer.* Man is certainly ſtark mad; he cannot make a Flea, and yet he will be making *Gods* by Dozens. Hear what *Triſmageſtus* ſays in praiſe of our Sufficiency; *Of all the wonderful things, it ſurmounts all Wonder, that Man could find out the divine Nature and make it.*

And

And take here the Arguments of the School of *Philoſophy* it ſelf.

Noſſe cui Divos, & cæli numina, ſoli Lucan. l. 1.
Aut ſoli neſcire datum.

To whom to know the Deities of Heav'n;
Or know he knows them not, alone 'tis given.

If there is a *God*, he is a living Creature; if he be a living Creature, he has ſome Senſe; and if he has Senſe, he is ſubject to Corruption. If he be without a Body, he is without a Soul, and conſequently without Action: And if he has a Body, it is periſhable. Is not here a Triumph? We are incapable of having made the World; there muſt then be ſome more excellent Nature, that has put a Hand to the Work. It were a fooliſh and ridiculous Arrogance, to eſteem our ſelves the moſt perfect thing of the *Univerſe*. There muſt then be ſomething that is better and more perfect, and that muſt be *God*. When you ſee a ſtately and ſtupendious Edifice, though you do not know who is the Owner of it, you would yet conclude it was not built for Rats. And this divine Structure that we behold of the Cœleſtial Palace, have we not reaſon to believe that it is the Reſidence of ſome Poſſeſſor, who is much greater than we? Is not the moſt Supream always the moſt Worthy? And we are ſubjected to him. Nothing without a Soul and without Reaſon, can produce a living Creature capable of Reaſon. The World produces us, the World then has Soul and Reaſon. Every part of us is leſs than we. We are a part of the World, the World therefore is endued with Wiſdom and Reaſon, and that more abundantly than we.

Heaven God's Palace.

The Government of the World.

'Tis a fine thing to have a great Government. The Government of the World then appertains to ſome happy Nature. The Stars do us no harm, they are then full of Bounty. We have need of Nouriſhment, then ſo have the *Gods* alſo, and feed upon the Vapours of the Earth. Worldly Goods are not Goods to *God*; therefore they are not Goods to us: Offending, and being Offended, are equally Teſtimonies of Imbecillity: 'Tis therefore folly to fear *God*. *God* is good by his Nature; Man by his Induſtry, which is more. The divine and human Wiſdom have no other Diſtinction, but that the firſt is Eternal. But Duration is no acceſſion to Wiſdom, therefore we are Companions. We have Life, Reaſon and Liberty; we eſteem Bounty, Charity and Juſtice: Theſe Qualities are in him. In concluſion, the building and deſtroying, and the conditions of the Divinity, are forg'd by Man according as they relate to himſelf. What a Pattern, and what a Model! let us ſtretch, let us raiſe and ſwell human Qualities as much as we pleaſe. Puff up thy ſelf, vain Man, yet more and more, and more.

Hor. l. 2. Sat. 3.

Nec ſi te ruperis, inquit.
Swell till thou burſt; ſaid he,
Thou ſhalt not match the Deity.

Profecto non Deum, quem cogitare non poſſunt, ſed ſemet ipſos pro illo cogitantes, non illum, ſed ſeipſos, non illi, ſed ſibi comparant. Certainly they do not imagine God, whom they cannot imagine; but they imagine themſelves in his ſtead: They do not compare him, but themſelves, not to him, but to themſelves. In natural things the Effects do but half

half relate to their Cauſes. What's this to the Purpoſe? His Condition is above the order of Nature, too elevate, too remote, and too mighty to permit himſelf to be bound and fettered by our Concluſions. 'Tis not through our ſelves, that we arrive at that place: Our ways lye too low. We are no nearer Heaven on the top of Mount *Senis*, than in the bottom of the Sea: Take the Diſtance with your *Aſtrolable*. They debate *God* even to the carnal Knowledg of Women, to ſo many times and ſo many Generations. *Paulina* the Wife of *Saturninus*, a Matron of great Reputation at *Rome*, thinking ſhe lay with the God *Serapis*, found her ſelf in the Arms of an *Amoroſo* of hers, through the Pandariſm of the Prieſts of his Temple. *Varro*, the moſt ſubtile and moſt learn'd of all the Latin Authors, in his Book of *Theologie* writes, That the *Sexton* of *Hercules* his Temple, throwing Dice with one hand for himſelf, and with the other for *Hercules*, plaid after that manner with him for a Supper and a Whore: If he won, at the expence of the Offerings; if he loſt, at his own. The *Sexton* loſt, and paid the Supper and the Whore. Her Name was *Laurentina*, who ſaw by night this *God* in her Arms; who moreover told her that the firſt ſhe met the next Day, ſhould give her a heavenly Reward: Which prov'd to be *Taruncius*, a rich young Man, who took her home to his Houſe, and in time left her his Inheritrix. She on the other ſide, thinking to do a thing that would be pleaſing to this God, left the People of *Rome* Heir to her; and therefore had divine Honours attributed to her.

As if it had not been ſufficient that *Plato* was originally deſcended from the *Gods* by a double Line, and that he had *Neptune* for the common Father of his Race: it was certainly believ'd at *Athens*, that *Ariſto* having a mind to enjoy the fair *Perictione*, could not, and was warn'd by the God *Apollo*, in a Dream, to leave her unpolluted and untouch'd, till ſhe ſhould firſt be brought to Bed. Theſe were the Father and Mother of *Plato*. How many ridiculous Stories are of like Cuckoldings committed by the *Gods* againſt poor mortal Men? And how many Husbands injuriouſly ſcandal'd in favour of their Children? In the *Mahometan* Religion, there are enow *Merlins* found by the Belief of the People, that is to ſay, Children without Fathers, ſpiritual, divinely conceiv'd in the VVombs of Virgins, and carry Names that ſignifie ſo much in their Language. VVe are to obſerve, that to every thing, nothing is more dear and eſtimable than its being (the Lyon, the Eagle and the Dolphin, prize nothing above their own Kind) and that every thing aſſimilates the Qualities of all other things to its own proper Qualities, which we may indeed extend or contract, but that's all; for beyond that Relation and Principle, our Imagination cannot go, can gueſs at nothing elſe, nor poſſibly go out thence, or ſtretch beyond it: From whence ſpring theſe ancient Concluſions. Of all Figures, the moſt beautiful is that of Man; therefore *God* muſt be of that Form. No one can be happy without Vertue, nor Vertue be without Reaſon, and Reaſon cannot inhabit any where but in a human

man Shape: God is therefore cloathed in a human Figure. *Ita eſt informatum, anticipatumque mentibus noſtris, ut homini, quum de Deo cogitet, forma occurrat humana. It is ſo imprinted in our Minds, and the Fancy is ſo prepoſſeſs'd with it, that when a Man thinks of God, a human Figure ever preſents it ſelf to the Imagination.* Cicero de Nat. Deor, lib. 3. Therefore it was, that *Xenophanes* pleaſantly ſaid, That if Beaſts do frame any *Gods* to themſelves, as 'tis likely they do, they make them certainly ſuch as themſelves are, and glorifie themſelves in it, as we do. For why may not a *Gooſe* ſay thus, All the part of the Univerſe I have an Intereſt in, the Earth ſerves me to walk upon, the Sun to light me, the Stars have their Influence upon me: I have ſuch Advantage by the VVinds, and ſuch Conveniences by the VVaters: There is nothing that yond heavenly Roof looks upon ſo favourably as me; I am the Darling of Nature? Is it not Man that treats, lodges and ſerves me? 'Tis for me that he both ſows and grinds: If he eats me, he does the ſame by his fellow Man, and ſo do I the VVorms that kill and devour him. As much might be ſaid by a *Crane*, and with greater Confidence, upon the account of the liberty of his Flight, and the Poſſeſſion of that high and beautiful Region. *Tam blanda conciliatrix, & tam ſui eſt lena ipſa natura. So flattering and wheedling a Baud is Nature to her-ſelf.* Ibid. Now by the ſame Conſequence the Deſtinies are then for us; for us the VVorld, it ſhines, it thunders for us, and the Creator and Creatures are all for us. 'Tis the Mark and Point to which the Univerſality of things does aim,

aim. Look into the Records that Philoſophy has kept, for two thouſand Years and more, of the Affairs of Heaven: The *Gods* all that while have neither acted nor ſpoken but for Man: She does not allow them any other Conſultation or Vacation. See them here againſt us in War.

Hor. l. 2. Ode. 12.

——*Domitoſque Herculea manu*
Telluris juvenes, unde periculum
Fulgens contremuit domus
Saturni veteris——

The brawny Sons of Earth, ſubdu'd by hand
Of *Hercules*, on the *Phlegræan* Strand,
Where the rude Shock did ſuch a rattle make,
As made old *Saturn*'s ſparkling Palace ſhake.

And here you ſhall ſee them participate of our Troubles, to make a return for our having ſo often ſhared in theirs.

Æneid. l. 2.

Neptunus muros magnoque emota tridenti
Fundamenta quatit, totamque a ſedibus urbem
Eruit: hic Juno ſcæas ſæviſſima portas
Prima tenet.—

Whilſt *Neptune* with his maſſy Trident ſtrake,
He made the Walls of the Foundations ſhake,
And the whole City from its Platform threw;
Here, to befriend the Greeks, fair *Juno* drew
Into the *Scæan* Ports.—

The *Caunians*, jealous of the Authority of their own peculiar Gods, arm themſelves on the Days of their Devotion, and the whole Power of their Precincts run cutting and ſlaſhing the Air with their Swords, by that means to drive away and baniſh all foreign *Gods* out of their Territory. Their Powers are limited according to our Neceſſity. That cures Horſes, that cures

cures Men, that cures the Plague, the Scurf, the Phthiſic; one to cure one ſort of Itch, another another: *Adeo minimis etiam rebus prava Religio inſertit Deos: At ſuch a rate does falſe Religion create Gods for the moſt contemptible Uſes:* That makes the Grapes to grow, the Waters to flow. That has the Preſidence over Letchery, the Superintendency over Merchandize; for every ſort of Artizan a God: That has his Province and Reputation in the Eaſt, and that has his in the Weſt. Liv. l. 27.

Hic illius arma. —— *Hic currus fuit.* Æn. l. 1.
Here ſhe her Arms, here ſhe her Charriot had.

O ſancte Apollo, qui umbilicum certum terrarum abtinens: Cicer. de Divin. l. 2.
O ſacred *Phœbus* who with glorious Ray,
Over the Navel of the Earth doſt ſway.

Pallada Cecropdæ, Minoia Creta Dianam. Ovid. Faſt. lib. 3.
Vulcanum tellus Hipſipylæa colit.
Junonem ſpartæ, Pelopeiadeſque Mycenæ,
Pinnigerum Fauni mœnolis ora caput.
Mars Latio venerandus.——
Th' *Athenians* Pallas, *Cynthia*, *Creete* adore.
Vulcan is worſhip'd on the *Lemnian* Shoar.
Proud *Juno*'s Altars are by *Spartans* fed,
Th' *Arcadians* worſhip *Faunus*; and 'tis ſaid
That *Mars* at *Latium* is ador'd.

That has only one Town, or one Family in his Poſſeſſion: That lives alone, or in Company, either Voluntary, or upon Neceſſity.

Junctaque ſunt magno templa nepotis avo. Ibid l. 1.
And Temples to the Nephew joyned are,
To thoſe were rear'd to the Great-Grandfather.

There

There are ſome ſo wretched and mean (for the Number amounts to ſix and thirty Thouſand) that they muſt pack five or ſix together, to produce one Ear of Corn, and thence take their ſeveral Names. Three to a Door: That of the Plank, that of the Hing, and that of the Threſhold. Four to a Child; Protectors of his ſwathing Clouts, his Drink, Meat and Sucking. Some certain, ſome uncertain and doubtful, and ſome that are not yet entered Paradice.

Ovid. Met. lib. 1.

Quos, quoniam Cœli nondum dignamur honore,
Quas dedimus certe terras habitare ſinamus.

VVhom, ſince we yet not worthy think of Heaven,
VVe ſuffer to inhabit the Earth we've given.

There are amongſt them Phyſitians, Poets and Civilians. Some mean ones, betwixt the divine and human Nature, Mediators betwixt God and us: Adored with a certain ſecond and diminutive ſort of Adoration: Thoſe are infinite in Titles and Offices: Some good and others ill, ſome old and decrepit, and ſome that are mortal. For *Chryſippus* was of Opinion, that in the laſt Conflagration of the VVorld, all the Gods were to dye but *Jupiter*: Man makes a thouſand pretty Societies betwixt God and him: Is he not his Countryman?

Ovid. Met. lib. 8.

Jovis incunabula Cræten.

And this is the Excuſe, that upon conſideration of this Subject, *Scævola* a High Prieſt, and *Varro* a great Divine in their times, makes us: That it is neceſſary the People ſhould be ignorant of many things that are true, and believe many things that are falſe. *Quum veritatem,*

qua

qua liberetur, inquirat : credatur ei expedire, quod fallitur. Seeing he enquires into the Truth, by which he would be made free, 'tis thought fit he ſhould be deceived. Human Eyes cannot perceive things, but by the Forms they know. And we do not remember what a leap miſerable *Phaeton* took, for attempting to govern the Reins of his Fathers Horſes with a mortal Hand. The Mind of Man falls into as great a Profundity, and is after the ſame manner bruiſed and ſhattered by its own Temerity. If you ask Philoſophy, of what matter the Sun is, what Anſwer will ſhe return, if not, that it is of Iron and Stone, or ſome other Matter that ſhe makes uſe of? If a Man require of *Zeno*, what Nature is? A *Fire*, ſays he, an *Artiſan* proper for Generation, and regularly proceeding. *Archimedes*, Maſter of that Science, which attributes to it ſelf the Precedency before all others, for Truth and Certainty. The *Sun*, ſays he, is a God of red-hot Iron. Was not this a fine Imagination extracted from the inevitable Neceſſity of Geometrical Demonſtrations? Yet not ſo inevitable and utile, but that *Socrates* thought it was enough to know ſo much of Geometry only, as to meaſure the Land a man bought or ſold; and that *Polyænus*, who had been a great and famous Maſter in it, deſpiſed it, as full of Falſity and manifeſt Vanity, after he had once taſted the delicate Fruits of the Garden of *Epicurus*. *Socrates* in *Xenophon*, concerning this Affair, ſays of *Anaxagoras*, reputed by Antiquity learn'd above all others in cœleſtial and divine Matters, that he had crack'd his Brain, as all

Aug. de Civit. Dei. l. 4. cap. 27.

Geometry how far uſeful.

all other men do, who too immoderately ſearch into Knowledges, which nothing appertain unto them. When he made the *Sun* to be a burning Stone, he did not conſider, that a Stone does not ſhine in the Fire; and which is worſe, that it will there conſume. And in making the Sun and Fire one, that Fire does not turn Complexions black in ſhining upon them: That we are able to look fixtly upon Fire: And that Fire kills Herbs and Plants. 'Tis *Socrates* his Opinion, and mine too, that it is the beſt Judge of Heaven, not to judge of it at all. *Plato*, having occaſion in his *Timeus* to ſpeak of *Dæmons*: This Undertaking, ſays he, exceeds my Ability. We are therefore to believe thoſe Ancients, who have pretended to have been begotten by them. 'Tis againſt all Reaſon to refuſe to a mans Faith to the Children of the Gods, though what they ſay ſhould not be proved by any neceſſary or very probable Reaſons; ſeeing they engage to ſpeak of Domeſtick and Familiar things. Let us ſee if we have a little more light in the Knowledg of human and natural Things. Is it not a ridiculous Attempt, for us to forge for thoſe, to whom by our own Confeſſion, our Knowledg is not able to attain, another Body, and to lend a falſe Form of our own Invention: As is manifeſt in this motion of the Planets; to which, ſeeing our Wits cannot poſſibly arrive, nor conceive their natural Conduct, we lend them material, heavy and ſubſtantial Springs of our own, by which to move?

Ovid. Met. *lib.* 2. ——*Temo aureus, aurea ſummâ*
Curvatura rotæ, radiorum argenteus ordo.

A gol-

A golden Beam; Wheels tir'd with golden
Stroaks,
About the Ring, with ſets of ſilver Spokes.

You would ſay, that we had had Coach-makers, Wheele-wrights and Painters, that went up on high to make Engines of various Motions, and to range the Carriages and Interlacings of the heavenly Bodies of differing Colours about the Axis of Neceſſity, according to *Plato.*

Mundus domus eſt maxima rerum,
Quam quinque altitonæ fragmine Zonæ
Cingunt, per quam limbus pictus his ſex ſignis
Stellimicantibus, altus in obliquo æthere, lunæ
Bigas acceptat.——

Varro in Catal.

The VVorld's a Manſion that doth all things
hold,
VVhich thundring Zones in number five
enfold,
Through which a Girdle painted with twelve
Signs,
And that with ſparkling Conſtellations ſhines,
In th'oblique Roof, marks the Diurnal Courſe,
For the Suns Chariot, and his fiery Horſe.

Theſe are all Dreams and fantaſtick Follies. Why will not *Nature* pleaſe once for all to lay open her Boſom to us, and plainly diſcover to us the Means and Conduct of her Movements, and prepare our Eyes to ſee them? Good God, what Abuſe, what Miſtakes ſhould we diſcover in our poor Science! I am miſtaken, if that weak Knowledge of ours hold any one thing, as it really is, and I ſhall depart hence more ignorant of all other things than my own Ignorance. Have I not read in *Plato* this Divine Saying,

Saying, That, *Nature is nothing but an ænigmatick Poeſie!* As if a Man might peradventure ſay, a vail'd and ſhady Picture, breaking out here and there with an infinite variety of falſe Lights to puzzle our Conjectures. *Latent iſta omnia craſſis occultata & circumfuſa tenebris: Ut nulla acies humani ingenii tanta ſit, quæ penetrare in Cœlum, terram intrare poſſit.* *All thoſe things lye conceal'd and involv'd in ſo caliginous an Obſcurity; that no point of Human Wit can be ſo ſharp, as to peirce Heaven, or penetrate the Earth.* And certainly *Philoſophy* is no other than a falſified *Poeſie.* From whence do the Ancient Writers extract their Authorities, but from the *Poets?* And the firſt of them were *Poets* themſelves, and writ accordingly. *Plato* is but a *Poet* unript. All ſuper-human Sciences make uſe of the Poetick Style. Juſt as Women make uſe of Teeth of Ivory, where the Natural are wanting, and inſtead of their true Complexion, make one of ſome artificial Matter; as they ſtuff themſelves with Cotton to appear plump, and in the ſight of every one, paint, patch, and trick up themſelves with an adulterate and borrow'd Beauty: So does Science (and even our *Law* it ſelf has, they ſay, Legitimate Fictions, whereon it builds the Truth of its *Juſtice*) ſhe gives us in Preſuppoſition, and for currant pay, things which themſelves inform us were invented: For theſe *Epicycles, Excentricks* and *Concentricks*, which *Aſtrology* makes uſe of to carry on the Motions of the Stars, ſhe gives us for the beſt ſhe could contrive upon that Subject; as alſo in all the reſt, *Philoſophy* preſents

Cicero in Acad.

preſents us, not that which really is, or what ſhe does really believe, but what ſhe has contriv'd with the greateſt and moſt plauſible likelihood of Truth, and the quainteſt Invention. *Plato* upon the Diſcourſe of the State of Human Bodies, and thoſe of Beaſts, *I ſhould, know that what I have ſaid is truth,* ſays he, *had I the Confirmation of an Oracle: But this I will affirm, that, what I have ſaid, is the moſt likely to be true of any thing, I could ſay.* 'Tis not to Heaven only that Art ſends her Ropes, Engines and Wheels; let us conſider a little what ſhe ſays of us our ſelves, and of our Contexture. There is not more Retrogradation, Trepidation, Acceſſion, Receſſion, and Aſtoniſhment in the Stars and Cœleſtial Bodies, than they have found out in this poor little Human Body. In earneſt, they have very good reaſon upon that very account, to call it a little World, ſo many Tools and Parts have they imployed to erect and build it. To aſſiſt the Motions they ſee in Man, and the various Functions that we find in our ſelves, into how many parts have they divided the Soul? In how many places lodg'd it, into how many Orders have they divided, and to how many Stories have they rais'd this poor Creature Man, beſides thoſe that are natural, and to be perceiv'd? And how many Offices and Vocations have they aſſign'd him? They make an Imaginary of a publick thing. 'Tis a Subject that they hold and handle: And they have full power granted to them, to rip, place, diſplace, peice and ſtuff it every one according to his own Fancy, and yet they poſſeſs it nor.

They cannot, not in reality only, but even in Dreams, ſo govern it, that there will not be ſome Cadence or Sound that will eſcape their Architecture as enormous as it is, and botch'd with a thouſand falſe and fantaſtick Patches. And it is not reaſon to excuſe them; for though we are ſatisfy'd with *Painters* when they paint *Heaven*, *Earth*, *Seas*, *Mountains* and remote *Iſlands*, that they give us but ſome ſlight mark of them, and, as of things unknown, are content with a faint and obſcure Deſcription: Yet when they come to draw us by the Life, or any other Creature which is known and familiar to us, we then require of them a perfect and exact Repreſentation of Lineaments and Colours, and deſpiſe them if they fail in it. I am very well pleas'd with the *Mileſian* Girl, who obſerving the Philoſopher *Thales* to be always contemplating the Cœleſtial Arch; and to have his Eyes ſtill gazing upward, laid ſomething in his way that he might ſtumble at, to put him in mind, that it would be time to take up his Thoughts about things that are in the Clouds, when he had provided for thoſe that were under his Feet. Doubtleſs ſhe adviſ'd him very well, rather to look to himſelf than to gape at Heaven. For, as *Democritus* ſays, by the Mouth of *Cicero*, *Quod eſt apte pedes, nemo ſpectat: Cœli ſcrutantur plagas. No Man regards what is under his Feet, they are always prying towards Heaven.* But our Condition will have it ſo, that the Knowledge of what we have in hand is as remote from us, and as much above the Clouds as that of the Stars: As *Socrates* ſays in *Plato*, That,

Cicer. de Divin. l. 2.

That, whoever tampers with *Philoſophy*, may be reproach'd as *Thales* was by the Woman, that he ſees nothing of that which is before him. For every Philoſopher is ignorant of what his Neighbour does: Yes, and of what he does himſelf, and is ignorant of what they both are, whether Beaſts or Men. And theſe people who find *Sebonde's* Arguments too weak, that are ignorant of nothing, that govern the World, and that know all:

Quæ mare compeſcant cauſæ, quid temperet annum,
Stellæ ſponte ſuæ, juſſæve vagentur, & errent:
Quid premat obſcurum Lunæ, quid proferat orbem,
Quid velit, & poſſit rerum concordia diſcors.

Horat. *l.* 1. *Epiſt.* 2.

What governs ſwelling Tides, what rules the Year?
Whether of Force, or Will, the Planets err,
What wax and wain to *Cynthia's* dark Orb brings,
What the concording Diſcord of all things,
Or would or can effect.

Have they not ſometimes in their Writings ſcatter'd the Difficulties they have met with of knowing their own Being: We ſee very well that the Finger moves, that the Foot moves, that ſome parts aſſume a voluntary Motion of themſelves without our leaves and conſent, and that others work by our direction; that one ſort of apprehenſion occaſions bluſhing; another, paleneſs, ſuch an Imagination works upon the Genitals only, another upon the Brain, one occaſions Laughter, another Tears, another ſtupifies

pifies and aſtoniſhes all our Senſes; at one Object the Stomach will riſe, at another a Member that lyes ſomething lower. But how a Spiritual Impreſſion ſhould make ſuch a breach into a maſſy and ſolid Subject, and the nature of the Connexion and Contexture of theſe admirable ſprings and movements never Man yet knew: *Omnia incerta ratione, & in naturæ majeſtate abdita. All uncertain in Reaſon, and conceal'd in the Majeſty of Nature,* ſays *Pliny.* And St. *Auſtin, Modus, quo corporibus adhærent Spiritus, omnino mirus eſt, nec comprehendi ab homine poteſt: & hoc ipſe homo eſt. The manner whereby Souls adhere to Bodies, is altogether wonderful, and cannot be conceiv'd by Man, and yet this is Man.* And yet it is not ſo much as doubted: For the Opinions of Men are receiv'd according to ancient Belief, by Authority and upon Truſt, as if it were *Religion* and *Law.* 'Tis receiv'd as a Gibberiſh which is commonly ſpoken; this Truth with all its clutter of Arguments and Proofs is admitted as a firm and ſolid Body, that is no more to be ſhaken, no more to be judg'd of. On the contrary, every one according to the utmoſt of his Talent, corroborates and fortifies this receiv'd Belief with the utmoſt power of his Reaſon, which is a ſupple Utenſile, pliable and to be accommodated to any Figure. And thus the World comes to be fill'd with Lies and Fopperies. The reaſon that Men do not doubt of many things, is, that they never examine common Impreſſions: they do not dig to the Root, where the Faults and Defects lyes; they only debate upon the Branches:

Plin. l. 2. cap. 37.

St. Aug. de ſpir. & anim.

They

They do not examine whether ſuch and ſuch a thing be true, but if it has been ſo, and ſo underſtood. It is not inquir'd into, whether *Galen* has ſaid any thing to purpoſe, but whether he has ſaid ſo or ſo. In truth it was very good reaſon, that this Curb to the Liberty of our Judgments, and this Tyranny over our Opinions, ſhould be extended to the Schools and Arts. The God of Scholaſtick Knowledge is *Ariſtotle*: 'Tis Irreligion to queſtion any of his Decrees, as it was thoſe of *Lycurgus* at *Sparta*: His Doctrine is a Magiſterial *Law*, which peradventure is as falſe as another. I do not know, why I ſhould not as willingly imbrace either the Ideas of *Plato*, or the Atoms of *Epicurus*, or the *Plenum* and *Vacuum* of *Leucippus* and *Democritus*, or the *Water* of *Thales*, or the *Infinity of Nature* of *Anaximander*, or the *Air* of *Diogenes*, or the *Numbers* and *Symmetry* of *Pythagoras*; or the *Infinity* of *Parmenides*: or the *One* of *Muſæus*, or the *Water* and *Fire* of *Apollodorus*, or the *Similar Parts* of *Anaxagoras*, or the *Diſcord* and *Friendſhip* of *Empedocles*, or the *Fire* of *Heraclitus*, or any other Opinion (of that infinite Confuſion of Opinions and Determinations, which this fine Human Reaſon does produce by its Certitude and Clear-ſightedneſs in every thing it meddles withal) as I ſhould the Opinion of *Ariſtotle* upon this Subject of the Principles of Natural things: Which Principles he builds of three pieces, Matter, Form and Privation, And what can be more vain, than to make *Inanity* it ſelf cauſe of the Production of things? *Privation* is a Negative: Of what Humour could

could he than make the Cauſe and Original of things that are: And yet that were not to be controverted, but for the exerciſe of *Logic*. There is nothing diſputed neither to bring it into doubt, but to defend the Author of the School from Foreign Objections: His Authority is the *non ultra*, beyond which it is not permitted to inquire. It is very eaſie upon approv'd Foundations to build whatever we pleaſe; for according to the *Law*, and ordering of this beginning, the other parts of the Structure are eaſily carried on without any failure. By this way we find our Reaſon well-grounded, and diſcourſe at a venture; for our Maſters prepoſſeſs and gain before hand as much room in our Belief, as is neceſſary towards concluding afterwards what they pleaſe: As *Geometricians* do by their granted Demands: The Conſent and Approbation we allow them, giving them power to draw us to the Right and Left, and to whirle us about at their own pleaſure. Whatever ſprings from theſe Preſuppoſitions, is our Maſter and our *God*: He will take the Level of his Foundations ſo ample and ſo eaſie, that by them he may mount us up to the Clouds, if he ſo pleaſe. In this Practice and Negotiation of *Science* we have taken the ſaying of *Pythagoras*, *That every expert perſon ought to be believed in his own art, for current pay.* The *Logician* refers the ſignification of words to the *Grammarian*, the *Rhetorician* borrows the State of Arguments from the *Logician*: The *Poet* his meaſure from the *Muſician*, the *Geometrician* his Proportions from the *Arithmetician*, and the *Meta-*

phyſician

physicians take Physical Conjectures from their Foundations. For every *Science* has its Principles presuppos'd, by which Human Judgment is every where limited. If you come to rush against the *Bar* where the principle Error lyes: they have presently this Sentence in their Mouths, *That there is no disputing with Persons, who deny Principles.* Now Men can have no Principles, if not reveal'd to them by the *Divinity*, of all the rest the *beginning*, the *middle* and the *end*, is nothing but dream and vapour. To those that contend upon Presupposition, we must on the contrary presuppose to them the same *Axiom* upon which the dispute is. For every Human Presupposition and Declaration has as much Authority one as another, if reason do not make the difference. Wherefore they are all to be put into the Ballance, and first the Generals, and those that tyrannize over us. The Persuasion of Certainty is a certain Testimony of Folly and extream Incertainty; and there are not a more foolish sort of Men, nor that are less *Philosophers*, than the *Philodoxes* of *Plato*. We must inquire, whether *Fire* be hot, whether *Snow* be white, if there be any such things as *hard* or *soft*. And as to those Answers of which they make old Stories, as he that doubted if there were any such thing as heat, whom they bid throw himself into the Fire, and he that denyed the coldness of Ice, whom they bad to put a Caste of Ice into his Bosom, they are pittful things unworthy of, and much below the Profession of *Philosophy*. If they had let us alone in our Natural Being, to receive

the appearance of things without us, according as they present themselves to us by our Senses, and had permitted us to follow our own Natural Appetites, and govern'd by the Condition of our Birth, they might then have reason to talk at that rate; but 'tis from them, that we have learned to make our selves Judges of the World: 'Tis from them that we derive this Fancy, that Human Reason is Controller General of all that is without and within the Roof of Heaven, that comprehends every thing, that can do every thing: By the means of which, every thing is known and understood. This Answer would be good amongst *Cannibals*, who injoy the happiness of a long, quiet and peaceable Life without *Aristotles* Precepts, and without the knowledge of the Name of *Physicks*. This answer would peradventure be of more value, and greater force than all those they borrow from their Reason and Invention. Of this, all Animals, and all, where the power of the Law of Nature is yet pure and simple, but those they have renounc'd, would be as capable as we. They need not tell us, it is true, for we see and feel it to be so: They must tell me whether I really feel what I think I do; and if I do feel it, they must then tell me why I feel it, and how, and what: Let them tell me the Name, Original, the Part and Junctures of Heat and Cold, the Qualities of the *Agent* and *Patient*. Or let them give up their Profession, which is not to admit or approve of any thing, but by the way of Reason, that is, their *Test* in all sorts of Essays. But certainly 'tis a *Test* full of

Falsity

Falſity, Error, Weakneſs and Defect. Which way can we better prove it, than by it ſelf? If we are not to believe her when ſpeaking of her ſelf, ſhe can hardly be thought fit to judge of Exotick things; if ſhe know any thing, it muſt at leaſt be her own Being and Abode. She is in the Soul, and either a part or an effect of it: For true and eſſential Reaſon, from which we by a falſe Colour borrow the Name, is lodg'd in the Boſom of the *Almighty*. There is her Habitation and Receſs, and 'tis from thence that ſhe imparts her rays, when *God* is pleas'd to impart any beam of it to Mankind, as *Pallas* iſſued from her Father's Head, to communicate her ſelf to the World. Now let us ſee what Human Reaſon tells us of her ſelf, and of the Soul: Not of the Soul in general, of which almoſt all *Philoſophy* makes the Cœleſtial and firſt Bodies Participants: Nor of that which *Thales* attributed to things, which themſelves are reputed inanimate, drawn on ſo to do by the Conſideration of the *Load-ſtone*: But of that which appertains to us, and that we ought the beſt to know.

Ignoratur enim quæ ſit natura animai,
Nata ſit, an contra naſcentibus inſinuetur,
Et ſimul intereat nobiſcum morte dirempta,
An tenebras Orci viſet, vaſtaſque lacunas
An pecudes alias divinitus inſinuet ſe. Lucret. l. 1.

For none the Nature of the Soul doth know,
Whether that it be born with us, or no;
Or be infus'd into us at our Birth,
And dyes with us when we return to Earth,

Or

Or does deſcend to the black Shades below,
Or into other Animals does go.

Crates and *Dicæarchus* were of Opinon, that there was no Soul at all: but that the Body thus ſtirs by a Natural Motion: *Plato*, that it was a Subſtance moving of it ſelf; *Thales*, a Nature without repoſe: *Aſclepiades*, an exerciſing of the Senſes: *Heſiod* and *Anaximander*, a thing compos'd of Earth and Water: *Parmenides*, of Earth and Fire: *Empedocles*, of Blood:

Æneid. lib. 9. *Sanguineam vomit ille animam.*
He vomits up his bloody Soul.

Poſſidonius, *Cleanthes* and *Galen*, that it was heat or a hot Complexion;

Æneid. lib. 9. *Igneus eſt ollis vigor, & cœleſtis origo.*
Their Vigour is of Fire, and does prove
It ſelf deſcended from the Gods above

Hypocrates, a Spirit diffus'd all over the Body: *Varro*, that it was an Air received at the Mouth, heated in the Lungs, moiſtned in the Heart, and diffus'd throughout the whole Body. *Zeno*, the Quinteſſence of the four Elements: *Heraclitus Ponticus*, that it was the Light: *Xenocrates* and the *Egyptians*, a Mobile Number. The *Chaldeans*, a Vertue without any determinate Form.

Lucret. lib. 6. *Habitum quendam vitalem corporis eſſe,*
Harmoniam Græci quam dicunt.
A vital Habit in Man's Frame to be,
Which by the Greeks is call'd a Harmony.

Let us not forget *Ariſtotle*, who held the Soul to be that which naturally cauſes the Body to move, which he calls *Entelechia*, with as cold an Invention as any of the reſt: For he neither ſpeaks

ſpeaks of the *Eſſence*, nor of the Original, nor of the *Nature* of the Soul, only takes notice of the Effect. *Lactantius*, *Seneca* and moſt of the *Dogmatiſts*, have confeſſed, that it was a thing they did not underſtand. And after all this enumeration of Opinions: *Harum ſententiarum quæ vera ſit, Deus aliquis viderit*, ſays *Cicero*: *Of theſe Opinions, which is the true, let ſome God determine.* I know by my ſelf, ſays St. *Bernard*, how incomprehenſible *God* is, ſeeing I cannot comprehend the part of my own being. *Heraclitus*, who was of Opinion, that every place was full of Souls and *Dæmons*, did nevertheleſs maintain, that no one could advance ſo far towards the knowledge of his Soul, as ever to arrive at it, ſo profound was the Eſſence of it. Neither is there leſs controverſie and debate about ſeating of it. *Hippocrates* and *Hierophilus* place it in the Ventricle of the Brain: *Democritus* and *Ariſtotle* throughout the whole Body:

Cicero in Philoſ.

Ut bona ſæpe valetudo cum dicitur eſſe
Corporis, & non eſt tamen hæc pars ulla valentis.
As when the Bodies Health they do it call,
When of a ſound Man, that's no part at all.

Lucret. lib. 3.

Epicurus in the Stomach;

Hic exultat enim pavor, ac metus, hæc loca circum
Lætitiæ mulcent.
For this the Seat of Horror is and Fear,
And Joys in turn do likewiſe triumph here.

Ibid.

The *Stoicks*, about, and within, the Heart: *Eraſiſtratus*, adjoyning the Membrane of the *Epicranion*: *Empedocles*, in the Blood, as alſo *Moſes*, which was the reaſon why he interdicted eating

ing the Blood of Beaſts, becauſe the Soul is there ſeated? *Galen* thought, that every part of the Body had its Soul: *Strato* has plac'd it betwixt the Eye-brows: *Qua facie quidem ſit animus, aut ubi habitet, ne quærendum quidem eſt: What Figure the Soul is of, or what part it inhabits, is not to be inquir'd into,* ſays *Cicero.* I very willingly deliver this Author to you in his own Words: For ſhould I go about to alter Eloquence it ſelf? Beſides it were but an eaſie prize to ſteal the Matter of his Inventions. They are neither very frequent, nor of any great weight, and ſufficiently known. But the reaſon why *Chryſippus* argues it to be about the Heart, as all the reſt of that Sect do, is not to be omitted. *It is,* ſays he, *becauſe when we would affirm any thing, we lay our hand upon our Breaſts*: And when we will pronounce ἐγὼ, which ſignifies I, we let the lower Mandable fall towards the Stomach. This place ought not to be over-ſlipt without a Remark upon the Vanity of ſo great a Man: For beſides that theſe Conſiderations are infinitely light in themſelves, the laſt is only a proof to the Greeks, that they have their Souls lodg'd in that part. No Human Judgment is ſo ſpritely and vigilant, that it does not ſometimes ſleep. Why ſhould we be afraid to ſpeak? We ſee the *Stoicks*, who are the Fathers of Human Prudence, have found out, that the Soul of Man cruſhed under a ruin, does long labour and ſtrive to get out, like a Mouſe caught in a Trap, before it can diſingage it ſelf from the Burthen. Some hold, that the World was made to give Bodies, by way of Puniſh-

Cicer. *Tuſ.* l. 1.

ment,

ment, to the Spirits fallen, by their own Fault, from the Purity wherein they had been created: The firſt *Creation* having been no other than incorporeal: And that according as they are more or leſs deprav'd from their Spirituality, ſo are they, or more or leſs jocundly or dully incorporated. And that thence proceeds all the Variety of ſo much created Matter. But the Spirit that, for his Puniſhment, was inveſted with the Body of the Sun, muſt certainly have a very rare and particular Meaſure of Thirſt. The extremities of our Perquiſition do all fall into, and terminate in, Aſtoniſhment and Blindneſs. As *Plutarch* ſays of the Teſtimony of *Hiſtories*; that, according to Charts and Maps, the utmoſt Bounds of known Countries are taken up with Marſhes, impenetrable Foreſts, Deſarts and uninhabitable Places. And this is the reaſon why the moſt groſs and childiſh Ravings were moſt found in thoſe Authors who treat of the moſt elevated Subjects, and proceed the furtheſt in them: Loſing themſelves in their own Curioſity and Preſumption. The beginning and end of Knowledge, are equally reputed Fooliſh. Obſerve to what a pitch *Plato* flyes in his Poetic Clouds: Do but take notice there of the Gibberiſh of the *Gods*. But what did he dream of when he defin'd a Man to be a two legg'd Animal without Feathers: Giving thoſe who had a mind to deride him, a pleaſant occaſion? For having pull'd a Capon alive, they call'd it the Man of *Plato*. And what did the *Epicureans* think of, out of what ſimplicity did they firſt imagine, that their *Atoms*, that they ſaid were

The Atomes of the Epicureans. What?

were Bodies having ſome weight and a natural motion downwards, had made the World: Till they were put in mind by their Adverſaries, that, according to this Deſcription, it was impoſſible they ſhould unite and joyn to one another, their fall being ſo direct and perpendicular, and many, ſo many parallel Lines throughout? Wherefore there was a neceſſity that they ſhould ſince add a furtuitous and ſide ways motion, and that they ſhould moreover accoutre their *Atomes* with hooked Tails, by which they might afterwards unite and cling to one another. And even then do not thoſe that attack them upon this Second Invention, put them hardly to it? If the *Atomes* have by chance form'd ſo many ſorts of Figures, why did it never fall out that they made a Houſe or a Shoe? Why at the ſame rate ſhould we not believe, that an infinite Number of Greek Letters, ſtrow'd all over a certain place, might poſſibly fall into the Contexture of the *Iliad*? Whatever is capable of Reaſon, ſays *Zeno*, is better than that which is not capable: There is nothing better than the World: The World is therefore capable of Reaſon. *Cotta*, by this way of Argumentation, makes the World a Mathematician: And 'tis alſo made a Muſician and an Organiſt, by this other argumentation of *Zeno*: The whole is more than a part; we are capable of Wiſdom, and are part of the World: Therefore the World is wiſe. There are infinite like Examples, not only of arguments that are falſe in themſelves, but ſilly ones, that do not hold in themſelves, and that accuſe their Authors not

not so much of Ignorance, as impudence in the Reproaches, the Philosophers dash one another in the Teeth withal, upon the Dissentions in their Sects and Opinions. Whoever should bundle up a lusty Faggot of the Fooleries of humane wisdom, would produce wonders. I willingly muster up these few for a Pattern, by a certain meaning not less profitable, than the most moderate Instructions. Let us judge by these, what Opinion we are to have of Man, of his Sense and Reason; when in these great persons, and that have raised Human Knowledge so high, so many gross and manifest Errors and Mistakes are to be found. For my part, I am apt to believe, that they have treated of Knowledge casually; and like a Toy, with both hands, and have contended about Reason, as of a vain and frivolous Instrument, setting on foot all sorts of Fancies and Inventions, sometimes more sinewy; and sometimes weaker. This same *Plato* who defines Man, as if he were a Cock, says elsewhere, after *Socrates*, that he does not in truth, know what Man is, and that he is a member of the World the hardest to understand. By this variety and instability of Opinions, they tacitely lead us, as it were, by the hand to this Resolution of their Irresolution. They profess not always to deliver their Opinions bare-fac'd and apparent to us; they have one while disguis'd them in the fabulous shadows of *Poesie*; and another in some other Vizor: For our imperfection carries this also along with it, that crude Meats are not always proper for our Stomachs; they must dry, alter and mix them

them: They do the same: They oft conceal their real Opinions and Judgments, and falsify them to accommodate themselves to the publick Usance: They will not make an open Profession of Ignorance, and of the Imbecillity of human Reason, that they may not fright Children: But they sufficiently discover it to us under the appearance of a troubled and inconstant Science. I advis'd a Person in *Italy*, who had a great mind to speak *Italian*, that provided he only had a desire to make himself understood, without being ambitious to excel, that he should only make use of the first words that came to the Tongues end, whether *Latin*, *French*, *Spanish* or *Gascon*, and that in adding the Italian Terminations, he could not fail of hitting upon some *Idiom* of the Country, either *Thuscan*, *Roman*, *Venetian*, *Piedmontois* or *Neapolitan*, and to apply himself to some one of those many Forms. I say the same of *Philosophy*, she has so many Faces, so much Variety, and has said so many things, that all our Dreams and Ravings are there to be found. Human Fancy can conceive nothing good or bad that is not there: *Nihil tam absurde dici potest, quod non dicatur ab aliquo Philosophorum.* *Nothing can be so absurdly said, that has not been said before by some of the Philosophers.* And I am the more willing to expose my Whimsies to the Publick, For almuch as, though they are spun out of myself, and without any pattern, I know they will be found related to some ancient Humour, and some will not stick to say, *See, whence he took it!* My Manners are Natural, I have not call'd in the

Cicero de Divin. l. 1.

assistance of any Discipline to erect them: but weak as they are, when it came into my head to lay them open to the Worlds view, and that to expose them to the Light in a little more decent Garb, I went about to adorn them with Reasons and Examples: It was a wonder to my self, accidentally to find them conformable to so many Philosophical Discourses and Examples. I never knew what Regiment my life was of, till after it was near worn out and spent. A new Figure: An unpremeditate and accidental *Philosopher.* But to return to the Soul, in that *Plato* has plac'd the Reason in the Brain, the Anger in the Heart, and the Concupiscence in the Liver; 'tis likely that it was rather an Interpretation of the Movements of the Soul, than that he intended a Division and Separation of it, as of a Body into several Members: And the most likely of their Opinions is, that 'tis always a Soul, that by its Faculty, Reason, remembers, comprehends, judges, desires and exercises all its other Operations by divers Instruments of the Body, as the *Pilot* guides his Ship according to his Experience, one while straining or slacking the Cordage, one while hoisting the Mainyard, or removing the Rudder, by one and the same strength carrying on so many several effects: And that it is lodg'd in the Brain, which appears in that the Wounds and Accidents that touch that part, do immediately offend the Faculties of the Soul: And 'tis not incongruous, that it should thence diffuse it self into the other parts of the Body:

——*medium non deserit unquam*

Claud. in Paneg. de Conſal. Hon.

Cœli Phœbus iter, radiis tamen omnia luſtrat.
Phœbus ne're deviates from the *Zodiack*'s way;
Yet all things does illuſtrate with his Ray,
As the Sun ſheds from Heaven's Light and Influence, and fills the World with them.

Lucret. l. 3.

Cætera pars animæ per totum diſſita corpus
Paret, & ad numen mentis, nomenque movetur.
The other part o'th' Soul diffus'd all o're
The Body, does obey the Reaſons lore.

Some have ſaid, that there was a General Soul, as it were a great Body, from whence all the particular Souls were extracted, and thither again return, always reſtoring it ſelf to that Univerſal Matter.

Virg. Geor. lib. 4.

———*Deum namque ire per omnes*
Terraſque tractuſque maris, cœlumque profundum:
Hinc pecudes, armenta, viros, genus omne ferarum:
Quemque ſibi tenues naſcentem arceſſere vitas,
Scilicet huc reddi deinde, ac reſoluta referri
Omnia: Nec morti eſſe locum:
———For they ſuppoſe
That God through Earth, the Sea and Heaven goes.
Hence Men, Beaſts, Reptiles, Inſects, Fiſhes, Fouls
Take all their iſſue to the Light, their Souls;
And there again reſtore them when they dye,
They being not ſubject to Mortality.

Others, that they only rejoyn'd and re-united themſelves to it, others that they were produc'd from the Divine Subſtance: Others by the *Angels* of Fire and Air: Others that they were from all Antiquity; and ſome that they were created at the very Article of Time, the Bodies wanted them:

them: Others make them to deſcend from the Orb of the Moon, and to return thither. The generality of the Ancients, that they were begot from Father to Son, after a like manner, and produc'd with all other Natural things; raiſing their Argument from the likeneſs of Children to their Fathers.

Inſtillata patris virtus tibi, Hor. lib. 4. Ode. 4.
Fortes creantur fortibus, & bonis.
Thou haſt thy Fathers Vertues with his Blood;
For the Brave ſtill ſpring from the Brave and Good.

And that we ſee deſcend from Fathers to their Children, not only Bodily Marks, but moreover a Reſemblance of Humours, Complexions and Inclinations of the Soul.

Denique cur acrum violentia triſte leonum
Seminium ſequitur, dolus vulpibus, & fuga cervis Lucr. l. 3.
A patribus datur, & patrius pavor incitat artus,
Si non certa ſuo quia ſemine ſeminioque,
Vis animi pariter creſcit cum corpore toto?
For why ſhould Rage from the fierce Lyon's Seed,
Or from the ſubtle Foxes Craft proceed,
Or why the tim'rous and flying Hart
His fear and trembling to his Race impart,
But that a certain Force of Mind does grow,
And ſtill increaſes, as the Bodies do?

That thereupon the Divine Juſtice is grounded, puniſhing in the Children, the Faults of their Fathers: Foraſmuch as the Contagion of Paternal Vices is in ſome ſort imprinted in the Soul of Children, and that the ill government of their Will extends to them. Moreover that

if Souls had any other Derivation than a Natural Conſequence, and that they had been ſome other thing out of the Body, they would retain ſome Memory of their firſt Being, the Natural Faculties that are proper to them of diſcourſing, reaſoning and remembring, conſider'd.

Ibid. ——*Si in corpus naſcentibus inſinuatur,*
Cur ſuperantes actam ætatem meminiſſe nequimus,
Nec veſtigia geſtarum rerum ulla tenemus?
For at our Birth if it infuſed be,
Why do we then retain no Memory
Of our foregoing Life, and why no more
Remember any thing we did before?

For to make the condition of our Souls ſuch as we would have it to be, we muſt ſuppoſe them all knowing, even in their Natural Simplicity and Purity. By theſe means they had been ſuch, being free from the Priſon of the Body, as well before they entred into it, as we hope they ſhall be after they are gone out of it. And from this knowledge it ſhould follow, that they ſhould remember being got in the Body, as *Plato* ſaid, *That what we learn is no other than a remembrance of what we knew before*; a thing which every one by experience may maintain to be falſe. Foraſmuch, in the firſt place, as that we do not juſtly remember any thing, but what we have been taught: And that if the Memory did purely perform its Office, it would at leaſt ſuggeſt to us ſomething more than what we have learned. Secondly, That which ſhe knew being in her Purity, was a true Knowledge, knowing things as they are by her Divine Intelligence: Whereas here we make her

receive Falſhood and Vice, when we inſtruct her; wherein ſhe cannot imploy her Reminiſcence, that Image and Conception having never been planted in her. To ſay, that the Corporal Priſon does in ſuch ſort ſuffocate her Natural Faculties, that they are there utterly extinct, is firſt, contrary to this other Belief of acknowledging her Power to be ſo great, and the Operations of it, that Men ſenſibly perceive in this Life ſo admirable, as to have thereby concluded this Divinity, and paſt Eternity, and the Immortality to come:

Nam ſi tantopere eſt animi mutata poteſtas, Ibid.
Omnis & actarum exciderit retinentia rerum,
Non ut opinor ea ab letho jam longior errat.
For if the Mind be chang'd to that degree,
As of paſt things to loſe all Memory,
So great a Change as that, I muſt confeſs,
Appears to me than Death but little leſs.

Furthermore 'tis here with us, and not elſewhere, that the Forces and Effects of the Soul ought to be conſider'd: All the reſt of her Perfections are vain and uſeleſs to her; 'tis by her preſent condition, that all her Immortality is to be rewarded and paid, and of the Life of Man only that ſhe is to render an account: It had been Injuſtice to have ſtript her of her Means and Powers, and to have diſarm'd her, only from the time of her Captivity and Impriſonment in the Fleſh, of her Weakneſs and Infirmity from the time wherein ſhe was forc'd and compell'd to extract an infinite and perpetual Sentence and Condemnation, and to inſiſt upon the Conſideration of ſo ſhort a time, per-

adventure but an hour or two, or at the moſt but an Age (which have no more proportion with Infinity, than an inſtant) for this Momentary Interval to ordain, and definitively to determine of her whole Eternity. It were an unreaſonable diſproportion to extract an eternal Recompence in conſequence of ſo ſhort a Life. *Plato*, to defend himſelf from this inconvenience, will have future Rewards limited to the term of a hundred years, relatively to Human Duration: And of us our ſelves there are enow, who have given them Temporal Limits. By this they judg'd, that the Generation of the Soul follow'd the common condition of Human things: As alſo her Life according to the Opinion of *Epicurus* and *Democritus*, which has been the moſt receiv'd, in conſequence of theſe fine appearances, that they ſaw it born, and that according as the Body grew more capable, they ſaw it increaſe in Vigour, as the other did; that its feebleneſs in Infancy was very manifeſt, and in time its better Strength and Maturity, and after that its Declenſion and Old Age, and at laſt its decripitude:

——*gigni pariter cum corpore, & una*
Creſcere ſentimus, pariterque ſeneſcere mentem.

Souls with the Bodies to be born we may
Diſcern with them t'increaſe, with them decay.

They perceiv'd it to be capable of divers Paſſions, and agitated with ſeveral painful Motions, from whence it fell into laſſitude and uneaſineſs, capable of Alteration and Change, of Cheerfulneſs and Stupidity, and Faintneſs, and ſub-

ject

ject to Diſeaſes and Injuries, as the Stomach or the Foot:

—— Mentem ſenari, corpus ut ægrum Ibid.
Cernimus, & flecti medicina poſſe videmus.
Sick Minds as well as Bodies we do ſee,
By Medicines Vertue oft reſtor'd to be.

Dazled and intoxicated with the Fumes of Wine; juſtled from her Seat by the Vapours of a burning Feaver, laid aſleep by the application of ſome Medicaments, and rous'd awake by others.

—— Corpoream naturam animi eſſe neceſſe eſt, Ibid.
Corporis quoniam telis ictuque laborat.
There muſt be of neceſſity, we find,
A Nature that's corporal of the Mind,
Becauſe we evidently ſee it ſmarts,
And wounded is with Shafts the Body darts.

They ſaw it in Aſtoniſhment, and ſuch a one as overthrow all its Faculties through the mere Contagion of a mad Dog, and in that condition to have no Stability of Reaſon, no Sufficiency, no Vertue, no Philoſophical Reſolution, no reſiſtance that could exempt it from the ſubjection of Accidents: The ſlaver of a contemptible Curr, ſhed upon the hand of *Socrates*, to ſhake all his Wiſdom, and all his great and regular Imaginations, and ſo to annihilate them, as that there remain'd no Tracing or Footſtep of his former Knowledge:

——— vis animai Ibid.
Conturbatur —— & adviſa ſeorſum
Diſjectatur eodem illo diſtracta veneno.
Th' power of the Souls diſturb'd, and when
That once is but ſequeſtred from her, then
By the ſame Poyſon 'tis diſpers'd abroad.

And this Poyson to find no more resistance in that great Soul, than in that of an Infant of four years old: A Poyson sufficient to make all Philosophy, if it were incarnate, to become furious and mad; insomuch that *Cato*, who, ever disdain'd Death and Fortune, could not indure the sight of a Looking-glass, or of Water, confounded with Horror and Affright at the thought of falling by the Contagion of a mad Dog into the Disease call'd by Physicians, *Hydrophobia.*

Ibid. — *vis morbi distracta per artus*
Turbat agens animam, spumantes æquore salso
Ventorum ut validis fervescunt viribus undæ.
Throughout the Limbs diffus'd, the fierce Disease
Disturbs the Soul, as in the briny Seas,
The foaming Waves to swell and boyl we see
Stirr'd by the Winds Impetuosity.

Now as to this particular, *Philosophy* has sufficiently arm'd Man to encounter all other Accidents, either with Patience; or if the Search of that costs too dear, by an infallible Defeat, in totally depriving himself of all sentiment: But these are Expedients, that are only of use to a Soul being it self, and in its full power, capable of Reason and Deliberation: But not at all proper for this Inconvenience, where even in a *Philosopher*, the Soul becomes the Soul of a Madman, troubled, overturn'd, and lost. Which many Occasions may produce, as a too vehement Agitation that any violent Passion of the Soul may beget in it self; or a Wound in a certain part of the Person, or Vapours from the Stomach, any of

of which may ſtupify the Underſtanding and turn the Brain.

——*Morbis in corporis auius errat*
Sæpe animus, dementit enim deliraque fatur,
Interdumque gravi lethargo fertur in altum Ibid.
Æternumque ſoporem, oculis nutuque cadenti.

For when the Body's ſick, and ill at eaſe,
The Mind does often ſhare in the Diſeaſe;
Wonders, grows wild, and raves, and ſometimes by
A heavy and a ſtupid Lethargy,
Is overcome and caſt into a deep,
A moſt profound and everlaſting, Sleep.

The *Philoſophers*, methinks, have not much touch'd this ſtring, no more than another of the ſame Importance: They have this *Dilemma* continually in their Mouths, to conſolate our mortal Condition: The Soul is either mortal or immortal; if mortal, it will ſuffer no pain; if immortal, it will change for the better, they never touch the other Branch; what if ſhe change for the worſe, and leave to the *Poets* the menaces of future Torments. But thereby they make themſelves a good Game. They are two Omiſſions, that I often meet with in their Diſcourſes: I return to the firſt. This Soul loſes the uſe of the ſoveraign ſtoical Good, ſo conſtant and ſo firm. Our fine human Wiſdom muſt here yield, and give up her Arms. As to the reſt, they did alſo conſider by the vanity of human reaſon, that the mixture and aſſociation of two ſo contrary things as mortal and immortal, was unimaginable;

Quippe

Quippe etenim mortale æterno jungere, & una
Conſentire putare, & fungi mutua poſſe, (eſt,
Deſipere eſt. Quid enim diverſius eſſe putandum
Aut magis inter ſe diſjunctum, diſcrepitanſque,
Quam mortale quod eſt, immortali atque perenni
Junctum in concilio, ſævas tolerare procellas?
To joyn the mortal then and the ætern
And think they can agree in one concern,
Is Madneſs. For what things more diff'ring are
Unlike betwixt themſelves, and fit to jarr?
How can it then be thought, that theſe ſhould bear,
When thus conjoyn'd, of Storms an equal ſhare?

Moreover, they perceiv'd the Soul tending towards death, as well as the Body.

Ibid. *Simul ævo feſſa fatiſcit.*

Which, according to *Zeno*, the Image of Sleep does ſufficiently demonſtrate to us. For he looks upon it as a fainting and fall of the Soul, as well as of the Body. *Contrahi animum, & quaſi labi putat, atque decidere.* He thinks the Mind is tranſported, and that it ſlips and falls. And what they perceiv'd in ſome, that the Soul maintained its force and vigour to the laſt gaſp of Life, they attributed to the variety of Diſeaſes, as it is obſervable in Men at the laſt Extremity, that ſome retain one ſenſe, and ſome another, one the Hearing and another the Smell, without any manner of defects or alteration; and that there is no ſo univerſal a Deprivation, that ſome parts do not remain vigorous and entire:

Cicero de Div. l. 2.

Ibid. *Non alio pacto quam ſi pes cum dolet ægri,*
In nullo caput interea ſit forte dolore.

As if a ſick Man's Foot in pain ſhould be
And yet his Head perhaps from Dolours free.

The ſight of our Judgment is to Truth, the ſame that the Owles Eyes are to the Sun, ſays *Ariſtotle*: By what can we better convince him, than by ſo groſs Blindneſs in ſo apparent a Light? For the contrary Opinion of the Immortality of the Soul, which *Cicero* ſays, was firſt introduc'd (by the Teſtimony of the Authors at leaſt) by *Pherecides Syrius* in the time of King *Tullus*; (though others attribute it to *Thales*, and others to others) 'tis the part of human Science, that is treated of with the moſt doubt and the greateſt reſervation. The moſt poſitive *Dogmatiſts*, are, in this point, principally to fly to the Refuge of *Academy*. No one knows what *Ariſtotle* has eſtabliſhed upon this Subject, no more than all the Ancients in general, who handle it with a wavering Belief: *Rem gratiſſimam promittentium magis quam probantium*: *A thing more acceptable in the Promiſers, than the Provers.* He conceals himſelf in clouds of Words of difficult and unintelligible Senſe, and has left to thoſe of his Sect as great a Diſpute about his Judgment, as the matter it ſelf. Two things rendred this Opinion plauſible to them: One, that without the Immortality of Souls, there would be nothing whereon to ground the vain Hopes of Glory, which is a Conſideration of wonderful Repute in the World: The other, that it is a very profitable Impreſſion, as *Plato* ſays, that Vices, when they eſcape the Diſcovery and Cognizance of human Juſtice, are ſtill within the reach of the Divine, which will purſue them even

Vice puniſhed by the Divine Juſtice after Death.

ven after the Death of the Guilty. Man is exceſſively ſolicitous to prolong his Being, and has to the utmoſt of his Power provided for it. Monuments are erected, and embalming in uſe, for the Conſervation of the Body, and glory to preſerve the Name. He has employed all his Wit and Opinion to the rebuilding of himſelf (impatient of his Form) and to prop himſelf by his Inventions. The Soul by reaſon of its Anxiety and Impotence, being unable to ſtand by it ſelf, wanders up and down to ſeek out Conſolations, Hopes and Foundations, and alien Circumſtances, to which ſhe adheres and fixes. And how light or fantaſtick ſoever Invention delivers them to it, relies more willingly and with greater aſſurance upon them, than it ſelf. But 'tis wonderful to obſerve, how ſhort the moſt conſtant and obſtinate Maintainers of this juſt and clear Perſwaſion of the Immortality of the Soul do fall, and how weak their Arguments are, when they go about to prove it by human Reaſon. *Somnia ſunt non docentis ſed optantis. They are Dreams not of the Teacher but Wiſher*, ſays one of the Antients. By which Teſtimony Man may know, that he owes the Truth he himſelf finds out to Fortune and Accident; ſince that even then, when it is fallen into his Hand, he has not wherewith to hold and maintain it, and that his Reaſon has not Force to make uſe of it. All things produc'd by our own Meditation and Underſtanding, whether true or falſe, are ſubject to Incertitude and Controverſie. 'Twas for the Chaſtiſement of our Pride, and for the Inſtruction of our miſery and Incapacity,

Cic. Acad. lib. 4.

city, that God wrought the Perplexity and Confuſion at the Tower of *Babel.* Whatever we undertake without his Aſſiſtance, whatever we ſee without the Lamp of his Grace, is but Vanity and Folly. We corrupt the very Eſſence of Truth, which is uniform and conſtant by our Weakneſs, when Fortune puts it into our Poſſeſſion. What courſe ſoever Man takes of himſelf, God ſtill permits it to come to the ſame Confuſion, the Image whereof he ſo lively repreſents to us in the juſt Chaſtiſement wherewith he cruſh'd *Nimrod's* preſumption, and fruſtrated the vain Attempt of his proud Structure. *Perdam ſapientiam ſapientium, & prudentiam prudentium reprobo. I will deſtroy the Wiſdom of the Wiſe, and will bring to nothing the Underſtanding of the Prudent.* The Diverſity of *Idioms* and *Languages* with which he diſturb'd this work, what are they other, than this infinite and perpetual alteration and diſcordance of Opinions and Reaſons, which accompany and confound the vain Building of human Wiſdom? And 'tis to very good effect, that they do ſo. For what would hold us if we had but the leaſt grain of Knowledg; This Saint has very much oblig'd me. *Ipſa utilitatis occultatio, aut humilitatis exercitatio eſt, aut elationis attritio. The very concealment of the Utility, is either an exerciſe of Humility, or a quelling of Preſumption.* To what a Pitch of Preſumption and Inſolence do we raiſe our Blindneſs and Folly? But to return to my Subject, it was truly very good Reaſon, that we ſhould be beholding to God only, and to the Favour of his Grace, for the Truth of ſo noble

1 Cor. 1. 19.

noble a Belief, ſince from his ſole Bounty we receive the Fruit of Immortality, which conſiſts in the Enjoyment of eternal Beatitude. Let us ingeniouſly confeſs, that *God* alone has dictated it to us and the Faith: For 'tis no Leſſon of Nature and our own Reaſon. And whoever will enquire into his own Being and Power, both within and without, without this divine Privilege: Whoever ſhall conſider Man impartially, and without Flattery, will ſee nothing in him of Efficacy, nor any kind of Faculty, that reliſhes of any thing but Death and Earth. The more we give and confeſs to owe and render to *God*, we do it with the greater Chriſtianity. That which this Stoick *Philoſopher* ſays, he holds from the fortuitous Conſent of the popular Voice, had it not been better, that he had held it from *God*? *Cum de animorum æternitate diſſerimus, non leve momentum apud nos habet conſenſus hominum, aut timentium inferos, aut colentium. Utor hac publica perſuaſione. When we diſcourſe of the Immortality of Souls, the conſent of Men, that either fear or adore the infernal Power, is of no ſmall Advantage. I make uſe of this publick Perſuaſion.* Now the weakneſs of human Arguments upon this Subject, is particularly manifeſted by the fabulous Arguments they have ſuperadded as conſequences of this Opinion, to find out of what Condition this Immortality of ours was. Let us omit the Stoics, *Vſuram nobis largiuntur, tanquam cornicibus; diu manſuros aiunt animos; ſemper, negant. They give us a long Life, as alſo they do to Crows; They ſay our Soul ſhall continue long, but that it ſhall continue always,*

Seneca. Epiſt. 117.

Cicero. Thuſ. l. 1.

ways, they deny. Who give to Souls a Life after this, but finite. The moſt univerſal and receiv'd Fancy, and that continues down to our Times, is that, of which they make *Pythagoras* the Author; not that he was the original Inventor, but becauſe it receiv'd a great deal of Weight and Repute by the Authority of his approbation, is, that Souls at their departure out of us, did nothing but ſhift from one Body to another, from a Lyon to a Horſe, from a Horſe to a King, continually travelling at this rate from Habitation to Habitation. And he himſelf ſaid, that he remembred he had been *Æthalides*, ſince that *Euphorbus*, and afterwards *Hermotimus*; and finally from *Pyrrhus*, was paſt into *Pythagoras*, having a Memory of himſelf of two hundred and ſix Years. And ſome have added that theſe very Souls ſometimes remount to Heaven and come down again.

O pater anne aliquas ad Cœlum hinc ire putandum eſt Virg. l. 6.
Sublimes animas iterumque ad tarda reverti
Corpora? quæ lucis miſeris tam dira cupido?
Is it to be believ'd, that ſome ſublime,
And high-flown Souls, ſhould hence from Heaven climb, (flow,
And thence return t'immure themſelves in
And heavy Priſons of dull Fleſh below?

Origen makes them eternally to go and come, from a better to a worſe Eſtate. The Opinion that *Varro* makes mention of, is, that after four hundred and forty Years Revolution, they ſhould be re-united to their firſt Bodies. *Chryſippus* held, that that would happen after a certain

tain space of time unknown and unlimited. *Plato* (who professes to have embraced this Belief from *Pindar* and the ancient Poets) thinks they are to undergo infinite Vicissitudes of mutation, for which the Soul is prepar'd, having neither Punishment nor Reward in the other World, but what is Temporal, as its Life here is but Temporal, concludes that it has a singular knowledg of the Affairs of Heaven, of Hell, of the World, through all which it has past, repast, and made stay in several Voyages; fit matters for her Memory. Observe her Progress elsewhere; the Soul that has liv'd well is reunited to the Star, to which it is assign'd: That removes into a Woman, and, if it do not there reform, is again removed into a Beast of Condition suitable to its vicious manners, and shall see no end of its Punishments, till it be returned to its natural Constitution, and that it has by the force of Reason purg'd it self from those gross, stupid and elementary Qualities it was polluted with. But I will not omit the Objection the *Epicureans* make against this Transmigration from one Body to another, and 'tis a pleasant one. They ask what expedient would be found out, if the number of the dying should chance to be greater, than that of those who are coming into the World. For the Souls, turned out of their old Habitation, would scuffle and croud which should first get possession of this new Lodging. And they further demand, how they should pass away their time, whilst waiting till new Quarters were made ready for them? Or on the contrary, if more animals should be born than dye,

dye, the Body, they ſay, would be but in an ill Condition, whilſt in expectation of a Soul to be infuſed into it; and it would fall out, that ſome Bodies would dye, before they had been alive.

Denique connubia adveneris, partuſque ferarum, Lucret. l. 3.
Eſſe animas præſto deridiculum eſſe videtur,
Et ſpectare immortales mortalia membra
Innumero numero, certareque præproperanter
Inter ſe, quæ prima potiſſimaque inſinuetur.

It ſeems ridiculous, that Souls ſhould be
Always attending on Beaſt's Venery,
And being immortal, mortal Bodies ſhou'd,
Covet to have, and in vaſt numbers crow'd,
Strive and contend with heat and eagerneſs,
Which ſhould the firſt and moſt deſir'd poſſeſs.

Others have arreſted the Soul in the Body of the Deceaſed, with it to animate Serpents, Worms, and other Beaſts, which are ſaid to be bred out of the Corruption of our Members, and even out of our Aſhes; Others divide them into two parts, the one mortal, and the other immortal. Others make it Corporeal, and nevertheleſs Immortal. Some make it Immortal without Science or Knowledge. And there are even of us our ſelves who have believed, that Devils were made of the Souls of the Damned; as *Plutarch* thinks, that *Gods* we made of thoſe that were ſaved. For there are few things which that Author is ſo poſitive in, as he is in this; maintaining elſewhere a doubtful and ambiguous way of Expreſſion. We are to hold, ſays he, and ſteadfaſtly to believe, that the Souls of Vertuous Men, both according to Nature and the divine Juſtice, become Saints, and from

Saints, Demy-Gods, and from Demy-Gods, after they are perfectly, as in Sacrifices of Purgation, cleanſed and purified, being delivered from all Paſſibility, and all Mortality, they become not by any civil Decree, but in real Truth, and according to all probability of Reaſon, entire and perfect Gods, in receiving a moſt happy and glorious End. But who deſires to ſee him, him, I ſay, who is the moſt ſober and moderate of the whole Gang of *Philoſophers*, lay about him with greater Boldneſs, and relate his Miracles upon this Subject, I refer him to his Treatiſe of the *Moon*, and his *Dæmon* of *Socrates*, where he may as evidently as in any other place whatever, ſatisfy himſelf and affirm, that the Myſteries of *Philiſophy* have many ſtrange things in common with thoſe of *Poeſie*; human Underſtanding loſing it ſelf, in attempting to ſound and ſearch all things to the Bottom: Even as we, tired and worn out with a long courſe of Life, return to Infancy and Dotage. See here the fine and certain Inſtructions, which we extract from human Knowledge, concerning the Soul. Neither is there leſs Temerity in what they teach us touching our corporal Parts. Let us chooſe out one or two Examples; for otherwiſe we ſhould loſe our ſelves in this vaſt and troubled *Ocean* of Medicinal Errors. Let us firſt know, whether at leaſt they agree about the Matter, whereof Men produce one another. For as to their firſt production, it is no wonder, if in a thing ſo high, and ſo long ſince paſt, human Underſtanding finds it ſelf puzzled and perplexed. *Archeſilaus* the Phyſitian, whoſe Diſciple and

and Favourite *Socrates* was, according to *Ariſtoxenus*, ſaid, that both Men and Beaſts were made of a lacteous Slime, expreſt by the Heat of the Earth. *Pythagoras* ſays, that our Seed is the Foam or Cream of our better Blood. *Plato*, that it is the Diſtillation of the Marrow of the Back-bone, and raiſes his Argument from this, that that part is firſt ſenſible of being weary of the Work. *Alcmeon*, that it is part of the Subſtance of the Brain, and that it is ſo, ſays he, it cauſes weakneſs of the Eyes in thoſe who are over-immoderately addicted to that Exerciſe: *Democritus*, that it is a Subſtance extracted from the whole Maſs of the Body: *Epicurus*, extracted from Soul and Body: *Ariſtotle*, an Excrement drawn from the Aliment of the laſt Blood which is diffuſed over all our Members: Others, that it is a Blood concocted and digeſted by the heat of the Genitories, which they judge, by reaſon that in exceſſive Endeavours a Man voids pure florid Blood: Wherein there ſeems to be the moſt likelyhood, could a Man extract any apparance from ſo infinite a Confuſion. Now to bring this Seed to do its Work, how many contrary Opinions do they ſet on Foot? *Ariſtotle* and *Democritus* are of Opinion, that Women have no Sparm, and that 'tis nothing but a Sweat that they diſtil in the heat of Pleaſure and Motion, that contributes nothing at all to Generation. *Galen* on the contrary, and his Followers, believe that without the Concurrence of Seeds, there can be no Generation. Here are the *Phyſitians*, the *Philoſophers*, the *Lawyers*, and *Divines*, by the Ears with our Wives, about

the Diſpute, upon what Terms Women conceive their Fruit. And I for my part, by the Example of my ſelf, ſtickle with thoſe that maintain a Woman going eleven Months with Child. The World is built upon this Experience; there is not ſo pitiful a little Female that cannot give her Judgment in all theſe Controverſies; and yet we cannot agree. Here is enough to evidence, that Man is no better inſtructed in the Knowledge of himſelf, in his corporal, than in his ſpiritual Part. We have propoſed himſelf to himſelf, and his Reaſon to his Reaſon, to ſee what ſhe could ſay, and, I think, I have ſufficiently demonſtrated how little ſhe underſtands her ſelf in her ſelf. And who underſtands not himſelf in himſelf, in what can he poſſibly underſtand? *Quaſi vero menſuram ullius rei poſſit agere, qui ſui neſciat.* As if he could underſtand the Meaſure of any other thing, that knows not his own. In earneſt, *Protagoras* told us a pretty Flam, in making Man the meaſure of all things, that never knew ſo much as his own. If it be not he, his Dignity will not permit, that any other Creature ſhould have this Advantage. Now he being ſo contrary in himſelf, and one Judgment ſo inceſſantly ſubverting another, this favorable Propoſition was but a Mockery, which induc'd us neceſſarily to conclude the Nullity of the Compaſs and the Compaſſer; when *Thales* reputes the knowledge of Man very difficult for Man to Comprehend, he at the ſame time gives him to underſtand, that all other Knowledge is impoſſible. You, for whom I have taken the Pains, contrary to my Cuſtom, to write ſo long a Diſ-

Plin. Nat. Hiſt. l. 2. cap. 1.

a Diſcourſe, will not refuſe to maintain your *Sebonde*, by the ordinary Forms of Arguing, wherewith you are every day inſtructed, and in this will exerciſe both your Wit and Learning: For this fancying trick, is never to be made uſe of, but as an extream Remedy. 'Tis a deſperate Thruſt wherein you are to quit your own Arms, to make your Adverſary abandon his: And a ſecret Slight, which muſt be very rarely, and then very reſervedly, put in Practiſe. 'Tis great Temerity to loſe your ſelf, that you may deſtroy another, you muſt not die to be revenged, as *Gobrias* did: For being hotly grappled in Combat with a Lord of *Perſia*, *Darius* coming in with his Sword in his Hand, and fearing to ſtrike leaſt he ſhould kill *Gobrias*; he called out to him boldly to fall on, tho' he ſhould run them both thorow at once. I have known the Arms and Conditions of ſingle Combat to the utmoſt, and wherein he, that offered them, put himſelf and his Adverſary upon Terms of inevitable Death to them both, cenſured for unjuſt. The *Portugueſe* in the *Indian* Sea took certain *Turks* Priſoners, who, impatient of their Captivity, reſolv'd, and it ſucceeded, by ſtriking the Nayles of the Ship againſt one another, and making a Spark to fall into the Barrels of Powder (that were ſet in the place, where they were guarded) to blow and reduce themſelves, their Maſters, and the Veſſel to Aſhes. We have touched the out-Pale and utmoſt Limits of Sciences; wherein the Extremity is vicious, as in Vertue. Keep your ſelves in the common Road, it is not good to be ſo ſubtle and cunning. Remember the *Thuſcan* Proverb.

Proverb. *Chi troppo s'aſſottiglia, ſi ſcavezza.*

Who makes himſelf too Wiſe, becomes a Fool. I adviſe you, that, in all your Opinions and Diſcourſes, as well as in your Manners, and all other things, you keep your ſelves moderate and temperate, and to avoid all Novelty. I am an Enemy to all extravagant ways. You, who by the Authority of your Grandeur, and yet more by the Advantages which thoſe Qualities give you that are moſt your own, may with the twinck of an Eye command whom you pleaſe, ought to give this Caution to ſome one who made Profeſſion of Letters, who might after a better manner have proved and illuſtrated theſe things to you. But here is as much as you will ſtand in need of. *Epicurus* ſaid of the *Laws*, that the worſt were neceſſary for us, and that without them Men would devour one another. And *Plato* affirms, that without Laws, we ſhould live like Beaſts. Our Spirit is a wandring, dangerous and temerarious Utile, it is hard to couple any Order or Meaſure to it. In thoſe of our own time, who are endued with any rare Excellence above others, or any extraordinary Vivacity of Underſtanding, we ſee them almoſt all laſh out into Licenſe of Opinions and Manners; and 'tis almoſt a Miracle to find one Temperate and Sociable. 'Tis all the Reaſon in the World to limit human Wit within the ſtricteſt Limits imaginable. In Study, as in all the reſt, we ought to have its Steps and Advances numbred and fix'd, and that the Limits of its Inquiſition be bounded by Act. It is curb'd and fetter'd by *Religions*, *Laws* and *Cuſtoms*, by *Sciences*, *Precepts*, mortal and immortal

mortal *Penalties*: and yet we ſee, that it eſcapes from all theſe Bounds by its Volubility and Diſſolution. 'Tis a vain Body which has nothing to lay hold on, or to ſeize, a various and deform Body, incapable of being either bound or held. In earneſt, there are few Souls ſo regular, firm, and well deſcended, that are to be truſted with their own Conduct; and that can with Moderation, and without Temerity ſayl in the Liberty of their own Judgments, beyond the common and received Opinions. 'Tis more expedient to put them under Pupillage. Wit is a dangerous Weapon, even to the Poſſeſſor, if he knows not diſcretely how to uſe it, and there is not a Beaſt to whom a Head-board is more juſtly to be given, to keep his Looks down and before his Feet, and to hinder him from wandring here and there out of the Tracks, which Cuſtom and the Laws have laid before him. And therefore it will much better become you to keep your ſelves in the beaten Path, let it be what it will, than to fly out at a venture with this unbridled Liberty. But if any of theſe new *Doctors* will pretend to be ingenious in your Preſence, at the Expence both of your Soul and his own, to avoid this dangerous Plague, which is every day laid in your way to infect you, this Preſervative, in the extreameſt Neceſſity, will prevent the Danger, and hinder the Contagion of this Poiſon from offending either you or your Company. The Liberty then, and frolick Forwardneſs of theſe antient Wits, produced in Philoſophy and human Sciences, ſeveral Sects of different Opinions, every one undertaking to judge

and make choice of what he would ſtick to and maintain. But now that Men go all one way; Cicero. *Qui certis quibuſdam deſtinatiſque ſententiis addicti & conſecrati ſunt, ut etiam, quæ non probant, cogantur defendere. Who are ſo tyed and obliged to certain Beliefs, that they are bound to defend even thoſe they do not approve.* And that we receive the *Arts* by civil Authority and Decree; So that the Schools have but one Pattern, and a like circumſcribed Inſtitution and Diſcipline, we no more take notice what the Coyn weighs, and is really worth; but every one receives it according to the Eſtimate that common Approbation puts upon it: The Alloy is not diſputed, but how much it is currant for; and in like manner all things paſs. We take *Phyſick* as we do *Geometry* and Tricks of *Hocus-pocus*, *Enchantments*, *Codpiece-Points*, the Correſpondence of the Souls of the Dead, *Prognoſtications*, *Domifications*, and ſo much as this ridiculous purſuit of the Philoſophers Stone, all things paſs for currant Pay, without any manner of Scruple or Contradiction. We need to know no more, but that *Mars* his Houſe is in the middle of the Triangle of the Hand, that of *Venus* in the Thumb, and that of *Mercury* in the little Finger, that when the Table-Line cuts the *Tubercle* of the Fore-Fingers, 'tis a ſign of Cruelty; that when it falls ſhort of the middle Finger, and that the natural *Median-Line* makes an Angle with the Vital in the ſame ſide, 'tis a ſign of a miſerable Death. That if in a Woman the natural Line be open, and does not cloſe the Angle with the Vital, denotes that ſhe ſhall not be very Chaſt.

Sign of Cruelty.

Of a miſerable Death.

Of Unchaſtity.

I leave you to judg, whether a man, thus qualified, may not paſs with Reputation and Eſteem in all Companies. *Theophraſtus* ſaid, that human Knowledg, guided by the Sences, might judge of the Cauſes of things to a certain degree; but that being arriv'd to firſt and extream Cauſes, it muſt ſtop ſhort and retire, by reaſon either of its own infirmity, or the difficulty of things. 'Tis a moderate and gentle Opinion, that our own Underſtandings may conduct us to the knowledge of ſome things, and that it has certain Meaſures of Power, beyond which, 'tis Temerity to employ it. This Opinion is plauſible, and introduced by Men of well-compos'd Minds; but 'tis hard to limit our Wit, 'tis curious and greedy, and will no more ſtop at a thouſand, than at fifty Paces. Having my ſelf experimentally found, that wherein one has failed, the other has hit, and that what was unknown to one Age, the Age following has explain'd; and that *Arts* and *Sciences* are not caſt in a Mould, but are form'd and perfected by degrees, by often handling and poliſhing, as Bears leiſurely lick their Cubs into ſhape; what my Force cannot diſcover, I do not yet deſiſt to ſound and to try: But handling and kneading this new Matter over, and over again, by turning and heating it, I lay open to him, that ſhall ſucceed me, a kind of Facility to injoy it more at his eaſe, and make it more maniable and ſupple for him:

——*ut Hymettia ſole*
Cera remolleſcit, tractataque pollice multas
Vertitur in facies, ipſoque fit utilis uſu.

Ovid. Met. lib. 10.

As

As Wax does ſoſter in the Sun become,
And temper'd 'twixt the Finger & the Thumb
Will various Forms, and ſev'ral Shapes admit
Till for the preſent uſe 'tis rendred fit.

As much will the ſecond do to the third, which is the cauſe that the difficulty ought not to make me deſpair, and my own Imbecility, as little; for 'tis nothing, but my own. Man is as capable of all things, as of ſome: And if he confeſſes, as *Theophraſtus* ſays, the ignorance of firſt Cauſes, let him hard by ſurrender to me all the reſt of his Knowledge: If he is defective in Foundation, his Reaſon is on the Ground; Diſputation and Inquiſition have no other aim, nor ſtop but Principles, if this do not ſtop his Carreer, he runs into an infinite Irreſolution. *Non poteſt aliud alio magis minuſve comprehendi, quoniam omnium rerum una eſt definitio comprehendendi: One thing can no more be comprehended than another, becauſe the definition of comprehending all things is the ſame.* Now 'tis very likely, that if the Soul knew any thing, it would in the firſt place know it ſelf, and if it knew any thing out of it ſelf, it would be its own Body and Caſe, before any thing elſe. If we ſee the *Gods* of Phyſick to this very day debating about our Anatomy.

Ovid. Tr. lib. 1. El. 2. — *Mulciber in Trojam, pro Troja ſtabat Apollo*: *Vulcan* againſt, for *Troy Apollo* ſtood.

When are we to expect, that they will be agreed? We are nearer Neighbours to our ſelves, than the whiteneſs of Snow, or the weight of Stone are to us. If Man does not know himſelf, how ſhould he know his Forces and Functions? It is not peradventure, that we have

not

not ſome real Knowledge in us; but 'tis by chance; and foraſmuch as Errors are received into our Soul by the ſame way, after the ſame manner, and by the ſame Conduct, it has not wherewithal to diſtinguiſh them, nor wherewithal to chuſe the Truth from Falſhood. The *Academics* admitted a certain partiality of judgment; and thought it too crude to ſay, that it was not more likely, that Snow was White than Black, and that we were no more aſſur'd of the motion of a Stone, thrown by the hand, than of that of the eighth Sphear. And to avoid this difficulty and ſtrangeneſs, that can, in Truth, hardly lodg in our Imagination; though they did conclude, that we were in no ſort capable of Knowledg, and that Truth is ingulfed in ſo profound an *Abyſs*, as is not to be penetrated by Human Sight: Yet do they acknowledg ſomething to be more likely than others, and receiv'd into their Judgment this Faculty, that they had a Power to incline to one apparence more than another. They allow'd him this propenſion, interdicting all Reſolution. The *Pyrrhonians* Opinion is more bold, and alſo more likely. For this *Academic* Inclination, and this Propenſion to one Propoſition rather than another; what is it other, than a Diſcovery of ſome more apparent Truth in this, than in that? If our Underſtanding be capable of the Form, Lineaments, Comportment and Face of Truth, it might as well ſee it intire, as by halves, ſpringing and imperfect. This apparence of likelihood, which makes them rather take the Left hand, than the Right, augments it: Multiply this

this Ounce of Veriſimilitude, that turns the Scales to a hundred, to a thouſand Ounces, it will happen in the end, that the Ballance will it ſelf end the Controverſie, and determine one Choice, and intire Truth. But why do they ſuffer themſelves to incline to, and be ſway'd by, Veriſimilitude, if they know not the Truth? How ſhould they know the Similitude of that whereof they do not know the Eſſence? Either we can abſolutely judge, or abſolutely we cannot. If our intellectual and ſenſible Faculties are without Foot or Foundation; if they only *hull* and *drive*, 'tis to no purpoſe that we ſuffer our Judgments to be carryed away with any thing of their Operation, what apparence ſoever they may ſeem to preſent us. And the ſureſt and moſt happy Seat of our Underſtanding would be that, where it kept it ſelf temperate, upright and inflexible, without tottering, or without agitation. *Inter viſa, vera, aut falſa, ad animi aſſenſum, nihil intereſt.* *Amongſt things that ſeem, whether true or falſe, it ſignifies nothing to the aſſent of the mind.* That things do not lodge in us in their Form and Eſſence, and do not there make their entry by their own Force and Authority, we ſufficiently ſee. Becauſe if it were ſo, we ſhould receive them after the ſame manner: Wine would have the ſame reliſh with the ſick, as with the healthful. He who has his Finger chapt or benum'd, would find the ſame hardneſs in Wood or Iron that he handles, that another does. Strang Subjects then ſurrender themſelves to our Mercy, and are ſeated in us as we pleaſe. Now if on our

Cic. Acad. lib. 4.

part

part we did receive any thing without alteration, if Human Graſp were capable and ſtrong enough to ſeize on Truth by our own means, being common to all Men, this Truth would be convey'd from hand to hand from one to another; and at leaſt there would be ſome one thing to be found in the World amongſt ſo many as there are, that would be believ'd by Men with an univerſal Conſent. But this, that there is no one propoſition, that is not debated and controverted amongſt us, or that may not be, makes it very manifeſt, that our Natural Judgment does not very clearly diſcern what it imbraces: For my Judgment cannot make my companions approve, of what it approves: Which is a ſign that I ſeiz'd it by ſome other means, than by a Natural Power that is in me, and in all other men. Let us lay aſide this infinite Confuſion of Opinions, which we ſee even amongſt the *Philoſophers* themſelves, and this perpetual and univerſal Diſpute about the knowledge of things. For this is truly preſuppos'd, that Men, I mean the moſt knowing, the beſt born, and of the beſt parts, are not agreed about any one thing: Not that *Heaven* is over our Heads: for they that doubt of every thing, do alſo doubt of that; and they who deny that we are able to comprehend any thing, ſay, that we have not comprehended, that the *Heaven* is over our heads, and theſe two Opinions are without compariſon the ſtronger in number. Beſides this infinite Diverſity and Diviſion, through the Trouble that our Judgment gives our ſelves, and the Incertainty

tainty that every one is ſenſible of in himſelf, 'tis eaſie to perceive that it's Seat is very unſtable and unſecure. How variouſly do we judge of things? How often do we alter our Opinions? What I hold and believe to day, I hold and believe with my whole Belief: All my Inſtruments and Engines ſeize and take hold of this Opinion, and become reſponſible to me for it, at leaſt as much as in them lyes; I could not imbrace, nor conſerve any Truth with greater confidence and aſſurance, than I do this. I am wholly and intirely poſſeſs'd with it: But has it not befallen me not only once, but a thouſand times, every day to have imbrac'd ſome other thing with all the ſame Inſtruments, and in the ſame condition, which I have ſince judg'd to be falſe? A Man muſt at leaſt become wiſe at his own expence. If I have often found my ſelf betrayed under this colour, if my Touch prove ordinarily falſe, and my Ballance unequal and unjuſt, what aſſurance can I now have more, than at other times? Is it not ſtupidity and madneſs to ſuffer my ſelf to be ſo often deceived by my Guide? Nevertheleſs let Fortune remove and ſhift us five hundred times from place to place, let her do nothing but inceſſantly empty and fill into our Belief, as into a Veſſel, other and other Opinions; yet ſtill the preſent and the laſt is the certain and infallible: For this we muſt abandon Goods, Honour, Life, Health and all,

——*poſterior res illa reperta*
Perdit, & immutat ſenſus ad priſtina quæque.

Lucret. l. 3.

The

The laſt thing we find out is always beſt,
And makes us to diſreliſh all the reſt.

Whatever is preacht to us, and whatever we learn, we ſhould ſtill remember; that it is Man that gives, and Man that receives; tis a mortal Hand that preſents it to us, tis a mortal Hand that accepts it. The things that come to us from Heaven, have the ſole Right and Authority of Perſuaſion, the ſole mark of Truth: Which alſo we do not ſee with our own Eyes, nor receive by our own means: That Great and Sacred Image could not abide in ſo wretched a Habitation, if *God* for this end did not prepare it, if *God* did not by his particular and ſupernatural Grace and Favour, fortifie and reform it: At leaſt our frail and defective condition ought to make us comport our ſelves with more reſervedneſs and moderation in our Innovations and Change. We ought to remember, that whatever we receive into the Underſtanding, we often receive things that are falſe, and that it is by the ſame Inſtruments that ſo often gives themſelves the Lye, and are ſo oft deceived. Now it is no wonder they ſhould ſo often contradict themſelves, being ſo eaſie to be turn'd and ſway'd by very light Occurrences. It is certain that our Apprehenſions, our Judgment, and the Faculties of the Soul in general, ſuffer according to the Movements and Alterations of the Body; which Alterations are continual. Are not our Wits more ſpritely, our Memories more prompt and quick, and our Meditations more lively in Health, than in Sickneſs? Do not Joy and Gayety make us receive

ceive Subjects that preſent themſelves to our Souls, quite otherwiſe that Care and Melancholy? Do you believe that *Catullus* his Verſes, or thoſe of *Sappho* pleaſe an old doting Miſer, as they do a vigorous and amorous Young-Man? *Cleomenes* the Son of *Anaxandridas* being ſick, his Friends reproach'd him, that he had Humours and Whimſies that were new and unaccuſtom'd; *I believe it*, ſaid he, *neither am I the ſame Man now, as when I am in health: Being now another thing, my Opinions and Fancies are alſo other than they were before.* In our Courts of Juſtice, this word which is ſpoken of Criminals, when they find the Judges in a good Humour, gentle and mild, *Gaudeat de bona fortuna, Let him rejoyce in his good Fortune*, is much in uſe. For it is moſt certain that Mens Judgments are ſometimes more prone to Condemnation, more ſharp and ſevere; and at others more facile, eaſie, and inclin'd to excuſe. He that carries with him from his Houſe, the pain of the Gout, Jealouſie or Theft by his Man, having his whole Soul poſſeſt with Grief and Anger, it is not to be doubted but that his Judgment will lean this way. That venerable *Senate* of the *Areopagites*, was wont to hear and determine by night, for fear leſt the ſight of the Parties might corrupt their Juſtice. The very Air it ſelf, and the Serenity of Heaven, will cauſe ſome mutation in us, according to theſe *Greek* Verſes in *Cicero.*

Cicero ex Incerto. *Tales ſunt hominum mentes, quali pater ipſe Jupiter, auctifera luſtravit lampade terras.*

The

The Minds of Men do in the Weather ſhare,
Dark or ſerene, as the day's foul or fair.

'Tis not only Feavers, Debauches and great Accidents that overthrow our Judgments; the leaſt things in the World will do it. We are not to doubt, though we are not ſenſible of it, but that if a continued Feaver can overwhelm the Soul, a *Tertian* will in ſome proportionate meaſure alter it. If an *Apoplexy* can ſtupifie, and totally extinguiſh the ſight of our Underſtanding, we are not to doubt but that a great Cold will dazzle it. And conſequently there is hardly one ſingle hour in a Man's whole Life, wherein our Judgment is in its due place and right condition, our Bodies being ſubject to ſo many continual mutations, and ſtuffed with ſo many ſeveral ſorts of Springs and Devices, that I believe *Phyſicians* how hard it is, but that there muſt be always ſome one or other out of order. As to what remains, this Malady does not very eaſily diſcover it ſelf, unleſs it be extream and paſt remedy: Foraſmuch as reaſon goes always lame, halting, and that as well with Falſhood, as with Truth; and therefore 'tis hard to diſcover her Deviations and Miſtakes. I always call that appearance of meditation which every one forgets in himſelf, reaſon: This reaſon, of the condition of which, there may be an hundred contrary ones about one and the ſame Subject, is an Inſtrument of Lead and of Wax, ductile, plyable and accommodable to all ſorts of Bias's, and to all Meaſures; ſo that nothing remains but the Art and Skill, how to turn and mould it. How uprightly ſoever a Judge may

reſolve to demean himſelf, if he be not well look'd to himſelf, which few are careful to do, his Inclination to Friendſhip, to Relation, to Beauty or Revenge, and not only things of that weight, but even the fortuitous inſtinct, that makes us favour one thing more than another, and that without the Reaſons leave, puts the Choice upon us in two equal Subjects; or ſome Shadow of like Vanity, may inſenſibly inſinuate into his Judgment, the recommendation or diſfavour of a Cauſe, and make the Ballance dip. I, that watch my ſelf as narrowly as I can, and that have my Eyes continually bent upon my ſelf, like one that has no great buſineſs elſewhere to do;

Hor. lib. 2. Ode. 26.

——— *quis ſub Areto*
Rex gelidæ mettatur oræ,
Quid Tyridatem terreat, unice
Securus. ———

——— ſecure whatever King
Does rule the ſtubborn North, or whatſo'ere
The mighty Tridates puts in fear.

Dare hardly tell the Vanity and Weakneſs I find in my ſelf. My Foot is ſo unſtable, and ſtands ſo tickle, I find my ſelf ſo apt to totter and reele, and my Sight ſo diſordered, that faſting I am quite another Man, than when full; if Health and a fair Day ſmile upon me, I am a very honeſt good natur'd Man, if a Corn trouble my Toe, I am ſullen, out of Humor, and not to be ſeen. The ſame Pace of a Horſe ſeems to me one while hard, and another eaſie, and the ſame way one while ſhorter, and another more long: And the ſame Form, one while more, and another leſs taking. I am one while for doing every thing, and another for doing nothing at

at all; and what pleases me now, would be a trouble to me at another time. I have a thousand senceless and casual Actions within my self. Either I am possest by Melancholy, or sway'd by Choler; now by its own private Authority, Sadness predominates in me, and by and by I am as merry as a Cricket. When I take a Book in hand, I have then discovered admirable Graces in such and such Passages, and such as have strook my Soul, let me light upon them at another time, I may turn and toss, tumble and rattle the Leaves to much purpose, 'tis then to me an inform and undiscover'd Mass. Even in my own Writings, I do not always find the Air of my first Fancy: I know not what I would have said, but am often put to it to correct and pump for a new Sence, because I have lost the first that was better. I do nothing but go and come: my Judgment does not always advance, it floates and tomes, ——— *velut minuta magno* Catullus.
Deprensa navis in mari vesaniente vento.
Like a small Bark upon the swelling Main,
When Winds does ruffle up the liquid Plain.
Very often (as I am apt to do) having for Sports sake undertaken to maintain an Opinion contrary to my own, my Mind bending and applying it self that way, does so rarely engage me in the Quarrel, that I no more discern the Reason of my former Belief, and forsake it. I am as it were misled by the Side to which I encline, be it what it will, and carried away by my own Weight. Every one would almost say the same of himself, if he considered himself as I do. *Preachers* very well know, that the Emotions which steals upon them in speaking, does animate them towards Belief; and

that in Paſſion we are more ſtiff in the Defence of our Propoſition, take our ſelves a deeper Impreſſion of it, and imbrace it with greater Vehemence and Approbation, than we do in our colder and more temperate Senſe. You only give your *Councel* a ſimple *Breviate* of your Cauſe, he returns you a dubious and uncertain Anſwer, by which you find him indifferent, which ſide he takes: Have you fed him well that he may reliſh it the better, does he begin to be really concern'd, and do you find him truly intereſted and zealous in your Quarrel? His Reaſon and Learning will by degrees grow hot in your Cauſe, behold an apparent and undoubted Truth preſents it ſelf to his Underſtanding; he diſcovers a new Light in your Buſineſs, and does in good earneſt believe, and perſuade himſelf that it is ſo. Nay, I do not know whether the Ardour that ſprings from Spite and Obſtinacy, againſt the Power and Violence of the Magiſtrate and Danger; or the Intereſt of Reputation, may it not have made ſome Men even to the Stake maintain the Opinion, for which at Liberty, and amongſt Friends, he would not have burn'd his Finger. The Shocks and Juſtles, that the Soul receives from the Bodies Paſſions can do much in it, but its own can do a great deal more: To which it is ſo ſubjected, that peradventure it is to be made good, that it has no other Pace and Motion, but from the Breath of thoſe Winds, without the Agitation of which, it would be becalm'd and without Action, like a Ship in the middle of the Sea, to which the Winds have denyed their Aſſiſtance. And whoever ſhould maintain this, ſiding with the *Peripatetick*, would do

us

us no great Wrong. Seeing it is very well known, that the greateſt and moſt noble Actions of the Soul proceed from, and ſtand in need of, this Impulſe of Paſſions. Valour, they ſay, cannot be perfect without the aſſiſtance of Anger.

Semper Ajax fortis, fortiſſimus tamen in furore. Cicer. *Ajax* was always brave, but moſt when mad. *Thuſ. l.* 4.

Neither do we encounter the Wicked and the Enemy vigorouſly enough, if we be not angry: Nay the *Advocate* is to inſpire the *Judges* with Indignation, to obtain Juſtice. Illicite Deſires diſordered *Themiſtocles* and *Demoſthenes*, and have puſh'd on the *Philoſophers* to Watching, Faſting and Pilgrimages; and lead us to Honour, Learning and Health, which are all very uſeful Ends. And this meanneſs of Soul in ſuffering Anxiety and Trouble, ſerves to breed Penitency and Repentance in the Conſcience, and to make us ſenſible of the Scourge of *God*, and politick Correction for the Chaſtiſement of our Offences. Compaſſion is a Spur to Clemency and Prudence; and the Prudence of preſerving and governing our ſelves is rous'd by our Fear; and how many brave Actions by Ambition? How many by Preſumption? Finally there is no brave and ſpiritual Vertue, without ſome irregular Agitation. Should it not be one of the Reaſons that mov'd the *Epicureans* to diſcharge *God* from all Care and Solicitude of our Affairs, becauſe even the Effects of Bounty could not be exercis'd in our Behalf, without diſturbing his Repoſe, by the means of Paſſions, which are ſo many Spurs and Inſtruments pricking on the Soul to vertuous Actions; or have they thought otherwiſe, and taken them for Tem-

peſts, that ſhamefully hurry the Soul from her Tranquility? *Ut maris tranquillitas intelligitur, nulla ne minima quidem, aura fluctus commovente: Sic animi quietus & placatus ſtatus cernitur; quum perturbatio nulla eſt qua moveri queat.* *As it is underſtood to be a Calm at Sea, when there is not the leaſt Breath of Air ſtirring*: So the State of the Soul is diſcern'd to be quiet and appeaſed, when there is no Perturbation to move it. What varieties of Senſe and Reaſon, what contrariety of Imaginations does the Diverſity of our Paſſions inſpire us with? What aſſurance then can we take of a thing ſo mobile and unſtable, ſubject by its Condition to the Dominion of Trouble, and never going other than a forced and borrowed Pace? If our Judgment be in the Power even of Sickneſs and Perturbation; If it be from Folly and Temerity, that it is held to receive the Impreſſion of things, what Aſſurance can we expect from it? Is it not a great boldneſs in Philoſophy, to believe that Men perform the greateſt Actions, and neareſt approaching the Divinity, when they are Furious, Mad, and beſides themſelves? We better our ſelves by the Aſtoniſhment and Privation of Reaſon. The two natural Ways to enter into the Cabinet of the *Gods*, and there to foreſee the Courſe of Deſtiny are Fury and Sleep. This is pleaſant to conſider. By the Diſlocation that Paſſions cauſe in our Reaſon, we muſt become Vertuous: By its Extirpation occaſioned by Madneſs, as the Image of Death, we become *Divines* and *Prophets*. I was never ſo willing to believe Philoſophy in any thing, as this. 'Tis a Pure *Enthuſiaſm*, wherewith Sacred Truth has inſpir'd the

Cicero Ibid. l. 5.

the Spirit of *Philoſophy*, which makes it confeſs contrary to its own Propoſition, that the moſt calm, compoſed and healthful Eſtate of the Soul, that *Philoſophy* can ſeat it in, is not its beſt Condition. Our waking is more aſleep, than Sleep it ſelf; our Wiſdom leſs Wiſe than Folly: Our Dreams are worth more than our Meditation; and the worſt Place we can take is in our ſelves. But does not Philoſophy think that we are Wiſe enough to conſider, that the Voice that the Spirit utters, when diſmiſt from Man, ſo clear-ſighted, ſo great, and ſo perfect, and whilſt it is in Man ſo terreſtrial, ignorant and dark, is a Voice proceeding from the Spirit of a dark, terreſtrial and ignorant Man; and for this Reaſon a Voice not to be truſted and believed? I have no great Experience of theſe vehement Agitations, being of a ſoft and heavy Complexion, the moſt of which ſurprize the Soul on a ſudden, without giving it leiſure to recollect it ſelf. But the Paſſion, that is ſaid to be produced by Idleneſs in the Hearts of young Men, tho' it proceed leiſurely, and with a meaſured Progreſs, does evidently manifeſt to thoſe who have tryed to oppoſe its Power, the Violence our Judgment ſuffers in this Alteration and Converſion. I have formerly attempted to withſtand and repel it. For I am ſo far from being one of thoſe that invite Vices, that I do not ſo much as follow them, if they do not hale me along: I perceiv'd it to ſpring, grow and increaſe in deſpight of my Reſiſtance; and at laſt, living and ſeeing as I was, wholly to ſeize and poſſeſs me: ſo that, as if newly rous'd from Drunkenneſs, the Images of things began to appear to me quite e-

ther than they were wont to be: I evidently ſaw the Perſon, I deſired, grow and encreaſe in Advantages of Beauty, and to expand and blow fairer by the influence of my Imagination, the Difficulties of my Attempt to grow more eaſie and ſmooth; and both my Reaſon and Conſcience to be laid aſide: But this Fire being evaporated in an Inſtant, as from a flaſh of Lightning, I was aware that my Soul reſum'd another kind of Sight, and another ſort of Eſtate, and another Judgment. The Difficulties of my Retreat appear'd great and invincible, and the ſame things had quite another Taſt and Aſpect, than the heat of Deſire had preſented them to me. Than which *Pyrrho* himſelf knows nothing more truly. We are never without Sickneſs. Agues have their hot and cold Fits; from the Effects of an ardent Paſſion, we fall again to ſhivering. As much as I had advanc'd, ſo much I retir'd.

Æn. l. 11. *Qualis ubi alterno procurrens gurgite pontus,*
Nunc ruit ad terras ſcopuliſque ſuperjacit undam,
Spumeus, extremamque ſinu perfundit arenam:
Nunc rapidus retro, atque æſtu revoluta reſorbens
Saxa fugit, littuſque vado labente reliquit.

As ſpumy *Neptune* with repeated Waves,
Now the pale Shoar, and craggy Beaches laves,
And like a Drunkard vomits up the Sand,
That deepeſt lay in heaving Tides to land;
And now retiring thence, as loud does roar,
Succing in Pebbles from the new waſh'd Shore.

Now from the Knowledge of this Volubility of mine, I have accidentally begot in my ſelf a certain Conſtancy of Opinions, and have not much altered thoſe that were firſt and natural in me: For what Apparence ſoever there may be in Novelty,

I do not eaſily change, for fear of loſing by the bargain: And beſides, I am not capable of chuſing, I take other Mens Choice, and keep my ſelf in the Station wherein *God* has plac'd me, I could not otherwiſe keep my ſelf from perpetual rouling. Thus have I, by the grace of *God*, preſerved my ſelf entire, without anxiety or trouble of Conſcience, amidſt ſo many ſects and diviſions, as our age has produced. The Writings of the Ancients, the beſt Authors I mean, being full and ſolid, tempt and carry me which way almoſt they will: He, that I am reading, ſeems always to have the moſt Force, and I find that every one has reaſon, tho' they contradict one another. The Facility that good Wits have of rendring every thing likely they would recommend; and that nothing is ſo ſtrange to which they do not undertake to give colour enough to deceive ſuch a Simplicity as mine, this does evidently ſhew the Weakneſs of their Teſtimony. The Heaven and the Stars have been three thouſand Years in motion, and all the World were of that belief, till *Cleanthes* the *Samian*, or (according to *Theophraſtus*) *Nicetas* of *Siracuſa* unbethought him to maintain, that it was the Earth that mov'd, turning about the *Axis* by the oblique Circle of the *Zodiack*. And *Copernicus* has in our times ſo grounded this Doctrine, that it very regularly ſerves to all *Aſtrological* conſequences. What uſe can we make of this, if not, that we ought not much to care which is the true opinion? and who knows but that a third, a thouſand years hence, may overthrow the two former?

Sic volvenda ætas commuta tempora rerum,
Quodque fuit in pretio, fit nullo denique honore, Lucret. l. 5.

Porro

Porro aliud ſuccedit, & è contemptibus exit,
Inque dies magis appetitur, floretqae repertum
Laudibus, & miro eſt mortales inter honore.
Things are ſo chang'd by Revolution,
That what had credit once, had after none,
To which ſome other things deſpis'd, before,
Succeeds, & grows in Vogue ſtill more & more
And once receiv'd, all Praiſe too little ſeems,
So highly it is rais'd in Mens Eſteems.

Why new Opinions are to be rejected.

So that when any new Doctrine preſents it ſelf to us, we have great Reaſon to miſtruſt; and to conſider that before that was ſet on foot, the contrary had been generally received; and that as that has been overthrown by this, a third Invention in time to come, may ſtart up which may damn the ſecond. Before the Principles that *Ariſtotle* introduced were in Reputation, other Principles contented human Reaſon, as theſe ſatisfie us now. What *Patent* have theſe people, what particular Privilege, that the Carreer of our Invention muſt be ſtopped by them, and that to them ſhould appertain the Poſſeſſion of our whole future Belief? They are no more exempt from being thruſt out of Doors than their Predeceſſors were. When any one preſſes me with a new argument, I ought to believe, that what I cannot anſwer, another can: For to believe all likelyhoods that a Man cannot confute, is great Simplicity: It would by that means come to paſs, that all the Vulgar (and we are all of the Vulgar,) would have their belief as turnable as a Weathercock: For the Soul being ſo eaſie to be impoſed upon, and without any Reſiſtance, muſt of force inceſſantly receive other and other Impreſſions, the laſt ſtill effacing

Ariſtotle's Principles in Vogue.

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all Footſteps, of that which went before. He that finds himſelf weak, ought to anſwer according to Practice, that he will ſpeak with his *Councel*, or refer himſelf to the Wiſe, from whom he receiv'd his Inſtruction. How long is it that *Phyſick* has been practiſed in the World? 'Tis ſaid, that a new commer, call'd *Paracelſus*, changes and overthrows the whole Order of antient Rules, and maintains that till now, it has been of no other uſe, but to kill Men. I do believe that he will eaſily make this good: But I do not think it were Wiſdom to venture my Life in making tryal of his own Experience. We are not to believe every one (ſays the Precept) becauſe every one can ſay all things. A Man of this Profeſſion of Novelties and Phyſical Reformations, not long ſince told me, that all the *Ancients* were notoriouſly miſtaken in the Nature and Motions of the winds which he would evidently demonſtrate to me, if I would give him the hearing. After I had with ſome Patience heard his Arguments, which were all full of likelyhood of Truth: What then ſaid I did thoſe that ſail'd according to *Theophraſtus*, make way *Weſtward*, when they had the Prow towards the *Eaſt*! did they go ſideward or backward? That's Fortune, anſwered he; but ſo it is, that they were miſtaken. I then replyed, that I had rather follow Effects than Reaſon. Now theſe are things that often interfere, and I have been told that in *Geometry* (which pretends to have gain'd the higheſt Point of certainty of all Science) there are Demonſtrations found ſo inevitable, as ſubvert the Truth of all Experience. As *Jacques Pelletier* told me at my own Houſe, that

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he had found out two Lines ſtretching themſelves one towards the other to meet, which nevertheleſs he affirmed, tho extended to all Inunity, could never happen to touch one another; and the *Pyrrhonians* make no other uſe of their Arguments and their Reaſon, than to ruine the appearence of Experience; and 'tis a wonder, how far the ſuppleneſs of our Reaſon has followed them in this Deſign of controverting the Evidence of Effects. For they affirm, that we do not move, that we do not ſpeak, and that there is neither Weight nor Heat, with the ſame force of Argument, that we verify the moſt likely things. *Ptolomy*, who was a great man, had eſtabliſh'd the Bounds of this World of ours: All the Ancient Philoſophers thought they had the meaſure of it, excepting ſome remote *Iſles*, that might eſcape their Knowledg? It had been *Pyrrhoniſm* a thouſand Years ago, to doubt the Science of *Coſmography*, and the Opinions that every one had thence received: It was Hereſie to hold the *Antipodes*; and behold in this age of ours there is an infinite Extent of firm Land diſcovered, not an Iſland, or a particular Country; but a Part very near equal in Greatneſs to that we knew before. The Geographers of our times ſtick not to aſſure us, that now all is found, all is ſeen;

Nam quod adeſt præſto, placit, & pollere videtur.

Ibid.

What preſent is, does pleaſe, and ſeems the beſt. But the Queſtion is, whether, if *Ptolomy* was therein formerly deceiv'd, upon the Foundations of his Reaſon; it were not very fooliſh to truſt now in what theſe People ſay: And whether it is not more like, that this great Body, which we call

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the World, is not quite another thing, than what we imagine. *Plato* ſays, that it changes countenance in all Reſpects: That the *Heavens*, the *Stars*, and the *Sun*, have all of them ſometimes motions retrograde to what we ſee, changing *Eaſt* into *Weſt*. The *Egyptian Prieſts* told *Herodotus*, that from the time of their firſt King, which was eleven thouſand and odd years (and they ſhew'd him the Effigies of all their Kings in Statues taken by the Life) the Sun had four times altered his Courſe: That the *Sea* and the *Earth* did alternately change into one another. *Ariſtotle* and *Cicero*, both ſay, that the Beginning of the World is undetermin'd. And ſome amongſt us are of Opinion, that it has been from all Eternity, is mortal, and renued again by ſeveral Viciſſitudes? calling *Solomon* and *Iſaiah* to witneſs: To evade thoſe oppoſitions, that *God* has once been a *Creator* without a *Creature*; that he has had nothing to do, that he has contradicted that Vacancy, by putting his Hand to this Work; and that conſequently he is ſubject to change. In the moſt famous of the *Greek* Schools, the World is taken for a *God*, made by another *God* greater than he, and is compoſed of a Body and a Soul, fix'd in his *Center*, and dilating himſelf by muſical numbers to his circumference: Divine, infinitely Happy, and infinitely Great, infinitely Wiſe and Eternal. In him are other Gods, the *Sea*, the *Earth*, the *Stars*, who entertain one another with a harmonious and perpetual agitation and divine Dance: Sometimes meeting, ſometimes retiring from one another; concealing and diſcovering themſelves, changing their Order, one

Several Opinions concerning the World.

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while before, and another behind. *Heraclytus* was positive that the world was compos'd of fire, and by the order of Destiny was one Day to be enflam'd and consum'd in fire, and then to be again renew'd. And *Apuleius* says of Men: *Sigillatim mortales, cunctim perpetui. That they are Mortal in particular, and Immortal in general. Alexander* writ to his Mother the Narration of an Egyptian *Priest* drawn from their Monuments, testifying the Antiquity of that *Nation* to be infinite, and comprizing the Birth and Progress of other Countries *Cicero* and *Diodorus* say, that in their time the *Chaldees* kept a Register of four hundred thousand and odd Years. *Aristotle*, *Pliny* and others, that *Zoroaster* flourished six thousand years before *Plato's* time. *Plato* says, that they of the City of *Sais* have Records in Writing of eight thousand Years: And that the City of *Athens* was built a thousand years before the said City of *Sais*. *Epicurus*, that at the same time things are here in the posture we see, they are alike and in the same manner in several other Worlds. Which he would have delivered with greater Assurance, had he seen the Similitude and Concordance of the new discovered World of the *West-Indies*, with ours present, and past in so many strange Examples. In earnest, considering what is arriv'd at our knowledge from the course of this terrestrial Policy, I have often wondred to see in so vast a distance of Places and Times, such a concurrence of so great a number of popular and wild Opinions, and of savage Manners and Beliefs, which by no means seem to proceed from our natural Meditation, Human Wit is

Apuleius.

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a great Worker of Miracles. But this Relation has moreover, I know not what of Extraordinary in it, 'tis found to be in Names alſo; & a thouſand other things. For they found *Nations* there (that for ought we know) never heard of us) where Circumciſion was in uſe: Where there were States and ſtrict Civil Governments maintain'd by Women only, without Men: Where *Feaſts* and *Lent* were repreſented, to which was added the Abſtinence from Women: Where our Croſſes were ſeveral ways in Repute: Where they were made uſe of to honor and adorn their Sepultures, where they were erected, and namely that of St. *Andrew*; to protect themſelves from Nocturnal Viſions, & to lay upon the Cradles of the Infants againſt Inchantments: Elſewhere there was found one of Wood of very great Stature, which was ador'd for the *God* of Rain, and that a great way into the firm Land, where there was ſeen an expreſs Image of our ſhriving-Prieſts, with the uſe of Miters, the Cœlibacy of Prieſts, the Art of Divination by the Entrails of Sacrific'd Beaſts, Abſtinence from all ſorts of Fleſh and Fiſh in their diet, the manner of *Prieſts* Officiating in a particular and not a vulgar Language: And this fancy, that the firſt *God* was diſhonoured by a ſecond, his younger Brother: That they were Created with all ſorts of Neceſſaries and Conveniences, which have ſince been taken from them for their Sins, their Territory chang'd, and their natural condition made worſe; That they were of old overwhelm'd by the Inundation of Water from Heaven, that but few Families eſcaped, who retired into Caves of high Mountains, the Mouths

Circumciſion.

St. Andrew his Croſs.

A Croſs ador'd for the God of Rain.

The Creation of the World.

Mouths of which they ſo ſtopp'd, that the Waters could not get in, having ſhut up, together with themſelves, ſeveral ſorts of Animals, that when they perceived the Rain to ceaſe, they ſent out Dogs, which returning clean and wet, they judg'd that the Water was not much abated: Afterward ſending out others, and ſeeing them return dirty, they iſſued out to re-people the World, which they found only full of Serpents. In one place they met with the perſwaſion of a day of Judgment; inſomuch that they were marvelouſly diſpleas'd at the *Spaniards* for diſcompoſing the Bones of the Dead, in rifling the Sepultures for Riches, ſaying that thoſe Bones ſo diſorder'd, could not eaſily rejoyn: The Traffick by Exchange, and no other way, Fairs and Markets for that end: Dwarfs and deform'd People for the ornament of the Tables of Princes: The uſe of Falconry according to the Natures of their Hawks; tyrannical Subſidies; Curioſity in Gardens, Dances, tumbling Tricks, Muſick of Inſtruments, Armories, Tennis Courts, Dice and Lotteries, wherein they are ſometimes ſo eager and hot, as to ſtake and play themſelves and their Liberty: *Phyſick*, no otherwiſe, than by *Charms*: And the way of writing in *Cipher*: The belief of only one firſt Man, the Father of all Nations: The Adoration of one God, who formerly liv'd a man in perfect Virginity, Faſting and Penitence, preaching the *Law* of *Nature*, and the *Ceremonies* of *Religion*; and that vaniſhed from the World without a Natural Death; the Opinion of *Gyants*; the Cuſtom of making themſelves drunk with their Beverages, and drinking to the utmoſt; the

The day of Judgment.

Dwarfs at the Tables of Princes.

Divers ſorts of Games.

Adoration of one God made man.

The religious Ornaments painted with Bones and dead Mens Sculls: Surplices, Holy Water ſprinkled, Wives and Servants who preſent themſelves with Emulation, to be burn't and interr'd with the dead Husband or Maſter: A Law by which the Eldeſt ſucceeds to all the Eſtate, no other Proviſion being made for the Younger, but Obedience: The Cuſtom that upon Promotion to a certain Office of great Authority, the Promoted is to take upon him a new Name, and to leave that he had before: Another to ſtrew Lime upon the Knee of the New-born Child; with thoſe Words, *From Duſt thou cameſt, and to Duſt thou muſt return:* As alſo the Art of *Augury*: Theſe vain Shadows of our Religion, which are obſervable in ſome of theſe Examples, are Teſtimonies of its Dignity and Divinity. It is not only in ſome ſort inſinuated into all the Infidel *Nations* on this ſide of the World, by a certain Imitation, but into the fore-nam'd *Barbarians* alſo, as by a common and ſupernatural Inſpiration: For we find there the Belief of Purgatory, but of a new Form; that which we give to the Fire, they give to the Cold, and imagine that the Souls are both purg'd and puniſh'd by the rigour of an exceſſive Coldneſs. And this Example puts me in mind of another pleaſant diverſity: For as there were in that place ſome People, who took a Pride to ſtrip & unmuffle the Glances of their Inſtruments, and clipt off the Prepuce after the Mahometan and Jewiſh manner; there were others, who made ſo great conſcience of laying it bare, that they carefully purs'd it up with little Strings, to keep that end from peeping into the Air. And of

A new ſort of Purgatory.

this other diverſity, that whereas we to honour Kings and Feſtivals, put on the beſt Cloths we have: In ſome Religions to expreſs their Diſparity and Submiſſion to their King, his Subjects preſent themſelves before him in their vileſt Habits, and entring his *Palace*, throw ſome old tatter'd Garment over their better Apparel, to the end that all the Luſtre and Ornament may ſolely remain in him. But to proceed; if Nature incloſe within the Bounds of her ordinary Progreſs, the Beliefs, Judgments and Opinions of Men, as well as all other things: If they have their Revolution, their Seaſon, their Birth and Death, like Cabage Plants: If the Heavens agitate and rule them at their pleaſure, what Magiſterial and Permanent Authority do we attribute to them? If we experimentally ſee, that the Form of our Being depends upon the Air, upon the Climat, and upon the Soil where we are born: And not only the Colour, the Stature, the Complexion and the Countenances, but moreover the very Faculties of the Soul it ſelf: *Et plaga Cœli non ſolum ad robur corporum, ſed etiam animorum facit*: *The Climate is of great Efficacy, not only to the ſtrength of Bodies, but to that of Souls alſo*, ſays *Vegetius*: And that the Goddeſs who founded the City of *Athens* choſe to ſcituate it in a temperature of Air fit to make Men prudent, as the Egyptian Prieſts told *Solon*: *Athenis tenue Cœlum*: *Ex quo etiam cutiores putantur Attici*: *Craſſum Thebis*: *Itaque pingues Thebani, & valentes*: *The Air of* Athens *is ſubtle and thin*: *From whence alſo the Athenians are reputed to be more acute*: *And at* Thebes *more groſs and thick, wherefore the Thebans are look'd upon*

Veget. l. 1. cap. 2.

Cicero de Fato.

on as more heavy-witted, and more ſtrong: In ſuch ſort that as the Fruits and Animals differ, the Men ſhould alſo be more or leſs warlike, juſt, temperate and docile, here given to Wine, elſewhere to Theft or Uncleanneſs: Here inclin'd to Superſtition; elſewhere to Miſcreancy: In one place to Liberty, in another to Servitude; capable of one Science or of one Art, Dull or Ingenious, Obedient or Mutinous, Good or Ill, according as the place where they are ſeated inclines them, and aſſume a new Complexion, if remov'd, like Trees: Which was the reaſon, why *Cyrus* would not grant the *Perſians* leave to quit their rough and craggy Country to remove to another more pleaſant and plain: Saying, that fertile and tender Soils made Men effeminate and ſoft. If we ſee one while one Art, and one Belief flouriſh, and another while another, through ſome Celeſtial Influence: ſuch an Age to produce ſuch Natures, and to Incline Mankind to ſuch and ſuch a Propenſion: The Spirits of Men one while gay, and another grum; like our Feilds, what becomes of all thoſe fine Prerogatives we ſo ſooth our ſelves withal: Seeing that a wiſe Man may be miſtaken a hundred Men, a hundred Nations, nay that even Human Nature it ſelf, as we believe, is many Ages wide in one thing or another, what aſſurance have we that ſhe ſometimes is not miſtaken, or not in this very Age of ours? Methinks, that amongſt other Teſtimonies of our Imbecility, this ought not to be forgotten, that Man cannot, by his own Wiſh and Deſire, find out what is neceſſary for him, that not in Fruition only, but in Imagination and Wiſh, we cannot

agree about what we would have to ſatisfie and content us. Let us leave it to our own Thought to cut out and make up at pleaſure: It cannot ſo much as covet what is proper for it, and ſatisfie it ſelf.

Juv. Stat. 10. —— *quid enim ratione timemus*
Aut cupimus? Quid tam dextro pede concipis, ut te
Conatus non pœniteat; votique peracti?
For what with Reaſon does Man wiſh or fear,
Or undertake upon a Ground ſo clear,
That afterward he may not well repent
Both the Attempt, and the deſir'd Event.

Socrates *his Prayers.* And therefore it was, that *Socrates* begg'd nothing of the *Gods*, but what they knew to be beſt for him. And the both private and publick Prayers of the *Lacedemonians* were only ſimply to obtain good and uſeful things referring the Choice and Election of them, to the Diſcretion of the Supream Power.

Ibid. *Conjugium petimus, partumque Uxoris, at illis*
Notum qui pueri, qualiſque futura ſit Uxor.
We pray for Wives and Children, they above
Know only when we have them, what they'l prove.

And *Chriſtians, pray to God, that his Will may be done*: That they may not fall into the Inconvenience the Poet feigns of King *Midas*. He pray'd to the *Gods*, that all he touch'd might be turn'd into Gold: His Prayer was heard, his Wine was *Gold*, his Bread was *Gold*, & the Feathers of his Bed, his Shirt, and Cloths were turn'd into *Gold*; ſo that he found himſelf ruin'd and overwhelm'd with the Fruition of his Deſire, & being inrich'd with an intollerable Wealth, was fain to unpray his Prayers:

Ovid. Met. lib. 11. *Attonitus novitate mali diveſque miſerque,*
Effugere optat opes, & quæ modo voverat odit.
Aſtoniſh'd

Aſtoniſh'd at the ſtrangeneſs of the ill,
To be ſo rich, yet miſerable ſtill;
He wiſhes now he could his wealth evade,
And hates the thing for which before he pray'd.

To inſtance in my ſelf; Being young, I deſir'd of Fortune above all things the Order of St. *Michael*; which was then the utmoſt diſtinction of Honour amongſt the *French* Nobles, and very rare. She pleaſantly gratified my longing. Inſtead of raiſing me, and lifting me up from my own place to attain to it, ſhe was much kinder to me, for ſhe brought it ſo low, and made it ſo cheap, that it ſtoopt down to my Shoulders, and lower. *Cleobis* and *Biton*, *Trophonius* and *Agamedes*, having requeſted the firſt of their Goddeſs, the laſt of their God, a Recompence worthy of their Piety, had Death for a Reward: ſo differing are the heavenly Opinions concerning what is fit for us, for our *God* might grant us Riches, Honours, Life and Health ſometimes to our own hurt: for every thing that is pleaſing to us, is not always good for us, if he ſends us Death, or an increaſe of Sickneſs inſtead of a Cure. *Virga tua, & baculus tuus ipſa me conſolata ſunt*: *Thy Rod, and thy Staff have comforted me*: He does it by the Rule of his Providence, which better and more certainly diſcerns what is proper for us, than we can do; and we ought to take it in good part, as coming from a wiſe and moſt amicable Hand.

The Order of St. Michael *of high eſteem in* France.

Pſal. 23.

—— *Si concilium vis,*
Permittes ipſis expendere numinibus quid
Conveniat nobis, rebuſque ſit utile noſtris;
Charior eſt illis homo, quam ſibi.

Juven. Sat. 10.

If thou'lt be rul'd, leave to the *Gods* in Pray'rs
To weigh what's fit for us in our Affairs,
For Man to them, by infinite degrees,
Than he is to himſelf, far dearer is.

For to require Honours and Commands, is to require that he may throw you into a Battel, ſet you upon a caſt at Dice, or ſomething of the like nature, whereof the iſſue is to you unknown, and the Fruit doubtful. There is no ſo ſharp and violent Diſpute amongſt the *Philoſophers*, as about the Queſtion of the Sovereign good of Man: From whence, by the calculation of *Varro*, two hundred and fourſcore *Sects*.

Cic. de Fin. lib. 5. *Qui autem de ſummo bono diſſentit, de tota Philoſophiæ ratione diſputat. For, whoever enters into Controverſie concerning the ſupream good, diſputes upon the whole reaſon of Philoſophy.*

Hor. lib. 1. Epiſt. 2.

Tres mihi convivæ prope diſſentire videntur,
Poſcentes vario multum diverſa palato,
Quid dem? Quid non dem? renuis tu quod jubet alter:
Quod petis, id ſane eſt inviſum, acidumque duobus.

T'invite three Gueſts of differing Palate home
To a Man's Table, ſure is troubleſom;
What one likes, thou diſlik'ſt: What ſhall I (do?

And what thou lik'ſt, diſlikes the other two. *Nature* ſhould ſay the ſame to their Conteſts and Debates. Some ſay that our well being lies in Vertue, others in Pleaſure, others in our ſubmitting to *Nature*: one in Knowledge, another in being exempt from Pain, another in not ſuffering our ſelves to be carried away by Apparences:

parences: and this Fancy ſeems to have ſome relation to that of the Ancient *Pythagoras.*

Nil admirari prope res eſt una Numaci,
Solaque quæ poſſit facere, & ſervare beatum.
Nothing t'admire's the only thing I know
Can make us happy, and can keep us ſo.

Hor. lib. 1, Epiſt. 6.

Which is the drift of the *Pyrrhonian Sect. Ariſtotle* attributes the admiring of nothing to Magnanimity. And *Archeſilaus* ſaid, that Conſtancy, and a right inflexible ſtate of Judgment, were the true Goods: but that conſent and application the Evils; and there it is true, in being thus poſitive, and eſtabliſhing it by a certain Axoim, he quitted *Pyrrhoniſm.* For the *Pyrrhonians*, when they ſay that the *Ataraxy*, which is the Immobility of Judgment, is the ſovereign Good; do not deſign to ſpeak it affirmatively; but that the ſame motion of Soul which makes them avoid Precipices, and take ſhelter from the cold, preſents them ſuch a Fancy, and makes them refuſe another. How much do I wiſh, that whilſt I live, either ſome other, or *Juſtus Lipſius*, the moſt learned Man now living, of a moſt polite and judicious Underſtanding, and truly reſembling my *Turnebus*; had both the Will, and Health, and Leiſure ſufficient, ſincerely to collect into a Regiſter, according to their Diviſions and Claſſes, as many as are to be found of the Opinions of the ancient Philoſophers, about the ſubject of our Being and Manners, their Controverſies, the Succeſſion and Reputation of *Sects*; with the Application of the Lives of the Authors and their Diſciples to their own Precepts in memorable Accidents,

Character of Juſtus Lipſius.

and upon exemplary Occaſions. What a Beautiful and uſeful Work that would be! As to what remains, if it be from our ſelves that we are to extract the Rules of our Manners, upon what a Confuſion do we throw our ſelves? For that which our Reaſon adviſes us to, as the moſt probable, is generally for every one to obey the *Laws* of his Country, as it was that of *Socrates*, inſpir'd, as he pretends himſelf, by a Divine Council. And by that what would it ſay, if not that our Duty has no other Rule but what is accidental? Truth ought to have alike and univerſal Viſage: If man could know Equity and Juſtice, that it had a body and a true being, he would not fetter it to the conditions of this Country or that? it would not be from the whimſies of the *Perſians* or *Indians* that Vertue would receive its Form. There is nothing more ſubject to perpetual agitation than the *Laws*. Since the time that I was born, I have known thoſe of the Engliſh, our Neighbours, three or four times chang'd, not only in matters of *Civil Regiment*, which is the only thing wherein Conſtancy is diſpenſed with, but in the moſt important Subject that can be, namely *Religion*. At which I am the more troubled, and of which I am the more aſhamed, becauſe it is a Nation, with whom thoſe of my *Province* have formerly had ſo great Familiarity and Acquaintance; that there yet remains in my Houſe ſome footſteps of our ancient Kindred. And here with us at home, I have known a thing that was Capital, to become Lawful; and we that hold others are likewiſe according to

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the chance of War, in a Poſſibility of being found one day guilty of High-Treaſon, both Divine and Human; ſhould the Juſtice of our Arms fall into the Power of Injuſtice: and after a few years poſſeſſion, taking a quite contrary Being. How could that antient *God* more clearly accuſe the ignorance of human knowledge concerning the Divine Being, and give men to underſtand, that their *Religion* was but a thing of their own Contrivance, uſeful as a bound to their Society, than in declaring as he did to thoſe who came to his *Tripod* for Inſtruction: That every ones true Worſhip was that which he found in Uſe in the place where he chanc'd to be? *O God*, what infinite Obligation have we to the bounty of our Sovereign *Creator*, for having diſabus'd our Belief from wandring and arbitrary Devotions, and for having ſeated it upon the Eternal foundation of the Holy Word? But what will then *Philoſophy* ſay to us in this neceſſity? Why, that we follow the *Laws* of our Country, that is to ſay, this floating Sea of the Opinions of a *Republick*, or a *Prince*, that will paint out Juſtice for me in as many colours, and reform it as many ways as there are changes of Paſſions in themſelves. I cannot ſuffer my Judgment to be ſo flexible. What a kind of bounty is that which I ſhall ſee one day in repute, and that to morrow ſhall be in none, and that the croſſing of a River ſhall be made a Crime? What Truth is it that theſe Mountains impale, and keep it from the World beyond them? But they are pleaſant, when to give ſome certainty to the *Laws*, they ſay, that there

Apollo.

Natural Laws.

there are ſome firm, perpetual, and immoveable, which they call Natural, that are imprinted in human kind by the condition of their own proper being, and thoſe ſome reckon three, ſome four, ſome more, and ſome leſs, a ſign that it is a mark as doubtful as the reſt. Now they are ſo unfortunate (for what can I call it elſe but misfortune) that of ſo infinite a number of Laws, there ſhould not be found one at leaſt, that Fortune, and the temerity of chance, has ſuffered to be univerſally received by the conſent of all Nations? They are, I ſay, ſo miſerable, that of theſe three or four ſelect *Laws*, there is not ſo much as one that is not contradicted and diſowned, not only by one Nation but by many. Now the only likely ſign by which they can argue or infer ſome Laws to be Natural, is the univerſality of approbation; for we ſhould without doubt follow that which Nature had truly ordain'd us; and not only every Nation, but every particular Man would reſent the Force and Violence that any one ſhould do him, who would tempt him to any thing contrary to this *Law*. Let them produce me but one of this condition: *Protagoras* and *Ariſto*, gave no other Eſſence to the Juſtice of Laws, than the Authority and Opinion of the *Legiſlator*, and that theſe laid aſide, the honeſt and the good would loſe their Qualities, and remain empty Names of indifferent things. *Thraſymachus* in *Plato* is of Opinion, that there is no other Right but the convenience of the Superiour. There is not any thing wherein the World is ſo various, as in *Laws* and *Cuſtoms*; ſuch a thing is abominable here

here, which is elſewhere in Eſteem, as in *Lacedemonia*, the dexterity of ſtealing. Marriages within the forbidden Degrees are capitally interdicted amongſt us, they are elſewhere in Honour.

Gentes eſſe feruntur,
In quibus & nato genitrix, & nata Parenti,
Jungitur, & pietas geminato creſcit amore.

Ovid. Met. lib. 10.

There are ſome Nations in the World, 'tis ſaid
Where Fathers Daughters, Sons their Mothers wed,
And their affections ſtill do higher riſe
More firm and conſtant by theſe double ties.

The murther of Infants, murther of Fathers, communication of Wives, traffick of Robberies, licence in all ſorts of Voluptuouſneſs: Finally, there is nothing ſo extream, that is not allowed by the cuſtom, and the common Uſance of ſome Nation or other. It is credible, that there are natural *Laws*, but they are loſt in us; this fine human Reaſon every where ſo inſinuating it ſelf to govern and command, as to ſhuffle and confound the Face of things, according to it's own vanity and inconſtancy. *Nihil itaque amplius noſtrum eſt; quod noſtrum dico, artis eſt,* *Therefore nothing is any more truly ours: What we call ours belongs to Art.* Subjects have divers luſtres, and divers conſiderations; and from thence the diverſity of Opinions principally proceed. One Nation conſiders a Subject in one aſpect, and ſtops there, another takes it from another proſpect. There is nothing of greater horror to be imagin'd, than for a man to eat his Father; and yet

yet the People, whoſe ancient cuſtom it was ſo to do, look'd upon it as a teſtimony of Piety and natural Affection, ſeeking thereby to give their Progenitors the moſt worthy and honorable Sepulture; ſtoring up in themſelves, and as it were in their own Marrow, the Bodies and Relics of their Fathers; and in ſome ſort regenerating them by Tranſmutation into their Living fleſh, by means of nouriſhment and digeſtion. It is eaſie to conſider what a Cruelty and Abomination it muſt have appear'd to be to men poſſeſt, and imbute with this ſuperſtition, to throw their Fathers remains to the corruption of the Earth, and the nouriſhment of Beaſts and Worms. *Lycurgus* conſider'd in Theft, the Vivacity, Diligence, Boldneſs and Dexterity of purloining any thing from our Neighbours, and the Utility that redounded to the Publick, that every one might look more narrowly to the conſervation of what was his own, and believed, that from his double Inſtitution of Aſſaulting and Defending, advantage was to be made for Military Diſcipline (which was the principal Science and Vertue, to which he would inure that Nation) of greater conſideration than the diſorder and injuſtice of taking another man's Goods. *Dyonyſius* the Tyrant, offered *Plato* a Robe of the *Perſian* faſhion, long, damask'd, and perfum'd, *Plato* refus'd it, ſaying, *That being born a man, he would not willingly dreſs himſelf in Womans Cloths*; but *Ariſtippus* accepted it with this Anſwer, *That no Accouſtrement could corrupt a chaſt Courage.* His Friends reproaching him with meanneſs of Spirit; for laying

The Bodies of their deceaſed Fathers eaten by ſome People, and why.

Theft allowed by Lycurgus, *and why.*

A perfum'd Robe refuſed by Plato, *and accepted by* Ariſtippus.

laying it no more to heart, that *Dionyſius* had ſpit in his Face; *Fiſher-men*, ſaid he, *ſuffer themſelves to be daſh'd with the waves of the Sea from head to foot to catch a Gudgeon.* *Diogenes* was waſhing Cabidges, and ſeeing him paſs by; *If thou couldſt live on Cabidge*, ſaid he, *thou wouldſt not fawn upon a Tyrant.* To whom *Ariſtippus* replied, *And if thou kneweſt how to live amongſt men, thou wouldſt not be waſhing Cabidges.* Thus Reaſon finds apparence for divers effects. 'Tis a Pot with two Ears, that a man may take by the Right or Left.

bellum o terra hoſpiti portas,
Bello armantur equi, bellum hæc armenta minantur: Æneid. l. 3.
Sed tamen iidem olim curru ſuccedere ſueti
Quadrupedes, & frena jugo concordia ferre,
Spes eſt pacis.

O Earth, it is thy Womb, that War does bear,
Horſes are arm'd for; Heards does threaten War:
And yet theſe Brutes having with patience bore
The yoak, and yielded to the Reins before
There's hopes of Peace.

Solon, being importun'd by his Friends not to ſhed powerleſs and unprofitable Tears for the death of his Son: *It is for that reaſon, that I the more juſtly ſhed them*, ſaid he, *becauſe they are powerleſs and unprofitable.* *Socrates* his Wife, exaſperated her grief by this Circumſtance, *Oh, how unjuſtly do theſe wicked Judges put him to Death! Why*; replied he, *hadſt thou rather they ſhouldſt juſtly execute me?* We have our Ears bor'd; the *Greeks* look'd upon that as a mark of ſlavery. We retire in private to enjoy our VVives, the

Solon's Tears for the Death of his Son.

The Mourning of Socrates his Wife.

the *Indians* do it in publick: The *Scythians* immolated Strangers in their Temples, elſewhere Temples were a Refuge.

Juven. ſat. 15.

Inde furor vulgi, quod numina vicinorum
Odit quiſque locus, cum ſolos credat habendos
Eſſe Deos; quos ipſe colit.

This 'tis the popular Fury that creates,
That all their Neighbours Gods each Nation hates.
And that the more, becauſe conceive they do
None but their own ſhould be reputed ſo.

I have heard of a Judge, that where he met with a ſharp conflict betwixt *Bartolus* and *Baldus*, and ſome point controverted with many contrarieties, writ in the Margent of his Book; *A queſtion for a Friend*, that is to ſay, that Truth was there ſo controverted and diſputed, that in a like cauſe, he might favour which of the Parties he thought fit: 'Twas only for want of wit, that he did not write, *A queſtion for a Friend*, throughout. The *Advocates* and *Judges* of our times, find Biaſs enough in all cauſes to accommodate them to what they themſelves think fit: In ſo infinite a Science, depending upon the Authority of ſo many Opinions, and ſo arbitrary a Subject, it cannot be, but that of neceſſity, an extream confuſion of Judgments muſt ariſe. There is alſo hardly any ſuit ſo clear, wherein Opinions do not very much differ; what one Court has determin'd, another determines quite contrary, and it ſelf contrary to that at another time. Of which we ſee very frequent Examples, which is a marvellous blemiſh to the Ceremonious

ous Authority and Luſtre of our Juſtice, not to ſtick to poſitive Sentences, but to run from Judge, to Judge, and Court, to Court, to decide one and the ſame Cauſe. As to the liberty of Philoſophical Opinions concerning Vice and Vertue, 'tis not neceſſary to be inſiſted upon; and wherein are found many Opinions that are better conceal'd than publiſh'd to weak Spirits: *Archeſilaus* ſaid, that in Fornication it was no matter where, or with whom it was committed. *Et obſcœnas voluptates, ſi natura requirit, non genere, aut loco, aut ordine, ſed forma, ætate, figura metiendas* Epicurus *putat, ne amores quidem ſanctos a ſapiente alienos eſſe arbitrantur. Quæramus ad quum uſque ætatem juvenes amandi ſint.* *And obſcene Pleaſures, if nature requires,* Epicurus *thinks are not to be meaſur'd, either by kind, place, or order, but by Age and Beauty. Neither are Holy Loves thought to be ſtrangers to wiſe Men; we are to enquire till what age young men are to be lov'd.* Theſe two laſt Stoical Quotations, and the reproach that *Diogarchus* threw in the Teeth of *Plato* himſelf upon this Account, ſhew how much the ſoundeſt Philoſophy indulges Licences and Exceſs, very remote from the common Uſance. *Laws* derive their Authority from Poſſeſſion and Uſance: 'Tis dangerous to trace them backward to their beginning; they grow great, and ennoble themſelves like our Rivers by running: but follow them upward to their Source, 'tis but a little Spring, ſcarce diſcernible, that ſwells thus, and thus fortifies it ſelf by growing old. Do but conſult the ancient conſiderations that gave the firſt motion to this famous Torrent

Cicero Tuſc. lib. 5.

Laws Authoriz'd by Cuſtoms.

ſo

ſo full of Dignity and Reverence; you will find them ſo light and weak, that it is no wonder if theſe People, who weigh and reduce every thing to Reaſon, and who admit nothing by Authority, or upon Truſt, have their Judgments very remote and differing from thoſe of the Publick. It is no wonder if People, who take their pattern from the firſt Image of Nature, ſhould in moſt of their Opinions ſwerve from the common path: As for Example, few amongſt them would have approv'd of the ſtrict Conditions of our Marriages, and moſt of them have been for having wives in common, and without Obligation: They would refuſe our Ceremonies. *Chryſippus* ſaid, that a certain Philoſopher would have made a dozen Somerſaults, and turn'd up his Tail without his Breeches, for a dozen of Olives. That Philoſopher would hardly have advis'd *Caliſthenes* to have refus'd *Hippoclides* the fair *Agariſta* his Daughter, for having ſeen him ſtand on his Head upon a Table. *Metrocles* let a Fart a little indiſcreetly in Diſputation, in the preſence of a great Auditory in his School, and kept himſelf hid in his own Houſe for ſhame till *Crates* coming to viſit him, and adding to his Conſolations and Reaſons, the Example of his own Liberty, falling to Fart with him who ſhould let moſt, cur'd him of that ſcruple, and withal drew him to his own Stoical *Sect*, more free than that more reſerv'd one of the *Peripateticks*, of which he had been till then. That which we call Decency, not to dare to do that in publick which it is decent enough to do in private, the *Stoicks* call Foppery, and to mince it,

it, and be so modest as to conceal and disown what Nature, Custom and our Desires publish and proclaim of our Actions, they reputed a Vice. The other thought it was to undervalue the Mysteries of *Venus*, to draw them out of her private Oratory, to expose them to the view of the People: And that to bring them out from behind the Curtain, was to loose them. Modesty is a thing of Weight, Secresie, Reservation and Circumscription are Parts of Esteem. Pleasure did very ingeniously, when under the visor of Vertue, she sued not to be prostituted in the open Streets, trodden under foot, and exposed to the publick View, wanting the dignity and convenience of her private *Cabinets*. Hence some say, that to put down publick Stews, is not only to disperse Fornication into all Places that was a sign for one, but moreover, by the difficulty, to incite wild and wanton People to this Vice.

Mechus es Aufidiæ qui vir Corvine fuisti,
Rivalis fuerat qui tuus ille vir est.
Cur aliena placet tibi, quæ tua non placet Uxor?
Nunquid securus non potes arrigere?

Mart. lib. 3. Epig. 68.

This Experience diversifies it self in a thousand Examples.

Nullus in Urbe fuit tota, qui tangere vellet
Uxorem gratis Cæciliane tuam,
Dum licuit: sed nunc positis custodibus, ingens
Turba fututorum est. Ingeniosus homo es.

Mart. lib. 1. Epig. 74.

A *Philosopher* being taken in the very act, and askt what he was doing, coldly reply'd, *I am planting a Man*; no more blushing to be so caught, than if they had found him planting

Garlick. It is, I suppose, out of tenderness and respect to the natural Modesty of Mankind, that a great and religious Author is of Opinion, that this act is so necessarily bound to Privacy and Shame, that he cannot persuade himself there could be any absolute performance in those impudent embraces of the *Cynicks*, but that they only made it their Business to represent the lascivious Gestures of Lust; to maintain the impudence of their Schools Profession, and that to eject what Shame had with-held, it was afterward necessary for them to with-draw into the Shade: But he had not thoroughly examined their Debauches, for *Diogenes*, playing the beast with himself in publick, wish'd in the presence of all that saw him, that he could fill his Belly by that Exercise. To those who ask'd him why he did not find out a more commodious place to eat in, than the open Street; he made answer, *because I am hungry in the open Street.* The Women Philosophers, who mixt with their *Sect*, mixt also with their Persons in all Places without Reservation: and *Hipparchia* was not received into *Crates* his Society, but upon Condition, that she should in all things follow the Usances and Customs of his Rule. These Philosophers set a great price upon Vertue, and renounce all other Discipline but the Moral: and yet in all their Actions, they attributed the Sovereign Authority to the Election of their Sage, and above the *Laws*, and gave no other curb to Voluptuousness, but Moderation only, and the Conservation of the Liberty of others. *Heraclitus* and *Protagoras*, forasmuch as

The Embraces of the Cynicks *impudent, and in open Sight.*

as Wine seem'd bitter to the Sick, and pleasant to the sound, the Rudder crook'd in the Water, and strait when out, and such like contrary apparences as are found in Subjects, argued from thence, that all Subjects had in themselves the Causes of these Apparences; and that there was some bitterness in the Wine, which had some sympathy with the sick man's Taste, and the Rudder some bending Quality, sympathizing with him that looks upon it in the Water. And so of all the rest, which is to say, that all is in all things, and consequently nothing in any one, for where all is there is nothing. This Opinion put me in mind of the Experience we have, that there is no sence nor aspect of any thing whether bitter or sweet, strait or crooked, that human Wit does not find out in the Writings he undertakes to tumble over. Into the cleanest, purest and most perfect Speaking that can possibly be, how many Lyes and Falsities have we suggested? What Heresie has not there found Ground and Testimony sufficient to make it self embrac'd and defended? 'Tis for this, that the Authors of such Errors will never depart from proof of the Testimony of the Interpretation of Words. A Person of Dignity, who would prove to me by Authority, the Search of the Philosophers Stone, wherein he was over head and ears ingag'd, alledg'd to me at last five or six Passages in the *Bible*, upon which he said he first founded his attempt, for the discharge of his Conscience (for he is a Divine) and in truth the Invention was not only pleasant, but moreover very well accommodated

The purest way of Speaking, capable of various Interpretations.

The Philosophers Stone approved.

to the Defence of this fine Science. By this way the Reputation of divining Fables is acquir'd. There is no Fortune-teller, if he have this Authority, but, if a Man will take the Pains to tumble and toss, and narrowly to peep into all the folds and glosses of his Words, he may make him, like the *Sibils*, say what he will. There are so many ways of Interpretation, that it will be hard but that, either obliquely, or in a direct Line, an ingenious Wit will find out in every Subject, some Air that will serve for his Purpose. Therefore there is a cloudy and ambiguous Stile in this so frequent and antient use; let the Author but make himself Master of that, he may attract and busie Posterity about his Predictions; which not only his own Parts, but the accidental Favour of the Matter it self, may as much or more assist him to obtain. That, as to the rest, he express himself after a foolish, or a subtle manner, whether obscurely, or contradictorily, 'tis no matter; a number of Wits shaking and sifting him, will bring out a great many several Forms, either according to his meaning, or collateral, or contrary to it, which will all redound to his Honour. He will see himself enrich'd by the means of his Disciples, like the Regents of Colleges, by their Pupils yearly Presents. This is it which has given Reputation to many things of no worth at all; that has brought several Writings in Vogue, and given them the Fame of containing all sorts of Matter can be desir'd; one and the same thing receiving a thousand and a thousand Images and various Considerations, nay, even as many as we please.

pleaſe. Is it poſſible that *Homer* could deſign to ſay all that we make him: and that he deſign'd ſo many, and ſo various Figures, as that the *Divines*, *Law-givers*, *Captains*, *Philoſophers* and all ſorts of Men who treat of Sciences, how variouſly and oppoſitely ſoever, ſhould indifferently quote him, and ſupport their Arguments by his Authority, as the Sovereign Lord and Maſter of all Offices, Works and Artizans, and Councellor General of all Enterprizes? Whoever has had occaſion for Oracles and Predictions, has there found ſufficient to ſerve his turn. 'Tis a Wonder how many, and how admirable Concurrences an intelligent Perſon, and a particular Friend of mine, has there found out in Favour of our Religion; and cannot eaſily be put out of the Conceit that it was *Homer*'s Deſign: and yet he is as well acquainted with this Author, as any Man whatever of his Time. And what he has found out in Favour of ours, very many anciently have found in Favour of theirs. Do but obſerve how *Plato* is tumbled and toſt, every one ennobling his own Opinions by applying him to himſelf, make him take what ſide they pleaſe. They draw him in, and engage him in all the new Opinions the World receives; and make him, according to the different courſe of things, differ from himſelf: every one makes him according to his own Senſe, the Manners and Cuſtoms lawful in his Age, becauſe they are unlawful in ours; and all this with Vivacity and Power, according to the force and ſpritelineſs of the Wit of the Interpreter. From the ſame Foundation that *Heraclitus* and this Sen-

Homer *the general Leader of all ſorts of People.*

tence of his had, *That all things had in them thoſe forms that we diſcern'd*, *Democritus* drew a quite contrary concluſion; namely, *That Subjects had nothing at all in them of what we there find*: and that foraſmuch as Honey is ſweet to one, and bitter to another, he thence argued, that it was neither ſweet nor bitter. The *Pyrrhonians* would ſay, that they knew not whether it is ſweet or bitter, or neither the one or the other, or both; for thoſe always gain the higheſt point of Dubitation. The *Cyrenaicks* held, that nothing was perceptible from without, and that that only was perceptible, that internally touch'd us, as Grief and Pleaſure; acknowledging neither Sound, nor Colour, but certain Affections only that we receive from them, and that mans Judgment had no other Seat. *Protagoras* believ'd, that what ſeem'd to every one was true to every one. The *Epicureans* lodg'd all Judgment in the Senſes, and in the Knowledge of things, and in Pleaſure. *Plato* would have the Judgment of Truth, and Truth it ſelf deriv'd from Opinion, and the Senſes to appertain to the Wit and Cogitation. This Diſcourſe put me upon the Conſideration of the Senſes, in which lies the greateſt Foundation, and Proof of our Ignorance. Whatſoever is known, is doubtleſs known by the Faculty of the Knower; for ſeeing the Judgment proceeds from the Operation of him that judges, 'tis Reaſon that this Operation perform it by his means, and will not by the conſtraint of another; as it would happen, if we knew things by the Power, and according to the Law of their Eſſence. Now all Knowledge is conveyed

vey'd to us by the Senſes, they are our Maſters:

———*via qua munita fidei* Lucret. l. 5.
Proxima fert humanum in pectus, templaque mentis.

It is the ſureſt Path that Faith can find
By which to enter human Heart and Mind.

Science begins by them, and is reſolved into them. After all, we ſhould know no more than a Stone, if we did not know that there is Sound, Odour, Light, Taſte, Meaſure, Weight, Softneſs, Hardneſs, Sharpneſs, Colour, Smoothneſs, Breadth and Depth. Theſe are the Platforms and Principles of all the Structure of all our Knowledge. And, according to ſome Science, is nothing elſe but Senſe. He that could make me contradict the Senſes, would have me by the Throat, he could not make me go further back. The Senſes are the beginning and the end of human Knowledge.

Invenies primus ab ſenſibus eſſe creatam Ibid. l. 4.
Notitiam veri, neque ſenſus poſſe refelli.
Quid majore fide porro quam ſenſus haberi
Debet?

You'll find of Truth, that all diſcoveries made,
Are firſt by Senſes to the Soul convey'd;
Neither will Senſe be baffled, and on what
Can we rely more ſafely than on that?

Let us attribute to them the leaſt we can, we muſt however of neceſſity grant them this, that it is by their means and mediation that all our inſtruction is directed. *Cicero* ſays, that *Chryſippus*,

ſippus, having attempted to extenuate the force and vertue of Senſes, preſented to himſelf Arguments, and ſo vehement Oppoſitions to the contrary, that he could not be ſatisfied in himſelf therein: Whereupon *Carneades*, who maintain'd the contrary ſide, boaſted, that he would make uſe of the ſame Words and Arguments that *Chryſippus* had done, with them to controvert and confute him, and therefore thus cried out againſt him: *O Miſerable! thy force has deſtroy'd thee.* There can be nothing abſur'd to a greater Degree, than to maintain that Fire does not warm, that Light does not ſhine, and, that there is no weight nor ſolidity in Iron, which are Advertiſements convey'd to us by the Senſes; neither is there Belief nor Knowledge in Man, that can be compar'd to that for certainty. The firſt Conſideration I have upon the Subject of the Senſes is, that I make a doubt whether or no Man be furniſh'd with all natural Senſes. I ſee ſeveral Animals who live an entire and perfect Life, ſome without Sight, others without Hearing: Who knows whether to us alſo, one, two, or three, or many other Senſes may not be wanting? For if any one be wanting, our Examination cannot diſcover the defect. 'Tis the priviledge of the Senſes to be the utmoſt limit of our diſcovery: There is nothing beyond them that can aſſiſt us in Exploration, not ſo much as one Senſe in the diſcovery of another.

Doubt whether man have all his Senſes.

Ibid. *An poterunt oculos aures reprehendere, an aures*
Tactus, an hunc porro tactum ſapor arguet oris,
An confutabunt nares, oculive revincent?

Can

Can Ears the Eyes, the Touch the Ears correct;
Or is that Touch by Taſting to be check'd:
Or th' other Senſes ſhall the Noſe, or Eyes
Confute in their peculiar faculties?
They all make the extreameſt limits of our ability.

——*ſeorſum cuique poteſtas*
Diviſa eſt, ſua vis cuique eſt. Ibid.

Each has it's power diſtinctly, and alone
And every Senſe's power is it's own.

It is impoſſible to make a man, naturally blind, conceive that he does not ſee, impoſſible to make him deſire Sight, or to be ſenſible of his Defect. For which Reaſon, we ought not to derive any aſſurance from the Soul's being contented and ſatisfied with thoſe we have: conſidering that it cannot be ſenſible herein of it's Infirmity and Imperfection, if there be any ſuch thing. It is impoſſible to ſay any thing to this blind Man, either by Argument or Similitude, that can poſſeſs his Imagination with any Apprehenſion of Light, Colour, or Sight. There nothing remains behind that can puſh on the Senſes to Evidence. Thoſe that are born Blind, whom we hear to wiſh they could ſee, it is not that they underſtand what they deſire: They have learn'd from us that they want ſomething, that there is ſomething to be deſired that we have, which they can name indeed, and ſpeak of it's Effects and Conſequence, but yet they know not what it is, nor apprehend it not at all. I have ſeen a Gentleman of a good Family, who was born Blind, or at leaſt Blind from ſuch an Age that he knows not what Sight is; who is ſo little ſenſible of his

his defect, that he makes use as we do of words proper for seeing, and applies them after a manner wholly particular, and his own. They brought him a Child to which he was Godfather, which having taken into his Arms: *Good God* (said he) *what a fine Child is this, how beautiful to look upon, what a pretty Face it has!* He will say, like one of us, this Room has a very fine Prospect, it is clear Weather, the Sun shines bright. And moreover, being that Hunting, Tennis and Butts are our Exercises, and that he has heard so, he has taken a liking to them, will Ride a Hunting; and believes he has as good a share of the Sport as we have; and will express himself as angry or pleas'd as the best of us all, and yet knows nothing of it, but by the Ear. One cries out to him, here's a Hare, when he is upon some even Plain where he may safely Ride; and afterwards, when they tell him the Hare is kill'd, he will be as over-joy'd, and proud of it, as he hears others say they are. He will take a Tennis Ball in his left hand, and strike it away with the Racket: He will shoot with a Musket at random, and is contented with what his People tell him, that he is over or wide. Who knows whether all human kind commit not the like absurdity, for want of some Sense, and that through this Default, the greatest part of the face of things is conceal'd from us? What do we know but that the difficulties which we find in several effects of Animals which exceed our Capacity, are not produc'd by faculty of some sense that we are defective in? And whether some of them have not by this means a

Life

Life more full and entire than ours? We seize an Apple as it were with all our Senses: We there find Redness, Smoothness, Odour and Sweetness? But it may have other Vertues besides these, as to heat, or bind, which no sense of ours can have any reference unto. Is it not likely that there are sensitive faculties in Nature that are fit to judge of, and to discern those which we call the occult Proprieties in several things, as for the Load-stone to attract Iron; and that the want of such faculties is the cause that we are ignorant of the true Essence of such things? 'Tis peradventure some particular sense that gives Cocks to understand what hour it is of Midnight, and when it grows to be towards day, and that makes them to crow accordingly; that teaches Chickens, before they have any experience of what they are, to fear a *Spar-hawk*, and not a *Goose*, or a *Peacock*, though Birds of a much larger Size: That cautions them of the hostil Quality the *Cat* has against them, and makes them not to fear a *Dog*? To arm themselves against the meawing (a kind of flattering Voice) of the one, and not against the barking, a shrill and threatning Voice of the other. That teaches *Wasps*, *Ants* and *Rats*, to fall upon the best Pear, and the best Cheese, before they have tasted them, and inspires the *Stag*, *Elephant* and *Serpents*, with the knowledge of a certain Herb proper for their Cure. There is no sense that has not a mighty Dominion, and that does not by it's power introduce an infinite number of Knowledges. If we were defective in the Intelligence of sounds of Musick, and of the Voice,

it

it would cauſe an inimaginable confuſion in all the reſt of our Science. For, beſides what appertains to the proper effect of every Senſe, how many Arguments, Conſequences and Concluſions do we draw to other things, by comparing one Senſe with another? Let an Underſtanding Man imagine human Nature originally produc'd without the Senſe of Seeing, and conſider what Ignorance and Trouble ſuch a Defect would bring upon him, what a Darkneſs and Blindneſs in the Soul; he will then ſee by that of how great Importance to the knowledge of Truth, the privation of ſuch another Senſe, or of two, or three, ſhould we be ſo depriv'd, would be. We have form'd a Truth by the Conſultation and Concurrence of our five Senſes, but peradventure, we ſhould have the conſent and contribution of eight or ten, to make a certain diſcovery of our own Being. The *Sects* that controvert the Knowledge of man, do it principally by the incertainty and weakneſs of our Senſes. For ſince all Knowledge is by their means and mediation convey'd unto us, if they fail in their report, if they corrupt, or alter what they bring us from without, if the Light which by them creeps into the Soul be obſcur'd in the paſſage, we have nothing elſe to hold by. From this extream difficulty all theſe fancies proceed, that every ſubject has all we there find in it ſelf: That it has nothing in it of what we think we there find; and that of the *Epicureans*, that the *Sun* is no bigger than 'tis judg'd by our ſight to be:

Lucret. l. 5. *Quicquid id eſt nihilo fertur majore figura,*
Quam noſtris oculis quam cernimus eſſe videtur.

But

But be it what it will in our Esteems,
It is no bigger than to us it seems.

That the apparences, which represent a Body great to him that is near, and less to him that is more remote, are both true:

Nec tamen hic oculis falli concedimus hilum; Id. lib. 4.
Proinde animi vitium hoc oculis adfingere noli.

Yet that the Eye's deluded we deny;
Charge not the Soul's fault therefore on the eye.

and resolutely, that there is no deceit in the Senses; that we are to lye at their Mercy, and seek elsewhere Reasons to salve and excuse the Difference and Contradictions we there find; even to the inventing of Lyes and other Flams (if it come to that) rather then accuse the Senses. *Timagoras* vow'd, that by pressing or turning his Eye, he could never perceive the light of the Candle to double, and that the seeming so, proceeded from the Vice of Opinion, and not from the Instrument. The most absurd of all the *Epicureans* Absurdities, is, in denying the force and effect of the Senses.

Proinde quod in quoque est his visum tempore, Ibid.
verum est.
Et si non potuit ratio dissolvere causam,
Cur ea quæ fuerint juxtim quadrata, procul sint
Visa rotunda: tamen præstat rationis egentem
Reddere mendose causas utriusque figuræ,
Quam manibus manifesta suis emittere quoquam,
Et violare fidem primam, & convellere tota
Fundamenta, quibus nixatur vita salusque.
Non modo enim ratio ruat omnis, vita quoque ipsa.
Concidat extemplo, nisi credere sensibus ausis,

Præ-

Præcipiteſque locos vitare, & cætera quæ ſint
In genere hoc fugienda.
Whatever, and whenever ſeen, is true,
And if our Reaſon can't the Knot undoe,
Why things ſeem to be ſquare when very near
And at a greater diſtance round appear;
'Tis better yet for him that's at a pauſe
To give of either Figure a falſe cauſe,
Than to permit things manifeſt to go
Out of his Hands, to give the lye unto
His firſt belief, and the Foundations rend
On which all Life and Safety do depend.
For not alone Reaſon, but Life and all
Together will with ſudden Ruin fall;
Unleſs we dare our Senſes truſt to miſs
The danger of a dreadful precipice,
And other ſuch like Dangers, that with care
And warineſs to be evaded are.

This ſo deſperate and unphiloſophical Advice expreſſes only this, that human Knowledge cannot ſupport it ſelf but by Reaſon, that is unreaſonable, fooliſh and mad; but that it is yet better that man, to ſet a greater value upon himſelf, make uſe of any other Remedy, how fantaſtick ſoever, than to confeſs his neceſſary Ignorance; a truth ſo diſadvantageous to him. He cannot avoid owning, that the Senſes are the Sovereign Lords of his Knowledge; but they are uncertain, and falſifiable in all Circumſtances. 'Tis there that he is to fight it out to the laſt; and if his juſt Forces fail him, as they do, to ſupply that Defect with Obſtinacy, Temerity and Impudence. In caſe that what the *Epicureans* ſay be true, *Viz. That we have no*

Know-

Knowledge if the Senses apparences be false; and if that also be true, which the *Stoicks* say, *That the apparences of the Senses are so false, that they can furnish us with no manner of Knowledge*: We shall conclude, to the disadvantage of these two great Dogmatical *Sects*, that there is no Science at all. As to what concerns the Error and Uncertainty of the Operation of the Senses, every one may furnish himself with as many examples as he pleases; so ordinary are the Faults and Tricks they put upon us. In the *Eccho* of a Valley, the sound of the Trumpet seems to meet us, which comes from a place behind.

Extantesque procul medio de gurgite montes *Ibid.*
Idem apparent longe diversi licet.
Et fugere ad puppim colles, campique videntur
Quos agimus propter Navim.

And Rocks i'th Seas that proudly raise their Head, Mr. *Creech.*
Tho far disjoyn'd, tho Royal Navies spread
Their Sails between; yet if from distance shown,
They seem an Island all combin'd in one.
Thus Ships, though driven by a prosperous Gale
Seem fixt to Saylors, those seem under Sail
That ride at Anchor safe; and all admire,
As they row by, to see the Rocks retire.

——Ubi in medio nobis equus acer obhæsit *Ibid.*
Flumine, equi corpus transversum ferre videtur
Vis, & in adversum Flumen contrudere raptim.

Thus, when in rapid streams my Horse hath stood Mr. *Creech.*
And I look'd downward on the rowling Flood;

Though

Though he ſtood ſtill, I thought he did divide
The headlong Streams,& ſtrive againſt the Tide,
And all things ſeem'd to move on every ſide.

Like a Musket Bullet, under the Fore-finger, the middle Finger being lap'd over it, which feels ſo like two, that a Man will have much ado to perſuade himſelf there is but one; the end of the two Fingers feeling each of them one at the ſame time. For that the Senſes are very often Maſters of our Reaſon, and conſtrain it to receive Impreſſions which it judges and knows to be falſe, is frequently ſeen. I ſet aſide the Senſe of feeling, that has its Functions nearer, more lively and ſubſtantial; that ſo often by the effect of the Pains it helps the Body to, ſubverts and overthrows all thoſe fine Stoical Reſolutions, and compells him to cry out of his Belly, who has reſolutely eſtabliſh'd this Doctrine in his Soul, that the Cholick, and all other Pains and Diſeaſes are indifferent things; not having the Power to abate any thing of the Sovereign Felicity, wherein the wiſe man is ſeated by his Vertue. There is no Heart ſo effeminate, that the rattle and ſound of our Drums and Trumpets will not enflame with Courage; nor ſo ſullen, that the Harmony of our Muſick will not rouſe and cheer; nor ſo ſtubborn a Soul, that will not feel it ſelf ſtruck with ſome Reverence, in conſidering the gloomy vaſtneſs of our Churches, the variety of Ornaments, and Order of our Ceremonies, and to hear the ſolemn Muſick of our Organs, and the Grace and devout Harmony of our Voices. Even thoſe that come in with Contempt, feel a certain ſhivering in their Hearts,

Hearts, and ſomething of dread that makes them begin to doubt their Opinions. For my part, I do not think my ſelf ſtrong enough to hear an Ode of *Horace* or *Catullus* ſung by a beautiful young Mouth without emotion. And *Zeno* had reaſon to ſay, That the Voice was the flower of Beauty. One would once make me believe, that a certain Perſon, whom all we *Frenchmen* know, had impos'd upon me, in repeating ſome Verſes that he had made; that they were not the ſame upon the Paper that they were in the Air, and that my Eyes would make a contrary Judgment to my Ears: So great a Power has Pronuntiation to give faſhion and value to Works that are left to the Efficacy and Modulation of the Voice. And therefore *Philoxenus* was not ſo much too blame, hearing one give an ill Accent to ſome Compoſition of his, for ſpurning and breaking certain Earthen Veſſels of his, ſaying, *I break what is thine, becauſe thou corrupt'ſt what is mine.* To what end did thoſe Men, who have with a poſitive Reſolution deſtroy'd themſelves, turn away their Faces that they might not ſee the blow that was by themſelves appointed? and that thoſe, who for their Health deſire and command Inciſions to be made, and Cauteries to be applied to them, cannot endure the ſight of the Preparations, Inſtruments and Operations of the *Chyrurgeon*; being that the Sight is not any way to participate in the Pain? Are not theſe proper Examples to verifie the authority the Senſes have over the Imagination? 'Tis to much purpoſe that we know theſe Treſſes were bor-

The Voice, the flower of Beauty.

row'd from a Page, or a *Lacquey*; that this *Vermilion* came from *Spain*, and this *Cerus* from the Ocean Sea: our Sight will nevertheleſs compel us to confeſs that Subject more agreeable and more lovely againſt all Reaſon. For in this there is nothing of it's own.

Ovid. de Rem. Amor. *l.* 1.

Auferimur cultu, gemmis, auroque teguntur
Crimina pars minima eſt ipſa puella ſui.
Sæpe ubi ſit quod ames inter tam multa requiras
Decipit hac oculos, Ægide dives amor.

Faults are with Jewels hid, we't gull'd by Art,
The Girl is of her ſelf the ſmalleſt part.
When 'mongſt ſo many things, we ſeek for her
We love, our Eyes often deceived are.

What a ſtrange Power do the *Poets* attribute to the Senſes, that make *Narciſſus* ſo deſperately in Love with his own Shadow?

Ovid. Met. *lib.* 3.

Cunctaque miratur, quibus eſt mirabilis ipſe,
Se cupit imprudens, & qui probat, ipſe probatur,
Dumque petit, petitur: pariterque accendit & ardet.

Mr. *Sandys.*

Admireth all; for which to be admir'd:
And inconſiderately himſelf deſir'd.
The Praiſes which he gives, his Beauty claim'd,
Who ſeeks, is ſought, th'Enflamer is inflam'd.

And *Pygmalion*'s Judgment ſo troubled by the Impreſſion of the ſight of his Ivory Statue, that he loves and adores it as if it were a living Woman.

Ovid. Met. lib. 10.

Oſcula dat, reddique putat, ſequiturque tenetque,
Et credit tactis digitos inſidere membris,
Et metuit preſtos veniat ne livor in artus.

He kiſſes, and believes he's kiſs'd again,
Seizes, and 'twixt his arms his Love doth ſtrain,

And

And thinks the poliſh'd Ivory thus held,
Does to his fingers amorous preſſure yield,
And has a tender Fear, leſt black and blue
Should in the Parts with ardour preſs'd enſue.

Let a *Philoſopher* be put into a Cage of ſmall thin ſet Bars of Iron, and hang him on the Top of the high Tower of *Noſtre Dame* of *Paris*; He will ſee by manifeſt Reaſon, that he cannot poſſibly fall, and yet he will find (unleſs he have been uſed to the Plummers Trade) that he cannot help, but that the exceſſive height will fright and aſtoniſh him. For we have enough to do to aſſure our ſelves in the *Galleries* of our Steeples, if they are made with Rail and Balliſter, altho' they are of Stone; and ſome there are that cannot endure ſo much as to think of it. Let there be a Beam thrown over betwixt theſe two Towers, of breadth ſufficient to walk upon, there is no Philoſophical Wiſdom ſo firm that can give us the courage to walk over it, as we ſhould do upon the Ground. I have often tried this upon our Mountains in theſe Parts; and yet I am one who am not the moſt ſubject to be afraid, that I was not able to endure to look into that infinite Depth without horror and trembling, though I ſtood above my length from the edge of the Precipice, and could not have fall'n down if I would. Where I alſo obſerv'd, that what height ſoever the Precipice were, provided there were ſome Tree, or ſome jutting out of a Rock, a little to ſupport and divide the Sight, it a little eaſes our Fears, and gives greater Aſſurance; as if they were things by which in falling we might have ſome relief.

But that direct Precipices we are not able to look upon without being giddy; *ut deſpici ſine vertigine ſimul oculorum animique non poſſit.* Which is a manifeſt impoſture of the Sight. And therefore it was that the fine Philoſopher put out his own Eyes, to free the Soul from being diverted by them, and that he might Philoſophiſe at greater liberty. But by the ſame Rule, he ſhould have damm'd up his Ears, that *Theophraſtus* ſays are the moſt dangerous Inſtruments about us, for receiving violent Impreſſions to alter and diſturb us; and finally, ſhould have depriv'd himſelf of all his other Senſes, that is to ſay, of his Life and Being; For they have all the power to command our Soul and Reaſon. *Fit etiam ſæpe ſpecie quadam, ſæpe vocum gravitate & cantibus, ut pellantur animi vehementius: ſæpe etiam cura & timore.* *For it oft falls out that minds are more vehemently ſtruck by ſome ſight, by the quality and ſound of the Voice, or by Singing; and oft-times alſo by Grief and Fear.* Phyſicians hold, that there are certain Complexions that are agitated by the ſame Sounds and Inſtruments, even to Fury. I have ſeen ſome, who could not hear a Bone gnaw'd under the Table without impatience; and there is ſcarce any man, who is not diſturb'd at the ſharp and ſhrill noiſe that the File makes in grating upon the Iron; as alſo to hear chewing near them, or to hear any one ſpeak, who has any impediment in the Throat or Noſe, will move ſome People even to anger and hatred. Of what uſe was that piping Prompter of *Gracchus*, who ſoftened, raiſed and mov'd his Maſter's Voice, whilſt he declaim'd at *Rome*,

Cicer. de Divin. l. 1.

Rome, if the movements and quality of the ſound had not the power to move and alter the Judgments of the Auditory? In earneſt, there is wonderful reaſon to keep ſuch a clutter about the firmity of this fine piece, that ſuffers it ſelf to be turn'd and twin'd by the motion and accidents of ſo light a wind. The ſame cheat that the Senſes put upon our Underſtanding, they have in turn put upon them. The Soul alſo ſometimes has its revenge, they lye and contend which ſhould moſt deceive one another. What we ſee and hear when we are tranſported with Paſſion, we neither ſee nor hear as it is.

Et ſolem geminum, & duplices ſe oſtendere Thebas. Æneid. lib. 10.
The *Sun* did ſeem as if two *Suns* it were,
And *Thebes* a double City did appear.

The Object that we love appears to us more beautiful than it really is:

Multimodis igitur pravas, turpeſque videmus, Lucret. l. 4.
Eſſe in deliciis, ſummoque in honore vigere.
Hence 'tis that ugly things in fancy'd dreſs, Mr. Creech.
Seem gay, look fair to Lovers Eyes, and pleaſe.

and that we hate more ugly. To a diſcontented and afflicted Man, the Light of the Day ſeems dark and overcaſt. Our Senſes are not only depray'd, but very often ſtupified by the Paſſions of the Soul. How many things do we ſee, that we do not take notice of, if the Mind be taken up with other Thoughts?

—— in rebus quoque apertis noſcere poſſis. Ibid.
Si non advertas Animum proinde eſſe, quaſi omni
Tempore ſemotæ fuerint, longeque remotæ.
Nay even in plaineſt things, unleſs the Mind Mr. Creech.
Take heed, unleſs ſhe ſets her ſelf to find,

The thing no more is ſeen, no more belov'd,
Than if the moſt obſcure, and moſt remov'd.

It appears that the Soul retires within, and amuſes the Powers of the Senſes. And ſo both the inſide, and the outſide of man is full of Infirmities and Miſtakes. They who have compar'd our Lives to a Dream, were peradventure more in the right than they were aware of; when we dream, the Soul lives, works, and exerciſes all its Faculties, neither more nor leſs, than when awake; but more largly and obſcurely; Yet not ſo much neither, that the difference ſhould be as great as betwixt Night and the Meridional Brightneſs of the Sun, but as betwixt Night and Shade; there ſhe ſleeps, here ſhe ſlumbers; but whether more or leſs, 'tis ſtill dark and *Cymmerian* Darkneſs. We wake ſleeping, and ſleep waking. I dot not ſee ſo clearly in my Sleep; but as to my being awake, I never found it clear enough, and free from Clouds. Moreover, Sleep, when it is profound, ſometimes rocks even Dreams themſelves aſleep, but our awaking is never ſo ſpritely, that it does rightly, and as it ſhould, purge and diſſipate thoſe Ravings and Whimſies, which are waking Dreams, and worſe than Dreams. Our Reaſon and Soul receiving thoſe Fancies and Opinions that come in Dreams, and authorizing the Actions of our Dreams, with the like Approbation that they do thoſe of the Day; wherefore do we not doubt, whether our Thought and Action is another ſort of Dreaming, and our waking a certain kind of ſleep? If the Senſes be our firſt Judges, it is not ours that we are to conſult; for in Faculty Beaſts have as great, or greater

The Life of a Man compared to a Dream.

greater right than we. It is certain that ſome of them have the Senſe of Hearing more quick than Man; others that of Seeing, others that of Feeling, others that of Touch and Taſte. *Democritus* ſaid, that the Gods and *Brutes* had the ſenſitive Faculties more perfect than Man. But betwixt the Effects of their Senſes and ours, the difference is extream. Our Spittle cleanſes and dries up our Wounds, it kills the Serpent.

Tantaque in his rebus diſtantia, differitaſque eſt, Ibid.
Ut quod aliis cibus eſt, aliis ſuat acre venenum.
Sepe etenim ſerpens, hominis contacta ſaliva,
Diſperſit, ac ſeſe mandendo conficit ipſa.

And in thoſe things the diff rence is ſo great,
That what's ones Poyſon, is anothers Meat;
For Serpents often have been ſeen, 'tis ſaid,
When touch'd with human Spittle, to go mad,
And bite themſelves to Death.

What Quality do we attribute to our Spittle, either in reſpect to our ſelves, or to the Serpent? By which of the two Senſes ſhall we prove the true Eſſence that we ſeek for? *Pliny* ſays, that there are certain *Sea-Hares* in the *Indies* that are Poyſon to us, and we to them; inſomuch that with the leaſt touch we kill them. Which ſhall be truly Poyſon, the Man, or the Fiſh? Which ſhall we believe, the Fiſh of the Man, or the Man of the Fiſh? One Quality of the Air infects a Man, that does the Oxe no harm; ſome other infects the Oxe, but hurts not the Man: Which of the two ſhall in Truth and Nature be the peſtilent Quality? To them who have the *Jaundies*, all things ſeems yellow and paler than to us?

Ibid. *Lurida præterea fiunt quæcunque tuentur*
Arquati,——

Mr. Creech. Beſides whatever Jaundice Eyes do view
Jaundies. Look pale as well as thoſe, and yellow too:
For lurid parts fly off with nimble Wings,
And meet the diſtant coming forms of things;
And others lurk within the Eyes, and ſeize,
And ſtrain with pale the entring Images.

Hypoſphragma. They who are troubled with the Diſeaſe that the Phyſicians call *Hypoſphragma*, which is a ſuffuſion of Blood under the Skin; ſee all things red and bloody. What do we know but that theſe Humours which thus alter the Operations of Sight, predominate our Beaſts; and are uſual with them? For we ſee ſome whoſe Eyes are yellow, like our People who have the *Jaundies*; and others of a bloody Colour. 'Tis likely that the colour of Objects ſeem other to them, than to us; which of the two ſhall make a right Judgment? For, it is not ſaid, that the Eſſence of things have a Relation to Man only; Hardneſs, Whiteneſs, Depth and Sharpneſs, have reference to the Service and Knowledge of Animals as well as to us; and *Nature* has equally deſign'd them for their uſe. When we preſs down the Eye, the Body that we look upon, we perceive to be longer, and more extended; many Beaſts have their Eyes ſo preſs'd down: this length therefore is peradventure the true form of that Body, and not that which our Eyes give it in their uſual ſtate. If we cloſe the lower part of the Eye, things appear double to us.

Ibid. *Bina Lucernarum florentia lumina Flammis,*
Et duplices hominum facies, & corpora bina.

One

One Lamp ſeems two, and each man does appear
Upon a double Bulk two Heads to bear.

If our Ears be hindred, or the Paſſage ſtopp'd with any thing, we receive the ſound quite otherwiſe, than we uſually do; the Animals likewiſe, who have either the Ears hairy, or but a very little hole inſtead of an Ear, do not conſequently hear as we do; but another kind of ſound. We ſee at *Feſtivals* and *Theatres*, that oppoſing a painted Glaſs of a certain Colour to the Light of the *Flambeaus*, all things in the Room appear to us green, yellow, or violet.

Et vulgo faciunt id lutea, ruſſaque vela, *Ibid.*
Et ferruginea, cum magnis intenta Theatris
Per malos vulgata trabeſque trementia pendent:
Namque ibi conceſſam caveai ſubter, & omnem
Scenai ſpeciem, patrum matrumque deorumque
Inficiunt, coguntque ſuo volitare colore.

Thus when pale Curtains, of the deeper red, Mr. *Creech.*
O're all the ſpacious Theatre are ſpread,
Which mighty Maſts, and ſturdy Pillars bear,
And the looſe Curtains wanton in the Air;
Whole Streams of Colours from the top do flow,
The Rays divide them in their Paſſage through;
And ſtrain the Scenes, and Men, and Gods below

'Tis likely that the Eyes of Animals, which we ſee to be of divers colours, do produce the apparence of Bodies the ſame with their Eyes. We ſhould therefore, to make a right Judgment of the operations of the Senſes, be firſt agreed with Beaſts, and ſecondly, amongſt our ſelves, which

which we by no means are, but enter at every turn into dispute; forasmuch as one Hears, Sees or Tastes something otherwise than another does, and contests as much as upon any other thing, of the diversity of the Images that the senses represent to us. A Child, by the ordinary rule of Nature, Hears, Sees and Tastes otherwise than a Man of thirty years old, and he, than one of threescore. The Senses are in some more obscure and dusky, and more open and quick in others; and we receive things variously according as we are, and accordingly as they appear to us. Now our Perception being so uncertain and controverted, it is no more a wonder if we are told that we may declare that Snow appears white to us, but that to affirm that it is in it's own Essence really so, is more than we are able to justifie: and this Foundation being shaken, all the Knowledge in the World must of necessity fall to ruin. What do our Senses themselves hinder one another? A Picture seems rais'd and embos'd to the Sight, in the handling it seems flat to the Touch: Shall we say that Musk, which delights the smell, and is offensive to the taste, is agreeable or no? There are *Herbs* and *Unguents*, proper for one part of the Body, that are hurtful to another: Honey is pleasant to the Taste, but offensive to the sight. They, who to assist their Lust, were wont in ancient times to make use of Magnifying Glasses, to represent the Members they were to employ, bigger, by that ocular Tumidity, to please themselves the more; to which of their Senses did they give the Prize, whether to the sight,

ſight, that repreſents the Members as large and great as they would deſire; or to their Feeling, which repreſents them little and contemptible? Are they our ſenſes that ſupply the ſubject with theſe different conditions, and have the ſubjects themſelves nevertheleſs but one? As we ſee in the Bread we eat, it is nothing but Bread, but by being eaten, it becomes Bones, Blood, Fleſh, Hair and Nails.

Ut cibus in membra, atque artus cum diditur omnes *Id. lib. 3.*
Diſperit, atque aliam naturam ſufficit ex ſe.
As Meats diffus'd through all the Members loſe *Mr. Creech.*
Their former Nature, and different things compoſe.

The humidity ſuck'd up by the Root of a Tree, becomes Trunk, Leaf and Fruit: and the air being but one, is modulated in a Trumpet to a thouſand ſorts of ſounds. Are they our ſenſes, I would fain know, that in like manner form theſe ſubjects into ſo many divers Qualities, or have they them really ſuch in themſelves? And upon this doubt, what can we determine of their true Eſſence? Moreover, ſince the accidents of Diſeaſes, of Raving, or Sleep, makes things appear otherwiſe to us than they do to the Healthful, the Wiſe, and thoſe that are awake: Is it not likely, that our right poſture of Health and Underſtanding, and our natural Humours, have alſo wherewith to give a Being to things that have relation to their own condition, and accommodate them to themſelves, as well as when they are diſorder'd; and our Health as capable of giving

ving them an Aſpect as ſickneſs? Why has not the Temperate a certain Form of Objects relative to it as well as the Intemperate: and why may it not as well ſtamp it with it's own Character as the other? He whoſe mouth is out of Taſte, ſays the Wine is flat, the healthful Man commends it's flavour, and the thirſty it's briskneſs. Now our Condition always accommodating things to it ſelf, and transforming them according to it's own poſture; we cannot know what things truly are in themſelves, being that nothing comes to us but what is falſified and altered by the Senſes. Where the *Compaſs*, the *Square*, and the *Rule* are crooked, all Propoſitions drawn from thence, and all Building erected by thoſe Guides, muſt of neceſſity be alſo defective. The incertainty of our ſenſes renders every thing uncertain that they produce.

Id. l. 4.

Denique ut in fabrica, ſi prava eſt regula prima,
Normaque ſi fallax rectis regionibus exit,
Et libella aliqua ſi ex parte claudicat hilum,
Omnia mendoſe fieri, atque obſtipa neceſſum eſt,
Prava, cubantia, prona, ſupina, atque abſona tecta,
Jam ruere ut quædam videantur velle ruantque
Prodita judiciis fallacibus omnia primis
Hic igitur ratio tibi rerum prava neceſſe eſt,
Falſaque ſit falſis quæcunque a ſenſibus orta eſt.

Mr. Creech.

But laſtly, as in Building, if the Line
Be not exact and ſtraight, the Rule decline,
Or Level falſe, how vain is the Deſign!
Uneven, an ill ſhap'd, and tottering Wall
Muſt riſe, this part muſt ſink, that part muſt fall,
Becauſe the Rules were falſe that faſhion'd all;

Thus

Thus Reaſons Rules are falſe, if all commence,
And riſe from failing, and from erring Senſe.

As to what remains, who can be fit to judge of, and to determine thoſe Differences? As we ſay in Controverſies of Religion, that we muſt have a Judge, neither inclining to the one ſide nor the other, free from all Choice and Affection, which cannot be amongſt Chriſtians; juſt ſo it falls out in this; for if he be old, he cannot judge of the ſenſe of old Age, being himſelf a party in the Caſe: If Young, there is the ſame Exception; if Healthful, Sick, Aſleep, or Awake, he is ſtill the ſame incompetent Judge: We muſt have ſome one exempt from all theſe Propoſitions, as of things indifferent to him; and by this Rule we muſt have a Judge that never was. To judge of the apparence that we receive of Subjects, we ought to have a deciding Inſtrument, to prove this Inſtrument, we muſt have Demonſtration, to verifie this Demonſtration, an Inſtrument, and here we are upon the Wheel. Seeing the ſenſes cannot determine our Diſpute, being full of incertainty themſelves, it muſt then be Reaſon that muſt do it; but no Reaſon can be erected upon any other foundation than that of another Reaſon, and ſo we run back to all Infinity. Our fancy does not apply it ſelf to things that are ſtrange, but is conceiv'd by the mediation of the ſenſes, and ſenſes do not comprehend a Foreign Subject, but only their own Paſſions, by which means fancy and apparence are no part of the Subject, but only of the Paſſion and Sufferance of ſenſe, which Paſſion and Subject are ſeveral things; where-

wherefore, whoever judges by apparences, judges by another thing than the subject. And to say that the Passions of the senses convey to the Soul the quality of strange subjects by Resemblance: how can the Soul and Understanding be assur'd of this Resemblance, having of it self no commerce with foreign subjects? As they who never knew *Socrates*, cannot, when they see his Picture, say it is like him. Now, whoever would notwithstanding judge by Apparences, if it be by all, it is impossible, because they hinder one another by their contrarieties and discrepancies, as we by Experience see. Shall some select apparences govern the rest? You must verifie this select by another select, the second by the third, and consequently there will never be any end on't. Finally, there is no constant Existence neither of the Objects Being, nor our own. Both we, and our Judgments, and all mortal things, are evermore incessantly running and rowling, and consequently, nothing certain can be establish'd from the one to the other, both the judging and the judged being in a continual Motion and Mutation: We have no communication with *Being*, by reason that all human Nature is always in the midst, betwixt being Born and Dying, giving but an obscure apparence and shadow, a weak and uncertain Opinion of it self. And if peradventure you fix your thought to apprehend your Being, it would be but like grasping Water, for the more you clutch your hand to squeeze and hold what is in it's own nature flowing, so much more you lose of what you would grasp and hold: So seeing

ſeeing that all things are ſubject to paſs from one change to another, Reaſon, that there looks for a real ſubſtance, finds it ſelf deceiv'd, not being able to apprehend any thing that is ſubſiſtent and permanent, becauſe that every thing is either entring into being, and is not yet wholly arriv'd at it, or begins to Dye before it is Born, *Plato* ſaid, that Bodies had never any Exiſtence, but only Birth; conceiving that *Homer* had made the Ocean, and *Thetis*, Father and Mother of the *Gods*, to ſhew us, that all things are in a perpetual Fluctuation, Motion and Variation; the Opinion of all the Philoſophers, as he ſays, before his time, *Parmenides* only excepted, who would not allow things to have Motion, of the Power whereof he ſets a mighty Value. *Pythagoras* was of Opinion, that all *Matter* was flowing and unſtable: The *Stoicks*, that there is no time preſent, and that what we call ſo, is nothing but the juncture, and meeting of the future and the paſt: *Heraclitus*, that never any man entred twice into the ſame River: *Epicharmus*, that who borrow'd Money but an hour ago, does not owe it now; and, that he, who was invited over-night to come the next day to Dinner, comes nevertheleſs uninvited, conſidering, that they are no more the ſame men, but are become others; and that there could not a mortal ſubſtance be found twice in the ſame condition: For, by the ſuddenneſs and quickneſs of change, it one while diſperſes, and another reaſſembles; it comes and goes after ſuch a manner, that what begins to be Born, never arrives to the Perfection of Being;

foraſmuch

forasmuch as that Birth is never finish'd, and never stays, as being at an end, but from the seed is evermore changing and shifting from one to another. As human Seed is first in the Mothers Womb made a formless *Embrio*, after deliver'd thence a sucking Infant; afterwards it becomes a Boy, then consequently a Youth, after that a full Man, then a middle-ag'd Man, and at last a decrepid Old Man. So that Age and subsequent Generation is always destroying and spoiling that which went before.

Idem. lib. 5.

Mutat enim Mundi naturam totius ætas,
Ex alioque alius status excipere omnia debet,
Nec manet ille sui similis res, omnia migrant,
Omnia commutat natura & vertere cogit.

For Time the Nature of the World translates
And gives all things new from preceding states:
Nought like it self remains, but all do range,
And Nature forces every thing to change.

And yet we foolishly fear one kind of Death, whereas we have already past, and do daily pass so many other. For not only, as *Heraclitus* said, the Death of the Fire is the Generation of the Air, and the Death of Air the Generation of Water: But moreover, we may more manifestly discern it in our selves: The Flower of Youth dies, and passes away when Age comes on, and youth is terminated in the Flower of Age of a full grown Man; Infancy in Youth, and the first Age dies in Infancy: Yesterday died in to Day, and to Day will die in to Morrow; and there is nothing that remains in the same state, or that is always the same thing. And that it is so, let this be the Proof; If we

are

are always one and the ſame, how comes it then to paſs, that we are now pleas'd with one thing, and by and by with another? How comes it to paſs that we love contrary things, that we praiſe or condemn them? How comes it to paſs that we have different Affections, and no more retain the ſame Sentiment in the ſame Thought? for it is not likely that without mutation we ſhould aſſume other Paſſions; and that which ſuffers Mutation does not remain the ſame, and if it be not the ſame, it is not at all: But the time that the Being is, does, like it, unknowingly change and alter, becoming evermore another from another thing: and conſequently our natural Senſes abuſe and deceive themſelves, taking that which ſeems, for that which is, for want of well knowing what that which is, is. But what is it then that truly is? That which is Eternal: that is to ſay, that never had beginning, nor never ſhall have ending, and to which Time can bring no mutation. For *Time* is a moving thing, and that appears as in a ſhadow, with a matter evermore flowing and running, without ever remaining ſtable and permanent: and to which thoſe words appertain, before, and after, has been, or ſhall be: Which at the firſt view evidently ſhew, that it is not a thing that is: and it were a great folly, and an apparent folly, to ſay that that is, which is not yet in being, or that has already ceas'd to be. And as for theſe words, preſent, inſtant, and now, by which it ſeems that we principally ſupport and found the intelligence of *Time*, Reaſon diſcovering, does preſently deſtroy it; for it immediately

Time a moving thing without permanency.

diately divides and ſplits it into the future and paſt, being of neceſſity to conſider it divided in two. The ſame happens to *Nature*, that is meaſur'd, as to Time that meaſures it; for ſhe has nothing more ſubſiſting and permanent than the other, but all things are either born, bearing, or dying. By which means, it were a ſinful ſaying, to ſay of *God*, who is He who only *is*, that *He was*, or that *He ſhall be*: for thoſe are Terms of declenſion, tranſportation and viciſſitude, of what cannot continue, nor remain in *Being*. Wherefore we are to conclude, that *God* only is, not according to any meaſure of Time, but according to an immutable and immoveable Eternity, not meaſur'd by Time, nor ſubject to any Declenſion: before whom nothing was, and after whom nothing ſhall be, neither more new, or more recent, but a real Being, that with one ſole *Now* fills the *for ever*, and that there is nothing that truly is, but He alone; without being able to ſay, He has been, or ſhall be, without beginning, and without end. To this Religious concluſion of a Pagan, I ſhall only add this teſtimony of one of the ſame condition, for the cloſe of this long and tedious Diſcourſe, which would furniſh me with endleſs matter. *What a vile and abject thing*, ſays he, *is Man, if he do not raiſe himſelf above Humanity?* 'Tis a good word, and a profitable deſire, but withal abſurd; For to make the hand bigger than the Hand, and the Cubit longer than the Arm, and to hope to ſtride further than our Legs can reach, is both impoſſible and monſtrous; or that Man ſhould riſe above him-

and Humanity: for he cannot see but with his Eyes, nor seize but with his Power. He shall be exalted, if *God* will lend him his extraordinary hand; he shall exalt himself, by abandoning and renouncing his own proper means, and by suffering himself to be rais'd and elevated by means purely Cœlestial; It belongs to our Christian Faith, and not to the Stoical Vertue, to pretend to that Divine and miraculous *Metamorphosis*.

CHAP. XIII.

Of judging of the Death of another.

WHen we judge of another's assurance in Death, which without doubt is the most remarkable action of human Life; we are to take notice of one thing, which is, that men very hardly believe themselves to be arriv'd to that Period. Few men dye in an opinion that it is their last hour, and there is nothing wherein the flattery of Hope does more delude us. It ne- *No very resolute assurance at the article of death.*
ver ceases to whisper in our Ears, others have been much sicker without dying; my condition is not so desperate as 'tis thought, and at the worst, *God* has done other Miracles. Which happens, by reason that we set too much value upon our selves. It seems as if the Universality of things were in some measure to suffer by our dissolution, and that it did commiserate our condition. For as much as our deprav'd sight represents things to it self after the same manner,

ner, and that we are of opinion they ſtand in as much need of us as we do of them? like People at Sea, to whom Mountains, Fields, Cities, Heaven and Earth are toſs'd at the ſame rate they are:

Æn. l. 3. *Provehimur portu, terræque, urbesque recedunt.*
Out of the Port with a brisk gale we ſpeed,
And making way, Cities and Lands recede.

Whoever ſaw old Age that did not applaud the paſt, and condemn the preſent time, laying the fault of his Miſery and Diſcontent upon the World, and the Manners of Men?

Lucret. l. 1. *Jamque caput quaſſans grandis ſuſpirat arator,*
Et cum tempora, temporibus præſentia confert
Præteritis, laudat fortunas ſæpe parentis,
Et crepat antiquum genus ut pietate repletum.
Now the old Ploughman ſighs and ſhakes his Head,
And preſent times comparing with thoſe fled,
His predeceſſors happineſs does praiſe,
And the great Piety of that old Race.

We will make all things to go along with us; whence it follows, that we conſider our Death as a very great thing, and that does not ſo eaſily paſs, nor without the ſolemn Conſultation of the Stars: *Tot circa unum Caput tumultuantes Deos*, and ſo much the more think it, as we more value our ſelves. What ſhall ſo much Knowledge be loſt, with ſo much damage to the World without a particular concern of the Deſtinies? Does ſo rare and exemplary a Soul no more the killing than one that is mean, and of no uſe to the publick? This Life that protects ſo many others, upon which ſo many other

Lives

Lives depend, that employs so vast a number of men in his Service, and that fills so many places, shall it drop off like one that hangs but by its own simple Thread? None of us lays it enough to Heart, that we are but one. Thence proceed those Words of *Cæsar* to his *Pilot*, more tumid than the Sea that threatned him,

——*Italiam si Cælo authore recusas* Lucret. l. 1.
Me pete: sola tibi causa hæc est justa timoris,
Victorem non nosce tuum, perrumpe procellas
Tutela secure mei——
If thou to sail to *Italy* decline
Under the Gods Protection, trust to mine;
The only just cause that thou hast to fear,
Is that thou dost not know thy Passenger;
But, I being aboard, slight *Neptunes* braves,
And fearless cut through the swelling Waves.

And these,

——*credit jam digna pericula Cæsar*
Fatis esse suis, tantusque evertere (dixit)
Me superis labor est, parva quem puppe sedentem,
Tam magno petiere mari——
These Dangers, worthy of his Destiny,
Cæsar did now believe, and then did cry,
What is it for the *Gods* a task so great
To overthrow me, that to do the feat
In a poor little Bark they must be fain
Here to surprize me on the swelling Main?

And that idle Fancy of the Publick, that the Sun carried in his Face the Mourning for his Death of our Year. *The Suns Mourning for the Death of* Cæsar. *Virgil. Geor. l. 1.*

Ille etiam extincto miseratus Cæsare Romam,
Cum Caput obscura nitidum ferrugine texit.

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Ille etiam extincto miseratus Cæsare Romam,
Cum Caput obscura nitidum ferrugine texit. *Virgil. Geor. l. 1.*

And pittying *Rome*, Great *Cæſar* being dead,
In mourning Clouds *Sol* veil'd his ſhining Head;

and a thouſand of the like; wherewith the World ſuffers it ſelf to be ſo eaſily impos'd upon, believing that our Intereſts alter the Heavens, and that they are concern'd at our ordinary Actions. *Non tanta Cælo ſocietas nobiſcum eſt, ut noſtro fato mortalis ſit ille, quoque ſiderum fulgor. There is no ſuch Alliance betwixt us and Heaven, that the Brightneſs of the Stars ſhould be made Mortal by our Death.* Now to judge of the Conſtancy and Reſolution in a Man that does not yet believe himſelf to be certainly in Danger, though he really is, is no Reaſon; and 'tis not enough that he dies in this poſture, unleſs he did purpoſely put himſelf into it for this effect. It moſt commonly falls out in moſt men, that they ſet a good Face upon the Matter, and ſpeak with great Indifferency, to acquire Reputation, which they hope afterward living to enjoy. Of all that I have ſeen dye, Fortune has diſpos'd their Countenances, and no deſign of theirs; and even of thoſe who in ancient times have made away themſelves, there is much to be conſider'd, whether it were a ſudden, or a lingring Death. That cruel *Roman* Emperour would ſay of his Priſoners, *That he would make them feel Death*, and if any one kill'd himſelf in Priſon, *That Fellow has made an eſcape from me*; he would ſay he would ſpin out Death, and make it felt by Torments.

Plin. Nat. Hiſt. l. 2. cap. 8.

Lucan. l. 2.

Vidimus & toto quamvis in Corpore cæſo,
Nil animæ lethale datum morique nefandæ
Durum ſævitiæ, percunctis parcere morti.

And

And in tormented Bodies we have ſeen,
Amongſt thoſe Wounds none that have mortal been,
Inhuman Method of dire Cruelty,
That means to kill; yet will not let men dye.

In plain truth, it is no ſuch great Matter for a Man in Health and in a temperate ſtate of Mind, to reſolve to kill himſelf; it is very eaſie to give ill ſigns before one comes to the puſh: inſomuch that *Heliogabolus*, the moſt effeminate Man in the World, amongſt his moſt ſenſual Pleaſures, could forecaſt to make himſelf dye delicately, when he ſhould be forc'd thereto. And that his Death might not give the lye to the reſt of his Life, had purpoſely built a ſumptuous Tower, the Front and Baſe whereof was cover'd and lay'd with Planks enrich'd with Gold and precious Stones, thence to Precipitate himſelf; and alſo caus'd Cords twiſted with Gold and Crimſon Silk to be made, wherewith to ſtrangle himſelf; and a Sword with the blade of Gold to be hammer'd out to fall upon: and kept Poyſon in Veſſels of *Emerald* and *Topaze* wherewith to poyſon himſelf, according as he ſhould like to chooſe one of theſe ways of dying.

Impiger, & fortis virtute coacta. Id. l. 4.

By a forc'd Valour reſolute and brave.

Yet, for ſo much as concerns this Perſon, the effeminacy of his Preparations makes it more likely that he would have thought better on't, had he been put to the Teſt. But in thoſe who with greater Reſolution have determin'd to diſpatch themſelves, we muſt examine, whether it were with one blow which took away the lei-

ſure of feeling the Effect: for it is to be queſtion'd, whether perceiving Life by little and little to ſteal away, the ſentiment of the Body mixing it ſelf with that of the Soul, and the means of repenting being offer'd, whether, I ſay, Conſtancy and Obſtinacy in ſo dangerous a will is to be found. In the Civil Wars of *Cæſar*, *Lucius Domitius* being taken in *Pruſſia*, and thereupon poyſoning himſelf, afterward repented. It has hapned in our time, that a certain Perſon being reſolv'd to dye, and not having gone deep enough at the firſt thruſt, the ſenſibility of the Fleſh oppoſing his Arm, gave himſelf three or four Wounds more, but could never prevail upon himſelf to thruſt home. Whilſt *Plautus Sylvanus* was upon his Tryal, *Virgulania* his Grand Mother ſent him a Poinard, with which not being able to kill himſelf, he made his Servants to cut his Veins. *Albucilla* in *Tiberius* his Time, having, to kill himſelf, ſtruck with too much tenderneſs, gave his Adverſaries Opportunity to impriſon, and put him to Death their own way: and that great Leader *Demoſthenes*, after his Rout in *Sicily* did the ſame; and C. *Fimbria*, having ſtruck himſelf too weakly, intreated his Servant to diſpatch him, and to kill him out. On the contrary, *Oſtorius*, who could not make uſe of his own Arm, diſdain'd to employ that of his Servant to any other uſe, but only to hold the Poinard ſtraight and firm; and running his Breaſt full drive againſt it, thruſt himſelf through. 'Tis in truth a morſel that is to be ſwallow'd without chewing, unleſs a man be throughly reſolv'd;

ſolv'd; and yet *Adrian* the Emperour made his *Phyſician* mark and incircle in his Pap the mortal place wherein he was to ſtab, to him he had given order to kill him. For this reaſon it was, that *Cæſar* being ask'd what Death he thought to be the moſt deſir'd, made Anſwer, The leaſt premeditated, and the ſhorteſt. If *Cæſar* dar'd to ſay it, it is no Cowardize in me to believe it. A ſhort Death, ſays *Pliny*, is the Sovereign good hap of human Life. They do not much care to diſcover it: No one can ſay that he is reſolv'd for Death, who fears to trifle with it, and that cannot undergo it with his Eyes open. They that we ſee in exemplary Puniſhments run to their Death, haſten and preſs their Execution, do it not out of Reſolution, but they will not give themſelves leiſure to conſider it; it does not trouble them to be dead, but to dye.

Emori nolo, ſed me eſſe mortuum, nihili æſtimo. *Cicero Tuſc. lib. 1.*
I would not dye, but care not to be dead.

'Tis a degree of Conſtancy, to which I have experimented, that I can arrive to do like thoſe who plunge themſelves into Dangers, as into the Sea; with their Eyes ſhut. There is nothing, in my Opinion, more illuſtrious in the Life of *Socrates*, that that he had thirty whole days wherein to ruminate upon the Sentence of his Death; to have digeſted it all that time with a moſt aſſured hope, without care, and without alteration, and with Words and Actions rather careleſs and indifferent, than any way ſtirr'd or diſcompos'd by the weight of ſuch a Thought. That *Pomponius Atticus*, to whom *Cicero* writes ſo

The conſtant and reſolute Death of Socrates.

The Death of Pomponius Atticus, *by Fasting.*

so oft, being sick, caus'd *Agrippa* his Son-in-law, and two or three more of his Friends, to be call'd to him, and told them, That having found all means practis'd upon him for his Recovery to be in vain, and that all he did to prolong his Life, did also prolong and augment his Pain; he was resolved to put an end both to the one and the other, desiring them to approve of his Deliberation, or at least, not to lose their labour in endeavouring to dissuade him. Now having chosen to destroy himself by Abstinence, his Disease was accidentally so cur'd, and the Remedy that he had made use of wherewith to kill himself, restor'd him to his perfect Health. His *Physicians* and Friends rejoycing at so happy an Event, and coming to congratulate him, found themselves very much deceiv'd, it being impossible for them to make him alter his Purpose, he telling them, that he must one day dye, and that being now so far on his way, he would save himself the labour of beginning again another time. This Man, having discover'd Death at leisure, was not only not discourag'd at the approach of it, but provokes it: for being satisfied that he had engaged in the Combat, he consider'd it as a piece of Bravery, and that he was oblig'd in Honour to see the end. 'Tis far beyond not fearing Death, to taste and relish it. The Story of the Philosopher *Cleanthes* is very like this. He had his Gums swell'd and rotten; his *Physicians* advis'd him to great Abstinence; having fasted two days, he was so much better, that they pronounc'd him cur'd, and permitted him to his ordinary course of Diet: he, on the contrary,

contrary, already taſting ſome ſweetneſs in this faintneſs of his, would not be perſwaded to go back, but reſolv'd to proceed, and to finiſh what he had ſo far advanc'd. *Tullius Marcellinus*, a Young-man of *Rome*, having a mind to anticipate the hour of his Deſtiny, to be rid of a Diſeaſe that was more trouble to him, than he was willing to endure; though his *Phyſicians* aſſur'd him of a certain, tho not ſudden Cure, call'd a Council of his Friends, to conſult about it; of which, ſome, ſays *Seneca*, gave him the Counſel, that out of Unmanlineſs they would have taken themſelves, others, out of Flattery, ſuch as they thought he would beſt like: but a Stoick ſaid thus to him. *Do not concern thy ſelf, Marcellinus, as if thou didſt deliberate of a thing of importance; 'tis no great matter to live, thy Servants and Beaſts live, but it is a great thing to die handſomly, wiſely and conſtantly: Do but think how long thou haſt done the ſame thing, eat, drink and ſleep, drink, ſleep and eat. We inceſſantly wheel in the ſame circle: not only ill and inſupportable Accidents, but even the ſatiety of living, inclines a man to deſire to dye.* *Marcellinus* did not ſtand in need of a man to adviſe, but of a man to aſſiſt him; his Servants were afraid to meddle in the Buſineſs: But this *Philoſopher* gave them to underſtand, that Domeſticks are ſuſpected, even when it is in doubt, whether the Death of the Maſter were voluntary, or no; otherwiſe, that it would be of as ill example to hinder him, as to kill him, foraſmuch as,

Invitum qui ſervat, idem facit occidenti. Horat. *in Art. Poet.*

Who

Who makes a man to live against his Will,
As cruel is, as if he did him kill.

He afterwards told *Marcelinus*, that it would not be indecent, as the remainder of Table, when we have done, is given to the Assistants; so Life being ended, to distribute something to those who have been our Servants. Now *Marcellinus* was of a free and liberal Spirit; he therefore divided a certain sum of Money amongst his Attendants, and comforted them. As to the rest, he had no need of Steel, nor of Blood. He was resolv'd to go out of this Life, and not to run out of it; not to escape from Death, but to essay it. And to give himself leisure to trifle with it, having forsaken all manner of Nourishment, the third day following, after having caus'd himself to be sprinkled with warm Water, he fainted by degrees, and not without some kind of Pleasure, as he himself declar'd. In earnest, such as have been acquainted with these Faintings, proceeding from weakness, do say that they are therein sensible of no manner of Pain, but rather feel a kind of Delight, as in a Passage to Sleep and Rest. These are studyed and digested Deaths. But to the end that *Cato* only may furnish out the whole Example of Vertue, it seems as if his good Destiny had put his ill one into his hand, with which he gave himself the Blow; seeing he had the leisure to confront and struggle with Death, reinforcing his Courage in the greatest danger, instead of letting it go less. And if I had been to represent him in his supream Station, I should have done it in the posture of tearing out his bloody

Death bravely confronted by Cato.

bloody Bowels, rather than with his Sword in his hand, as did the Statuaries of his time: for this second Murther was much more furious than the first.

CHAP. XIV.

That the Mind hinders it self.

'TIS a pleasant Imagination to fancy a Mind exactly balanc'd betwixt two equal desires: for doubtless it can never pitch upon either, forasmuch as the Choice and Application would manifest an Inequality of esteem; and were we set betwixt the Bottle and the Hamme with an equal Appetite to drink and eat, there would doubtless be no remedy, but we must dye for Thirst and Hunger. To provide against this Inconvenience, the *Stoics*, when they are ask'd whence this Election in the Soul of two indifferent things does proceed (and that makes us one of a great number of Crowns rather take one than another, there being no reason to incline us to such a preference) makes Answer, That this movement of the Soul is extraordinary and irregular, that enters into us by a strange, accidental and fortuitous Impulse. It might rather methinks be said, that nothing presents it self to us wherein there is not some difference how little soever; and that either by the Sight or Touch there is always some choice, that, tho it be imperceptibly, tempts and attracts us. Whoever likewise shall presuppose a packthread equally

equally strong throughout, it is utterly impossible it should break; for, where will you have the breaking to begin? and that it should break altogether is not in nature. Whoever also should hereunto joyn the *Geometrical* Propositions, that by the certainty of their Demonstrations conclude the contained to be greater than the containing, the Center also to be as great as the Circumference, and that find out two Lines incessantly approaching each other, and that yet can never meet, and the *Philosopher*'s Stone, and the *Quadrature* of *Circle*, where the Reason and the Effect are so opposite; might peradventure find some Argument to second this bold Saying of *Pliny*, *Solum certum nihil esse certi, & homine nihil miserius aut superbius. That it is only certain there is nothing certain, and that nothing is more miserable, or more proud than Man.*

Plin. *l.*2. *c.*7.

CHAP. XV.

That our Desires are augmented by difficulty.

THere is no Reason that has not his contrary, say the Wisest of *Philosophers*, which puts me upon ruminating on the excellent saying one of the Antients alledges for the contempt of Life; *No Good can bring Pleasure, if not that for the loss of which we are before hand prepared*: In æquo est dolor amissæ rei, & timor amittendæ, *The grief of losing a thing, and the fear of losing it, are equal.* Meaning by that, that the Fruition of Life cannot be truly plea-

Sen. *Ep.* 98.

sant

ſant to us, if we are in fear of loſing it. It might however be ſaid on the contrary, that we hug and embrace this Good by ſo much the more tenderly, and with ſo much greater Affection, by how much we ſee it the leſs aſſur'd, and fear to have it taken from us; for as it is evident, that Fire burns with greater Fury when Cold comes to mix with it, ſo our Wills are more obſtinate by being oppos'd:

Si nunquam Danaen *habuiſſet ahenea turris,* Ovid. Am. lib. 2. El. 19.
Noneſſet Danae *de Jove facta parens.*
A brazen Tow'r if *Danae* had not had,
She ne're by *Jove* had been a Mother made.

And that there is nothing naturally contrary to our Taſte but Saciety, which proceeds from facility; nor any thing that ſo much whets it, as Rarity and Difficulty. *Omnium rerum voluptas ipſo quo debet fugare periculo crevit.* Sen. de Ben. lib. 7. cap. 9. *The pleaſure of all things increaſes by the ſame danger that ſhould deterr it.*

Galla nega, ſatiatur amor niſi gaudia torquent. Mart. lib. 4. Epig. 38.
Galla deny, be not too eas'ly gain'd,
For Love will glut with Joys too ſoon obtain'd.

To keep Love in breath, *Lycurgus* made a Decree, that the married People of *Lacedemonia* ſhould never enjoy one another, but by ſtealth; and that it ſhould be as great a ſhame to take them in bed together as committing with others. The difficulty of Aſſignations, the danger of Surprize, and the Shame of the Morning,

& languor, & ſilentium,
Et latere petitus imo ſpiritus. Hor. Ep. 11.
The languor, ſilence, and the far fetch'd Sighs,
That fearing to be heard do trembling riſe.

The

These are they that give the *Haut-gout* to the Sawce. How many very wantonly pleasant Plays are made from the cleanly and modest way of speaking of the Works of Love? Even Pleasure it self would be heightned with Pain. It is much sweeter when it smarts, and has the Skin rippled. The Courtezan *Flora* said she never lay with *Pompey*, but that she made him wear the Prints of her Teeth.

Lucret. l. 4. *Quod petiere, premunt arcte, faciuntque dolorem*
Corporis, & dentes incidunt sæpe labellis:
Et stimuli subsunt, qui instigant lædere ad ipsum
Quodcunque est, rabies unde illæ germina surgunt.

And so it is in every thing: Difficulty gives all things their Estimation. Those of the *Marque* of *Ancona*, most chearfully make their Vows to St. *James*, and those of *Galicia* to our Lady of *Loretta*, they make wonderful Boasts at *Liege* of the Baths of *Luques*, and in *Tuscany* of those of *Aspa*: there are few *Romans* seen in the Fencing-Schools of *Rome*, which is full of *French*. The great *Cato* also, as well as we, nauseated his Wife whilst she was his, and long'd for her when in the Possession of another. I was fain to turn out an old Stallion into the Paddock, being he was vicious, and not to be govern'd when he smelt a Mare; the facility presently sated him, as towards his own, but towards strange Mares, and the first that past by the Pale of his Pasture, he would again fall to his importunate Neighings and his furious Heats, as before. Our Appetite contemns, and passes by what it has in Possession, to run after that it has not.

Trans-

Tranſvolat in medio poſita, & fugientia captat. Hor. l. 1. Sat. 2. Mr. *Alex. Brome.*
Thou ſcorn'ſt that Laſs thou may'ſt with eaſe enjoy,
And court'ſt thoſe that are difficult and coy.

To forbid us any thing, is to make us have a mind to't. ——— *niſi tu ſervare puellam* Ovid. Amo. l. 2. El. 19.
Incipis, incipiet deſinere eſſe mea.
If thou no better guard that Girl of thine,
She'll ſoon begin to be no longer mine.

To give it wholly up to us, is to beget in us Contempt, Want and Abundance fall into the ſame Inconvenience.

Tibi quod ſupereſt, mihi quod deſit, dolet. Terence.
Thy Superfluities do trouble thee,
And what I want, and pant for, troubles me.

Deſire and Fruition do equally afflict us. The rigours of Miſtreſſes are troubleſome, but Facility, to ſay truth, is more, foraſmuch as Diſcontent and Anger ſpring from the eſteem we have of the thing deſired, heat and actuate Love; but Saciety begets diſguſt; 'tis a blunt, dull, ſtupid, tir'd and ſlothful Paſſion.

Si qua volet regnare diu, contemnat amantem. Ovid. Amo.
contemnite amantes,
Sic hodie veniet, ſi qua negavit heri. Propert.
The Lady that would keep her Servant ſtill,
Muſt in diſcretion ſometimes uſe him ill;
And the ſame Policy with Men will do,
If they ſometimes do ſlight their Miſſes too;
By which means ſhe that yeſterday ſaid nay,
Will come and offer up her ſelf to day.

Why did *Poppea* invent the uſe of a Mask to hide the Beauties of her Face, but to enhance it to her Lovers? Why have they veil'd, even

below the Heels, thoſe Beauties that every one deſires to ſhew, and that every one deſires to ſee? Why do they cover, with ſo many Hinderances one over another, the Parts where our deſires and their own have their Principal Seat? And to what ſerve thoſe great *Baſtion* Farthingals, with which our Ladies fortifie their Haunches, but to allure our Appetite, and to draw us on by removing them farther from us?

Virg. Eg. 3. *Et fugit ad ſalices, & ſe cupit ante videri.*
And to the Oſiers flies her ſelf to hide,
But does deſire to have her flight decry'd.

Propert. l. 2. Eleg. 12. *Interdum tunica duxit operta moram.*
Things being laid too open to the Sight,
Do ſometimes put a ſtop to the Delight.

To what uſe ſerves the artifice of this Virgin Modeſty? this grave Coldneſs, this ſevere Countenance, this Profeſſion to be ignorant of things that they know better than we who inſtruct them in them, but to encreaſe in us the deſire to overcome, controul and trample under foot at pleaſure, all this Ceremony, and all theſe Obſtacles? For there is not only Pleaſure, but moreover, Glory, to conquer and debauch that ſoft Sweetneſs, and that childiſh Modeſty, and to reduce a cold and Matron-like Gravity to the Mercy of our ardent Deſires: 'Tis a glory, ſay they, to triumph over Modeſty, Chaſtity and Temperance; and whoever diſſwades Ladies from thoſe Qualities, betrays both them and themſelves. They are to believe, That their Hearts tremble with affright, that the very ſound of our Words offends the purity of their Ears, that they hate us

us for talking ſo, and only yield to our Importunity by a compulſive force. Beauty, as powerful as it is, has not wherewithal to make it ſelf reliſh'd, without the Mediation of theſe little Arts; look into *Italy*, where there is the moſt and the fineſt Beauty to be ſold, how it is nevertheleſs neceſſitated to have recourſe to other means and other artifices to render it ſelf charming, and if, in truth, whatever it may do being venial and publick, it does not remain feeble and languiſhing in it ſelf. Even as in Vertue it ſelf, of two like effects, we notwithſtanding look upon that as the beſt and moſt worthy, wherein the moſt trouble and hazard is propos'd. 'Tis an effect of the divine *Providence* to ſuffer the holy *Church* to be afflicted, as we ſee it, with ſo many Storms and Troubles, by this oppoſition to rouze pious Souls, and to awake them from that drowſie Lethargy whereinto, by ſo long Tranquility, they had been immerg'd. If we ſhould lay the loſs we have ſuſtain'd in the number of thoſe who have gone aſtray, in the Ballance againſt the Benefit we have had by being again put in breath, and by having our Zeal and Forces exercis'd by reaſon of this Oppoſition; I know not whether the Utility would not ſurmount the Damage. We have thought to tye the Nuptial Knot of our Marriages more faſt and firm, for having taken all means of diſſolving it; but the Knot of the Will and Affection is ſo much the more ſlackned and made looſe, by how much that of Conſtraint is drawn cloſer together. And on the contrary, that which kept the *Marriages* at

Rome ſo long in honour and inviolate, was the liberty every one that would had to break them. They kept their Wives the better, becauſe they might part with them if they would; and in the full liberty of *Divorces* they liv'd fifty years and more, before any one made uſe on't.

Ovid. Amo. lib. 2. El. 19. *Quod licet, ingratum eſt, quod non licet, acrius urit.*

What's free we are diſguſted at, and ſlight,
What is forbidden whets the Appetite.

We might here introduce the Opinion of an Ancient upon this occaſion, That Executions rather whet than dull the edge of Vices: That they do not beget the care of doing well, that being the work of Reaſon and Diſcipline; but only a care not to be taken in doing ill.

Rutilius in Itinerario. *Latius exciſæ peſtis contagia ſerpunt.*
The Plague-ſore being launc'd, th' Infection ſpreads.

I do not know that this is true; but I experimentally know, that never *Civil Government* was by that means reform'd. The order and regiment of Manners depend upon ſome other expedient. The *Greek Hiſtories* make mention of the *Agrippians*, Neighbours to *Scythia*, who live without either rod or ſtick to offend; that not only no one attempts to attack them, but whoever can fly thither is ſafe, by reaſon of their Vertue and Sanctity of Life, and no one is ſo bold as there to lay hands upon them; and they have Applications made to them to determine the Controverſies that ariſe betwixt Men of other Countries. There is a certain Nation, where the Incloſures of Gardens and Fields they would

would preſerve, is made only of a ſtring of Cotton-yarn; and ſo fenc'd, is more firm and ſecure than our Hedges and Ditches. *Furem ſignata ſolicitant. Aperta effractarius præterit. Things ſeal'd up invite a Thief. Houſe breakers paſs by open doors.* Peradventure the facility of entring my houſe, amongſt other things, has been a means to preſerve it from the Violence of our Civil Wars. Defence allures Attempt, and Defiance provokes an Enemy. I enervated the Souldiers deſign, by depriving the Exploit of Danger, and all matter of Military Glory, which is wont to ſerve them for pretence and excuſe. Whatever is bravely, is ever honourably done, at a time when Juſtice is dead. I render them the Conqueſt of my Houſe cowardly and baſe; it is never ſhut to any one that knocks. My Gate has no other Guard than a Porter, and that of ancient Cuſtom and Ceremony; who does not ſo much ſerve to defend it, as to offer it with more decency, and the better grace. I have no other *Guard* nor *Centinel* than the Stars. A Gentleman would play the Fool to make a ſhew of defence, if he be not really in a condition to defend himſelf. He that lies open on one ſide, is every where ſo. Our Anceſtors did not think of building frontier Garriſons. The means of aſſaulting, I mean without Battery, or Army, and of ſurprizing our Houſes, increaſe every day above all the means to guard them. Mens Wits are generally bent that way. Invaſion every one is concern'd in, none but the Rich in defence. Mine was ſtrong for the time when it was built, I have added nothing to it

Senec. Ep. 68.

of that kind, and ſhould fear that its ſtrength ſhould turn againſt my ſelf; to which we are to conſider, that a peaceable time would require it ſhould be diſmantled. There is danger never to be able to regain it, and it would be very hard to keep. For in inteſtine Diſſentions your man may be of the Party you fear; and where Religion is the Pretext, even a man's neareſt Relations becomes unfaithful with a colour of Juſtice. The publick *Exchequer* will not maintain our domeſtick Garriſons; they would exhauſt it. We our ſelves have not means to do it without ruine, or which is more inconvenient and injurious, without ruining the People. As to the reſt, you there loſe all, and even your Friends will be more ready to accuſe your want of Vigilancy, and your Improvidence, than to lament you. That ſo many garriſon'd Houſes have been loſt, whereas this of mine remains, makes me apt to believe, that they were only loſt, by being guarded. This gives an Enemy both an Invitation and Colour of reaſon. All defence ſhews a face of War. Let who will come to me in God's Name; but I ſhall not invite them. 'Tis the Retirement I have choſen for my repoſe from War. I endeavour to withdraw this corner from the publick Tempeſt, as I alſo do another corner in my Soul. Our War may put on what forms it will, multiply and diverſifie it ſelf into new Parties; for my part I ſhall not budge. Amongſt ſo many garriſon'd Houſes, I am the only Perſon of my Condition, that I know of, who have purely intruſted mine to the Protection of Heaven;

Heaven; without removing either Plate, Deeds or Hangings. I will neither fear, nor ſave my ſelf by halfs. If a full acknowledgment can acquire the Divine Favour, it will ſtay with me to the end: if not, I have however continued long enough, to render my continuance remarkable and fit to be recorded. How? Why, I have liv'd thirty Years.

CHAP. XVI.

Of Glory.

THere is the Name and the Thing: the Name is a Voice which denotes and ſignifies the thing; the name is no part of the thing, or of the Subſtance; 'tis a foreign piece joyn'd to the thing; and without it, *God*, who is all fulneſs in himſelf, and the height of all Perfection, cannot augment or add any thing to himſelf within; but his Name may be augmented and increas'd by the Bleſſing and Praiſe we attribute to his exteriour Works. Which Praiſe, ſeeing we cannot incorporate it in him, forasmuch as he can have no acceſſion of good, we attribute it to his Name; which is the part out of him, that is neareſt to us. Thus is it, that to *God* alone Glory and Honour appertain; and there is nothing ſo remote from Reaſon, as that we ſhould go in queſt of it for our ſelves; for being indigent and neceſſitous within, our Eſſence being imperfect, and having need of Melioration, 'tis to that, that we ought to employ all our endeavour. We are

all hollow and empty: 'tis not with wind and voice that we are to fill our ſelves; we want a more ſolid ſubſtance to repair us: a man ſtarv'd with hunger, would be very ſimple to ſeek rather to provide himſelf of a gay Garment, than a good Meal: We are to look after that whereof we have moſt need. As we have it in our ordinary Prayers, *Gloria in excelſis Deo, in Terra pax hominibus. Glory be to God on high, and in Earth Peace, &c.* We are in great want of *Beauty, Health, Wiſdom, Vertue,* and ſuch like eſſential Qualites: Exteriour Ornaments ſhould be look'd after when we have made Proviſion for neceſſary things. Divinity treats amply and more pertinently of this Subject, but I am not much vers'd in it. *Chriſippus* and *Diogenes* were the firſt and the moſt conſtant Authors of the contempt of Glory: And maintain'd, that amongſt all Pleaſures, there was none more dangerous, nor more to be avoided, than that which proceeds from the Approbation of others. And in Truth, experience makes us ſenſible of many very hurtful Treaſons in it. There is nothing that ſo poiſons *Princes*, as flattery, nor any thing whereby wicked men more eaſily obtain Credit and Favour with them: Nor Pandariſm ſo proper and uſually made uſe of to corrupt the Chaſtity of Women, than to wheedle and entertain them with their own Prayers. The firſt Charm the *Syrens* made uſe of to allure *Ulyſſes*, is of this Nature.

St. *Luke*, chap. 2.

Plutarch.

Deca vers nous, deca o tres-louable Ulyſſe,
Et le plus grand honneur dont la Grece fleuriſe.

To

To us, noble *Ulyſſes*, this way, this
Thou greateſt Ornament and Pride of *Greece.*

Theſe *Philoſophers* ſaid, that all the Glory of the World was not worth an underſtanding Mans holding out his Finger to obtain it;

Gloria quantalibet quid erit, ſi Gloria tantum eſt? *Juven. Sat. 7.*
What's Glory in the high'ſt degree
If it no more but Glory be?

I ſay for it alone: for it often brings ſeveral commodities along with it, for which it may juſtly be deſir'd: it acquires us good Will, and renders us leſs ſubject and expos'd to the Injuries of others, and the like. It was alſo one of the principal Doctrines of *Epicurus*; for this Precept of his *Sect*, *Conceal thy Life*, that forbids Men to incumber themſelves with Offices and publick Negotiations, does alſo neceſſarily preſuppoſe a contempt of Glory, which is the world's Approbation of thoſe Actions we produce in publick. He that bids us conceal our ſelves, and to have no other Concern but for our ſelves, and that will not have us known to others, would much leſs have us honour'd and glorify'd. He adviſes *Idomeneus* alſo, not in any ſort to regulate his Actions by the common reputation, or opinion; if not to avoid the other accidental Inconveniences that the contempt of Men might bring upon him. Thoſe Diſcourſes are in my Opinion very true and rational; but we are, I know not how, double in our ſelves, which is the cauſe that what we believe we do not believe, and cannot diſengage our ſelves from what we condemn. Let us ſee the laſt, and dying Words of *Epicurus*; they are great, and worthy

worthy of ſuch a *Philoſopher*, and yet they carry ſome marks of the recommendation of his name, and of that humour he had decryed by his Precepts. Here is a Letter that he dictated a little before his laſt gaſp.

Epicurus *to* Hermachus, *Health.*

WHilſt I was paſſing over the happy, and laſt day of my Life, I writ this; but at the ſame time, afflicted with ſuch a pain in my Bladder and Bowels, that nothing can be greater. But it was recompens'd with the Pleaſure, the remembrance of my Inventions and Doctrines ſuggeſted to my Soul. Now, as the affection thou haſt ever from thy Infancy born towards me, and Philoſophy does require, take upon thee the Protection of Metrodorus *his Children.*

This is the Letter. And that which makes me interpret, that the Pleaſure he ſays he had in his Soul, concerning his Inventions, has ſome reference to the Reputation he hop'd for after his Death, is the manner of his Will. In which he gives order, that *Aminomachus* and *Timocrates*, his Heirs, ſhould every *January* defray the Expence for the Celebration of his Nativity, that *Hermachus* ſhould appoint; and alſo the expence that ſhould be made the twentieth of every Moon in entertaining of the Philoſophers, his Friends, who ſhould aſſemble in Honour of the Memory of him and *Metrodorus*. *Carneades* was *Head* of the contrary Opinion: and maintain'd that Glory was to be deſir'd for it ſelf, even as we embrace our *Poſthumes* for themſelves, having

ving no Knowledg nor Enjoyment of them. This Opinion was more univerſally follow'd, as thoſe commonly are that are moſt ſuitable to our Inclinations. *Ariſtotle* gives it the firſt place amongſt eternal Goods; and avoids, as too extream Vices, the immoderate either ſeeking or evading it. I believe that if we had the Books *Cicero* has writ upon this Subject, we ſhould there find fine Stories, for he was ſo poſſeſs'd with this Paſſion, that if he had dar'd, I think he could willingly have fallen into the exceſs that others did, *That Vertue it ſelf was not to be coveted, but upon the account of the Honour that always attends it.* Cicero *very ambitious of Glory.*

Paulum ſepultæ diſtat inertiæ
Celata virtus——
Vertue, if concealed, doth
Little differ from dead Sloth. *Hor. l. 4. Ode. 9.*

Which is an Opinion ſo falſe, that I am vext it could ever enter into the Underſtanding of a man that was honour'd with the name of a Philoſopher. If this was true, Men ſhould not be Vertuous but in publick, and he ſhould be no further concern'd to keep the operation of the Soul, which is the true Seat of Vertue, regular and in order, than as they are to arrive at the knowledge of others. Is there no more in it than but only ſlily, and with Circumſpection to do ill? *If thou knoweſt,* ſays *Carneades, of a Serpent lurking in a place, where without ſuſpition, a Perſon is going to ſit down, by whoſe Death thou expect'ſt an Advantage, thou doſt ill, if thou doſt not give him caution of his Danger; and ſo much the more becauſe the Action is to be known by none but thy ſelf.*

ſelf. If we do not take up of our ſelves a rule of well doing, if impunity paſſes with us for Juſtice, to how many ſorts of Wickedneſs ſhall we every day abandon our ſelves? I do not find what *Sp. Peduceus* did, in faithfully reſtoring the Treaſure that *C. Plotius* had committed to his ſole Secrecy and Truſt (a thing that I have often done my ſelf) ſo commendable, as I ſhould think it an execrable baſeneſs had we done otherwiſe. And think it of good uſe in our days to introduce the Example of *P. Sextilius Rufus*, whom *Cicero* accuſes to have enter'd upon an Inheritance contrary to his Conſcience, not only not againſt Law, but even by the Determination of the Laws themſelves. And *M. Craſſus*, and *Q. Hortenſius*, who, by reaſon of their Authority and Power, having been call'd in by a ſtranger to ſhare in the Succeſſion of a forg'd Will, that ſo he might ſecure his own part; ſatisfied themſelves with having no hand in the Forgery, and refus'd not to make their Advantage, and to come in for a ſhare; ſecure enough if they could ſhrowd themſelves from Accuſations, Witneſſes and the Cognizance of the *Laws*. *Meminerint Deum ſe habere teſtem, id eſt (ut ego arbitror) mentem ſuam. Let them conſider they have God to witneſs, that is (as I interpret it) their own Conſciences.* Vertue is a very vain and frivolous thing, if it derives its recommendation from Glory. And 'tis to no purpoſe that we endeavour to give it a Station by it ſelf, and ſeparate it from Fortune; for what is more accidental than Reputation? *Profecto Fortuna, in omni re dominatur? Ea res cunctas ex libidine, magis quam ex vero*

Cicero de off. l. 3.

Saluſt.

vero celebrat, obſcuratque. Fortune rules in all things, and does advance and depreſs things more out of her own Will, than Right and Juſtice. So to order it that Actions may be known and ſeen, is purely the Work of Fortune; 'tis Chance that helps us to glory, according to its own temerity. I have often ſeen her go along with Merit, and often very much exceed it. He that firſt liken'd Glory to a ſhadow, did better than he was aware of. They are both of them things excellently vain. Glory alſo, like a ſhadow, goes ſometimes before the body, and ſometimes in length infinitely exceeds it. They that inſtruct Gentlemen only to employ their Valour for the obtaining of Honour: *Quaſi non ſit honeſtum, quod nobilitatum non ſit. As thought it were not a Vertue unleſs ennobled.* What do they intend by that, but to inſtruct them never to hazard themſelves if they are not ſeen, and to obſerve well, if there be Witneſſes preſent; who may carry News of their Valour; whereas a thouſand occaſions of well doing preſent themſelves, when we cannot be taken notice of? How many brave Actions are buried in the crowd of a Battle? Whoever ſhall take upon him to cenſure anothers Behaviour in ſuch a Confuſion, is not very buſie himſelf; and the Teſtimony he ſhall give of his Companions Deportments, will be Evidence againſt himſelf. *Vera, & ſapiens Animi magnitudo honeſtum illud quod maxime naturam ſequitur, in factis poſitum, non in Gloria judicat. The true and wiſe magnanimity judges, that the bravery which moſt follows Nature, more conſiſts in Act than Glory.* All the Glory that I pretend

Cicero de off. l. 1.

to

to derive from my Life, is that I have liv'd it in quiet. In quiet, not according to *Metrodorus*, *Archesilaus* or *Aristippus*, but according to my self; for seeing *Philosophy* has not been able to find out any way to tranquility that is good in common, let every one seek it in particular. To what do *Cæsar* and *Alexander* owe the infinite grandeur of their Renown, but to Fortune? How many Men has she extinguish'd in the beginning of their Progress, of whom we have no Knowledg; who brought as much Courage to the Work as they, if their adverse hap had not cut them off in the first Sally of their Arms? Amongst so many and so great Dangers, I do not remember I have any where read, that *Cæsar* was ever wounded; a thousand have fallen in less Dangers, than the least of those he went through. A great many brave Actions must be expected to be perform'd without Witness, and so lost, before one turn to account. A man is not always on the top of a Breach, or at the head of an Army in the sight of his *General*, as upon a Scaffold. A man is oft surpris'd betwixt the Hedg and the Ditch, he must run the hazard of his Life against a *Hen-roost*, he must bolt four rascally Musketeers out of a Barn, he must prick out single from his Party, and alone make some Attempts, according as Necessity will have it. And whoever will observe, will, I believe, find it experimentally true, that Occasions of the least Lustre, are ever the most dangerous: and that in the Wars of our own Times, there have more brave Men been lost in Occasions of little moment, and in the dispute about some little paltery

paltery Fort, than in Places of greater Importance, and where their Valours might have been more honourably employ'd. Who thinks his Death unworthy of him, if he do not fall in ſome ſignal Occaſions; inſtead of illuſtrating his Death, does willfully obſcure his Life, ſuffering in the mean time many very juſt Occaſions of hazarding himſelf to ſlip out of his Hands. And every juſt one is illuſtrious enough: every mans Conſcience being a ſufficient Trumpet to him. *Gloria noſtra eſt, Teſtimonium Conſcientiæ noſtræ.* *For our rejoycing is this, the Teſtimony of our Conſcience.* Who is only a good Man that Men may know it, and that he may be the better eſteem'd when 'tis known; who will not do well, but upon Condition that his Vertue may be known to Men, is one from whom much Service is not to be expected. *Corin. 2. chap. 1. ver. 12.*

Orlando. Canto. 11.

Credo ch' el reſto di quel verno, coſe
Faceſſe degne di tener ne conto,
Ma fur fin a quel tempo ſi naſcoſe,
Che non e colpa mia s'hor 'nor le conto,
Porche Orlando a far 'opre virtuoſe
Piu ch'a narra le poi ſempre era pronto,
Ne mai fu alcun' de li ſuoi fatti eſpreſſo,
Senon quando hebbei teſtimonii appreſſo.

The reſt o'th Winter I preſume was ſpent
In Actions worthy of Eternal Fame;
Which at the end was ſo, in Darkneſs pent,
That if I name them not, I'm not to blame,
Orlando's noble Mind being more bent
To do great Acts, than boaſt him of the ſame;
So that no Deeds of his were ever known,
But thoſe that luckily had lookers on.

A Man muſt go to the War upon the account of Duty, and expect the Recompence that never fails brave and worthy Actions, how private and conceal'd ſoever, not ſo much as Vertuous Thoughts; 'Tis the ſatisfaction that a well diſpos'd Conſcience receives in it ſelf, to do well. A man muſt be valiant for himſelf, and upon the account of the Advantage it is to him, to have his Courage ſeated in a firm and ſecure place againſt the Aſſaults of Fortune.

Virtus repulſæ neſcia ſordidæ,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus.
Nec ſumit, aut ponit ſecures
Arbitrio popularis auræ.

By Sir *Tho. Hawkins*

Vertue, that n'ere Repulſe admits,
In taintleſs honours glorious ſits,
Nor takes, or leaveth Dignities
Rais'd with the Noiſe of vulgar Cries.

It is not for outward ſhew that the Soul is to play its part, but for our ſelves within, where no Eyes can pierce but our own; there ſhe defends us from the fear of Death, of Pains, and Shame it ſelf: She there arms us againſt the loſs of our Children, Friends and Fortunes: And when Opportunity preſents it ſelf, ſhe leads us on to the Hazards of War. *Non emolumento aliquo, ſed ipſius honeſtatis decore.* *Not for any Profit or Advantage, but for the Decency of Vertue.* A much greater Advantage, and more worthy to be coveted and hop'd for than Honour and Glory; which is no other than the favourable Judgment is given of us. A dozen Men muſt be call'd out of a whole Nation to judge of an Acre of Land, and the Judgment of our Inclinations and

Cicero.

Honour what it is.

and Actions, the hardest, and most important thing that is, we refer to the Voice, and determinations of the Rabble, the Mother of Ignorance, Injustice and Inconstancy. Is it reasonable that the Life of a wise Man should depend upon the Judgement of Fools? *An quidquam stultius, quam quos singulos contemnas, eos aliquid putare esse universos? Can any thing be more foolish, than to think that those you despise single, can be any other when joyn'd together?* He that makes it his business to please them, will have enough to do, and never have done; 'tis a Mark that never is to be reach'd or hit. *Nil tam inestimabile est, quam animi multitudinis. Nothing is to be so little esteem'd, as the Minds of the Multitude.* *Demetrius* pleasantly said of the Voice of the People, that he made no more account of that which came from above, than of that which fum'd from below. *Cicero* says more, *Ego hoc judico, si quan-* Cic. de Fin. *to turpe non sit, tamen non esse non turpe, quam id a multitudine laudetur. I am of Opinion, that though a thing be not foul in it self, yet it cannot but become so when commended by the Multitude.* No Art, no Activity of Wit could conduct our Steps so as to follow so wandring and so irregular a Guide. In this windy Confusion of the Noise of vulgar Reports and Opinions that drive us on, no way worth any thing can be chosen. Let us not purpose to our selves so floating and wavering an end; let us follow constantly after Reason, let the publick Approbation follow us there, if it will, and it wholly depending upon Fortune, we have no Reason sooner to expect it by any other way than that. Though I would

Elian. Varro.

i.e. Even if

not follow the right way because it is right, I should however follow it for having experimentally found, that at the end of the reckoning 'tis commonly the most happy, and of greatest Utility. *Dedit hoc providentia hominibus munus, ut honesta magis juvarent.* *This Gift Providence has given to man, that honest things should be the most delightful.* The Mariner said thus to *Neptune, O God, thou mayest save me if thou wilt, and if thou wilt thou mayest destroy me; but however I will steer my Rudder true.* I have seen in my time a thousand Men of easie and ambiguous Natures, and that no one doubted but they were more worldly wise than I, throw themselves away, where I have sav'd one.

Ovid. Epist. Penult. *Risi successus posse carere dolos.*

I have laught I must confess,
To see cunning want Success.

Paulus Æmylius, going in the glorious Expedition of *Macedonia*, above all things charg'd the People of *Rome*, not to speak of his Actions during his Absence. O, the Licence of Judging is a great disturbance to great Affairs! Forasmuch as every one has not the Constancy of *Fabius* against common adverse and injurious ways, who rather suffer'd his Authority to be discredited by the vain Fancies of Man, than to go lose in his Charge with a favourable Reputation and the popular Applause. There is, I know not what natural sweetness in hearing a man's self commended; but we are a great deal too fond of it.

Persius Sat. 1. *Laudari haud metuam, neque enim mihi cornea fibra est,*

Sed

Sed recti finemque extremumque eſſe recuſo
Euge tuùm, & belle.——

I love to be commended I confeſs,
My Heart is not of Horn, but nevertheleſs
I muſt deny the only end and aim
Of doing well is to hear man exclaim.
O worthy Man! O noble Act!

I care not ſo much what I am in the Opinion of others, as what I am in my own. I would be rich of my ſelf, and not by borrowing. Strangers ſee nothing but Events and outward Apparences; every body can ſet a good Face on the matter, when they have trembling and terrour within. They do not ſee my Heart, they ſee but by my Countenance. 'Tis with good Reaſon that Men decry the Hypocriſie that is in War; for what is more eaſie to an old Souldier, than to ſhift in a time of Danger, and to counterfeit the brave, when he has no more Heart than a Chicken? There are ſo many ways to avoid hazarding a man's own Perſon, that we have deceiv'd the World a thouſand times, before we come to be engag'd in a real Danger: and even then, finding our ſelves in an inevitable neceſſity of doing ſomething, we can make ſhift for that time to conceal our Apprehenſions with ſetting a good Face on the Buſineſs though the Heart beats within; and whoever has the uſe of the *Platonick Ring*, which renders thoſe inviſible that wear it, if turn'd inward towards the palm of the Hand; a great many would very often hide themſelves when they ought moſt to appear; and would repent being

being plac'd in ſo honourable a poſt, where Neceſſity muſt make them brave.

Hor. lib. 1. Epiſt. 16.

Falſus honor juvat, & mendax infamia terret
Quem niſi mendoſum, & mendacem?

R. F.

Falſe Honour pleaſes, and falſe Infamy
Affrights, whom? thoſe that love to hear a lye.

Thus we ſee how all the Judgments that are founded upon external Apparences, are marvellouſly incertain and doubtful; and that there is no ſo certain Teſtimony as every one is to himſelf. In theſe other, how many *Pedy*'s are made Companions of our Glory? He that ſtands firm in an open Trench, what does he in that do more than fifty poor *Pioneers*, who open him the way, and cover it with their own Bodies for five pence a day pay, have done before him?

Perſeus Sat. 1.

——*non quicquid turbida Roma*
Elevet, accedas, examenque improbum in illa
Caſtiges trutina, nec te quæſiveris extra.

Don't follow turbid *Rome*'s blind ſenceleſs ways
Of loading ev'ry thing is done with Praiſe;
Of that falſe Ballance truſt not to the teſt,
And out of thee make of thy ſelf no queſt.

The diſperſing and ſcattering our Names into many Mouths, we call making them more great; we will have them there well receiv'd, and that this increaſe turn to their Advantage, which is all that can be excuſable in this Deſign; but the excels of this Diſeaſe proceeds ſo far, that many covet to have a Name be it what it will. *Trogus Pompeius* ſays of *Heroſtratus*, and *Titus Livius* of *Manlius Capitolinus*, that they were more ambitious of a great Reputation, than a good one. This Vice is very common. We are more ſolicitous that

that Men ſpeak of us, than how they ſpeak; and 'tis enough for us that our Names are often mention'd, be it after what manner it will. It ſhould ſeem, that to be known, is in ſome ſort to have a Man's Life and its duration in another's keeping. I for my part hold, that I am not but in my ſelf, and of that other Life of mine which lies in the Knowledge of my Friends, to conſider it naked and ſimply in it ſelf, I know very well that I am ſenſible of no Fruit nor Enjoyment, but by the Vanity of a fantaſtick Opinion; and when I ſhall be dead, I ſhall be much leſs ſenſible of it; and ſhall withal abſolutely loſe the uſe of thoſe real Advantages that ſometimes accidentally follow it; I ſhall have no more handle whereby to take hold of Reputation: neither ſhall it have any whereby to take hold of, or to cleave to me. For, to expect that my Name ſhould be advanc'd by it, in the firſt place, I have no Name that is enough my own; of two that I have, one is common to all my Race, and even to others alſo. There are two Families at *Paris* and *Montpellier*, whoſe Sirname is *Montaigne*; another in *Brittany*, and another *Montaigne* in *Xaintonge*. The Tranſpoſition of one Syllable only is enough to ravel our Affairs, ſo that I ſhall peradventure ſhare in their Glory, and they ſhall partake of my Shame; and moreover, my Anceſtors have formerly been ſirnam'd *Eyquem*, a Name wherein a Family well known in *England*, is at this day concern'd. As to my other Name, every one may take it that will. And ſo perhaps I may honour a Porter in my own ſtead. And beſides, though I had a particular Diſtinction

by my self, what can it distinguish when I am no more? Can it point out, and favour Inanity?

Ibidem. — *nunc levior cippus non imprimit ossa,*
Laudat posteritas, nunc non e manibus illis,
Nunc non e tumulo fortunataque favilla
Nascuntur violæ? —

Will a less Tomb, compos'd of smaller Stones,
Press with less weight upon the under Bones?
Posterity may praise them, why, what tho?
Can yet their *Manes* such a Gift bestow,
As to make Violets from their Ashes grow?

But of this I have spoken elsewhere. As to what remains, in a great Battel where ten thousand Men are maim'd or kill'd, there are not fifteen that are taken notice of. It must be some very eminent greatness, or some consequence of great Importance, that Fortune has added to it, that must signalize a private Action, not of a Harquebuser only, but of a great Captain; for to kill a man, or two, or ten, to expose a Mans self bravely to the utmost Peril of Death, is indeed something in every one of us, because we there hazard all; but for the Worlds concern, they are things so ordinary, and so many of them are every day seen, and there must of Necessity be so many of the same kind to produce any notable Effect, that we cannot expect any particular Renown.

Juven. Sat. 13. — *casus multis hic cognitus, ac jam*
Tritus, & e medio fortunæ ductus acervo.

The action once was fam'd, but now worn old,
With common acts of Fortune is enroll'd.

Of so many thousands of valiant men that have died within these fifteen years in *France*, with their Swords in their hands, not a hundred have

have come to our knowledge. The memory, not of the *Commanders* only, but of Battels and Victories is buried and gone. The Fortunes of above half of the World, for want of a Record, stir not from their place, and vanish without duration. If I had unknown Events in my possession, I should think with great ease to out-do those that are recorded in all sorts of Examples. Is it not strange, that even of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, amongst so many Writers, and Witnesses, and so many rare and noble Exploits, so few are arriv'd at our knowledge?

Ad nos vix tenuis fama perlabitur aura. Æn. l. 7.

An obscure rumor scarce is hither come.

It will be much if a hundred years hence it be remembred in gross, that in our times there were *Civil Wars* in *France*. The *Lacedemonians* entering into Battle, sacrific'd to the *Muses*, to the end that their Actions might be well and worthily writ; looking upon it as a Divine, and no ordinary Favour, that brave Acts should find Witnesses that could give them Life and Memory. Do we expect that at every Musquet shot we receive, and at every hazard we run, there must be a *Register* ready to record them; and besides, a hundred *Registers* may enroll them, whose *Commentaries* will not last above three days, and they shall never come to the sight of any one. We have not the thousandth part of ancient Writings; 'tis fortune that gives them a shorter or longer Life according to her favour; and 'tis lawful to doubt whether those we have be not the worst, having not seen the rest. Men do not write Histories of things of so little mo-

The *Muses* sacrific'd unto by the *Lacedæmonians*, and why.

ment: a man must have been *General* in the Conquest of an *Empire*, he must have won two and fifty set Battels, and always the weaker in number, as *Cæsar* did. Ten thousand brave Fellows, and several great *Captains* lost their lives bravely in his Service, whose Names lasted no longer than their Wives and Children liv'd:

Æneid. l. 5. *Quos fama obscura recondit.*

Even those we see behave themselves the best; three Months, or three years after they have been knock'd on the Head, they are no more spoken of than if they had never been. Whoever will justly consider, and with due proportion, of what kind of men, and of what sorts of actions Glory supports it self, in the Records of History, will find, that there are very few Actions, and very few Persons of our times who can there pretend any right. How many worthy men have we seen survive their own Reputation, who have seen and suffered the Honour and Glory most justly acquir'd in their Youth, extinguish'd in their own presence? And for three years of this fantastick and imaginary Life, we must go and throw away our true and essential Life, and engage our selves in a perpetual Death? The *Sages* propose to themselves a nobler and more just end in so important an Enterprize.

Seneca. *Recte facti, fecisse merces est: officii fructus, ipsum officium est. The reward of a thing well done is to have done it: the fruit of a good Office, is the Office it self.* It were peradventure excusable in a *Painter*, or any other *Artizan*, or yet in a *Rhetorician*, or a *Grammarian*, to endeavour to raise themselves a Name by their Works; but the actions of

of Vertue are too noble in themselves, to seek any other reward than from their own value, and especially to seek it in the vanity of Human judgments. If this false Opinion nevertheless be of that use to the publick, as to keep men in their duty; if the People are thereby stir'd up to Vertue; if *Princes* are touch'd to see the World bless the memory of *Trajan*, and abominate that of *Nero*; if it moves them to see the name of that great Beast, once so terrible, and fear'd by every School-boy, so freely curs'd and revil'd, let it in the name of *God* increase, and be as much as possibly, nurs'd up, cherish'd and countenanced amongst us. And *Plato*, bending his whole endeavour to make his Citizens Vertuous, does also advise them not to despise the good esteem of the People; and says, that it falls out by a certain Divine inspiration, that even the wicked themselves oft-times, as well by Word as Opinion, can rightly distinguish the Vertuous from the Wicked. This Person and his Tutor are both marvellous bold Artificers, every where to add Divine Operations and Revelations where human force is wanting. And peradventure for this Reason it was, that *Timon*, railing at him, call'd him the great forger of Miracles. *Ut tragici Poetæ confugiunt ad Deum, cum explicare argumenti exitum non possunt.* *As tragick Poets fly to some God, when they cannot explain the issue of their Argument.* Cicero de Nat. Deor. Seeing that Men by their insufficiency cannot pay themselves well enough with current Money, let the counterfeit be superadded. 'Tis a way that has been practis'd by all the *Legislators*; and there is no Government that has not

not some mixture either of ceremonial Vanity, or of false Opinion, that serves for a curb to keep the People in their Duty. 'Tis for this that most of them have their fabulous Originals and Beginnings, and so enriched with supernatural Mysteries. 'Tis this that has given Credit to Bastard Religions, and caus'd them to be countenanc'd by men of Understanding; and for this that *Numa* and *Sextorius*, to possess their Men with a better Opinion of them, fed them with this Foppery; one, That the Nymph *Egeria*, the other, That his white *Hind*, brought them all their Resolutions from the *Gods*. And the Authority that *Numa* gave to his Laws under the Title of a Patronage of this *Goddess*; *Zeroaster*, Legislator of the *Bactrians* and *Persians*, gave to his under the Name of *Oromazis*: *Trismegistus* Legislator of the *Egyptians*, under that of *Mercury*; *Xamolxis* Legislator of the *Scythians*, under that of *Vesta*: *Charondas* Legislator of the *Chalcedonians*, under that of *Saturn*: *Minos* Legislator of the *Candiots*, under that of *Jupiter*: *Lycurgus* Legislator of the *Lacedæmonians*, under that of *Apollo*: and *Draco*, and *Solon*, Legislators of the *Athenians*, under that of *Minerva*. And every Government has a *God* at the head of it; others falsely, that truly which *Moses* set over the *Jews* at their departure out of *Egypt*. The Religion of the *Bedoins*, as the *Sire de Joinville* reports, amongst other things, enjoin'd a Belief, that the Soul of him amongst them who died for his Prince, went into another more happy Body, more beautiful, and more robust than the former; by which means they much more willingly ventur'd their Lives: In

In ferrum mens prona viris, animæque capaces Mortis, & ignavum est redituræ parcere vitæ. Lucan. lib. 1.

Men covet wounds, and strive Death to embrace,
To save a Life, that's to return is base.

This is a very comfortable, however an erronious Belief. Every Nation has many such Examples of it's own: but this Subject would require a Treatise by it self. To add one word more to my former Discourse, I would advise the Ladies to more to call that Honour, which is but their Duty, *Ut enim consuetudo loquitur, id solum dicitur honestum, quod est populari fama glorioſum*: *according to the vulgar Chat, which only approves that for laudable, that is glorious by the publick Voice*; their Duty is the mark, their Honour but the outward rind. Neither would I advise them to give that excuse for payment of their denial: for I presuppose that their Intentions, their Desire and Will, which are things wherein their Honour is not at all concern'd, forasmuch as nothing appears without, are much better regulated than the effects. Cicero de fin. lib. 2.

Quæ quia non licuit, non facit, illa facit. Ovid. Amo. l. 3. El. 4.

She, who not sins, 'cause it unlawfull is,
In being therefore Chaste has done amiss.

The Offence both towards *God*, and in the Conscience, would be as great to desire as to do. And besides, they are Actions so private and secret of themselves, as would be easily enough kept from the Knowledge of others wherein the Honour Consists; if they had not another respect to their Duty, and the Affection they bear to Chastity for it self. Every Woman of Honour will

will much rather choose to lose her Honour, than to hurt her Conscience.

CHAP. XVII.

Of Presumption.

THere is another sort of Glory, which is the having too good an opinion of our own Worth. 'Tis an inconsiderate Affection, with which we flatter our selves, and that represents us to our selves other than we truly are. Like the passion of Love, that lends beauties and graces to the Person it does embrace; and that makes those who are caught with it, with a deprav'd and corrupt Judgment, consider the thing they love, other and more perfect than it is. I would not nevertheless for fear of failing on the other side, that a man should not know himself aright, or think himself less than he is, the Judgment ought in all things to keep it self upright and just: 'Tis all the reason in the world he should discern in himself, as well as in others, what Truth sets before him; if he be *Cæsar*, let him boldly think himself the greatest Captain in the World. We are nothing but Ceremony; Ceremony carries us away, and we leave the Substance of things: We hold by the Branches and quit the Trunk. We have taught the Ladies to blush when they hear but that nam'd, that they are not at all afraid to do: We dare not call our Members by their right names, and are not afraid to employ them in all sorts of Debauches.

hauches. Ceremony forbids us to expreſs by words, things that are lawful and natural, and we obey it: Reaſon forbids us to do things unlawful and ill, and no body obeys it. I find my ſelf here fetter'd by the Laws of Ceremony; for it neither permits a man to ſpeak well of himſelf nor ill. We will leave her there for this time. They whom fortune (call it good or ill) has made to paſs their Lives in ſome eminent degree, may by their publick actions manifeſt what they are: But they whom ſhe has only employed in the crowd, and of whom no body will ſay a word unleſs they ſpeak themſelves, are to be excus'd, if they take the boldneſs to ſpeak of themſelves to ſuch whoſe Intereſt it is to know them; by the Example of *Lucilius*,

Ille velut fidis arcana ſodalibus olim
Credebat libris, neque ſi male ceſſerat, uſquam
Decurrens alio, neque ſi bene: quo fit ut omnis.
Votiva pateat veluti deſcripta tabella
Vita ſenis——————

Hor. lib. 2. Sat. 1.

His way was in his Books to ſpeak his mind
As freely, as his Secrets he would tell
To a try'd Friend, and took it ill, or well
He held his Cuſtom. Hence it came to paſs
The old man's Life is there, as in a Glaſs.

Sir Richard Fenſhaw.

He always committed to Paper his Actions and Thoughts, and there pourtray'd himſelf, ſuch as he found himſelf to be. *Nec id Rutilio, & Scauro citra fidem, aut obtrectationi fuit.* Nor were Rutilius or Scaurus *misbeliev'd, or condemn'd for ſo doing.* I remember then, that from my Infancy there was obſerv'd in me I know not what kind of Carriage and Behaviour, that ſeem'd to

Tacitus.

relliſh

reliſh of Pride and Arrogancy. I will ſay this by the way, that it is not inconvenient to have Propenſions ſo proper and incorporated into us, that we have not the means to feel and be aware of them. And of ſuch natural Inclinations the Body will retain a certain bent, without our Knowledge or Conſent. It was an Affectation confederate with his Beauty; that made *Alexander* carry his Head on one ſide, and *Alcibiades* to liſp; *Julius Cæſar* ſcratch'd his Head with one Finger, which is the faſhion of a Man full of troubleſome Thoughts: And *Cicero*, as I remember, was wont to tweak his Noſe, a ſign of a Man given to ſcoffing. Such Motions as theſe may imperceptibly happen in us: there are other artificial ones which I meddle not with; as Salutations and Congees, by which Men for the moſt part unjuſtly acquire the Reputation of being humble and courteous; or perhaps, humble out of Pride. I am prodigal enough of my Hat, eſpecially in Summer, and never am ſo ſaluted, but I pay it again, from perſons of what quality ſoever, unleſs they be in my own dependance. I ſhould make it my Requeſt to ſome Princes that I know, that they would be more ſparing of that Ceremony, and beſtow that Courteſie where it is more due; for being ſo indiſcreetly and indifferently confer'd on all, they are thrown away to no purpoſe, if they be without reſpect of Perſons, they loſe their Effect. Amongſt irregular Countenances, let us not forget that ſevere one of the Emperour *Conſtantius*, that always in publick held his Head upright and ſteady, without bending or turning on either

ſide,

side, not so much as to look upon those who sa-
luted him on one side, planting his Body in a
stiff immoveable posture, without suffering it to
yield to the Motion of his Coach; not daring
so much as to spit, blow his Nose, or wipe
his Face before People. I know not whether the
Gestures that were observ'd in me were of this
first quality, and whether I had really any se-
cret propension to this Vice, as it might well
be; and I cannot be responsible for the Moti-
ons of the Body: But as to the Motions of the
Soul, I must here confess that I am sensible of
something of that kind there. This Glory con-
sists of two parts, the one in setting too great a
value upon our selves, and the other in setting
too little a value upon others. As to the one,
methinks these Considerations ought in the first
place to be of some force. I feel my self impor-
tun'd by an Errour of the Soul that displeases
me, both as it is unjust, and as it is troublesome,
I attempt to correct it, but I cannot root it out,
which is, that I lessen the just value of things
that I possess, and overvalue others, because they
are foreign, absent, and none of mine. This Hu-
mour spreads very far. As the prerogative of
Authority which makes Husbands look up-
on their own Wives with a vicious disdain, and
many Fathers their Children, so do I: and be-
cause two equal Merits should always be sway'd
against my own. Not so much that the jealousie
of my Preferment, and the bettering of my Af-
fairs does trouble my Judgment, and hinders me
from satisfying my self, as that Dominion of it
begets a Contempt of what is our own, and

Presumption divided into two parts.

over

over which we have an absolute Command. Foreign Governments, Manners and Languages insinuate themselves into my esteem; and I am very sensible that *Latin* allures me by the Favour of it's Dignity, to value it above it's due, as it does Children, and the common sort of People. The *Oeconomy*, *House* and *Horse* of my Neighbour, though no better than my own, I prize above my own; because they are not mine. Besides that, I am very ignorant in my own Affairs; I am astonish'd at the assurance that every one has of himself: Whereas there is not almost any thing that I am sure I know, or that I dare be responsible to my self that I can do: I have not my means of doing any thing stated and ready, and am only instructed after the effect, as doubtful of my own force as I am of anothers; whence it comes to pass, that if I happen to do any thing commendable, I attribute it more to my Fortune than Industry: Forasmuch as I design every thing by chance, and in fear. I have this also in general, that of all the Opinions Antiquity has held of men in gross, I most willingly embrace, and most adhere to those that most contemn and undervalue us. Methinks *Philosophy* has never so fair a Game to play as when it falls upon our Vanity and Presumption; when it most lays open their Irresolution, Weakness and Ignorance. I look upon the too good Opinion that Man has of himself to be the nursing Mother of all the most false, both publick and private Opinions. Those People, who ride astride upon the *Epicicle* of *Mercury*, who see so far into the Heavens, are worse to me than a Tooth-draw-

er

er that comes to draw my Teeth: for in my Study, the Subject of which is Man, finding ſo great a variety of Judgments, ſo great a Labyrinth of Difficulties one upon another; ſo great diverſity and incertainty, even in the School of Wiſdom it ſelf, you may judge, ſeeing thoſe People could not reſolve upon the knowledg of themſelves, and their own condition, which is continually before their Eyes, and within them, ſeeing they do not know, how that moves which they themſelves move nor how to give us a Deſcription of the Springs they themſelves govern and make uſe of; how can I believe them about the ebbing and flowing of *Nile*. The curioſity of knowing things, has been given to Man for a Scourge, ſays the holy Scripture. But to return to what concerns my ſelf; I think it very hard, that any other ſhould have a meaner Opinion of himſelf, nay, that any other ſhould have a meaner Opinion of me than I have of my ſelf. I look upon my ſelf as one of the common ſort, ſaving in this, that I have no better an Opinion of my ſelf; guilty of the meaneſt and moſt popular defects, but not diſown'd or excus'd, and do not value my ſelf upon any other account than becauſe I know my own value. If there be any Glory in the caſe, 'tis ſuperficially infus'd into me by the treachery of my Complexion, and has no Body that my Judgment can diſcern. I am ſprinkled, but not tincted. For in Truth, as to the effects of the Mind, there is no part of me, be it what it will, with which I am ſatisfyed; and the Appro-

bation of others makes me not think the better of my ſelf; my Judgment is tender and tickle, eſpecially in things that concern my ſelf; I feel my ſelf float and waver by reaſon of my weakneſs. I have nothing of my own that ſatisfies my Judgment: my ſight is clear and regular enough but in opening it, it is apt to dazle; as I moſt manifeſtly find in Poeſie. I love it infinitely, and am able to give a tolerable Judgment of other mens Works: But in good earneſt, when I apply my ſelf to it, I play the Child, and am not able to endure my ſelf. A man may play the fool in every thing elſe, but not in Poetry.

Horace de Art. Poet.

Ben Johnſon.

——*Mediocribus eſſe Poetis*
Non dii, non homines, non conceſſere columnæ.
But neither Men, nor Gods, nor Pillars meant
Poets ſhould ever be indifferent.

I would to God this Sentence was writ over the Doors of all our *Printers*, to forbid the entrance of ſo many Rimers.

Mart. l. 12. *Epig.* 64.

——*verum*
Nihil ſecurius eſt malo Poeta.
——but the truth is this——
Nought more ſecure than a bad Poet is.

Why have not we ſuch People? *Dyonyſius* the Father valu'd himſelf ſo much upon nothing as his *Poetry*. At the *Olympick* Games, with Chariots ſurpaſſing the others in Magnificence, he ſent alſo *Poets* and *Muſicians* to preſent his Verſes with Tents and Pavillions royally gilt and hung with Tapiſtry. When his Verſes came to be recited, the excellency of the Pronunciation did at firſt attract the attention of the People; but when they afterwards came to poiſe

the

the meanneſs of the Compoſition, they firſt enter'd into diſdain, and continuing to nettle their Judgments, preſently proceeded to Fury, and ran to pull down, and tear to pieces all his Pavilions; and in that his Chariots neither perform'd any thing to purpoſe in the courſe; and that the Ship which brought back his People fail'd of *making Sicily*, and was by the Tempeſt driven and wrack'd upon the Coaſt of *Tarantum*, they did certainly believe, was through the Anger of the *Gods*, incens'd, as they themſelves were, againſt that paltry *Poem*; and even the Mariners who eſcap'd from the wrack, ſeconded this Opinion of the People? To which alſo the *Oracle*, that foretold his Death ſeem'd to ſubſcribe; which was, *That Dionyſius ſhould be near his end when he ſhould have overcome thoſe who were better than himſelf*, which he interpreted of the *Carthaginians*; who ſurpaſs'd him in power; and having War with them, often declin'd the Victory, not to incur the Sence of this Perdition. But he underſtood it ill; for the *God* pointed at the time of the Advantage that by Favor and Injuſtice he obtain'd at *Athens* over the Tragick Poets, better than himſelf, having caus'd his own Play call'd the *Leineicus* to be acted in Emulation. Preſently after which Victory he died, and partly of the exceſſive Joy he conceiv'd at the Succeſs. What I find tolerable of mine, is not ſo really, and in it ſelf; but in compariſon of other worſe things, that I ſee are well enough receiv'd. I envy the Happineſs of thoſe that can pleaſe and hug themſelves in what they do, for 'tis a very eaſie thing to be ſo pleas'd, be-

cauſe a Man extracts that pleaſure from himſelf, eſpecially if he be conſtant in his ſelf-conceit. I know a Poet, againſt whom both the Intelligent in Poetry, and the Ignorant, abroad and at home, both Heaven and Earth, exclaim, that he underſtands very little in it; and yet for all that, he has never a whit the worſe opinion of himſelf; but is always falling upon ſome new piece, always contriving ſome new Invention, and ſtill perſiſts; by ſo much the more obſtinate, as it only concerns him to ſtand up in his own Defence. My Works are ſo far from pleaſing me, that as oft as I review them they diſguſt me:

Ovid. de Ponto, lib. 1. Eleg. 6.

Cum relego, ſcripſiſſe pudet, quia plurima cerno,
Me quoque qui feci, judice digna lini.

When I peruſe, I bluſh at what I've Writ,
Seeing 'tis only for the Fire fit.

I have always an *Idea* in my Soul, which preſents me a better Form than that I have made uſe of; but I cannot catch it, nor fit it to my purpoſe; and yet even that *Idea* is but of the meaner ſort, by which I conclude, that the productions of thoſe great Souls of former times, are very much beyond the utmoſt ſtretch of my Imagination, or my wiſh; their Writings do not only ſatisfie and fill me, but they aſtoniſh me, and raviſh me with admiration. I judge of their Beauty, I ſee it, if not to the utmoſt, yet ſo far at leaſt as 'tis poſſible for me to aſpire. Whatever I undertake, I owe a Sacrifice to the *Graces*, as *Plutarch* ſays of ſome one, to make a return for their Favour.

——— *ſi quid enim placet,*
Si quid dulce hominum ſenſibus inſluit,
Debentur lepidis omnia gratiis.
If any thing does pleaſe that I do write,
Into Mens Minds if it infuſe delight,
All's to the lovely Graces due.

They abandon me throughout: All I write is rude, poliſhing and beauty are wanting: I cannot ſet things off to any advantage, my handling adds nothing to the Matter; for which Reaſon I muſt have it forcible, very full, and that has luſtre of its own. If I pitch upon Subjects that are popular and gay, 'tis to follow my own inclination, who do not affect a grave and ceremonious Wiſdom, as the World does; and to make my ſelf more ſpritely, but not to make my ſtile more wanton, which would rather have them grave and ſevere, at leaſt, if I may call an inform and irregular way of ſpeaking, a vulgar jargon, and a proceeding without definition, diviſion, and without concluſion, perplext like that of *Amafanius* and *Raberius*, a Stile. *Mountaigns Stile.* *I* can neither pleaſe nor delight, much leſs raviſh any one: The beſt Story in the World would be ſpoil'd by my handling. I cannot ſpeak but in earneſt; and am totally unprovided of that Facility which *I* obſerve in many of my Acquaintance, of entertaining the firſt Commers, and keeping a whole company in breath, or taking up the care of a *Prince* with all ſorts of Diſcourſe, without being weary; they never wanting Matter, by reaſon of the Faculty and Grace they have in taking hold of the firſt thing is ſtarted; and accommodating it to the Humor

and Capacity of thoſe with whom they have to do. *Princes* do not much affect ſolid Diſcourſes, nor I to tell Stories. The firſt and eaſieſt Reaſons, which are commonly the beſt taken, I know not how to employ. I am an ill *Orator* to the common ſort. I am apt of every thing to ſay the utmoſt that I know. *Cicero* is of Opinion, that in Treatiſes of *Philoſophy* the *exordium* is the hardeſt part: which, if it be true, I am wiſe in ſticking to the *Concluſion.* And yet we are to know how to wind the ſtring to all Notes, and the ſharpeſt is that which is the moſt ſeldom touch'd. There is at leaſt as much perfection in elevating an empty, as in ſupporting a weighty thing. A man muſt ſometimes ſuperficially handle things, and ſometimes puſh them home. I know very well, that moſt Men keep themſelves in this lower form, for not conceiving things otherwiſe than by this outward bark: But I likewiſe know, that the greateſt Maſters, and *Xenophon* and *Plato* are often ſeen to ſtoop to this low and popular manner of ſpeaking and treating of things, and maintaining them with Graces, which are never wanting to them. As to the reſt, my Language has nothing in it that is facile and fluent: 'tis rough, free and irregular: And therefore beſt pleaſes not my Judgment, but Inclination. But I very well perceive, that I ſometimes give my ſelf too much rein; and that by force of endeavour to avoid Art and Affectation, I fall into the other inconvenience.

Hor. Ar. Poet. ——— *brevis eſſe laboro,*
Obſcurus fio. ———

I ſtrive Prolixity t'evade,
And by that means obſcure am made.

Plato ſays, that the long, nor the ſhort are not Proprieties, that either take away, or give luſtre to Language. Should I attempt to follow the other more moderate and united ſtyle, I ſhould never attain unto it: And though the ſhort round Periods of *Saluſt* beſt ſuit with my Humour, yet I find *Cæſar* much greater, and harder to imitate; and though my inclination would rather prompt me to imitate *Seneca's* way of Writing, yet do I nevertheleſs more eſteem that of *Plutarch*. Both in ſilence and ſpeaking I ſimply follow my own natural way; from whence peradventure it falls out, that I am better at ſpeaking than writing. Motion and Action animate Words, eſpecially in thoſe who lay about them briskly, as I do, and grow hot. The *Comportment*, the *Countenance*, the *Voice*, the *Robe* and the *Tribunal*, will ſet off ſome things, that of themſelves, and ſo conſider'd, would appear no better than prating. *Meſſalla* complains in *Tacitus* of the ſtraightneſs of ſome Garments in his time, and of the faſhion of the Pews where the Orators were to declaim, that were a diſadvantage to their Eloquence. My *French* Tongue is corrupted both in the Pronunciation, and elſewhere, by the *Barbariſm* of my Country. I never ſaw a Man who was a *Native* of any of the Provinces on this ſide of the *Kingdom*, who had not a twang of his place of Birth, and that was not offenſive to Ears that were purely *French*. And yet it is not that I am ſo perfect in my *Perigourdin*;

For *I* can no more ſpeak it than high Dutch, nor do *I* much care. 'Tis a Language, as the reſt about me on every ſide of *Poitou*, *Xaintonge*, *Angouleſme*, *Limoſin* and *Auvergne*, are a ſcurvy, drawling, durty Language. There is indeed above us towards the Mountains a ſort of *Gaſcon* ſpoke, that *I* am mightily taken with, blunt, brief, ſignificant, and in truth a more Manly and Military Language than any other *I* am acquainted with; as ſinewy, inſinuating, and pertinent, as *French* is graceful, neat, and luxuriant. As to the *Latin*, which was given me for my Mother Tongue, *I* have by diſcontinuance loſt the uſe of ſpeaking it, and indeed of writing it too, wherein I formerly had a particular Reputation; by which you may ſee how inconſiderable I am on that ſide. Beauty is a thing of great recommendation in the correſpondency amongſt men; 'tis the principal means of acquiring the favour and good liking of one another, and no man is ſo barbarous and moroſe, that does not perceive himſelf in ſome ſort ſtruck with its attraction. The Body has a great ſhare in our Being, has an eminent place there, and therefore it's Structure and Symmetry are of very juſt conſideration. They who go about to diſunite, and ſeparate our two principal parts from one another are to blame: We muſt on the contrary reunite and rejoyn them. We muſt command the Soul, not to withdraw to entertain it ſelf apart, not to deſpiſe and abandon the Body (neither can ſhe do it, but by ſome ridiculous counterfeit) but to unite her ſelf cloſe to it, to embrace, cheriſh, aſſiſt, govern, and adviſe

viſe it, and to bring it back, and ſet it into the true way when it wanders; in ſumm, to eſpouſe, and be a Husband to it; foraſmuch as their effects do not appear to be diverſe and contrary, but uniform and concurring. *Chriſtians* have a particular inſtruction concerning this Connexion, for they know that the Divine Juſtice embraces this Society, and juncture of Body and Soul, even to the making the Body capable of eternal Rewards; and that *God* has an Eye to every man's ways, and will that he receive entire, the chaſtiſement or reward of his Demerits. The *Sect* of the *Peripateticks*, of all others the moſt Sociable, does attribute to Wiſdom this ſole care, equally to provide for the good of theſe two aſſociate Parts: And the other *Sects*, in not ſufficiently applying themſelves to the conſideration of this mixture, ſhew themſelves to be divided, one for the Body, and the other for the Soul, with equal Error: And to have loſt their Subject, which is Man, and their Guide, which they generally confeſs to be *Nature*. The firſt diſtinction that ever was amongſt men, and the firſt conſideration that gave ſome Prehemiſence over others, 'tis likely was the Advantage of Beauty.

——— *agros diviſere, atque dedere* *Lucret. l. 5.*
Pro facie cujuſque, & viribus, ingenioque:
Nam facies multum valuit, vireſque vigebant.

Then Cattel too was ſhar'd, and ſteddy bounds *Mr. Creech.*
Mark'd out to every man his proper grounds;
Each had his proper ſhare, each was fit,
According to his Beauty, Strength, or Wit;

For

For Beauty then, and ſtrength had moſt command,
Thoſe had the greateſt ſhare in Beaſts & Land.

Now I am of ſomething lower than the middle ſtature, a Defect that not only borders upon Deformity, but carries withal a great deal of Inconvenience along with it, eſpecially thoſe who are in command; for the Authority which a graceful Preſence, and a majeſtick meen beget, is wanting. *C. Marius* did not willingly liſt any Souldiers that were not ſix foot high. The Courtier has indeed reaſon to deſire a moderate Stature in the Perſon he is to make, rather than any other; and to reject all ſtrangeneſs that ſhould make him be pointed at. But in chooſing, he muſt have a care in this Mediocrity, to have him rather below than above the common ſtandard; I would not do ſo in a Souldier. Little men, ſays *Ariſtotle*, are pretty, but not handſome: And greatneſs of Soul is diſcover'd in a great Body, as Beauty is in a conſpicuous ſtature. The *Ethiopians* and *Indians*, ſays he, in chooſing their *Kings* and *Magiſtrates*, had a ſpecial regard to the Beauty and Stature of their Perſons. They had reaſon; for it creates reſpect in thoſe that follow them, and is a Terror to the Enemy, to ſee a Leader of a brave and goodly Stature, march in the Head of a *Battalion*,

Ipſe inter primos præſtanti corpore Turnus
Vertitur, arma tenens, & toto vertice ſupra eſt.

Virgil. Æneid. l. 7.

The graceful *Turnus*, talleſt by the Head,
Shaking his Arms, himſelf the Van up lead.

Our holy and heavenly King, of whom every Circumſtance is moſt carefully, and with the greateſt

greateſt Religion and Reverence to be obſerv'd, has not himſelf refus'd bodily Recommendation, *Specioſus forma præ filiis hominum. He is fairer than the Children of Men.* And *Plato*, together with Temperance and Fortitude, requires Beauty in the conſervators of his *Republick*. It would vex you that a man ſhould apply himſelf to you amongſt your Servants to enquire where *Monſieur* is, and that you ſhould only have the remainder of the complement of the Hat that is made to your Barber, or your Secretary; as it hapned to poor *Philopæmen*, who arriving the firſt of all his Company at an Inn where he was expected, the Hoſteſs, who knew him not, and ſaw him an unſightly Fellow, employ'd him to go help her Maids a little to draw Water, or make a Fire againſt *Philopæmen*'s coming: The Gentlemen of his Train arriving preſently after, and ſurpriz'd to ſee him buſie in this fine Employment (for he fail'd not of obeying his Landladies command) ask'd him, what he was doing there, *I am*, ſaid he, *paying the Penalty of my Ugline ſs.* The other Beauties belong to Women, the Beauty of Stature is the only Beauty of Men. Where there is a contemptible Stature, neither the largeneſs and roundneſs of the Fore-head, nor the whiteneſs and ſweetneſs of the Eyes, nor the moderate proportion of the Noſe, nor the littleneſs of the Ears and Mouth, nor the evenneſs and whitneſs of the Teeth, nor the thickneſs of a well-ſet brown Beard ſhining like the Husk of a Cheſnut, nor curl'd Hair, nor the juſt proportion of the Head, nor a freſh complexion, nor a pleaſing Air of a Face, nor a Body

Pſal. 4. 8.

without

The Authors Stature.

without any offenſive ſcent, nor the juſt proportion of Limbs, can make a handſome Man. I am, as to the reſt, ſtrong, and well knit, my Face is not puſt, but full, and my Complexion betwixt jovial and Melancholick, moderately ſanguine and hot.

Mart. *Unde rigent ſetis mihi crura, & pectora villis.*
Whence 'tis my Thighs ſo rough and briſtled are,
And that my Breaſt is ſo thick ſet with Hair.

My health vigorous and ſpritely, even to a well advanc'd age, and rarely troubled with Sickneſs. Such I was, for I do not now make any reckoning of my ſelf, now I ſay, that I am engag'd in the Avenues of Age, being already paſt forty,

Lucret. l. 2. ——— *minutatem vires, & robur adultum*
Frangit, & in partem pejorem liquitur ætas.
Mr. *Creech.* Thence by degrees our Strength melts all away.
And treacherous age creeps on, and things decay.

What ſhall be from this time forward, will be but a half Being, and no more me; I every day eſcape and ſteal away from my ſelf:

Hor. l. 2. Ep. 2. J. D. *Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes.*
I find *I'm* growing old, and every year
Steals ſomething from me ———

Agility and addreſs I never had; and yet am the Son of a very active and ſpritely Father, and that continued to be ſo to an extream old age. *I* have ſeldom known any man of his condition, his equal in all bodily exerciſes: as I have ſeldom met with any who have not excell'd me, except in running, at which I was pretty good, In Muſick or Singing, for which I have a very unfit Voice, or to play on any ſort of inſtrument, they could never teach

teach mè any thing. In Dancing, Tennis, or Wreſtling, I could never arrive no more than an ordinary pitch; in Swimming, Fencing, Vaulting, and Leaping, to none at all. My Hands are ſo clumſie, that I cannot ſo much as write ſo as to read it my ſelf, ſo that *I* had rather do what I have ſcribled over again, than to take upon me the trouble to correct it, and do not read much better than *I* write. *I* cannot handſomely fold up a Letter, nor could ever make a Pen, or carve at Table worth a Pin, nor ſaddle a Horſe, nor carry a Hawk and fly her, nor hunt the Dogs, nor lure a Hawk, nor ſpeak to a Horſe. In fine, my bodily Qualities are very well ſuited to thoſe of my Soul, there is nothing ſpritely, only a full and firm Vigour. *I* am patient enough of Labour and Pains, but it is only when *I* go voluntary to the Work, and only ſo long as my own deſire prompts me to it.

Molliter auſterum ſtudio fallente laborem. *Id. lib. 2. Sat. 2. Alexander Brome.*

Whilſt the Delight makes you ne're mind the Pain.

Otherwiſe, if *I* am not allured with ſome pleaſure, or have other Guide than my own pure and free inclination, *I* am there good for nothing: for *I* am of an Humour, that Life and Health excepted, there is nothing for which *I* will bite my Nails, and that *I* will purchace at the price of the Torment of Mind and conſtraint;

——— *tanti mihi non ſit opaci* *Juven Sat. 3.*
Omnes arena Tagi, quodque in Mare volvitur Aurum.

Rich *Tagus* Sands ſo dear *I* would not buy.
Nor all the Gold that in the Sea doth lye.

ex-

extreamly idle, and extreamly given up to my own Inclination both by Nature and Art. I would as willingly lend a Man my Blood, as my Pains. I have a Soul free and entirely its own, and accuſtomed to guide it ſelf after its own faſhion; having hitherto never had either Maſter or Governour impos'd upon me. I have walk'd as far as I would, and the pace that beſt pleas'd my ſelf. This is it that has render'd me unfit for the ſervice of others, and has made me of no uſe to any one but my ſelf; and for that there was no need of forcing my heavy and lazy Diſpoſition; for being born to ſuch a Fortune, as I had Reaſon to be contented with (a Reaſon nevertheleſs that a thouſand others of my Acquaintance would have rather made uſe of for a planck upon which to paſs over to a higher Fortune, to tumult and diſquiet) I ſought for no more, and alſo got no more:

Horace. l. 2. Epiſt. 2.

Non agimur tumidi ventis Aquilone ſecundo,
Non tamen adverſis ætatem ducimus auſtris,
Viribus, ingenio, ſpecie, virtute, loco, re,
Extremi priorum, extremis uſque priores.

I neither am oppreſt
With ſtorms, nor flat at all with calms; my Sails
Are fill'd with equal, and indifferent gales;
For Health, Wit, Vertue, Honour, Wealth, I'm plact
Short of the foremoſt, but before the laſt.

I had only need of what was ſufficient to content me; which nevertheleſs is a Government of Soul, to take it right, equally difficult in all ſorts of Conditions, and that by cuſtom, we ſee more eaſily found in want than abundance: forasmuch, peradventure

peradventure, as according to the courſe of others Paſſions, the deſire of Riches is more ſharpned by the uſe we make of them, than by the need we have of them; and the vertue of moderation more rare than that of Patience. And never had any thing to deſire, but happily to enjoy the Eſtate that *God* by his Bounty had put into my Hands: I have never known any thing of Trouble, and have had little to do in any thing but the management of my own Affairs: or, if I have, it has been upon condition to do them at my own leiſure, and after my own Method, committed to my truſt by ſuch as had a confidence in me, that did not importune me, and that knew my Humor. For good Horſe-men will make a ſhift to get ſervice out of a ruſty and broken winded Jade. Even my Infancy was main'd up after a gentle and free manner, and even then exempt from any rigorous Subjection: all which have helpt me to a Complexion delicate and incapable of Sollicitude, even to that degree, that I love to have my Loſſes, and the Diſorders wherein I am concern'd, conceal'd from me; ſo that in the account of my Expences, I put down what my Negligence coſts me in feeding and maintaining my ſelf.

——— *hæ nempe ſuperſunt,*
Quæ dominum fallunt, quæ proſint furibus.

Hor. l. 1. Epiſt. 6.

The Houſe is much unfurniſh'd where there are
Not many things ſuperfluous, and to ſpare;
Goods which the Owner knows not of, but may
Be unconcern'd when they are ſtole away.

Alexander Brome.

I do not love to know what I have, that I may be leſs ſenſible of my Loſs. I intreat thoſe that ſerve

ſerve me, where Affection and Integrity are wanting, to deceive me with ſomething that may look tollerably handſom. For want of Conſtancy enough to ſupport the ſtock of the adverſe Accidents, to which we are ſubject, and of patience ſeriouſly to apply my ſelf to the management of my Affairs; *I* nouriſh as much as *I* can this in my ſelf, wholly leaving all to Fortune; to take all things at the worſt, and to reſolve to bear that worſt with Temper and Patience. That is the only thing *I* aim at, and to which *I* apply my whole Meditation: In a Danger, *I* do not ſo much conſider how *I* ſhall eſcape it, as of how little importance it is whether *I* eſcape it or no: ſhould *I* be left dead upon the place, what matter? Not being able to govern events, *I* govern my ſelf, and apply my ſelf to them, if they will not apply themſelves to me. *I* have no great art to evade, eſcape from, or to force Fortune, and by Prudence to guide and incline things to my own Biaſs. *I* have the leaſt Patience of all to undergo the troubleſom and painful care therein requir'd; and the moſt uneaſie condition for me is to be ſuſpended in urgent occaſions, and to be agitated betwixt Hope and Fear. Deliberation, even in things of lighteſt moment, is very troubleſome to me; and *I* find my Mind more put to it to undergo the various tumbling and toſſing of doubt and conſultation, than to ſet up it's reſt, and to acquieſce in what ever ſhall happen after the Die is thrown. Few Paſſions break my ſleep, but of deliberations, the leaſt will do it. As in ways, *I* willingly avoid thoſe that are ſloping and ſlippery, and put my ſelf into

into the beaten track how durty or deep ſoever, where I can fall no lower, and there ſeek my ſafety: So I love Misfortunes that are purely ſo that do not torment and teaze me with the incertainty of their growing better; but that at the firſt puſh plunge me directly into the worſt can be expected.

dubia plus torquent mala. *Seneca. Agamemnon.*

Doubtful ills do plague us worſt.

In events, I carry my ſelf like a Man, in the Conduct, like a Child. The fear of the Fall more aſtoniſhes me than the Fall it ſelf. It will not quit coſt. The covetous Man has a worſe account of his Paſſion than the poor, and the jealous Man than the Cuckold; and a man oftimes loſes more by defending his Vine-yard than if he gave it up. The loweſt walk is the ſafeſt; 'tis the Seat of Conſtancy: You have there need of no one but your ſelf, 'tis there founded, and wholly ſtands upon it's own Baſis. Has not this Example of a Gentleman very well known ſome air of *Philoſophy* in it? He married, being well advanc'd in years, having ſpent his Youth in Good-fellowſhip, a great Talker and a great Jeerer; calling to mind how much the ſubject of Cuckoldry had given him occaſion to talk and ſcoff at others, to prevent them from paying him in his own coin, he married a Wife from a Place where any may have fleſh for his Mony: *Good morrow Whore, Good morrow Cuckold*; and there was not any thing wherewith he more commonly and openly entertain'd thoſe that came to ſee him than with this deſign of his, by which he ſtop'd the

private muttering of Mockers, and defended himſelf from this Reproach. As to Ambition, which is Neighbour, or rather Daughter to Preſumption, Fortune, to advance me, muſt have come and taken me by the hand; for to trouble myſelf for an uncertain Hope, and to have ſubmitted my ſelf to all the difficulties that accompany thoſe who endeavour to bring themſelves into Credit in the beginning of their Progreſs, *I* could never have done it.

Terence. ——*ſpem pretio non emo.*

I will not purchaſe Hope with Mony.

I apply my ſelf to what *I* ſee, and to what *I* have in my Hand, and go not very far from the Shoar:

Prop. l. 1. *Eleg.* 2. *Alter remus aquas, alter tibi radat arenas.*

Into the Sea *I* plung one Oar.
And with the other rake the Shoar.

And beſides, a Man rarely arrives to theſe Advancements, but in firſt hazarding what he has of his own: And *I* am of Opinion, that if a Man have ſufficient to maintain him in the Condition wherein he was born and brought up, 'tis a great folly to hazard that upon the incertainty of augmenting it. He to whom *Fortune* has deny'd whereon to ſet his Foot, and to ſettle a quiet and compos'd way of living, is to be excus'd if he does venture what he has, becauſe, happen what will, Neceſſity puts him upon ſhifting for himſelf.

Seneca. Agam. *Capienda rebus in malis præceps via eſt.*

A deſperate caſe muſt have a deſperate courſe And *I* rather excuſe a younger Brother to expoſe what his Friends have left him to the Courteſie

teſie of fortune, than him with whom the Honour of his Family is intruſted, that cannot be neceſſitous, but by his own Fault. I have found a much ſhorter and more eaſie way, by the Advice of the good Friends I had in my younger days, to free my ſelf from any ſuch Ambition, and to ſit ſtill.

Cui ſit conditio dulcis, ſine pulvere palmæ. *Horace. l. 1. Epiſt. 1.*
Whoſe Sword hath won him Honour in true Fights. *Sir Richard Fenſhaw.*

Duſty Olympick Lawrels that Man ſlights.

Judging rightly enough of my own Forces, that they were not capable of any great Matters; and calling to mind the ſaying of the late Chancellor *Oliver*, that the *French* were like Monkies, that ſwarm up a Tree from Branch to Branch, and never ſtop till they come to the higheſt; and there ſhow their ugly bald Breech.

Turpe eſt quod nequeas capiti committere pondus, *Propertius.*
Et preſſum inflexo mox dare terga genu.
It is a ſhame to load the Shoulders ſo,
That they the Burthen cannot undergo;
And the Knees bending with the weight to quit
The pond'rous load, and turn the Back to it.

I ſhould find the beſt Qualities I have uſeleſs in this Age. The facility of my Manners would have been call'd Weakneſs and Negligence, my Faith and Conſcience, if ſuch I have, Scrupuloſity and Superſtition; my Liberty and Freedom would have been reputed troubleſome, inconſiderate and raſh. *Ill luck is good for ſomething.* *Proverb.* It is good to be born in a very deprav'd Age; for ſo in compariſon of others, you ſhall be reputed vertuous good cheap. He that in our days is but

a *Parricide*, and a *ſacrilegious* Perſon, is an honeſt Man, and a Man of Honour.

Juven. ſat. 13.

Nunc ſi depoſitum non inficiatur amicus,
Si reddat veterem cum tota ærugine follem,
Prodigioſa fides, & Thuſcis digna libellis,
Quæque coronata luſtrari debeat agna.
Now if a Friend does not deny his Truſt,
But does th' old Purſe reſtore with all it's ruſt;
'Tis a prodigious Faith, that ought in Gold
Amongſt the *Thuſcan* Annals be enroll'd,
And a crown'd Lamb ſhould ſacrificed be
To ſuch an exemplary integrity.

And never was time or place wherein *Princes* might propoſe to themſelves more certain Rewards for their Vertue and Juſtice. The firſt that ſhall make it his buſineſs to get himſelf into favour and eſteem by thoſe ways, I am much deceiv'd if he do not, and by the beſt Title outſtrip his Concurrents. Force and Violence can do ſomething, but not always all: We ſee *Merchants*, *Country Juſtices*, and *Artizans*, go cheek by joul with the beſt Gentry in Valour and Military Knowledge. They perform honourable Actions both in publick Engagements and private Quarrels, they fight Duels, and defend Towns in our preſent Wars. A Prince ſtifles his Renown in this crow'd. Let him ſhine bright in Humanity, Truth, Loyalty, Temperance and eſpecially in Juſtice; marks rare, unknown and exil'd; 'tis by no other means but by the ſole good-will of the People that he can do his buſineſs, and no other Qualities can attract their good-will like thoſe, as being of greateſt Utility to them. *Nil eſt tam populare quam bonitas.*

Cicero.

Nothing

Nothing is ſo popular as goodneſs. By this proportion I had been great and rare, as I find my ſelf now a Pigmee, and popular by the proportion of ſome paſt Ages; wherein, if other better Qualities did not concur, it was ordinary and common to ſee a man moderate in his Revenges, gentle in reſenting Injuries, in abſence religious of his Word, neither double nor too ſupple, nor accommodating his Faith to the will of others, or the turns of Times: I would rather ſee all Affairs go to wrack and ruine than falſifie my Faith to ſecure them. For as to this Vertue of Diſſimulation, which is now in ſo great requeſt, I mortally hate it; and of all Vices, find none that does evidence ſo much baſeneſs and meanneſs of Spirit. 'Tis a cowardly and ſervile Humour to hide and diſguiſe a man's ſelf under a Vizor, and not to dare to ſhew himſelf what he is. By that our followers are train'd up to Treachery. Being brought up to ſpeak what is not true, they make no Conſcience of a Lye. A generous Heart ought not to belye its own Thoughts, but will make it ſelf ſeen within, all there is good, or at leaſt manly: *Ariſtotle* reputes it the Office of Magnanimity, openly and profeſſedly to love and hate, to judge and ſpeak with all freedom; and not to value the approbation or diſlike of others in compariſon of *Truth*: *Apollonius* ſaid, it was for Slaves to lye, and for Free-men to ſpeak truth. 'Tis the chief and fundamental part of *Vertue*, we muſt love it for it ſelf. He that ſpeaks truth, becauſe he is oblig'd ſo to do, and becauſe he ſerves; and that is not afraid to lye when it

Lying condemn'd.

ſignifies nothing to any body, is not ſufficiently true. My Soul naturally abominates Lying, and hates the thought of it. I have an inward baſhfulneſs, and a ſharp remorſe, if ſometimes a Lye eſcape me, as ſometimes it does, being ſurpriz'd by Occaſions that allow me no Premeditation. A Man muſt not always tell all, for that were folly: But what a man ſays ſhould be what he thinks, otherwiſe 'tis knavery. I do not know what advantage men pretend to by eternally counterfeiting and diſſembling, if not, never to be believ'd when they ſpeak the Truth. This may once or twice paſs upon men; but to profeſs concealing their Thoughts, and to brag, as ſome of our *Princes* have done, *that they would burn their Shirts if they knew their true Intentions*; which was a ſaying of the Ancient *Metellus* of *Macedon*; and, *that who knows not how to diſſemble, knows not how to Rule:* Is to give warning to all who have any thing to do with them, that all they ſay is nothing but Lying and Deceit. *Quo quis verſutior, & callidior eſt, hoc inviſior & ſuſpectior, detracta opinione probitatis.* *By how much any one is more ſubtle and cunning, by ſo much is he hated and ſuſpected, the Opinion of his Integrity being loſt and gone.* It were a great ſimplicity in any one to lay any ſtreſs either on the Countenance or word of a man, that has paſt on a Reſolution to be always another thing without than he is, within, as *Tiberius* did; and I cannot conceive what intereſt ſuch can have in the converſation with men, ſeeing they produce nothing that is current and true. Whoever is diſloyal to Truth, is the ſame to Falſhood alſo. Thoſe of

Cicero de off. l. 1.

our

our time, who have conſidered in the eſtabliſhment of the duty of a *Prince*, the good of his Affairs only, and have preferr'd that to the care of his Faith and Conſcience; might ſay ſomething to a *Prince* whoſe Affairs *Fortune* had put into ſuch a poſture, that he might for ever Eſtabliſh them by only once breaking his word: But it will not go ſo, they often buy in the ſame Market, they make more than once Peace, and enter into more than one Treaty in their lives. Gain tempts them to the firſt breach of Faith, and almoſt always preſents it ſelf, as in all other ill Acts, Sacrileges, Murthers, Rebellions, Treaſons, as always undertaken for ſome kind of Advantage. But this firſt Gain has infinite miſchievous conſequences; throws this *Prince* out of all Correſpondence and Negotiation, by this Example of Infidelity. *Soliman*, of the *Ottoman* Race, a Race not very ſollicitous of keeping their Words or Articles, when in my Infancy he made his Army land at *Otranto*, being inform'd that *Mercurino de Gratinare*, and the inhabitants of *Caſtro* were detain'd Priſoners, after having ſurrendred the place, contrary to the Articles of their Capitulation; ſent order to have them ſet at Liberty, ſaying, That having other great Enterprizes in hand in thoſe Parts, the diſloyalty, though it carried a ſhew of preſent Utility, would for the future bring on him a diſrepute and diffidence of infinite prejudice. Now, for my part, I had rather be troubleſome and indiſcreet, than a Flatterer and a Diſſembler. I confeſs that there may be ſome mixture of Pride and Obſtinacy in keeping my ſelf ſo upright and open as I do without any Conſidera-

tion of others; and methinks I am a little too free, where I ought leaſt to be ſo, and that I grow hot by the oppoſition of Reſpect; and it may be alſo, that I ſuffer my ſelf to follow the Propenſion of my own Nature for want of Art; uſing the ſame liberty of Speech and Countenance towards great Perſons, that I bring with me from my own Houſe: I am ſenſible how much it declines towards incivility and indiſcretion: But beſides that, I am ſo bred, I have not a Wit ſupple enough to evade a ſudden Queſtion, and to eſcape by ſome Evaſion, nor to feign a Truth, nor Memory enough to retain it ſo feign'd; nor truly aſſurance enough to maintain it and play the Brave out of Weakneſs. And therefore it is that I abandon my ſelf to Candor, always to ſpeak as I think, both by Complexion and Deſign, leaving the event to Fortune. *Ariſtippus* was wont to ſay, that the principal benefit he had extracted from *Philoſophy* was, that he ſpoke freely and openly to all. Memory is a faculty of wonderful uſe, and without which the Judgment can very hardly perform its Office: for my part I have none at all: What any one will propoſe to me, he muſt do it by parcels, for to anſwer a ſpeech conſiſting of ſeveral heads, I am not able. I could not receive a Commiſſion by word of mouth, without a Note-book: and when I have a Speech of Conſequence to make, if it be long, I am reduc'd to the miſerable Neceſſity of getting it Word for Word what I am to ſay by Heart; I ſhould otherwiſe have neither faſhion nor aſſurance, being in fear that my Memory would play me a ſlippery trick. But this

Memory very uſeful to the Judgment.

this way is no leſs difficult to me than the other. I muſt have three hours to learn three Verſes. And beſides, in a Work of a man's own, the Liberty and Authority of altering the Order, of changing a Word, inceſſantly varying the matter, makes it harder to ſtick in the Memory of the Author. The more I miſtruſt it, the worſe it is, it ſerves me beſt by chance, I muſt negligently ſollicite it, for if I preſs it, 'tis aſtoniſh't, and after it once begins to ſtagger, the more I ſound it, the more it is perplex'd; it ſerves me at it's own hour, not at mine. And the ſame defect I find in my Memory, I find alſo in ſeveral other Parts. I fly command, obligation and conſtraint. That which I can otherwiſe naturally and eaſily do; if I impoſe it upon my ſelf by an expreſs and ſtrict Injuction, I cannot do it. Even the members of my Body, over which a man has a more particular juriſdiction, ſometime refuſe to obey me, if I enjoyn them a neceſſary ſervice at a certain hour. This tyrannical and compulſive Appointment baffles them, they ſhrink up either through fear or ſpite, and fall into a Trance. Being once in a Place where it is look'd upon as the greateſt diſcourteſie imaginable not to pledge thoſe who drink to you, though I had there all liberty allowed me, I try'd to play the good Fellow, out of reſpect to the Ladies that were there, according to the cuſtom of the Country; but there was ſport enough, for this Threatning and Preparation, that I was to force my ſelf contrary to my Cuſtom and Inclination, did ſo ſtop my Throat, that I could not ſwallow one drop; and was de-

priv'd

priv'd of drinking ſo much as to my Meat. I found my ſelf gorg'd, and my Thirſt quench'd by ſo much Drink as my Imagination had ſwallow'd. This effect is moſt manifeſt in ſuch as have the moſt vehement and powerful imagination: but it is natural notwithſtanding, and there is no one that does not in ſome meaſure find it. They offer'd an excellent *Archer*, condemn'd to dye, to ſave his Life, if he would ſhew ſome notable proof of his Art, but he refuſed to try, fearing leaſt the too great Contention of his Will would make him ſhoot wide, and that inſtead of ſaving his Life, he ſhould alſo loſe the Reputation he had got of being a good Marks-man. A Man that thinks of ſomething elſe, will not fail to take over and over again the ſame number and meaſure of ſteps, even to an inch, in the place where he walks: But if he makes it his Buſineſs to meaſure and count them, he will find that what he did by Nature and Accident, he cannot ſo exactly do by Deſign. My *Library*, which is of the beſt ſort of Country *Libraries*, is ſcituated in a corner of my Houſe, if any thing comes into my Head that I have a Mind to look on or to write; leſt I ſhould forget it in but going croſs the Court, *I* am fain to commit it to the Memory of ſome other. If *I* venture in ſpeaking to digreſs never ſo little from my Subject, *I* am infallibly loſt, which is the reaſon that *I* keep my ſelf in Diſcourſe ſtrictly cloſe. *I* am forc'd to call the Men that ſerve me either by the Names of their Offices, or their Country; for Names are very hard for me to remember. *I* can tell indeed that there are three Syllables,

that

that it has a harſh ſound, and that it begins or ends with ſuch a Letter, but that's all: and if *I* ſhould live long, *I* do not think but *I* ſhould forget my own Name, as ſome others have done. *Meſſela Corvinus*, was two years without any trace of Memory, which is alſo ſaid of *Georgius Trapezentius*. For my own intereſt, *I* often meditate what a kind of Life theirs was, and if, without this Faculty, *I* ſhould have enough left to ſupport me with any manner of eaſe, and prying narrowly into it, *I* fear that this Privation, if abſolute, deſtroys all the other functions of the Soul. Memory quite loſt.

Plenus rimarum ſum, hac atque illac perfluo. *Ter. Eunu. act. 1. ſc. 2.*

I'm full of chinks, and lead out every way.

It has befall'n me more than once to forget the *Word I* had three hours before given or receiv'd, and to forget where *I* had hid my Purſe, whatever *Cicero* is pleas'd to ſay: *I* help my ſelf to loſe what *I* have a particular care to lock ſafe up. *Memoria certe non modo Philoſophiam, ſed omnis vitæ uſum, omneſque artes, una maxime continet. The Memory is the receptacle and ſheath of all Science*; and therefore mine being ſo treacherous, if *I* know little, *I* cannot much complain; *I* know in general the Names of the Arts, and of what they treat, but nothing more. *I* turn over Books, *I* do not ſtudy them; what *I* retain *I* do not know to be anothers, and is only what my Judgment has made it's advantage of; Diſcourſes and Imaginations in which it has been inſtructed. The Author, Place, Words and other Circumſtances, *I* immediately forget, and am ſo excellent at forgetting, that *I* no leſs *Cicero.* The Authors Memory.

forget

forget my own Writings and Compoſitions than the reſt. *I* am very often quoted to my ſelf, and am not aware of it; and whoever ſhould enquire of me where *I* had the Verſes and Examples that *I* have here huddled together, would puzzle me to tell him, and yet I have not borrow'd them but from famous and known Authors, not ſatisfying my ſelf that they were rich; if *I* moreover had them not from rich and honourable Hands, where there is a concurrence of Authority as well as Reaſon. It is no great wonder if my Book run the ſame fortune that other Books do, and if my Memory loſe what I have writ as well as what I have read, and what I give, as well as what I receive. Beſide the defect of Memory, I have others which very much contribute to my ignorance; *I* have a ſlow and heavy Wit, the leaſt cloud ſtops its progreſs, ſo that, for Example, I never propos'd to it any never ſo eaſie a *Riddle* that it could find out. There is not the leaſt idle ſubtilty, that will not gravel me. In Games, where Wit is requir'd, as *Cheſs*, *Draughts* and the like, I underſtand no more but the motions of the men, without being capable of any thing of deſign. I have a ſlow and perplex'd Apprehenſion, but what it once apprehends, it apprehends well, for the time it retains it. My Sight is perfect, entire and diſcovers at a very great Diſtance, but is ſoon weary, which makes me that I cannot read long, but am forc'd to have one to read to me. The younger *Pliny* can inform ſuch as have not experimented it themſelves, what, and how important an impediment this is to thoſe who addict them-

His Apprehenſion.

His Sight.

themſelves to ſtudy. There is no ſo wretched and illiterate a Soul, wherein ſome particular Faculty is not ſeen to ſhine; no Soul ſo buried in ſloth and ignorance but it will ſally at one end or another. And how it comes to paſs that a Man blind and aſleep to every thing elſe, ſhall be found ſpritely, clear and excellent in ſome one particular Effect, we are to enquire of our Maſters: But the beautiful Souls are they that are Univerſal, Open, and Ready for all things, if not inſtructed, at leaſt capable of being ſo. Which I ſay to accuſe my own, for whether it be through infirmity or negligence (and to neglect that which lies at our feet, which we have in our hands, and what neareſt concerns the uſe of Life, is far from my Doctrine) there is not a Soul in the World ſo aukward as mine, and ſo ignorant of ſeveral vulgar things, and ſuch a man cannot without ſhame be ignorant of. I muſt give ſome Examples, I was born and bred up in the Country, and amongſt Husbandmen; I have had Buſineſs and Husbandry in my own Hands ever ſince my Predeceſſors, who were Lords of the Eſtate I now enjoy, left me to ſucceed them: and yet I can neither caſt account, nor reckon my Counters; moſt of our current Mony I do not know, nor the difference betwixt one Grain and another, either growing or in the Barn, if it be not too apparent; and ſcarcely can diſtinguiſh the Cabidge and Lettice in my Garden. I do not ſo much as underſtand the Names of the chief inſtruments of Husbandry, nor the moſt ordinary Elements of *Agriculture*, which the very Children know; much leſs

leſs the mechanick Arts, Traffick, Merchandize, the variety and Nature of Fruits, Wines and Vines: Nor how to make a Hawk fly, nor to phyſick a Horſe, or a Dog. And, ſince *I* muſt publiſh my whole ſhame, 'tis not above a Month ago, that *I* was trapt in my ignorance of the uſe of leaven to make Bread, or to what end it was to keep Wine in the Vat. They conjectur'd of old at *Athens*, an aptitude to the *Mathematicks* in him they ſaw ingeniouſly bavin up a burthen of Bruſh-wood. In earneſt, they would draw a quite contrary Concluſion from me, for give me the whole Proviſion and Neceſſaries of a Kitchin, *I* ſhould ſtarve. By theſe features of my Confeſſion Men may imagin others to my Prejudice: but whatever *I* deliver my ſelf to be, provided it be ſuch as I really am, *I* have my end; neither will I make any excuſe for committing to Paper ſuch mean and frivolous things as theſe: The meanneſs of the Subject compells me to it. They may if they pleaſe accuſe my Project, but not my Progreſs. So it is, that without any bodies needing to tell me, *I* ſufficiently ſee of how little weight and value all this is, and the Folly of my Deſign. 'Tis enough that my Judgment does not contradict it ſelf, of which theſe are the Eſſays.

Mart. l. 13. *Epig.* 2.

Naſutus ſis uſque licet, ſis denique naſus,
Quantum noluerit ferre rogatus Atlas;
Et poſſis ipſum tu deridere Latinum,
Non potes in nugas dicere plura meas,
Ipſe ego quam dixi: quid dentem dente juvabit
Reddere? carne opus eſt, ſi ſatur eſſe velis.
Ne perdas operam, qui ſe mirantur, in illos
Virus habe, nos hæc novimus eſſe nihil.

Be

Be nos'd, be all Noſe, till thy Noſe appear
So great, that *Atlas* it refuſe to bear;
Though ev'n againſt *Latinus* thou inveigh;
Againſt my Trifles thou no more can'ſt ſay
Than *I* have ſaid my ſelf: then to what end
Should we to render tooth for tooth contend,
You muſt have fleſh if you'l be full my friend
Loſe not thy Labour; on thoſe that do
Admire themſelves thy utmoſt venom throw
That theſe things nothing are full well we know.

I am not oblig'd to utter no Abſurdities, provided *I* am not deceiv'd in them, and know them to be ſuch; and to trip knowingly, is ſo ordinary with me, that *I* ſeldom do it otherwiſe, and rarely trip by chance. 'Tis no great matter to add ridiculous Actions to the temerity of my Humour, ſince *I* cannot ordinarily help ſupplying it with thoſe that are vicious. *I* was preſent one day at *Bar-leduc*, when King *Francis* the Second, for a Memorial of *Rene* King of *Sicily*, was preſented with a Picture he had drawn of himſelf. Why is it not in like manner lawful for every one to draw himſelf with a Pen as he did with a *Crayon*? I will not therefore omit this blemiſh, though very unfit to be publiſhed, which is irreſolution; a very great Defect, and very incommodious in the Negotiations of the affairs of the World; in doubtful Enterprizes, *I* know not which to chooſe.

The picture of *Rene* King of *Sicily* drawn by himſelf.

Ne ſi ne no, nel cormi ſuona intero.

I can maintain an Opinion, but *I* cannot chooſe one, by reaſon that in Human things, to what *Sect* ſoever a man inclines, many Apparence

parences present themselves that confirm us in it; and the Philosopher *Chrysippus* said, that he would of *Zeno* and *Cleanthes* his Masters learn their Doctrines only; for as to Proofs and Reasons, he should find enough of his own: Which way soever I turn, I still furnish my self with Causes, and likelihood enough to fix me there, which makes me detain doubt, and the liberty of choosing, till all occasion presses; and then, to confess the Truth, I, for the most part, *throw the Feather into the Wind*, as the saying is, and commit my self to the mercy of Fortune; a very light Inclination and Circumstance carries me along with it.

Terence. Andr. Act. 1. Scen. 3.

Dum in dubio est animus, Paulo momento huc atque illuc impellitur.

My mind being in doubt, in a short space,
With nimble turns, this way and that way sways.

The incertainty of my Judgment is so equally balanc'd in most Occurences, that I could willingly refer it to be decided by the chance of a Dye. And observe, with great consideration of our Human Infirmity, the Examples that the Divine *History* it self has left us of this custom of referring to Fortune and Chance the determination of Elections in doubtful things: *Act. 1.* *Sors cecidit super Matthiam, The Lot fell upon Matthias.* Human Reason is a two edg'd and a dangerous Sword: Observe in the hand of *Socrates*, her most intimate and familiar friend, how many several points it has. I am also good for nothing but to follow and suffer my self to be easily carried away with the Crowd; I have

nor

not Confidence enough in my own Strength to take upon me to command and lead. I am very glad to find the way beaten before me by others. If I muſt run the hazard of an uncertain Choice, I am rather willing to have it under ſuch a one as is more confident in his Opinions than I am in mine, whoſe Ground and Foundation I find to be very ſlippery and unſure, and yet I do not eaſily change, by reaſon that I diſcern the ſame weakneſs in contrary Opinions. *Ipſa conſuetudo aſſentiendi periculoſa eſſe videtur, & lubrica. The very cuſtom of aſſenting ſeems to be dangerous and ſlippery.* Eſpecially in politic Affairs, there is a large Field open for Conteſtation. *Cicero, Acad. lib. 4.*

Juſta pari premitur velati cum pondere libra,
Prona nec hac plus parte ſedet, nec ſurgit ab illa. *Tibullus. l. 4.*

Like a juſt Ballance preſs'd with equal weight,
Nor dips, nor riſes, but the Beam is ſtraight.

Machiavel's Writings, for Example, were ſolid enough for the Subject, yet were they eaſie enough to be controverted; and they who have taken up the Cudgels againſt him, have left as great a Facility of controverting theirs. There was never wanting in that kind of Argument replies upon replies, and as infinite a contexture of Debates, as our wrangling Lawyers have extended in Favour of long Suits.

Cedimur, & totidem plagis conſumimus hoſtem. *Horace. l. 2. Epiſt. 2.*

——This is a War,
Wherein by turns we beat, and beaten are,

the Reaſons having little other foundation than Experience, and the variety of human Events, preſenting us with infinite Examples of all ſorts

of Forms. An underſtanding perſon of our Times ſays, That whoever would in Contradiction to our *Almanacks* write cold, where they ſay hot, and wet where they ſay dry, and always put the contrary to what they foretel; if he were to lay a Wager, he would not care which ſide he took, excepting where no incertainty could fall out; as to promiſe exceſſive heats at *Chriſtmas*, or extremity of cold at *Midſummer*, which cannot poſſibly be. I have the ſame Opinion of theſe politick Controverſies; be on which ſide you will, you have as fair a Game to play as your Adverſary, provided you do not proceed ſo far as to juſtle Principles that are too manifeſt to be diſputed. And yet, in my Conceit, in publick Affairs, there is no Government ſo ill, provided it be antient, and has been conſtant, that is not better than change and alteration. Our manners are infinitely corrupted, and wonderfully incline to the worſe: Of our Laws and Cuſtoms there are many that are barbarous and monſtrous: Nevertheleſs, by reaſon of the difficulty of Reformation, and the Danger of ſtirring things, if I could put ſomething under to ſtop the Wheel, and keep it where it is, I would do it with all my Heart.

Juvenal. *Numquam adeoque pudendis*
Utimur exemplis, ut non pejora ſuperſint.
Th' Examples we produce, are not ſo plain
And ſmutty, but behind far worſe remain.

The worſt thing I find in our *State*, is the inſtability of it, and that our *Laws*, no more than our Clothes cannot ſettle in any certain Form. It is very eaſie to accuſe a Government of imperfe-

ction,

ction, for all mortal things are full of it: it is very eaſie to beget in a People a contempt of Ancient Obſervances, never any man undertook it but he did it; but to eſtabliſh a better Regiment in the ſtead of that a man has overthrown, many who have attempted that have been founder'd in the attempt. I very little conſult my Prudence in my Conduct; I am willing to let it be guided by the publick Rule. Happy People, who do what they are commanded better than they who command, without tormenting themſelves with the cauſes, who ſuffer themſelves gently to roul after the Cœleſtial Revolution. Obedience is never pure nor calm in him who argues and diſputes. In fine, to return to my ſelf, the only thing by which I eſteem my ſelf to be ſomething, is, that wherein never any man thought himſelf to be defective; my recommendation is vulgar and common, for who ever thought he wanted Senſe? It would be a Propoſition that would imply a Contradiction in it ſelf, 'tis a Diſeaſe that never is where it is diſcern'd, 'tis tenacious and ſtrong, but that the firſt ray of the Patients Sight does nevertheleſs pierce through and diſperſe as the Beams of the Sun do thick and obſcure Miſts. To accuſe one's ſelf would be to excuſe in this caſe, and to condemn to abſolve. There never was Porter, or the ſillieſt Girl, that did not think they had ſenſe enough to do their buſineſs. We eaſily enough confeſs an advantage of Courage, Strength, Experience, Activity and Beauty in others; but an Advantage in Judgment we yield to none, and the Reaſons that ſimply proceed from the natu-

ral arguing of others, we think, if we had but turn'd our Thoughts that way, we ſhould our ſelves have found out as well as they. Knowledg, Stile and ſuch Parts as we ſee in others works, we are ſoon aware of, if they excel our own; but for the ſimple Products of the Underſtanding, every one thinks he could have found out the like, and is hardly ſenſible of the weight and difficulty, if not (and then with much ado) in an extream and incomparable diſtance. And whoever ſhould be able clearly to diſcern the height of anothers Judgment, would be alſo able to raiſe his own to the ſame pitch. So that it is a ſort of Exerciſe, from which a Man is to expect very little Praiſe, a kind of Compoſition of ſmall Repute. And beſides, for whom do you write? The Learned, to whom the Authority appertains of judging Books, know no other value but that of Learning, and allow of no other proceeding of Wit, but that of Erudition and Art; if you have miſtaken one of the *Scipios* for another, what is all the reſt you have to ſay worth? Whoever is ignorant of *Ariſtotle*, according to their Rule, is in ſome ſort ignorant of himſelf. Heavy, ill bred and vulgar Souls, cannot diſcern the Grace of a delicate Stile. Now theſe two ſorts of Men take up the World. The third ſort, into whoſe hands you fall, of Souls that are regular and ſtrong of themſelves, is ſo rare, that it juſtly has neither Name nor Place amongſt us; and 'tis ſo much time loſt to aſpire unto it, or to endeavour to pleaſe it. 'Tis commonly ſaid, that the juſteſt divident *Nature* has given of her Favours, is that of

of Senſe; for there is no one that is not contented with his ſhare? is it not Reaſon? For whoever ſhould diſcern beyond that, would ſee beyond his ſight. I think my Opinions are good and ſound, but who does not think the ſame of his? One of the beſt Proofs I have that mine are ſo, is the ſmall eſteem I have of my ſelf; for had they not been very well aſſur'd, they would eaſily have ſuffer'd themſelves to have been deceiv'd by the peculiar Affection I have to my ſelf, as one that place it almoſt wholly in my ſelf, and do not let much run by. All that others diſtribute amongſt an infinite number of Friends and Acquaintance, to their Glory and Grandeur, I dedicate to the repoſe of my own mind and to my ſelf. That which eſcapes thence is not properly by my direction.

Mihi nempe valere, & vivere doctus, *Plaut.*
To love my ſelf I very well can tell,
So as to live content, and to be well.

Now I find my Opinions very bold and conſtant, in condemning my own imperfection; and to ſay the truth, 'tis a Subject upon which I exerciſe my Judgment, as much as upon any other. The World looks always oppoſite, I turn my ſight inwards, there fix and employ it: Every one looks before him, *I* look into my ſelf, I have no other buſineſs but my ſelf, I am eternally meditating upon my ſelf, controul and taſte my ſelf; other mens Thoughts are ever wand'ring abroad, if they ſet themſelves to thinking, they are ſtill going forward,

Nemo in ſeſe tentat deſcendere. *Perſeus. Sat. 4.*
No man attempts to dive into himſelf.

for my part, I circulate in my ſelf: and this free Humour of not over eaſily ſubjecting my belief, I owe principally to my ſelf; for the ſtrongeſt and moſt general imaginations I have, are thoſe, that as a man may ſay, were born with me; they are natural and entirely my own. I produc'd them crude and ſimple, with a ſtrong and bold Production, but a little troubled and imperfect; I have ſince eſtabliſh'd and fortified them with the Authority of others, and the ſound Examples of the Ancients, whom I have found of the ſame Judgment: they have given me faſter hold, and a more manifeſt Fruition and Poſſeſſion of that I had before embrac'd; the Reputation that every one pretends to, of vivacity and promptneſs of Wit, I ſpeak in Regularity; the Glory they pretend to from a brave and honourable Action, or ſome particular Excellency, I claim from order, correſpondence, and tranquility of Opinions and Manners. *Omnino ſi quidquam eſt decorum, nihil eſt profecto magis quam æquabilitas univerſæ Vitæ, tum ſingularum actionum, quam conſervare non poſſis, ſi aliorum naturam imitans, omittas tuam.* *If any thing be entirely decent, nothing certainly can be more, than an equability in the whole Life, and in every particular Action of it: which thou can'ſt not poſſibly obſerve and keep, if imitating other mens Natures, thou layeſt aſide thy own.* Here then you ſee to what degree I find my ſelf guilty of this firſt part, that I ſaid was in the Vice of Preſumption. As to the ſecond, which conſiſts in not having a ſufficient eſteem for others; I know not whether or no

Cicero de offic. lib. 1.

I can ſo well excuſe my ſelf; but whatever comes on't, I am reſolv'd to ſpeak the Truth. And whether peradventure it be, that the continual frequentation I have had with the Humors of the Antients, and the *Idea* of thoſe great Souls of paſt Ages, put me out of taſte both with others and my ſelf; or that, in truth, the Age we live in does produce but very indifferent things; yet ſo it is, that I ſee nothing worthy of any great admiration, Neither indeed have I ſo great an intimacy with many Men, as is requiſite to make a right Judgment of them; and thoſe with whom my Condition makes me the moſt frequent, are, for the moſt part, Men that have little care of the culture of the Soul; but that look upon Honour as the ſum of all Bleſſings, and Valour as the height of all Perfection. What I ſee that is handſom in others, I very readily commend, and highly eſteem; nay, I often ſay more in their commendation, than I think they really deſerve, and give my ſelf ſo far leave to lye; for I cannot invent a falſe Subject. My Teſtimony is never wanting to my Friends, in what I conceive deſerves Praiſe; and where a foot is due, I am willing to give them a foot and a half; but to attribute to them Qualities that they have not, I cannot do it, nor openly defend their Imperfections. Nay, I frankly and ingeniouſly give my very Enemies their due Teſtimony of Honour. My Affection alters, my Judgment does not; and I never confound my Animoſity with other Circumſtances that are foreign to it; and am ſo jealous of the liberty of my Judgment, that I can very hardly part

with it for any Passion whatever. I do my self a greater injury in lying, than I do him of whom I tell a Lye. This commendable and generous Custom is observ'd of the *Persian* Nation, that they spoke of their mortal Enemies, and with whom they were at deadly Wars, as honourably and justly as their Vertues did deserve. I know Men enough, that have several fine Parts; one Wit, another Courage, another Address, another Conscience, another Language, one one Science, another, another; but a Man generally great, and that has all these brave Parts together, or any one of them to such a degree of Excellence that we should admire him, or compare him with those we honour of times past, my Fortune never brought me acquainted with; and the greatest I ever knew, I mean for the natural parts of the Soul, was *Stephen Boetius*; his was a full Soul indeed, and that had every way a beautiful aspect: a Soul of the old stamp, and that had produc'd great Effects, had Fortune been so pleas'd: having added much to those great natural Parts by learning and study. But how it comes to pass I know not, and yet it is certainly so, there is as much vanity and weakness of Judgment in those who profess the greatest Abilities, who take upon them learned Callings, and bookish Employments; as in any other sort of Men whatever; either because more is requir'd and expected from them, and that common defects are inexcusable in them; or because the Opinion they have of their own Learning makes them more bold to expose and lay themselves too open, by which they loose and betray themselves.

Enemies honour'd by the Persians *for their Vertue.*

Praise of *Stephen Boetius.*

ſelves. As an Artificer more betrays his want of Skill in a rich Matter he has in hand, if he diſgrace the Work by ill handling, and contrary to the Rules requir'd, than in a Matter of leſs value; and Men are more diſpleas'd at a Diſproportion in a Statue of Gold, than in one of Alabaſter; ſo do theſe, when they exhibit things that in themſelves, and in their place, would be good: for they make uſe of them without diſcretion, honouring their Memories at the expence of their Underſtandings, and making themſelves ridiculous to honour *Cicero*, *Galen*, *Ulpian* and St. *Hierom*. I willingly fall again into the Diſcourſe of the Vanity of our Education; the end of which is not to render us good and wiſe, but learned; and ſhe has obtain'd it. She has not taught us to follow and embrace Vertue and Prudence, but ſhe has imprinted in us their Derivation and Etymologie. We know how to decline Vertue, we know not how to love it. If we do not know what Prudence is really, and in effect, and by Experience, we have it however by heart. We are not content to know the Extraction, Kindred and Alliances of our Neighbours, we will moreover have them our Friends, and will eſtabliſh a Correſpondency and Intelligence with them: but this Education of ours has taught us Definitions, Diviſions and Partitions of Vertue, as ſo many Sirnames and Branches of a Genealogie, without any further care of eſtabliſhing any Familiarity or Intimacy betwixt her and us. She has cull'd out for our initiary Inſtruction, not ſuch Books as contain the ſoundeſt and trueſt Opinions, but thoſe that

ſpeak

ſpeak the beſt *Greek* and *Latin*; and by theſe queint Words has inſtill'd into our Fancy the vaineſt Humours of Antiquity. A good Education alters the Judgment and Manners; as it hapned to *Polemon*, a young lewd and debauch'd *Greek*, who going by chance to hear one of *Xenocrates* his Lectures, did not only obſerve the Eloquence and Learning of the Reader, and not only brought away the knowledg of ſome fine matter; but a more manifeſt and a more ſolid Profit, which was the ſudden Change and Reformation of his former Life. Who ever found ſuch an Effect of our Diſcipline?

Horace l. 2. Sat. 3.

——*faciaſne quod olim*
Mutatus Polemon, *ponas inſignia morbi*
Faſciolas, cubital, focalia, potus ut ille
Dicitur ex collo furtim carpſiſſe coronas,
Poſtquam eſt impranſi correptus voce Magiſtri.

Mr. *Alexander Brome.*

Pray tell me, can you do like *Polemon*?
Who, being drunk, ran with a Garland on
Into the School of grave *Xenocrates*, [theſe
With Ribons, Cuſhions, Handkerchiefs; all
He privately took off, and threw away, [ſay
When he heard what that temp'rate Man did

That ſeems to me to be the leaſt contemptible Condition of Men, which by its plainneſs and ſimplicity is ſeated in the loweſt degree, and invites us to a more regular Converſation. I find the manner and clowniſh Language of Country People commonly better ſuited to the Rule and Preſcription of true *Philoſophy* than thoſe of our Philoſophers themſelves. *Plus ſapit vulgus, quia tantum, quantum opus eſt, ſapit.* *The vulgar are ſo much the wiſer, becauſe they only know*

Lactant. Inſtit. l. 2.

know what is needful for them to know. The moſt remarkable Men, as I have judg'd by outward appearance (for to judge of them according to my own Method, I muſt penetrate a great deal deeper) for Souldiers and military Conduct, were the Duke of *Guiſe*, who dyed at *Orleance*, and the late Mareſchal *Strozzy*. And for Gunmen of great Ability, and no common Vertue, *Olivier*, and *de l'Hoſpital*, Chancellours of *France*. Poeſie too in my Opinion has flouriſh'd in this Age of ours. We have abundance of very good Artificers in the Trade, *Aurat*, *Beze*, *Buchanan*, *l'Hoſpital*, *Montdore* and *Turnebus*. As to the *French* Poets, I believe they have rais'd it to the higheſt pitch to which it can ever arrive; and in thoſe Parts of it wherein *Ronſard* and *du Bellay* excel, I find them little inferiour to the Ancient Perfection. *Adrian Turnebus* knew more, and what he did know, better than any Man of his Time, or long before him. The Lives of the laſt Duke of *Alva*, and of our Conſtable *de Montmorency*, were both of them Great and Noble, and that had many rare reſemblances of Fortune; but the beauty and glory of the Death of the laſt, in the ſight of *Paris* and of his King, againſt his neareſt Relations, in their Service, at the head of an Army, through his Conduct victorious, and by a blow of hand in ſo extream an old Age, merits, methinks, to be recorded amongſt the moſt remarkable Events of our times. As alſo the conſtant Vertue, Sweetneſs of Manners, and conſcientious Facility of *Monſieur de la Noue*, in ſo great an Injuſtice of armed Parties (the true School of Treaſon,

ſon, Inhumanity and Robbery) wherein he always kept up the reputation of a good man, and a great and experienc'd Captain. I have taken a delight to publiſh in ſeveral Places the hopes I have of *Mary de Gournay le Jars*, my Daughter of Alliance; and certainly belov'd by me with more than a Paternal Love, and mew'd up in my Solitude and Retirement as one of the beſt parts of my own Being. I have no regard to any thing in this World but her; and if a man may preſage from her Youth, her Soul will one day be capable of very great things; and amongſt others, of the Perfection of that Sacred Friendſhip, to which we do not read that any of her Sex could ever yet arrive; the ſincerity and ſolidity of her Manners are already ſufficient for it, and her Affection towards me more than ſuperabundant, and ſuch as that there is nothing more to be wiſh'd, if not that the Apprehenſion ſhe has of my End, being now five and fifty years old, might not ſo much afflict her. The Judgment ſhe made of my firſt *Eſſays*, being a Woman ſo young, and in this Age, and alone in her own Country, and the famous vehemency wherewith ſhe lov'd, and deſir'd me upon the ſole Eſteem ſhe had of me, before ſhe ever ſaw my Face, is an accident very worthy of Conſideration. Other Vertues have had little or no credit in this Age; but Valour is become popular by our *Civil Wars*; and in this, we have Souls brave, even to Perfection, and in ſo great number, that the choice is impoſſible to be made. This is all of extraordinary, and not common, that has hitherto arrived at my knowledge.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

Of giving the Lye.

WEll, but ſome one will ſay to me, this deſign of making a man's ſelf the ſubject of his writing, were indeed excuſable in rare and famous Men, who by their Reputation had given others a curioſity to be fully inform'd of them. It is moſt true, I confeſs it, and know very well, that a Tradeſman will ſcarce liſt his Eyes from his work to look at an ordinary man, when they will forſake their buſineſs and their Shops to ſtare at an eminent Perſon, when he comes to Town: It misbecomes any other to give his own Character, but ſuch a one who has Qualities worthy of imitation, and whoſe Life and Opinions may ſerve for Example. *Cæſar* and *Xenophon* had whereon to found their Narrations in the greatneſs of their own Performances, as a juſt and ſolid Foundation. And it were alſo to be wiſh'd, that we had the Journal Papers of *Alexander* the Great, the Commentaries that *Auguſtus*, *Cato*, *Sylla*, *Brutus* and others have left of their Actions. Men love and contemplate the very Statues of ſuch Men both in Copper and Marble. This Remonſtrance therefore is very true; but it very little concerns me.

Non recito cuiquam, niſi amicis, idque rogatus;
Non ubivis, coramve quibuſlibet: In medio qui
Scripta foro recitant ſunt multi, quique lavantes.

Hor. lib. 1. ſat. 4.

Mr. *Alexander Brome.*

I seldom do Rehersе, and when I do
'Tis to my Friends, and with Reluctance too,
Not before every one, and every where,
We have too many that Rehersers are,
In publick Bath, and open Markets too.

I do not here form a Statue to erect in the most eminent Place of a City, in a Church, or any publick Place;

Perseus. sat. 5.

Non equidem hoc studio bullatis ut mihi nugis,
Pagina turgescat:
Secreti loquimur.
I study not to make my Pages swell
With mighty trifles, secret things I tell.

'Tis for some corner of a Library, or to entertain a Neighbour, a Kinsman, or a Friend, that has a mind to renew his Acquaintance and Familiarity with this Image I have made of my self. Others have been encourag'd to speak of themselves, because they found the Subject worthy and rich; *I*, on the contrary, am the bolder, by reason the Subject is so poor and steril, that *I* cannot be suspected of Ostentation. *I* judge freely of the actions of others, *I* give little of my own to judge of, because they are nothing: *I* do not find so much good in my self as to tell it without blushing. What contentment would it be to me to hear any one thus relate to me the Manners, Faces, Countenances, the ordinary Words and Fortunes of my Ancestors? how attentively should *I* listen to it! In earnest, it would be ill Nature to despise so much as the Pictures of our Friends and Predecessors, the fashion of their Cloths and Arms. I preserve my Father's Writing, his Seal, and one peculiar Sword of his, and have

have not thrown long Staves he us'd to carry in his hand out of my Cloſet. *Paterna veſtis, & annulus, tanto charior eſt poſteris, quanto erga parentes major affectus. A Father's Garment and Ring, is by ſo much dearer to his Poſterity, as they had the greater affection towards them.* If my Poſterity nevertheleſs ſhall be of another mind, I ſhall be reveng'd on them; for they cannot careleſs for me, than *I* ſhall then do for them. All the Traffick that *I* have in this with the Publick is, that I borrow thoſe Utenſils of their Writing, which are more eaſie and moſt at hand, and in Recompence, ſhall peradventure keep a pound of Butter in the Market from melting in the Sun.

Ne toga cordyllis, ne penula deſit olivis
Et laxas ſcombris ſæpe dabo tunicas. *Mart. Catullus.*

I'll furniſh Plaice and Olives with a Coat,
And cover Mackarel when the Sun ſhines hot.

And though no body ſhould read me, have I loſt my time in entertaining my ſelf ſo many idle hours, in ſo pleaſing and uſeful Thoughts? In moulding this Figure upon my ſelf, I have been ſo oft conſtrain'd to temper and compoſe my ſelf in a right poſture, that the Copy is truly taken, and has in ſome ſort form'd it ſelf. But painting for others, I repreſent my ſelf in a better colouring than my own natural Complexion. I have no more made my Book than my Book has made me. 'Tis a Book conſubſtantial with the Author, of a peculiar Deſign; a Member of my Life, and whoſe Buſineſs is not deſign'd for others, as that of all other Books is. In giving my ſelf ſo continual, and ſo exact an account

account of my ſelf, have I loſt my time? For they who ſometimes curſorily ſurvey themſelves only, do not ſo ſtrictly examin themſelves, nor penetrate ſo deep, as he who makes it his Buſineſs, his Study and his whole Employment, who intends a laſting Record, with all his Fidelity, and with all his Force. The moſt delicious Pleaſures do ſo digeſt themſelves within, that they avoid leaving any trace of themſelves, and avoid the ſight not only of the People, but of any particular Man. How oft has this Meditation diverted me from troubleſome Thoughts? and all that are frivolous ſhould be reputed ſo. Nature has preſented us with a large faculty of entertaining our ſelves alone; and oft calls us to it, to teach us, that we owe our ſelves in part to Society, but chiefly and moſtly to our ſelves. That I may habituate my Fancy, even to meditate in ſome Method, and to ſome end, and to keep it from loſing it ſelf, and roving at random; 'tis but to give it a Body, and to Book all the little Thoughts that preſent themſelves to it. I give ear to my Whimſies, becauſe I am to record them. It oft falls out, that being diſpleas'd at ſome Actions that Civility and Reaſon will not permit me openly to reprove; do I here diſgorge my ſelf without deſign of public Inſtruction: And alſo theſe Poetical Laſhes

Marot contre Sagoin.

Zon ſus l'œil, zon ſur le groin,
Zon ſur le dos du ſagoin,
A Jerk over the Eye, over the Snowt,
Let *Sagoin* be jerk'd throughout,

imprint themſelves better upon Paper, than upon the moſt ſenſible Fleſh. What if I liſten to Books

Books a little more attentively than ordinary, ſince I watch if I can purloin any thing that may adorn or ſupport my own? I have not at all ſtudied to make a Book; but I have in ſome ſort ſtudied becauſe I had made it, if it be ſtudying to ſcratch and pinch now one Author and then another, either by the Head or Foot; not with any deſign to ſteal Opinions from them, but to aſſiſt, ſecond, and to fortifie thoſe I already have embrac'd. But who ſhall we believe in the report he makes of himſelf in ſo corrupt an Age? Conſidering there are ſo few, if any at all, whom we can believe, when ſpeaking of others, where there is leſs intereſt to lye. The firſt thing that is done in order to the corruption of Manners, is baniſhing of Truth; for, as *Pindar* ſays, to be ſincerely true, is the beginning of a great Vertue, and the firſt Article that *Plato* requires in the Government of his *Republick*. The truth of theſe days is not that which really is, but what every man perſwades himſelf, or that he is made to believe; as we generally give the name of Mony, not only to pieces of the juſt alloy, but even to the falſe alſo, if they are current, and will paſs. Our Nation has long been reproach'd with this Vice; for *Salvianus Maſſilienſis*, who liv'd in the time of the Emperour *Valentinian*, ſays, that lying and forſwearing themſelves is not a Vice in the *French*, but a way of ſpeaking. He that would enhaunce upon this Teſtimony, might ſay, that it is now a Vertue in them. Men form and faſhion themſelves to it, as to an Exerciſe of Honour; for Diſſimulation is one of the moſt notable Qualities of this Age,

I have often conſider'd whence this Cuſtom that we ſo religiouſly obſerve ſhould ſpring, of being more highly offended with the reproach of a Vice ſo familiar to us than any other, and that it ſhould be the higheſt injury can in Words be done us, to reproach us with a Lye; and upon Examination, find, that it is natural to defend the part that is moſt open, and lies expos'd to the greateſt Danger. It ſeems as if by reſenting, and being mov'd at the Accuſation, we in ſome ſort acquitted our ſelves of the Fault; though we confeſs it in Effect, we condemn it in outward appearance. May it not alſo be, that this reproach ſeems to imply Cowardize and meanneſs of Courage? Of which, can there be a more manifeſt ſign, than to eat a Man's own Words? What, to lye againſt a Man's own Knowledge? Lying is a baſe unworthy Vice; a Vice that one of the Ancients pourtrays in the moſt odious colours, when he ſays, *that it is to manifeſt a contempt of God, and withal a fear of Men.* It is not poſſible more excellently to repreſent the Horror, Baſeneſs and Irregularity of it; for what can a man imagine more hateful and contemptible than to be a Coward towards Men, and Valiant againſt his *Maker*? Our Intelligence, being by no other way to be conveyd to one another but by ſpeaking, who falſifies that, betrays publick Society. 'Tis the only way by which we communicate our Thoughts and Wills; 'tis the Interpreter of the Soul, and if that deceive us, we no longer know, nor have no farther tye upon one another. If that deceive us, it breaks all our Correſpondence, and

Lying an Argument of the Contempt of God.

and diſſolves all the tyes of Government. Certain Nations of the new diſcover'd *Indies* (no matter for naming them, being they are no more; for by a wonderful and unheard of Example, the Deſolation of that Conqueſt has extended to the utter abolition of Names, and the ancient knowledge of Places) offer'd to their *Gods* Humane Blood, but only ſuch as was drawn from the Tongue and Ears, to expiate for the Sin of Lying, as well heard as pronounc'd. The good Fellow of *Greece* was wont to ſay, that Children were amus'd with Toyes, and Men with Words. As to the diverſe uſage of our giving the Lye, and the Laws of Honour in that Caſe, and the alterations they have receiv'd, I ſhall refer ſaying what I know of them to another time, and ſhall learn, if I can, in the mean time, at what time the Cuſtom took beginning of ſo exactly weighing and meaſuring Words, and of making our Honours ſo intereſted in them; for it is eaſie to judge, that it was not anciently amongſt the *Greeks* and *Romans*; and I have often thought it ſtrange to ſee them rail at, and give one another the Lye without any farther Quarrel. Their *Laws* of Duty ſteer'd ſome other courſe than ours. *Cæſar* is ſometimes call'd *Thief*, and ſometimes *Drunkard* to his Teeth. We ſee the liberty of Invectives they practis'd upon one another; I mean the greateſt *Chiefs* of War of both Nations, where words are only reveng'd with words, and never proceed to any farther Quarrel.

CHAP. XIX.

Of Liberty of Conſcience.

'Tis uſual to ſee good Intentions, if carried on without Moderation, puſh men on to very vicious Effects. In this Diſpute, which has at this time engag'd *France* in a Civil War, the better and the ſoundeſt *Cauſe* no doubt is that which maintains the ancient *Religion* and *Government* of the Kingdom. Nevertheleſs, amongſt the good men of that Party (for I do not ſpeak of thoſe that only make a pretence, either to execute their own particular Revenges, or to gratifie their Avarice, or to purſue the Favour of Princes; but of thoſe who engage in the quarrel out of true Zeal to *Religion*, and a vertuous Affection to maintain the Peace and Government of their Country) of theſe *I* ſay, we ſee many whom Paſſion tranſports beyond the bounds of Reaſon, and ſometimes inſpires them with Counſels that are unjuſt and violent, and moreover inconſiderate and raſh. It is true, that in thoſe firſt times when our *Religion* began to gain Authority with the *Laws*, *Zeal* armed many againſt all ſorts of *Pagan Books*, by which the learned ſuffer'd an exceeding great loſs. A diſorder that *I* conceive did more prejudice to *Letters*, than all the Flames of the *Barbarians*. Of this *Cornelius Tacitus* is a very good Teſtimony; for though the Emperor *Tacitus* his

Plaut.

his Kinſman, had by expreſs Order furniſh'd all the Libraries in the World with it, nevertheleſs one entire Copy could not eſcape the curious examination of thoſe who deſir'd to aboliſh it, for only five or ſix idle Clauſes that were contrary to our belief. They had alſo the trick eaſily to lend undue Praiſes to all the *Emperours* who did any thing for us, and univerſally to condemn all the Actions of thoſe who were our Adverſaries, as is evidently manifeſt in the Emperour *Julian*, ſurnamed the *Apoſtate*; who was in truth a very great and a rare Man, a Man in whoſe Soul *Philoſophy* was imprinted in the beſt Characters, by which he profeſs'd to govern all his Actions; and in truth there is no ſort of Vertue of which he has not left behind him very notable examples. In *Chaſtity* (of which the whole courſe of his Life has given manifeſt Proof) we read the ſame of him, that was ſaid of *Alexander* and *Scipio*, that being in the Flower of his age, for he was ſlain by the *Parthians* at one and thirty, of a great many very beautiful Captives, he would not ſo much as look upon one. As to his Juſtice, he took himſelf the Pains to hear the Parties, and although he would out of Curioſity enquire what *Religion* they were of, nevertheleſs the hatred he had to ours, never gave any counterpoiſe to the Balance. He made himſelf ſeveral good Laws, and cut off a great part of the Subſidies and Taxes impos'd and levied by his Predeceſſors. We have two good Hiſtorians who were eye Witneſſes of his Actions; one of which, *Marcellinus*, in ſeveral Places of his Hiſtory, ſharply reproves an *Edict* of his

The Character of the Emperour *Julian* the *Apoſtate*.

whereby he interdicted all Chriſtian Rhetoricians and Grammarians to keep School, or to teach, and ſays he could wiſh that Act of his had been buried in Silence. It is very likely, that had he done any more ſevere things againſt us, he, ſo affectionate as he was to our party, would not have paſs'd it over in ſilence. He was indeed ſharp againſt us; but yet no cruel Enemy: For our own People tell this Story of him, that one day, walking about the City of *Chalcedon*, *Maris*, Biſhop of the Place, was ſo bold as to tell him that he was impious, and an Enemy to *Chriſt*, at which, ſay they, therein affecting a Philoſophical Patience, he was no further mov'd, than to reply, *Go Wretch, and lament the loſs of thy Eyes*, to which the *Biſhop* reply'd again, *I thank Jeſus Chriſt for taking away my ſight, that I may not ſee thy impudent Face.* So it is; that this Action of his ſavours nothing of the Cruelty that he is ſaid to have exercis'd towards us. *He was* (ſays *Eutropius*, my other Witneſs) *an Enemy to Chriſtianity, but without putting his Hand to Blood.*

His Juſtice.

And to return to his Juſtice, there is nothing in that whereof he can be accus'd, the ſeverity excepted he practis'd in the beginning of his Reign, againſt thoſe who had follow'd the Party of *Conſtantius*, his Predeceſſor.

His Sobriety.

As to his Sobriety, he liv'd always a Souldier's kind of Life; and kept a Table in the moſt profound Peace, like one that prepar'd and inur'd himſelf to the auſterities of War.

His Vigilancy.

His Vigilancy was ſuch, that he divided the Night into three or four parts, of which, always the leaſt was dedicated to ſleep, the reſt was ſpent either in viſiting the eſtate of his Army and Guards, in Perſon,

Perſon, or in Study, for, amongſt other rare Qualities, he was very excellent in all ſorts of Learning. 'Tis ſaid of *Alexander* the Great, that being in Bed, for fear leſt ſleep ſhould divert him from his Thoughts and Studies, he had always a Baſon ſet by his Bed-ſide, and held one of his hands out with a Ball of Copper in it, to the end, that beginning to fall aſleep, and his Fingers leaving their hold, the Ball by falling into the Baſon might awake him. But the other had his mind ſo bent upon what he had a mind to do, and ſo little diſturb'd with Fumes, by reaſon of his ſingular Abſtinence, that he had no need of any ſuch Invention. As to his Military Experience, he was excellent in all the Qualities of a great Captain, as it was likely he ſhould, being almoſt all his Life in a continual exerciſe of War, and moſt of that time with us in *France*, againſt the *Germans* and *Francs*: We hardly read of any Man that ever ſaw more Dangers, or that made more frequent Proofs of his perſonal Valour. His Death has ſomething in it parallel with that of *Epaminondas*, for he was wounded with an Arrow, and try'd to pull it out, and had done it, but that being edg'd, it cut and diſabled his Hand. He inceſſantly call'd out, that they would carry him again in this condition into the heat of the Battel to encourage his Souldiers, who very bravely diſputed the Battel without him, till Night parted the Armies. We ſtood oblig'd to his *Philoſophy* for the ſingular contempt he had for his Life, and all Human things. He had a firm Belief of the immortality of the Soul. In matter of *Religion*, he

His Military Experience.

he was vicious throughout, and was ſurnam'd the *Apoſtate*, for having relinquiſh'd ours: though, methinks, 'tis more likely that he had never throughly embrac'd it, but had diſſembled out of obedience to the Laws, till he came to the Empire. He was in his own ſo ſuperſtitious, that, that he was laught at for it by thoſe of the ſame Opinion of his own time, who jeeringly ſaid, that had he got the Victory over the *Parthians*, he had deſtroy'd the breed of Oxen in the World to ſupply his Sacrifices: He was more over beſotted with the Art of Divination, and gave Authority to all ſorts of Predictions. He ſaid, amongſt other things, at his Death, that he was oblig'd to the *Gods*, and thank'd them, in that they would not cut him off by Surprize, having long before advertis'd him of the Place and Hour of his Death, nor by a mean and unmanly Death, more becomming lazy and delicate People, nor by a Death that was languiſhing, long and painful; and that they had thought him worthy to Dye after that noble manner, in the progreſs of his Victories, in the flower of his Age, and in the height of his Glory. He had a Viſion like that of *Marcus Brutus*, that firſt threatned him in *Gaul*, and afterward appear'd to him in *Perſia* juſt before his Death. Theſe Words, that ſome make him ſay when he felt himſelf wounded, *Thou haſt overcome Nazaren*; or as others, *Content thy ſelf Nazaren*; would hardly have been omitted, had they been believ'd by my Witneſſes, who being preſent in the *Army*, have ſet down to the leaſt motions and words of his end, no more than certain other

The remarkable Death of the Emperor *Julian*.

other Miracles that are recorded of him. And to return to my Subject, he long nouriſh'd, ſays *Marcellinus*, *Paganiſm* in his Heart; but all his Army being *Chriſtians*, he durſt not own it. But in the end, ſeeing himſelf ſtrong enough to dare to diſcover himſelf, he caus'd the Temples of the *Gods* to be thrown open, and did his utmoſt to ſet on foot and to encourage Idolatry: Which the better to effect, having at *Conſtantinople* found the People diſunited, and alſo the Prelates of the Church divided amongſt themſelves, having conven'd them all before him, he gravely and earneſtly admoniſh'd them to calm thoſe civil Diſſentions, and that every one might freely, and without fear follow his own *Religion*. Which he did the more ſedulouſly ſollicit, in hope that this Licence would augment the *Schiſms* and *Faction* of their Diviſion, and hinder the People from reuniting, and conſequently fortifying themſelves againſt him by their unanimous Intelligence and Concord; having experimented by the cruelty of ſome *Chriſtians*, that there is no Beaſt in the World ſo much to be fear'd by Man, as Man. Theſe are very near his Words, wherein this is very worthy of conſideration, that the Emperor *Julian* made uſe of the ſame *Receipt* of Liberty of Conſcience to inflame the civil Diſſentions, that our Kings do to extinguiſh them. So that a man may ſay on one ſide, that to give the People the Reigns to entertain every man his own Opinion, is to ſcatter and ſow Diviſion, and, as it were, to lend a hand to augment it, there being no ſence nor correction of Law to ſtop and hinder their Carreer; Liberty of Conſcience.

reer; but on the other ſide, a Man may alſo ſay, that to give the People the Reins to entertain every Man his own Opinion, is to mollifie and appeaſe them by Facility and Toleration, and dull the point which is whetted and made ſharper by variety, novelty and difficulty. And I think it is better for the Honour of the Devotion of our *Kings*, that not having been able to do what they would, they have made a ſhew of being willing to do what they could.

CHAP. XX.

That we Taſte nothing pure.

THE imbecility of our condition is ſuch, that things cannot in their natural ſimplicity and purity fall into our Uſe; the Elements that we enjoy are chang'd, even Metals themſelves, and Gold muſt in ſome ſort be debas'd to fit it for our Service. Neither has *Vertue*, ſo ſimple as that which *Ariſto*, *Pyrro*, and alſo the *Stoicks* have made the principal end of Life; nor the *Cerenaick* and *Ariſtippick* Pleaſure, been without mixture uſeful to it. Of the Pleaſure and Goods that we enjoy, there is not one exempt from ſome mixture of ill and inconvenience.

Lucret. l. 4.

——— *medio de fonto leporum,*
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipſis floribus angat.
Something that's bitter will ariſe
Even amidſt our jollities.

Our

Our extreameſt Pleaſure has ſome Air of groaning and complaining in't. Would you not ſay that it is dying of Pain? Nay, when we forge the Image of it, we ſtuff it with ſickly and painful Epithets; Languor, Softneſs, Feebleneſs, Faintneſs, *Morbidezza*, a great Teſtimony of their conſanguinity and conſubſtantiality. The moſt profound Joy has more of Severity than Gayety in it. The moſt extream and moſt full contentment, more of the grave and temperate than of the wanton. *Ipſa fælicitas, ſe niſi temperat premit. Even Felicity, unleſs it moderate it ſelf, oppreſſeth.* Delight chews and grinds us; according to the old Greek Verſe, which ſays, that the *Gods* ſell us all the Goods they give us; that is to ſay, that they give us nothing pure and perfect, and that we do not purchaſe them but at the price of ſome evil. Labour and Pleaſure, very unlike in Nature, aſſociate nevertheleſs by I know not what natural Conjunction. *Socrates* ſays, that ſome God try'd to mix in one maſs, and to confound pain and pleaſure, but not being able to do it, he unbethought him, at leaſt to couple them by the Tail. *Metrodorus* ſaid that in Sorrow there is ſome mixture of Pleaſure: I know not whether or no he intended any thing elſe by that ſaying: But for my part, I am of Opinion, that there is deſign, conſent and complacency in giving a Man's ſelf up to Melancholy. I ſay, that beſides Ambition, which may alſo have a ſtroke in the Buſineſs; there is ſome ſhadow of Delight and Delicacy which ſmiles upon and flatters us even in the very lap of Melancholy. Are there not ſome Complexions that feed upon it? *Seneca Ep. 74.*

eſt

Ovid. Triſt. — *eſt quædam flere voluptas.*

A certain kind of Pleaſure 'tis to weep.

And one *Attalus* in *Seneca* ſays, that the Memory of our loſt Friends is as grateful to us, as bitterneſs in Wine too old is to the Palat,

Catullus. Ep.14. *Miniſter veteris puer falerni*
Ingere mi calices amariores.

Thou Boy, that fill'ſt the old *Falernian* Wine,
The bitt'reſt pour into the Boul that's mine.

and as Apples that have a ſweet tartneſs. Nature diſcovers this confuſion to us. Painters hold, that the ſame Motions and Screwings of the Face that ſerve for weeping, ſerve for laughter too; and indeed, before the one or the other be finiſh'd, do but obſerve the Painters manner of handling, and you will be in doubt to which of the two the deſign does tend. And the extremity of Laughter does at laſt bring Tears.

Senec. Ep.70. *Nullum ſine auctora mente malum eſt.* *No evil is without its Compenſation.* When I imagine Man abounding with all the pleaſure and conveniences that are to be deſir'd, let us put the caſe that all his Members were always ſeiz'd with a pleaſure like that of Generation in its moſt exceſſive height? I feel him melting under the weight of his delight, and ſee him utterly unable to ſupport ſo pure, ſo continual, and ſo univerſal a pleaſure. Indeed he is running away whilſt he is there, and naturally makes haſt to eſcape, as from a place where he cannot ſtand firm, and where he is afraid of ſinking. When I the moſt ſtrictly and religiouſly confeſs my ſelf, I find that the beſt Vertue I have has in it ſome tincture of Vice: And am afraid that *Pla-*

to,

to, in his pureſt Vertue (I who am as ſincere and perfect a lover of Vertue of that ſtamp, as any other whatever) if he had liſt'ned, and laid his ear cloſe to himſelf (and he did ſo) he would have heard ſome jarring ſound of Human mixture: But faint and remote, and only to be perceiv'd by himſelf. Man is wholly and throughout but patcht and motly. Even the *Laws* of Juſtice themſelves cannot ſubſiſt without mixture of Injuſtice: Inſomuch that *Plato* ſays, they undertake to cut off the *Hydra*'s head, who pretend to clear the Law of all inconvenience. *Omne magnum exemplum habet aliquid ex iniquo, quod contra ſingulos utilitate publica rependitur. Every great example has in it ſome mixture of Injuſtice, which recompences the wrong done to particular men by the publick utility*, ſays *Tacitus*. It is likewiſe true, that for the uſage of Life, and the ſervice of publick Commerce, there may be ſome exceſſes in the purity and perſpicacity of our minds; that penetrating light has in it too much of ſubtilty and curioſity: We muſt a little ſtupifie and blunt and abate them, to render them more obedient to example and practice; and a little veil and obſcure them, the better to proportion them to this dark and earthy Life. And yet common, and leſs ſpeculative Souls are found to be more proper, and more ſucceſsful in the management of Affairs; and the elevated and exquiſite Opinions of *Philoſophy* more unfit for buſineſs. This ſharp vivacity of Soul, and the ſupple and reſtleſs volubility attending it, diſturb our Negotiations. We are to manage human

Tacit. Annal. lib. 14.

En-

Enterprizes more ſuperficially and rudely, and leave a great part to Fortune. It is not neceſſary to examine Affairs with ſo much ſubtlety, and ſo deep: A man loſes himſelf in the conſideration of ſo many contrary luſtres, and ſo many various forms. *Voluntatibus res inter ſe pugnantes, obtorbuerant animi. Whilſt they conſider'd of things ſo indifferent in themſelves, they were aſtoniſh'd, and knew not what to do.* 'Tis what the Ancients ſay of *Simonides*, that by reaſon his imagination ſuggeſted to him, upon the queſtion *King Hiero* had put to him (to anſwer which he had had many days to meditate in) ſeveral witty and ſubtile conſiderations, whilſt he doubted which was the moſt likely, he totally deſpair'd of the truth. Who dives into, and in his inquiſition comprehends all circumſtances and conſequences, hinders his election: A little Engine well handled, is ſufficient for executions of leſs or greater weight and moment. The beſt Husbands are thoſe who can worſt give account how they are ſo; and the greateſt Talkers for the moſt part do nothing to purpoſe. I know one of this ſort of men, and a moſt excellent director in all ſorts of good husbandry, who has miſerably let an hundred thouſand Livers yearly Revenue ſlip through his hands. I know another, who ſays, that he is able to give better advice than any of his Counſel; and there is not in the world a fairer ſhew of a Soul, and of greater underſtanding, than he has; nevertheleſs, when he comes to the Teſt, his Servants find him quite another thing; not to make any further mention of his misfortune.

Livie.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

Againſt Idleneſs.

THe Emperour *Veſpaſian*, being ſick of the Diſeaſe whereof he died, did not for all that neglect to enquire after the *Eſtate* of the Empire; and even in bed continually diſpatcht very many Affairs of great conſequence; for which, being reprov'd by his *Phyſician*, as a thing prejudicial to his health, *An Emperor*, ſaid he, *muſt dye ſtanding.* A fine ſaying in my Opinion, and worthy a great *Prince.* The Emperour *Adrian* ſince made uſe of the ſame Words; and Kings ſhould be often put in mind of it, to make them know, that the great Office conferr'd upon them of the command of ſo many Men, is not an Employment of eaſe; and that there is nothing can ſo juſtly diſguſt a Subject, and make him unwilling to expoſe himſelf to Labour and Danger for the Service of his *Prince*, than to ſee him in the mean time devoted to his Eaſe and unmanly Delights: and to be ſollicitous of his Preſervation, who ſo much neglects that of his People. Whoever will take upon him to maintain, that 'tis better for a *Prince* to carry on his Wars by others, than in his own Perſon; Fortune will furniſh him with Examples enough of thoſe whoſe *Lieutenants* have brought great Enterprizes to a happy Iſſue, and of thoſe alſo whoſe Preſence has done more hurt than good.

But

But no vertuous and valiant *Prince*, can with Patience endure ſo diſhonourable Councils, under colour of ſaving his Head, like the Statue of a Saint, for the Happineſs of his Kingdom; they degrade him from, and declare him incapable of, his Office, which is Military throughout. I know one who had much rather be beaten, than to ſleep whilſt another fights for him; and who never without jealouſie heard of any brave thing done even by his own Officers in his Abſence. And *Selimus* ſaid, with very good Reaſon, in my Opinion, *That Victories obtain'd without the Maſters, were never compleat.* Much more would he have ſaid, that that Maſter ought to bluſh for ſhame, to pretend to any ſhare in the Honour, having contributed nothing to the work, but his Voice and Thought; nor even ſo much as thoſe, conſidering that in ſuch works as that, the Direction and Command that deſerve Honour are only ſuch as are given upon the place, and in the heat of the Buſineſs. No *Pilot* performs his Office by ſtanding ſtill. The *Princes* of the *Ottoman* Family, the chiefeſt in the World in Military Fortune, have warmly embrac'd this Opinion, and *Bajazet* the ſecond, with his Son that ſwerv'd from it, ſpending their time in Sciences and other retir'd employments, gave great blows to their Empire: And *Amurath* the third, now reigning, following their Example, begins to find the ſame. Was it not *Edw.* the Third King of *England*, who ſaid this of our *Charles* the Fifth? *There never was King who ſo ſeldom put on his Arms, and yet never King who cut me out ſo much Work.* He had reaſon to think it ſtrange,

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as an effect of Chance more than of Reaſon. And let thoſe ſeek out ſome other to joyn with them than me, who will reckon the Kings of *Caſtile* and *Portugal* amongſt the warlike and magnanimous Conquerors, becauſe at the diſtance of twelve hundred Leagues from their laſie abode, by the Conduct of their *Captains*, they made themſelves maſters of both *Indies*; of whom it would be known, if they have but the Courage to go, and in Perſon enjoy them. The Emperour *Julian* ſaid yet further, that a Philoſopher, and a brave man, ought not ſo much as to breathe; that is to ſay, not to allow any more to bodily Neceſſities, than what we cannot refuſe; keeping the Soul and Body ſtill intent and buſie about honourable, great and vertuous things: he was aſham'd if any one in publick ſaw him ſpit, or ſweat (which is ſaid by ſome alſo of the *Lacedemonian* young Men, and that *Xenophon* ſays of the *Perſian*) foraſmuch as he conceiv'd that Exerciſe, continual Labour and Sobriety, ought to have dried up all thoſe Superfluities. What *Seneca* ſays will not be unfit for this Place; which is, that the antient *Romans* kept their Youth always ſtanding, and taught them nothing that they were to learn ſitting. 'Tis a generous deſire to wiſh to dye uſefully, and like a Man, but the Effect lies not ſo much in our Reſolution as good Fortune. A thouſand have propos'd to themſelves in Battel, either to overcome or dye, who have fail'd both in the one and the other: Wounds and Impriſonment croſſing their Deſign, and compelling them to live againſt their Wills. There are Diſeaſes that over-

throw ſo much as our Deſires and our Knowledge. Fortune ought not to ſecond the Vanity of the *Roman Legions*, who bound themſelves by Oath, either to overcome, or dye. *Victor, Marce Fabi, revertar ex acie: Si fallo, Jovem patrem Gradivumque Martem, alioſque iratos invoco Deos. I will return* (Marcus Fabius) *a Conquerour from the Army: And if I fail, I wiſh the Indignation of* Jove, Mars *and the other offended Gods, may light upon me.* The *Portugueſe* ſay, that in a certain Place of their Conqueſt of the *Indies*, they met with Souldiers who had damn'd themſelves with horrible Execrations, to enter into no other Compoſition, but either to cauſe themſelves to be ſlain, or to remain Victorious; and had their Heads and Beards ſhav'd in token of this Vow. 'Tis to much purpoſe for us to hazard our ſelves, and to be obſtinate. It ſeems as if blows avoided thoſe that preſent themſelves too briskly to Danger; and do not willingly fall upon thoſe who too willingly ſeek them, and ſo defeat them of their Deſign. Such there have been, after having try'd all ways, not having been able with all their Endeavour to obtain the Favour of dying by the hand of the Enemy, have been conſtrain'd to make good their Reſolution of bringing home the Honour of Victory, or of loſing their Lives, to kill themſelves even in the heat of Battel. Of which there are other Examples, but this is one. *Philiſtus*, General of the naval Army of *Dionyſius* the younger againſt thoſe of *Saracuſa*, preſented them Battel, which was ſharply diſputed, their Forces being equal. In which Engagement he had the better at the firſt, through his own Va-

lour:

lour: but the *Syracuſans* drawing about his *Admiral Gally* to environ him; after having done great things in his own Perſon to diſengage himſelf, hoping for no relief, with his own hand took away that Life he had ſo liberally, and in vain, expos'd to the Fury of the Enemy. *Muley Moluck* King of *Fez*, who won the Battel againſt *Sebaſtian* King of *Portugal*, ſo famous for the Death of three Kings, and by the tranſmiſſion of that great Kingdom to the Crown of *Caſtile*; was extreamly ſick when the *Portugueſe* enter'd in an hoſtile manner into his Dominions; and from that day forward grew worſe and worſe, ſtill drawing nearer to, and foreſeeing his end: Yet never did man better imploy his own ſufficiency more vigorouſly and bravely than he did upon this Occaſion. He found himſelf too weak to undergo the Pomp and Ceremony of entring into his Camp, which after their manner is very Magnificent, and therefore reſign'd that Honour to his Brother; but that was alſo all of the Office of a *General* that he reſign'd, all the reſt of greateſt Utility and Neceſſity he moſt exactly and glorioufly performed in his own Perſon; his body lying upon a Coach, but his Judgment and Courage upright and firm to his laſt gaſp, and in ſome ſort beyond it. He might have defeated his Enemy, indiſcreetly advanc'd into his Dominions without ſtriking a Blow; and it was a very unhappy Occurrence, that for want of a little Life or ſome body to ſubſtitute in the Conduct of this War, and the Affairs of a troubled State, he was compell'd to ſeek a doubtful and bloody Victory, having another by a better

better and ſurer way already in his hands. Notwithſtanding, he wonderfully manag'd the continuance of his Sickneſs in conſuming the Enemy, and in drawing them far from the aſſiſtance of the Naval Army they had in the Ports of *Affrick*, even till the laſt day of his Life, which he deſignedly reſerv'd for this furious Battel. He order'd his Battel in a circular Form, environning the *Portugal* Army on every ſide, which round coming to cloſe in the Wings, and to draw up cloſe together, did not only hinder them in the Conflict (which was very ſharp through the Valour of the young invading King) conſidering they were every way to make a Front, but prevented their Flight after the Defeat, ſo that finding all Paſſages poſſeſt and ſhut up by the Enemy, they were conſtrain'd to cloſe up together again; *coacervanturque non ſolum cæde, ſed etiam fuga*, and there they were ſlain in heaps upon one another, leaving to the Conquerour a very bloody and entire Victory. Dying, he caus'd himſelf to be carried and hurri'd from place to place where moſt need was, and paſſing through the Files, encouraged the Captains and Souldiers one after another. But a corner of his Battel being broken, he was not to be held from mounting on Horſeback with his Sword in his hand. He did his utmoſt to break from thoſe about him, and to ruſh into the thickeſt of the Battel, they all the while withholding him, ſome by the Bridle, ſome by his Robe, and others by his Stirrups. This laſt Effort totally overwhelm'd the little Life he had left, they again lay him upon his Bed; but com-

coming to himſelf again, and ſtarting out of his Swoon, all other faculties failing, to give his People notice that they were to conceal his Death (the moſt neceſſary command he had then to give, that his Souldiers might not be diſcourag'd with the news) he expos'd with his Finger upon his Mouth the ordinary ſign of keeping ſilence. Who ever liv'd ſo long and ſo far in Death? whoever died more like a Man? The moſt extream degree of entertaining Death, and the moſt natural, is to look upon it not only without aſtoniſhment but without care, continuing the wonted courſe of Life even into it, as *Cato* did, who entertained himſelf in ſtudy, and went to ſleep, having a violent and bloody one in his Heart, and the Weapon in his hand, with which he was reſolved to diſpatch himſelf.

CHAP. XXII.

Of Poſts.

I Have been none of the leaſt able in this Exerciſe, which is proper for Men of my pitch, ſhort and well knit; but I give it over, it ſhakes us too much to continue long. I was juſt now reading, that King *Cyrus*, the better to have News brought him from all parts of the Empire, which was of a vaſt extent, caus'd it to be try'd how far a Horſe could go in a day without baiting; and at that diſtance appointed Stages and Men, whole

Poſt-horſes firſt ſet up by *Cyrus*.

whoſe buſineſs it was to have Horſes always in readineſs, to mount thoſe who were diſpatch'd away to him. And ſome ſay, that this ſwift way of poſting, is equal to that of the flight of Cranes. *Cæſar* ſays, that *Lucius Vibulus Rufus*, being in great haſt to carry Intelligence to *Pompey*, rid Day and Night, ſtill taking freſh Horſes for the greater Diligence and Speed; and himſelf, as *Suetonius* reports, travelled a hundred miles a day in a hir'd Coach; but he was a furious *Courrier*, for where the Rivers ſtopt his way, he always paſt them by ſwimming, without turning out of his way to look for either *Bridg* or *Ford*. *Tiberius Nero*, going to ſee his Brother *Druſus*, who was ſick in *Germany*, travell'd two hundred miles in four and twenty hours, having three Coaches. In the War the *Romans* had againſt King *Antiochus*, *T. Sempronius Gracchus*, ſays Livy, *Per diſpoſitos equos propè incredibili celeritate ab Amphiſſa tertio die Pellam pervenit. Upon Horſes purpoſely laid in, he by an almoſt incredible ſpeed, rid in three days from* Amphiſſa *to* Pella. And it appears there, that they were eſtabliſh'd *Poſts*, and not Horſes purpoſely laid in upon this Occaſion. *Cecinna*'s Invention to ſend back News to his Family, was much more quick, for he took Swallows along with him from home, and turn'd them out towards their Neſts when he would ſend back any News; ſetting a mark of ſome colour upon them to ſignifie his meaning, according to what he and his People had before agreed upon. At the *Theater* at *Rome*, Maſters of Families carried *Pigeons* in their Boſoms, to which they tyed Letters, when they had

Livius.

Pigeons taught to carry Letters.

had a mind to ſend any Orders to their People at home; and the *Pigeons* were train'd up to bring back an Anſwer. *D. Brutus* made uſe of the ſame Device, when beſieg'd in *Mutina*, and others elſewhere have done the ſame. In *Peru*, they rid poſt upon Mens ſhoulders, who took them upon their ſhoulders in a certain kind of Litter made for that purpoſe, and ran with ſuch Agility, that in their full ſpeed, the firſt *Couriers* throw their load to the ſecond, without making any ſtop; and ſo on. I underſtand that the *Vachchians*, who are the grand Signiors *Couriers*, perform wonderful Diligences; by reaſon they have Liberty to diſmount the firſt they meet upon the road; giving him their own tir'd Horſes; to preſerve themſelves from being weary, they gird themſelves ſtrait about the middle with a broad Girdle, but I could never find any benefit by it.

CHAP. XXIII.

Of ill means employ'd to a good end.

THere is wonderful Relation and Correſpondence in this univerſal Government of the Works of Nature, which very well makes it appear that it is neither accidental, nor carried on by divers Maſters. The Diſeaſes and Conditions of our Bodies is in like manner manifeſt in Eſtates, and the various Governments of the World, *Kingdoms* and *Republicks* are founded, flouriſh and decay with Age as we do. We are

ſubject to a repletion of Humours either uſeleſs or dangerous, either of thoſe that are good (for even thoſe the *Phyſicians* are afraid of; and being that we have nothing in us that is permanent; they ſay that a too brisk and vigorous perfection of Health, muſt be abated by Art, leſt being that our Nature cannot reſt in any certain condition, and not having whither to riſe to mend it ſelf, it makes too ſudden and too diſorderly a Retreat; and therefore preſcribe Wreſtlers to purge and bleed, to qualifie that ſuperabundant Health) or elſe a Repletion of evil Humours, which is the ordinary cauſe of Sickneſs. *Eſtates* are very often ſick of the like Repletion, and therefore ſome ſorts of Purgations have commonly been us'd. Sometimes a great multitude of *Families* are turn'd out to clear the Country; who ſeek out new Abodes elſewhere, and encroach upon others. After this manner our ancient *Frames* came from the remoteſt part of *Germany* to ſeize upon *Gaule*, and to drive thence the firſt Inhabitants; ſo was that infinite deluge of Men made up that came into *Italy* under the Conduct of *Brennus* and others: So the *Goths* and *Vanaals*, alſo the People who now poſſeſs *Greece*, left their native Country, to go ſettle elſewhere where they might have more room; and there is ſcarce two or three little corners of the World that have not felt the effect of ſuch Removals. The *Romans* by this means erected their *Colonies*, for perceiving their City to grow immeaſurably populous, they eas'd it of the moſt unneceſſary People, and ſent them to inhabit and cultivate

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the Lands by them conquer'd: Sometimes alſo they purpoſely maintain'd Wars with ſome of their Enemies, not only to keep their Men in action, for fear leſt Idleneſs, the Mother of corruption, ſhould bring upon them ſome worſe inconvenience;

Et patimur longæ pacis mala ſævior armis
Luxuria incumbit. *Juvenal. ſat. 6.*

We ſuffer th' ills of a long Peace, by far
Greater, and more pernicious than War.

but alſo to ſerve for a Blood letting to their *Republick*, and a little to evaporate the too vehement heat of their Youth, to prune and cleanſe the Branches from the Stock, too luxuriant in Wood; and to this end it was, that they formerly maintain'd ſo long a War with *Carthage*, in the *Treaty* of *Bretigny*, *Edward* the third, King of *England*, would not, in the general Peace he then made with our *King*, comprehend the controverſie about the Dutchy of *Brittany*, that he might have a place wherein to diſcharge himſelf of his Souldiers and that the vaſt number of *Engliſh* he had brought over to ſerve him in that Expedition, might not return back into *England*. And this alſo was one reaſon why our King *Philip* conſented to ſend his Son *John* that Foreign Expedition, that he might take along with him a great number of hot Young-men that were then in his Pay. There are many in our Times who talk at this rate, wiſhing that this hot Emotion that is now amongſt us, might diſcharge

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it ſelf in ſome neighbouring War, for fear leſt all the peccant Humours that now reign in this politick Body of ours, may not diffuſe themſelves farther, keep the Fever ſtill in the height, and at laſt cauſe our total Ruin; and in truth a *Foreign* is much more ſupportable than a *Civil War*; but I do not believe that God will favour ſo unjuſt a deſign, as to offend and quarrel others for our own advantage.

Catullus. *Nil mihi tam valde placeat Rhamnuſia virgo,*
Quod temere invitis ſuſcipiatur heris.

In War that does invade anothers right,
Whoſe end is plunder, I take no delight.

And yet the weakneſs of our condition does often puſh us upon the neceſſity of making uſe of ill means to a good end. *Lycurgus*, the moſt vertuous and perfect *Legiſlator* that ever was, invented this unjuſt practice of making the *Helotes*, who were there Slaves, drunk by force, by ſo doing to teach his People Temperance, to the end that the *Spartiates* ſeeing them ſo overwhelmed and buried in Wine, might abhor the exceſs of this beaſtly Vice. And yet they were more too blame, who of old gave leave that Criminals, to what ſort of death ſoever condemn'd, ſhould be cut up alive by the *Phyſicians*, that they might make a true diſcovery of our inward parts, and build their Art upon greater certainty: for if we muſt run into exceſſes, 'tis more excuſable to do it for the health of the Soul, than that of the Body; as the *Romans* train'd up the People

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to Valour, and the contempt of Dangers, and Death, by thoſe furious Spectacles of *Gladiators* and *Fencers*, who being to fight it out to the laſt, cut, mangled and killed one another in their Preſence:

Quid veſani aliud ſibi vult ars impia ludi, (tas? *Prudentius.*
Quid mortes juvenum, quid ſanguine paſta volup.
Of ſuch inhuman ſports what further uſe?
What Pleaſure can ſlaughters of men produce?

and this cuſtom continued till the Emperour *Theodoſius* his time.

Arripe dilatam tua dux in tempora famam, *Ibid.*
Quodque patris ſupereſt ſucceſſor laudis habeto:
Nullus in Urbe cadat, cujus ſit pœna Voluptas,
Jam ſolis contenta feris infamis arena,
Nulla cruentatis homicidia ludat in armis.

Prince, take the Honours deſtin'd for thy Reign,
Inherit of thy Father thoſe remain, (ſlain.
Henceforth let none at *Rome* for ſport be
Let beaſt's Blood ſtain th' infamous Theater,
And no more Homicides be acted there.

It was in truth a wonderful Example, and of great advantage for the training up the People, to ſee every day before their Eyes a hundred, two hundred, nay, a thouſand couples of Men arm'd againſt one another, cut one another to pieces with ſo great a conſtancy of Courage, that they were never heard to utter ſo much as one ſyllable of Weakneſs or Commiſeration; never ſeen to turn their back, nor ſo much as to make one cowardly ſtep to evade a blow, but rather

rather expoſe their Necks to the Adverſaries Sword, and preſent themſelves to receive the ſtroke. And many of them, when wounded to Death, have ſent to ask the Spectators if they were ſatisfied with their behaviour, before they lay down to dye upon the Place. It was not enough for them to Fight and to Dye bravely, but chearfully too; inſomuch that they were hiſs'd and curs'd, if they made any Diſpute about receiving their Death. The very Maids themſelves ſet them on.

Idem. —— *conſurgit ad ictus:*
Et quoties victor ferrum jugulo inſerit, illa.
Delicias ait eſſe ſuas, pectuſque jacentis
Virgo modeſta jubet converſo pollice rumpi.
The modeſt Virgin is delighted ſo
With the fell ſport, that ſhe applauds the blow,
And when the Victor baths his bloody brand
In's fellows Throat, and lays him on the ſand,
Then ſhe's moſt pleas'd, and ſhews by ſigns ſhe'd
Have him rip up the boſom of the ſlain. (fain

The firſt *Romans* only condemn'd Criminals to this Example: but they have ſince employ'd innocent Slaves in the work, and even Freemen too, who ſold themſelves to this effect; Nay moreover, *Senators* and *Knights* of *Rome*: And alſo Women;

Manil. *Nunc caput in mortem vendunt, & funus arenæ*
Atque hoſtem ſibi quiſque parat cum bella quieſcunt.
They ſell themſelves to death, and ſince the Wars
Are ceas'd, each for himſelf a Foe prepares.

Statius. *Hos inter fremitus, novoſque luſus,* at

Stat ſexus rudis, inſciuſque ferri,
Et pugnat capit improbus viriles.
Amidſt theſe Tumults and Alarms
The tender Sex, unskill'd in Arms,
Immodeſtly will try their Mights,
And now engag'd in manly Fights.

which I ſhould think ſtrange and incredible if we were not accuſtom'd every day to ſee in our own Wars many thouſands of men of other Nations, for Mony to ſtake their Blood and their Lives in Quarrels wherein they have no manner of concern.

CHAP. XXIV.

Of the Roman *Grandeur.*

I will only ſay a word or two of this infinite Argument, to ſhew the ſimplicity of thoſe who compare the pitiful Grandeurs of theſe Times to that of *Rome*. In the ſeventh Book of *Cicero*'s Familiar Epiſtles (and let the *Grammarians* put out the ſirname of *Familiar* if they pleaſe, for in truth it is not very proper; and they who inſtead of *familiar* have ſubſtituted *ad familiares*, may gather ſomething to juſtifie them for ſo doing out of what *Suetonius* ſays in the Life of *Cæſar*, that he had a Volume of Letters of his *ad familiares*) there is one directed to *Cæſar*, being then in *Gaul*, wherein *Cicero* repeats theſe words, which were in the end of another Letter that *Cæſar* had writ to him: *As to what concerns* Marcus

Marcus Furius, *whom you have recommended to me, I will make him King of* Gaul, *and if you would have me advance any other Friend of yours ſend him to me.* It was no new thing for a ſimple Citizen of *Rome*, as *Cæſar* then was, to diſpoſe of *Kingdoms*, for he took away that of King *Deiotarus* from him, to give it to a Gentleman of the City of *Pergamum*, call'd *Mithridates*. And they who writ his Life, record ſeveral Cities by him ſold; and *Suetonius* ſays, that he had once from King *Ptolomy* three millions and ſix hundred thouſand Crowns, which was very near ſelling him his own Kingdom.

Claud.

Tot Galatæ, tot Pontus, tot Lidia nummis.
Such Sums of Mony did he raiſe as theſe
From *Pontus*, *Lidia*, and the *Galatees*.

Marcus Antonius ſaid, that the Grandeur of the People of *Rome* was not ſo much ſeen in what they took, as in what they gave. And indeed ſome Ages before *Antonius*, they had dethron'd one amongſt the reſt with ſo wonderful Authority, that in all the *Roman* Hiſtory I have not obſerv'd any thing that more denotes the height of their Power. *Antiochus* poſſeſs'd all *Egypt*, and was moreover ready to conquer *Cyprus*, and other Appendixes of that Empire; when being upon the progreſs of his Victories, *C. Popilius* came to him from the Senate, and at their firſt meeting refus'd to take him by the Hand, till he had firſt read his Letters, which after the *King* had read, and told him he would conſider of them, *Popilius* made a Circumference about him with the ſtick he had in his hand, ſaying, *Return me an Anſwer, that I may carry it back to the Se-*

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nate before thou stirrest out of this Circle. Antiochus, astonish'd at the roughness of so positive a Command, after a little Pause, replyed. *I will obey the Senates Command*; and then it was that *Popilius* saluted him as a Friend to the People of *Rome*. After having quitted Claim to so great a *Monarchy*, and in such a Torrent of successful Fortune, upon three words in Writing, in earnest he had Reason, as he afterwards did, to send the *Senate* word by his *Ambassadours*, that he had receiv'd their Order with the same respects, as if he had been sent by the Immortal *Gods*. All the Kingdoms that *Augustus* gained by the right of War, he either restor'd to those who had lost them, or presented them to strangers. And *Tacitus*, in reference to this, speaking of *Cogidunus*, King of *England*, gives us a very brisk touch of that infinite Power: The *Romans*, says he, were from all Antiquity accustomed to leave the Kings they had subdu'd in possession of their Kingdoms under their Authority, that they might have even *Kings* to be their Slaves: *Ut haberent instrumenta servitutis, & reges.* 'Tis like that *Solyman*, whom we have seen make a Gift of *Hungary*, and other *Principalities*, had therein more respect to this consideration, than to that he was wont to alledge, *viz.* that he was glutted and overcharg'd with so many Monarchies, and so much Dominion, as his own Valour, and that of his Ancestors had acquir'd.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXV.

Not to counterfeit being ſick.

THere is an Epigram in *Martial* of very good Senſe, for he has of all ſorts, where he pleaſantly tells the ſtory of *Celius*, who, to avoid making his Court to ſome great Men of *Rome*, to wait their riſing, and to attend them abroad, pretended to have the *Gout*; and the better to colour this pretence, anointed his Legs, and had them lap'd up in a great many Clouts and Swathings, and perfectly counterfeited both the Geſture and Countenance of a gouty perſon; till in the end, Fortune did him the kindneſs to make him one indeed.

Mart. Epig. 28. *lib.* 1.

Tantum cura poteſt & ars doloris,
Deſiit fingere Cælius podagram.
The pow'r of counterfeiting is ſo great,
Cælius has ceas'd the Gout to counterfeit.

I think I have read ſomewhere in *Appian* a ſtory like this, of one who to eſcape the Proſcriptions of the *Triumviri* of *Rome*, and the better to be conceal'd from the diſcovery of thoſe who purſued him, having ſhaded himſelf in a Diſguiſe, would yet add this Invention to counterfeit having but one Eye; but when he came to have a little more liberty, and went to take off the Plaiſter he had a great while worn over his Eye, he found he had totally loſt the Sight of it indeed, and that it was abſolutely gone. 'Tis poſſible that the Action of Sight was duli'd, for having been ſo long

long without exerciſe; and that the Optick power was wholely retir'd into the other Eye: For we evidently perceive, that the Eye we keep ſhut, ſends ſome part of its vertue to its fellow, ſo that the remaining Eye will ſwell and grow bigger; as alſo Idleneſs, with the heat of Ligatures and Plaiſters, might very well have brought ſome gouty Humour upon this diſſembler of *Martial*. Reading in *Froiſard* the Vow of a Troop of young *Engliſh Gallants*, to carry their left Eyes bound up till they were arrived in *France*, and had performed ſome notable Exploit upon us; I have often been tickled with the conceit of it, in befalling them as it did the before-named *Roman*, and that they had return'd with but an Eye a piece to their Miſtriſs, for whoſe ſakes they had entred into this ridiculous Vow. Mothers have reaſon to rebuke their Children when they counterfeit having but one Eye, Squinting, Lameneſs, or any other Perſonal defect; for beſides that their Bodies being then ſo tender may be ſubject to take an ill bent. Fortune, I know not how, ſometimes ſeems to delight in taking us at our word; and I have heard ſeveral Examples related of People who have become really ſick, but only feigning to be ſo. I have always us'd, whether on Horſeback, or on Foot, to carry a ſtick in my hand, and ſo as to effect doing it with a Grace. Many have threatn'd that this wantonneſs would one day be turn'd into neceſſity, that is, that I ſhould be the firſt of my Family that ſhould have the Gout; But let us a little lengthen this Chapter, and ſtich it with a piece of another colour, concern-

ing Blindneſs. *Pliny* reports of one, that once dreaming he was Blind, finding himſelf in the Morning ſo indeed; without any preceding infirmity in his Eyes. The force of Imagination might aſſiſt in this Caſe, as I have ſaid elſewhere, and *Pliny* ſeems to be of the ſame Opinion; but it is more likely that the motions which the Body felt within of which *Phyſicians*, if they pleaſe, may find out the cauſe,) which took away his Sight, were the occaſions of his Dream. Let us add another ſtory, not very improper for this Subject, which *Seneca* relates in one of his Epiſtles. *You know*, ſays he, writing to *Lucullus*, *that* Harpate, *my Wives Fool, is thrown upon me as an hereditary charge, for I have naturally an averſion to thoſe Monſters; and if I have a mind to laugh at a Fool, I need not ſeek him far, I can laugh at my ſelf. This Fool has ſuddenly loſt her ſight; I tell you a ſtrange, but a very true, thing; ſhe is not ſenſible that ſhe is blind, but eternally importunes her keeper to take her abroad, becauſe ſhe ſays the Houſe is dark: I pray believe, that what we laugh at in her, happens to every one of us: No one knows himſelf to be avaricious. Beſides, the blind call for a Guide, but we ſtray of our own accord. I am not ambitious, we ſay, but a man cannot live otherwiſe at* Rome: *I am not waſtful, but the City requires a great expence: 'tis not my fault if I am cholerick, and if I have not yet eſtabliſh'd any certain courſe of Life, 'tis the fault of Youth. Let us not ſeek our Diſeaſe out of our ſelves 'tis in us, and planted in our Bowels. And even this, that we do not perceive our ſelves to be ſick, renders us more hard to be cur'd. If we do not betimes begin*

to

to redreſs our ſelves, when ſhall we have done with ſo many Wounds and Evils wherewith we abound? And yet we have a moſt ſweet and charming Medicine of Philoſophy for of all the reſt we are ſenſible of no Pleaſure till after the Cure: this pleaſes and heals at once. This is what *Seneca* ſays, that has carried me from my Subject, but there is advantage in the change.

CHAP. XXVI.

Of Thumbs.

Tacitus reports, that amongſt certain *Barbarian Kings*, their manner was, when they would make a firm Obligation, to joyn their hands cloſe to one another, and twiſt their Thumbs, and when by force of ſtraining the Blood it appear'd in the ends, they lightly prick'd them with ſome ſharp Inſtrument, and mutually ſuck'd them. *Phyſicians* ſay, that the *Thumbs* are the maſter Fingers of the Hand, and that their Latin *Etymologie*, is deriv'd from *Pollere*. The *Greeks* call'd them ἀντίχειρ, as who ſhould ſay, another hand. And it ſeems that the *Latins* alſo ſometimes take it in this ſence for the whole hand;

Sed nec vocibus excitata blandis,
Molli pollice nec rogata ſurgit. *Mart. l. 12. Epig. 99.*

It was at *Rome* a Signification of Favour to depreſs and clap in the Thumbs;

Fautor utaoque tuum laudabit pollice ludum. *Hor. l. 1. Ep. 18.*

Thy Patron, when thou mak'ſt thy ſport,
Will with both Thumbs applaud thee for't.

and of diſfavour to elevate and thruſt them outward:

Juven. Sat. 3.

——converſo pollice vulgi
Quemlibet occidunt populariter.
The Vulgar with reverted Thumbs,
Kill each one that before them comes.

The *Romans* exempted from War all ſuch as were maim'd in the Thumbs, as having no more ſufficient ſtrength to hold their Arms. *Auguſtus* confiſcated the Eſtate of a *Roman* Knight, who had maliciouſly cut off the Thumbs of two young Children he had, to excuſe them from going into the Armies: And before him, the *Senate*, in the time of the *Italick* War, had condemn'd *Cajus Valienus* to perpetual Impriſonment, and confiſcated all his Goods, for having purpoſely cut off the Thumb of his left hand, to exempt himſelf from that Expedition. Some one, I have forgot who, having won a Naval Battel, cut off the Thumbs of all his vanquiſh'd Enemies, to render them incapable of fighting, and of handling the Oar. The *Athenians* alſo caus'd the Thumbs of thoſe of *Ægina* to be cut off, to deprive them of the preference in the Art of Navigation. And in *Lacedemonia*, *Pedagogues* chaſtiz'd their Scholars by biting their Thumbs.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVII.

Cowardize the Mother of Cruelty.

I Have oft heard it ſaid, that *Cowardize* is the Mother of Cruelty: And I have found by experience, that, that malicious and inhuman animoſity and fierceneſs, is uſually accompanied with a feminine faintneſs. I have ſeen the moſt cruel People, and upon very frivolous occaſions, very apt to cry. *Alexander* the *Tyrant* of *Pheres*, durſt not be a Spectator of *Tragedies* in the *Theatre*, for fear leſt his Citizens ſhould ſee him weep at the Misfortunes of *Hecuba* and *Andromache*; who himſelf caus'd ſo many People every day to be murthered without pitty. Is it not meanneſs of Spirit that renders them ſo plyable to all Extremities? Valour (whoſe Effect is only to be exercis'd againſt reſiſtance.)

Nec niſi bellantis gaudet cervice juvenci. *Claud.*

——— neither unleſs he fight
In conquering a Bull does take delight.

ſtops when it ſees the Enemy at its mercy; but Puſillanimity, to ſay that it was alſo in the Action, not having dar'd to meddle in the firſt Act of Danger, ruſhes into the ſecond of Blood and Maſſacre. For the execution in Victories is commonly perform'd by the raſcality and hangers on of an Army, and that which cauſes ſo many unheard of Cruelties in domeſtick Wars, is, that the hotteſt of the People are fleſh'd in being up to the Elbows in Blood, and ripping up Bodies

that lye poſtrate at their feet, having no ſence of any other Valour.

Ovid. Triſt. lib. 3. Eleg. 5.

Et Lupus, & turpes inſtant morientibus urſi,
Et quæcunque minor nobilitate fera eſt.

None but the Wolves, the filthy Bears and all,
The baſer Beaſts, will in the dying fall,

Like cowardly Houſe-curs, that in the Houſe worry and tear the Skins of wild Beaſts they durſt not come near in the Field. What is it in theſe times of ours that cauſes our mortal quarrels? And that whereas our Fathers had ſome degree of revenge in their days, we now begin with the laſt in ours, and that at the firſt meeting nothing is to be ſaid but kill? What is this but Cowardize? Every one is ſenſible, that there is more bravery and diſdain in ſubduing an Enemy, than in cutting his Throat; and in making him yield, than in putting him to the Sword: Beſides that, the appetite of Revenge is better ſatisfied and pleas'd becauſe it's only aim is to make it ſelf felt. And this is the reaſon why we do not fall upon a Beaſt or a Stone, when they hurt us, becauſe they are not capable of being ſenſible of our Revenge; and therefore to kill a man, is to defend him from the Injury and Offence we intend him. And as *Bias* cry'd out to a wicked Fellow, *I know that ſooner or later thou wilt have thy Reward, but I am afraid I ſhall not ſee it.* And as the *Orchomenians* complain'd, that the Penitence of *Lyciſcus* for the Treaſon committed againſt them, came in ſeaſon, becauſe there was no one remaining alive of thoſe who had been intereſted in the Offence, and whom the Pleaſure of this Penitency ſhould affect: So

Re-

Revenge is to be repented of when the Perſon on whom it is executed is depriv'd of means of ſuffering under it: For as the Avenger will look on to enjoy the Pleaſure of his Revenge ſo the Perſon on whom he takes Revenge, ſhould be a Spectator too, to be afflicted, and to repent. He will repent it, we ſay, and becauſe we have given him a Piſtol-ſhot through the Head, do we imagine he will repent? On the contrary, if we but obſerve, we ſhall find, that he makes a Mouth at us in falling: And is ſo far from penitency, that he does not ſo much as repine at us. And we do him the kindeſt Office of Life, which is to make him dye inſenſibly, and ſoon. We are afterwards to hide our ſelves, and to ſhift and fly from the *Officers* of *Juſtice*, who purſue us whilſt he is at reſt. Killing is good to fruſtrate an Offence to come, not to revenge one that is already paſt: And more an Act of Fear than Bravery, of Precaution, than Courage, and of Defence than of Attempt. It is manifeſt that by it we quit both the true end of Revenge, and the care of our Reputation; we are afraid, if he lives, he will do us another injury as great as the firſt; 'tis not out of Animoſity to him, but care of thy ſelf, that thou rid'ſt him out of the way. In the Kingdom of *Narſingua* this expedient would be uſeleſs to us, where not only Souldiers, but Tradeſ-men alſo end their Differences by the Sword. The *King* never denies the Field to any that will fight; and ſometimes when they are Perſons of Quality, looks on, rewarding the Victor with a Chain of Gold; but for which any one that will, may fight with

Duels common in the Kingdom of *Narſingua.*

him again: By which means, by having come off from one Combat, he has engag'd himſelf in many. If we thought by Vertue to be always Maſters of our Enemies, and to triumph over them at pleaſure, we ſhould be ſorry they ſhould eſcape from us as they do, by dying: but we have a mind to conquer more with Safety than Honour, and in our quarrel, more purſue the end than the Glory. *Aſinius Pollio,* who, for being a worthy man, was the leſs to be excus'd, committed a like Error, who having writ a *Libel* againſt *Plancus*, forbare to publiſh it, till he was firſt dead: Which is to bite a mans Thumb at a blind man, to rail at one that is deaf, and to wound a man that has no feeling rather than to run the hazard of his Reſentment. And it was alſo ſaid in his behalf, that it was only for *Hobgoblins* to wreſtle with the Dead. He that ſtays to ſee the Author dye, whoſe Writings he intends to queſtion, what does he ſay, but that he is fooliſh and troubleſom? It was told *Ariſtotle*, that ſome one had ſpoken ill of him: *Let him do more*, ſaid he, *let him whip me too, provided I am not there.* Our Fathers contented themſelves to revenge an Injury with the Lye, the Lye with a box of the Ear, and ſo forward; they were valiant enough not to fear their Adverſary both living and provok'd: We tremble for fear, ſo long as we ſee them on foot. And that this is ſo, does not our noble practice of theſe days, equally to proſecute to death both him that has offended us, and him we have offended, make it out? 'Tis alſo a kind of Cowardize that has introduc'd the cuſtom of having ſeconds,

Pollio's Libel againſt *Plancus.*

The Lye reveng'd with a box of the Ear.

ſeconds, thirds, and fourths in our Duels. They were formerly Duels, they are now Skirmiſhes, Rencontres and Battels. Solitude was doubtleſs terrible to thoſe who were the firſt inventors of this Practice. *Quum in ſe cuique minimum fiduciæ eſſet.* *They had little confidence in themſelves.* For naturally any company whatever is comfortable in danger. Third Perſons were formerly call'd in to prevent Diſorder and foul play only, and to be witneſs of the Succeſs of the Combat. But ſince they have brought it to this paſs that they themſelves engage, whoever is invited cannot handſomly ſtand by as an idle Spectator, for fear of being ſuſpected either of want of Affection or Courage. Beſides the injuſtice and unworthineſs of ſuch an Action, of engaging other Force and Valour in the Protection of your Honour than your own; I conceive it a diſadvantage to a brave man, and who wholy relies upon himſelf, to ſhuffle his Fortune with that of a Second; ſince every one runs hazard enough in himſelf, without hazarding for another, and has enough to do to aſſure himſelf in his own Vertue for the defence of his Life, without intruſting a thing ſo dear in a third man's hand. For, if it be not expreſly agreed upon before to the contrary, 'tis a combin'd Party of all four, and if your Second be kill'd, you have two to deal withal with good reaſon. And to ſay that it is foul play, it is ſo indeed, as it is well arm'd to charge a man that has but the hilts of a broken Sword in his hand, or clear and untouch'd a man that is deſperately wounded: But if theſe be advantages you have got by fighting, you

may

may make uſe of them without reproach: The diſparity and inequality is only weigh'd and conſider'd from the condition of the Combatants when they begun, as to the reſt, you muſt take your Fortune: and though you had alone three Enemies upon you at once, your two Companions being kill'd, you have no more wrong done you, than I ſhould do in a Battel, by running a man through I ſhould ſee engaged with one of our own Men with the like advantage. The nature of Society will have it ſo, that where there is Troop againſt Troop (as where our Duke of *Orleance* challeng'd *Henry* King of *England* an hundred againſt an hundred: Three hundred againſt as many as the *Argians* againſt the *Lacedemonians*, and three to three, as the *Horatii* againſt the *Curiatii*) the multitude on either ſide is conſidered but as one ſingle man, the hazard every where, where there is company, being confuſed and mixed. I have a domeſtick Intereſt in this Diſcourſe; for my Brother, the Sieur *de Matecoulom*, was at *Rome* entreated by a Gentleman with whom he had no great acquaintance, and who was Defendant, and challenged by another, to be his ſecond; In this Duel he found himſelf matched with a Gentleman much better known to him, where, after having diſpatch'd his man, ſeeing the two Principals ſtill on foot, and ſound, he ran in to diſengage his Friend. What could he do leſs: ſhould he have ſtood ſtill, and if Chance would have order'd it ſo, have ſeen him he was come thither to defend, kill'd before his Face, what he had thither done ſignified nothing to the Buſineſs

ſineſs, the Qurrel was yet undecided? The courteſie that you can, and certainly ought to ſhew to your Enemy, when you have reduc'd him to an ill Condition, and have a great advantage over him, I do not ſee how you can do it, where the Intereſt of another is in the caſe, where you are only called in as an Aſſiſtant, and the Quarrel is none of yours. He could neither be juſt nor courteous at the hazard of him he was there to ſerve; and was alſo inlarged from the Priſons of *Italy* at the ſpeedy and ſolemn requeſt of our King. Indiſcreet Nation! we are not content to make our Vices and Follies known to the World by Report only, but we muſt go into Foreign Countrys, there to ſhew them what Fools we are. Put three *French-men* into the Deſarts of *Libya*, they will not live a Month together without fighting; ſo that you would ſay this Peregrination were a thing purpoſely deſigned to give Strangers the pleaſures of our Tragedies, and for the moſt part ſuch as rejoyce and laugh at our miſeries. We go into *Italy* to learn to fence, and fall to practiſe at the expence of our Lives before we have learned it: and yet, by the order of Diſcipline, we ſhould put the *Theory* before the *Practice*. We diſcover our ſelves to be but Learners.

Primitiæ juvenum miſeræ, bellique futuri *Eneid. l.* 11
Dura rudimenta. ———

Of Youth the firſt Inſtructions painful are,
And hard the Rudiments of future War.

I know Fencing is an Art very uſeful to its end (in a Duel betwixt two Princes, Couſin-ger-

mans

mans in *Spain*, the elder, ſays *Livy*, by his skill and dexterity in Arms, eaſily ſurmounting the greater and more aukward Strength of the younger) and of which, the knowledge, as I experimentally know, hath inſpir'd ſome with Courage above their natural Talent: But this is not properly Valour; becauſe it ſupports it ſelf upon Addreſs, and is founded upon ſomething beſides it ſelf. The Honour of Combat conſiſts in the jealouſie of Courage, and not of Skill; and therefore I have known a Friend of mine, fam'd for a great Maſter in this Exerciſe, in his Quarrels make choice of ſuch Arms as might deprive him of this advantage, and that wholly depended upon Fortune and Aſſurance, that they might not attribute his Victory rather to his skill in Fencing than his Valour. When I was young, Gentlemen avoided the reputation of good Fencers, as injurious to them; and learn'd with all imaginable privacy to fence as a Trade of ſubtilty, derogating from true and natural Vertue.

Taſſo. Can. 12.

Non ſchivar, non parar, non ritirarſi,
Voglion coſtor, ne qui deſtrezza ha parte,
Non danno i colpi finti hor pieni, hor ſcarſi,
Toglie l'ira e il furor l'uſo de l'arte,
O di le ſpade horribilmente urtarſi
Amezo, il ferro, il pie d'orma non parte,
Semper e il pie fermo, e la man ſempre in motto,
Ne ſcende taglio in van ne punta a voto.

Mr. *Fairfax.*

They neither ſhrank, nor vantage ſought of (ground,
They travers'd not, nor skipt from part to part,
Their

Their blows were never falſe, nor feigned found,
The night their rage would let them uſe no Art,
Their Swords together claſh with dreadful ſound,
Their feet ſtand faſt, and neither ſtir nor ſtart,
They move their hands, ſtedfaſt their feet remain,
Nor blow, nor foin they ſtrook, or thruſt in vain.

Butts, Tilting and Barriers, the Images of Warlike Fights, were the exerciſes of our Forefathers: this other Exerciſe is ſo much the leſs noble, as it only reſpects a private end, that teaches us to ruin one another, againſt *Law* and *Juſtice*, and that every way always produces very ill effects. It is much more worthy, and more becoming, to exerciſe our ſelves in things that ſtrengthen, than that weaken our Governments, and that tend to the publick ſafety and common glory. *Publius Rutilius Conſus* was the firſt that taught the Souldiers to handle their Arms with skill, and joyn'd Art to Vertue: Not for the uſe of private Quarrel, but for War, and the Quarrels of the People of *Rome*. A popular and civil Art of Defence. And beſides the example of *Cæſar*, who commanded his men to ſhoot chiefly at the face of *Pompeys Genſdarmes* in the Battel of *Pharſalia*: A thouſand other Commanders have alſo unbethought them to invent new forms of Weapons, and new ways of ſtriking and defending, according as occaſion ſhall require. But as *Philopæmen* condemn'd wreſtling, wherein he excell'd, becauſe the preparatives that were therein employ'd were differing from thoſe that appertain to Military Diſcipline, to which alone he conceiv'd men of Honour

nour ought wholly to apply themſelves; ſo it ſeems to me, that this Addreſs to which we form our Limbs, thoſe Writings and Motions young men are taught in this new School, are not only of no Uſe, but rather contrary and hurtful to the manner of fight in Battel: and alſo our People commonly make uſe of particular Weapons, and peculiarly deſign'd for Duel. And I have known when it has been diſapproved, that a Gentleman challeng'd to fight with Rapier and Poignard, ſhould appear in the Equipage of a man at Arms; or that another ſhould take his Cloke inſtead of a Poignard. It is worthy of Conſideration, that *Lachez* in *Plato*, ſpeaking of learning to fence after our manner, ſays, that he never knew any great Souldier come out of that School, eſpecially the Maſters of it: and indeed as to them our own experience tells us as much. As to the reſt, we may at leaſt conclude, that they are Qualities of no Relation nor Correſpondence. And in the Education of the Children of his Government, *Plato* interdicts the Art of Cuffing, introduc'd by *Amicus* and *Epeus*, and that of Wreſtling by *Antæus* and *Cecyo*, becauſe they have another end than to render Youth fit for the ſervice of War, and contribute nothing to it. But I ſee I am too far ſtray'd from my Theam. The Emperour *Maurice*, being advertis'd by Dreams and ſeveral Prognoſticks, that one *Phocas*, an obſcure Souldier, ſhould kill him; queſtioned his Son-in-Law *Philip*, who this *Phocas* was, and what was his Nature, Qualities and Manners; and ſo ſoon as *Philip*, amongſt other things, had told him, that he was cowardly

The Art of cuffing interdicted by *Plato*.

ly and timorous, the Emperour immediately thence concluded that he was then a Murtherer and cruel. What is it that makes *Tyrants* ſo bloody? 'Tis only the ſollicitude of their own Safety, and that their faint Hearts can furniſh them with no other means of ſecuring themſelves than in exterminating thoſe that may hurt them, even ſo much as to Woman, for fear of a ſcratch. Cowards naturally cruel and bloody.

Cuncta ferit, dum cuncta timet. *Claud.*

He ſtrikes at all, who every one does fear.

The firſt Cruelties are exercis'd for themſelves; from thence ſprings the fear of a juſt Revenge, which afterwards produces a ſeries of new Cruelties, to obliterate one another. *Philip* King of *Macedon*, who had ſo much to do with the People of *Rome*, agitated with the horror of ſo many Murthers committed by his appointment, and doubting of being able to keep himſelf ſecure from ſo many Families, at divers times mortally injur'd and offended by him; reſolv'd to ſeize all the Children of thoſe he had caus'd to be ſlain, to diſpatch them daily one after another, and ſo to eſtabliſh his own repoſe. Fine Diſcourſes are never impertinent however plac'd; and therefore I, who more conſider the weight and utility of what I deliver than their Order and Connexion, need not fear in this place to bring in a fine ſtory, though it be a little by the by; for when they are rich in their own native Beauty, and are able to juſtifie themſelves, the leaſt end of a Hair will ſerve to draw them into my Argument. Amongſt others condemned by *Philip*, *Herodicus*, Prince of *Theſſaly*, had been one. He had moreover after him caus'd

caus'd his two Sons in Law to be put to Death, each leaving a Son very young behind him. *Theoxena* and *Archo*, were their two Widows. *Theoxena*, though highly courted to it, could not be perſwaded to marry again: *Archo* married *Poris*, the greateſt Man of the *Æn:ans*, and by him had a great many Children, which ſhe dying, left in a very tender age. *Theoxena*, mov'd with a Maternal charity towards her Nephews, that ſhe might have them under her own Eyes, and in her own Protection, married *Poris*: when preſently comes a Proclamation of the King's *Edict*. This brave ſpirited Mother, ſuſpecting the cruelty of *Philip*, and afraid of the Inſolence of the Souldiers towards theſe fine and tender Children, was ſo bold as to declare, that ſhe would rather kill them with her own hands than deliver them. *Poris*, ſtartled at this Proteſtation, promiſed her to ſteal them away, and to Tranſport them to *Athens*, and there commit them to the Cuſtody of ſome faithful Friends of his. They took therefore the opportunity of an Annual Feaſt which was celebrated at *Ænia* in Honour of *Æneas*, and thither they went. Having appear'd by day at the Publick Ceremonies and Banquet, they ſtole the Night following into a Veſſel laid ready for the purpoſe, to eſcape away by Sea. The Wind proved contrary, and finding themſelves in the Morning within ſight of the Land from whence they had launc'd overnight, were made after by the Guards of the Port, which *Poris* perceiving, he labour'd all he could to make their Mariners do their utmoſt to eſcape from the Purſuers. But *Theoxena*, frantick with

Affection,

Affection and Revenge, in purſuance of her former Reſolution, prepar'd both Arms and Poyſon, and expoſing them before them; *Go to my Children*, ſaid ſhe, *Death is now the only means of your Defence and Liberty, and ſhall adminiſter occaſion to the Gods to exerciſe their ſacred Juſtice: Theſe ſharp Swords, and theſe full Cups, will open you the way into it: Courage, fear nothing. And thou, my Son, who art the eldeſt, take this Steel into thy Hand, that thou may'ſt the more bravely Dye.* The Children having on one ſide ſo powerful a Counſellor, and the Enemy at their Throats on the other, ran all of them eagerly upon what was next to hand; and half dead, were thrown into the Sea. *Theoxena*, proud of having ſo gloriouſly provided for the ſafety of her Children, claſping her Arms with great affection about her Husband's Neck, *Let us, my Friend*, ſaith ſhe, *follow theſe Boys, and enjoy the ſame Sepulchre they do:* And ſo embrac'd, threw themſelves head-long over-board into the Sea; ſo that the Ship was carried back empty of the Owners into the Harbour. *Tyrants*, at once both to kill and to make their Anger felt, have pump't their Wit to invent the moſt lingring Deaths. They will have their Enemies diſpatch'd, but not ſo faſt that they may not have leiſure to taſt their Vengeance. And therein they are mightily perplex'd, for if the Torments they inflict are violent, they are ſhort, if long, they are not then ſo painful as they deſire; and thus torment themſelves in contriving how to torment others. Of this we have a thouſand Examples of Antiquity, and I know not whether we unawares do not re-

retain ſome traces of this Barbarity: All that exceeds a ſimple Death appears to me abſolute Cruelty: neither can our Juſtice expect, that he, whom the fear of being executed by being Beheaded or Hang'd, will not reſtrain, ſhould be any more aw'd by the imagination of a languiſhing Fire, burning Pincers, or the Wheel. And I know not in the mean time, whether we do not throw them into deſpair; for in what condition can the Soul of a man, expecting four and twenty hours together, to be broken upon a Wheel, or after the old way, nail'd to a Croſs, be? *Joſephus* relates, that in the time of the War the *Romans* made in *Judea*, happneing to paſs by where they had three days before crucified certain *Jews*, he amongſt them knew three of his own Friends, and obtained the favour of having them taken down, of which, two, he ſays, died, the third liv'd a great while after. *Chalcondilas*, a Writer of good credit, in the Records he has left behind him of things that happen'd in his time, and near him, tell us, as of the moſt exceſſive Torment, of that the Emperor *Mechmed* very often practis'd, of cutting off men in the middle by the *Diaphragma* with one blow of a Cimeter; by which it follow'd, that they died as it were two Deaths at once, and both the one part, ſays he, and the other, were ſeen to ſtir and ſtrive a great while after in very great Torment. I do not think there was any great ſufferance in this motion. The Torments that are the moſt dreadful to look on, are not always the greateſt to endure; and I find thoſe that other *Hiſtorians* relate to have been practis'd

ctis'd upon the *Epirot* Lords, to be more horrid and cruel, where they were condemn'd to be flead alive by pieces, after ſo malicious a manner that they continued fifteen days in this miſery. As alſo theſe other two following, *Cræſus*, having caus'd a Gentleman, the favourite of his Brother *Pantaleon*, to be ſeized on, carryed him into a Fuller's Shop, where he caus'd him to be ſcratch'd and carded with the Cards and Combs belonging to that Trade till he died. *George Jechel*, chief Commander of the Peaſants of *Polonia*, who committed ſo many Miſchiefs under the Title of the *Cruſado*, being defeated in Battel, and taken by the *Vayvod* of *Tranſylvania*, was three days bound naked upon the Rack, expoſed to all ſorts of Torments that any one could contrive againſt him; during which time, many other Pincers were kept faſting; in the end, he living, and looking on, they made his beloved Brother *Lucat*, from whom he only entreated, taking upon himſelf the blame of all their evil Actions, to drink his Blood, and cauſed twenty of his moſt favour'd Captains to feed upon him, tearing his fleſh in pieces with their Teeth, and ſwallowing the morſels. The remainder of his Body and his Bowels, ſo ſoon as he was dead, were boyl'd, and others of his followers compell'd to eat them.

CHAP. XXVIII.

All things have their Seaſon.

Such as compare *Cato* the *Cenſor*, with the younger *Cato* that kill'd himſelf, compare two beautiful Natures, and much reſembling one another. The firſt acquir'd his Reputation ſeveral ways, and excells in Military Exploits, and the Utility of his publick Vocation; but the Vertue of the younger, beſides, that it were blaſphemy to compare any to him in Vigour, was much more pure and unblemiſh'd. For who can acquit the *Cenſor* of Envy and Ambition, having dar'd to juſtle the Honour of *Scipio*, a man in Worth, Valour, and all other excellent Qualities infinitely beyond him, or any other of his time? That which they report of him, amongſt other things, that in his extream old Age he put himſelf upon learning the *Greek* Tongue, with ſo greedy an Appetite, as if to quench a long Thirſt, does not ſeem to me to make much for his Honour; it being properly what we call being twice a Child. All things have their Seaſon, even the beſt, and a man may ſay his *Paternoſter* out of time; as they accuſed *T. Quintus Flaminus*, that being General of an Army, he was ſeen praying apart in the time of a Battel that he won.

Imponit finem ſapiens, & rebus honeſtis.

The wiſe man limits even decent things.

Eudemonidas, ſeeing *Xenocrates*, when very old, ſtill very intent upon his School-Lecturer, *When*

will

will this man be wiſe, ſaid he, *he does yet learn?* And *Philopœmen*, to thoſe who extoll'd King *Ptolomy* for every day inuring his Perſon to the Exerciſe of Arms; *It is not*, ſaid he, *commendable* in a King of his Age to exerciſe himſelf in thoſe things he ought now really to imploy them. The young are to make their Preparations, the old to enjoy them, ſay the *Sages*: And the greateſt Vice they obſerve in us, is, that our Deſires inceſſantly grow young again: We are always re-beginning to live. Our ſtudies and deſires ſhould ſometimes be ſenſible of Age; but we have one foot in the Grave, and yet our Appetites and Purſuits ſpring every day new upon us.

Tu ſeſanda marmora
Locas ſub ipſum funus, & ſepulcri
Immemor, ſtruis domos, — *Hor. l. 2. Ode. 18.*

When Death perhaps is near at hand,
Thou faireſt Marbles doſt command
Be cut for uſe; yet do'ſt neglect
Thy Grave, and Houſes ſtill erect. — Sir *Thomas Hawkins.*

The longeſt of my Deſigns is not of above a years extent; I think of nothing now but ending, rid my ſelf of all new Hopes and Enterprizes; take my laſt leave of every place I depart from, and and every day diſpoſſeſs my ſelf of what I have. *Olim jam nec perit quicquam mihi, nec acquiritur: plus ſupereſt viatici, quam viæ. Henceforward I will neither loſe, nor expect to get: I have more wherewith to defray my Journey than I have way to go;* — *Sen. Epiſt.*

Vixi, & quem dederat curſum fortuna peregi. — *Eneid. l. 4.*
I've liv'd, and finiſh'd the career
Wherein my Fortune plac'd me here.

To conclude, 'tis the only comfort I find in my old Age, that it mortifies in me ſeveral Cares and Deſires wherewith my Life has been diſturbed; the Care how the World goes, the Care of Riches, of Grandeur, of Knowledge, of Health, and my ſelf. There are, who are learning to ſpeak at a time when they ſhould learn to be ſilent for ever. A man may always ſtudy, but he muſt not always go to School. What a contemptible thing is an old School-boy!

Gall. Eleg. *Diverſos diverſa juvant, non omnibus annis*
Omnia conveniunt.

For ſeveral things do ſeveral men delight,
And all things are not for all Ages right.

If we muſt ſtudy, let us ſtudy what is ſuitable to our preſent Condition, that we may anſwer as he did, who being ask'd to what end he ſtudied in his decrepid Age, *that I may go out better*, ſaid he, *and at greater eaſe.* Such a ſtudy was that of the younger *Cato*, feeling his end approach, and which he met with in *Plato*'s Diſcourſe of the Immortality of the Soul: Not as we are to believe that he was not long before hand furniſhed with all ſorts of Ammunition for ſuch a Departure; for of aſſurance, an eſtabliſhed Will and Inſtruction he had more than *Plato* had in all his Writings; his Knowledge and Courage were in this reſpect above *Philoſophy*. He applyed himſelf to this ſtudy, not for the Service of his Death, but as a man whoſe ſleeps were never diſturbed in the Importance of ſuch a deliberation, he alſo without choice or change, continued his Studies with the other accuſtomary Actions of his Life. The Night that he was

What an old man's ſtudy ought to be.

deny'd

deny'd the *Prætorſhip*, he ſpent in play. That wherein he was to dye, he ſpent in reading. The loſs either of Life or Office was all one to him.

CHAP. XXIX.

Of Vertue.

I find by experience, that there is a vaſt difference betwixt the ſtarts and ſallies of the Soul, and a reſolute and conſtant habit; and very well perceive, that there is nothing we may not do, nay, even to the ſurpaſſing the Divinity it ſelf, ſays a certain Perſon; foraſmuch as it is more to render a mans ſelf impaſſible by his own ſtudy and induſtry, than to be ſo by his natural condition; and even to be able to conjoyn to man's imbecility and frailty a God-like reſolution and aſſurance. But it is by fits and ſtarts; and in the Lives of thoſe *Heroes* of Times paſt there are ſometimes miraculous Sallies, and that ſeems infinitely to exceed our natural force, but they are indeed but ſallies: And 'tis hard to believe, that in theſe ſo elevated qualities a man can ſo throughly tinct and imbue the Soul, that they ſhould become conſtant, and, as it were, natural in him. It accidentally happens even to us, who are but abortive births of men, ſometimes to dart out our Souls, when rous'd by the Diſcourſes or Examples of others, much beyond their ordinary ſtretch; but 'tis a kind of Paſſion which does puſh and prick them

on, and in ſome ſort raviſhes them from themſelves: But this Whirl-wind once blown over, we ſee that they inſenſibly flag, and ſlacken of themſelves, if not to the loweſt degree, at leaſt ſo as to be no more the ſame; inſomuch as that upon every trivial occaſion, the loſing of a Hawk, or the breaking of a Glaſs, we ſuffer our ſelves to be mov'd little leſs than one of the common People. I am of opinion, that Order, Moderation and Conſtancy excepted, all things are to be done by a man that is indifferent, and defective in general. Therefore it is, ſay the *Sages*, that to make a right judgment of a man, you are chiefly to pry into his common Actions, and ſurprize him in his every day habit. *Pyrrho*, he who erected ſo pleaſant a knowledge upon Ignorance, endeavour'd, as all the reſt who were really *Philoſophers* did, to make his *Life* correſpond with his *Doctrine*. And becauſe he maintain'd the imbecillity of Human Judgment to be ſo extream as to be incapable of any choice or inclination, and would have it wavering and ſuſpended, conſidering and receiving all things as indifferent, 'tis ſaid, that he always comported himſelf after the ſame manner and countenance: If he had begun a Diſcourſe, he would always end what he had to ſay, though the Perſon he was ſpeaking to, was gone away: And if he walk'd, he never ſtop'd for any impediment that ſtood in his way, being preſerv'd from Precipes, the juſtle of Carts, and other like accidents, by the care of his Friends: For, to fear, or to avoid any thing, had been to juſtle his own Propoſitions, which de-

depriv'd the Senſes themſelves of all Certainty and Election. Sometimes he ſuffered Inciſions and Cauteries with ſo great conſtancy, as never to be ſeen ſo much, as to winch or ſtir. 'Tis ſomething to bring the Soul to theſe imaginations, more to joyn the effects, and yet not impoſſible; but to conjoyn them with ſuch perſeverance and conſtancy, as to make them habitual, is certainly, in attempts ſo remote from the common uſance, almoſt incredible to be done. Therefore it was, that being one day taken in his Houſe terribly ſcolding with his Siſter, and being reproach'd that he therein tranſgreſs'd his own Rules of indifference; *What*, ſaid he, *muſt this fooliſh Woman alſo ſerve for a Teſtimony to my Rules?* Another time, being ſeen to defend himſelf againſt a Dog. *It is*, ſaid he, *very hard totally to put off man; and we muſt endeavour and force our ſelves to reſiſt and encounter things, firſt by Effects, but at leaſt by Reaſon.* About ſeven or eight years ſince, a Husbandman yet living, but two Leagues from my Houſe, having long been tormented with his Wifes Jealouſie, coming one day home from his work, and ſhe welcoming him with her accuſtomed railing, entred into ſo great fury, that with a Sickle he had yet in his hand he totally cut off all thoſe Parts that ſhe was jealous of, and threw them in her Face. And, 'tis ſaid, that a young Gentleman of our Nation, brisk and amorous, having by his perſeverance at laſt mollified the heart of a fair Miſtreſs, enrag'd, that upon the point of fruition he found himſelf unable to perform, and that,

non

Tib. lib. 4. *Eleg. pen.*

——*non viriliter*
Iners ſentile penis extulerat caput,

ſo ſoon as ever he came home he depriv'd himſelf of it, and ſent it his Miſtreſs, a cruel and bloody Victim for the expiation of his offence. If this had been done upon mature conſideration, and upon the account of Religion, as the Prieſts of *Cybele* did, what ſhould we ſay of ſo high an action? A few days ſince, at *Bergerac*, within five Leagues of my Houſe, up the River *Dordogne*, a Woman having over-night been beaten and abus'd by her Husband, a cholerick ill-condition'd fellow, reſolv'd to eſcape from his ill uſage at the price of her life; and going ſo ſoon as we was up the next morning to viſit her Neighbours, as ſhe was wont to do, and having let ſome words fall of the recommendation of her Affairs, ſhe took a Siſter of hers by the hand, and led her to the Bridge; whither being come, as it were in jeſt, without any manner of alteration in her Countenance, there taking leave of her, ſhe threw her ſelf headlong from the top into the River, and was there drown'd. That which is the moſt Remarkable in this, is, that this reſolution was a whole night forming in her head: But it is quite another thing with the *Indian* Women, for it being the cuſtom there for the men to have many Wives, and the beſt beloved of them to kill her ſelf at her Husband's deceaſe, every one of them makes it the Buſineſs of her whole Life to obtain this Priviledge, and gain this Advantage over her Companions, and the good Offices they do their Husbands, aim at no other Recompence, but

but to be preſer'd in accompanying him in Death.

Ubi mortifero jacta eſt fax ultima lecto,
Uxorum faſis ſtat pia turba comis:
Et certamen habent lethi quæ viva ſequatur
Conjugium, pudor eſt non licuiſſe mori,
Ardent victrices, & flammæ pectora præbent,
Imponuntque ſuis ora peruſta viris.

Propertius. l.3. Eleg.11.

When to the pile they throw the kindling brand
The pious Wives with Hair diſhevell'd ſtand,
Striving which living ſhall accompany
Her Spouſe, and are aſham'd they may not dye,
Who are preferr'd, their Breaſts to flame expoſe,
And their ſcorch'd Lips to their dead Husbands cloſe.

A certain *Author* of our times, Reports, that he has ſeen in thoſe Oriental Nations this Cuſtom in practice, that not only the Wives bury themſelves with their Husbands, but even the Slaves he has enjoyed alſo; which is done after this manner: The Husband being dead, the Widow may if ſhe will (but few will) demand two or three Months reſpite wherein to order her Affairs. The day being come, ſhe mounts on Horſe-back, dreſs'd as fine as at her Wedding, and with a cheatful Countenance ſays, ſhe is going to ſleep with her Spouſe, holding a Looking-glaſs in her left hand, and an Arrow in the other. Being thus conducted in pomp, accompanied with her Kindred and Friends, and a great concourſe of People, with great Joy, ſhe is at laſt brought to the publick Place appointed for ſuch Spectacles: This is a ſpacious Place, in the midſt of which is a Pit full of Wood, and adjoyning

joyning to it a Mount raiſed four or five ſteps, upon which ſhe is brought and ſerved with a magnificent Repaſt; which being done, ſhe falls to Dancing and Singing, and gives order when ſhe thinks fit to kindle the Fire; which being perform'd, ſhe deſcends, and taking the neareſt of her Husbands Relations by the hand, they walk together to the River cloſe by, where ſhe ſtrips her ſelf ſtark naked, and having diſtributed her Clothes and Jewels to her Friends, plunges her ſelf into the Water, as if there to cleanſe her ſelf from her Sins; coming out thence, ſhe wraps her ſelf in a yellow Linnen of five and twenty Ells long, and again giving her hand to this Kinſman of her Husbands, they return back to the Mount, where ſhe makes a Speech to the People, and recommends her Children to them if ſhe have any. Betwixt the Pit and the Mount there is commonly a Curtain drawn to skreen the burning Furnace from their ſight, which ſome of them to manifeſt the greater Courage, forbid. Having ended what ſhe has to ſay, a Woman preſents her with a Veſſel of Oyl, wherewith to anoint her head, and her whole Body; which having done with, ſhe throws into the Fire, and in an inſtant precipitates her ſelf after. Immediately the People throw a great many Billets and Logs upon her, that ſhe may not be long in dying, and convert all their Joy into Sorrow and Mourning. If they are Perſons of meaner Condition, the Body of the defunct is carried to the place of Sepulture, and there plac'd ſitting, the Widow kneeling before him, embracing the dead Body; and continue in this poſture whilſt they

they build a Wall about them, which ſo ſoon as it is raiſed to the height of the Womans Shoulders, ſome of her Relations comes behind her and taking hold of her Head writhe her Neck in two, and ſo ſoon as ſhe is dead, the Wall is preſently rais'd up, and clos'd, where they remain entomb'd. There was in this ſame Country ſomething like this in their *Gymnoſophiſt*; for not by conſtraint of others, nor by the impetuoſity of a ſudden humour, but by the expreſs Profeſſion of their Order; their Cuſtom was, that ſo ſoon as they arriv'd at a certain Age, or that they ſaw themſelves threatned by any Diſeaſe, to cauſe a Funeral Pile to be erected for them, and on the top a ſtately Bed, where after having joyfully feaſted their Friends and Acquaintance, they laid them down with ſo great a Reſolution, that Fire being apply'd to it, they were never ſeen to ſtir either Hand or Foot; and after this manner one of them, *Calanus* by Name, expir'd in the preſence of the whole Army of *Alexander* the Great; and he was neither reputed holy, nor happy amongſt them, that did not thus deſtroy himſelf; diſmiſſing his Soul purg'd and purified by the Fire, after having conſum'd all that was earthly and mortal. This conſtant premeditation of the whole Life is that which makes the wonder. Amongſt our other Controverſies, that of *Fatum* is alſo crept in, and to tye things to come, and even our own Wills to a certain and inevitable Neceſſity, we are yet upon this Argument of time paſt; *Since God foreſees that all things ſhall ſo fall out, as doubtleſs he does, it muſt then neceſſarily follow,*

The *Gymnoſophiſts voluntarily burnt.*

that

that they muſt ſo fall out: To which our Maſters Reply, *that the ſeeing any thing come to paſs, as we do, and as God himſelf alſo does (for all things being preſent with him, he rather ſees, than foreſees) is not to compel an Event: That is, we ſee becauſe things do fall out, but things do not fall out becauſe we ſee. Events cauſe Knowledge, but Knowledge does not cauſe Events. That which we ſee happen, does happen; but it might have happned otherwiſe: And God, in the Catalogue of the Cauſes of Events which he has in his Preſcience, has alſo thoſe which we call accidental and unvoluntary, which depend upon the Liberty he has given our free Will, and knows that we do amiſs becauſe we would do ſo.* I have ſeen a great many Commanders encourage their Souldiers with this fatal Neceſſity; that if our time be limited to a certain hour, neither the Enemies ſhot, nor our own Boldneſs, nor our Flight and Cowardize, can either ſhorten or prolong our Lives. This is eaſily ſaid, but ſee who will be ſo perſwaded, and if it be ſo that a ſtrong and lively Faith draws along with it Actions of the ſame, certainly this Faith we ſo much brag of, is very light in this Age of ours, unleſs the Contempt it has of Works, makes it diſdain their Company. So it is, that to this very purpoſe the *Sire de Joinville*, as credible a Witneſs as any other whatever, tells us of the *Bedoins*, a Nation amongſt the *Saracens*, with whom the King St. *Lewis* had to do in the *Holy-land*, that they in their Religion, did ſo firmly believe the number of every mans days to be from all eternity prefix'd, and ſet down by an inevitable *Decree*,

Cauſes of Events in the preſcience of Almighty God.

Fortuitous and voluntary Cauſes.

Decree, that they went naked to the Wars, excepting a *Turkiſh* Sword, and their Bodies only cover'd with a white Linnen Cloth: And for the greateſt Curſe they could invent when they were angry, this was always in their Mouths, *Accurſed be thou, as he that arms himſelf for fear of Death.* This is a Teſtimony of Faith very much beyond ours. And of this ſort is that alſo that two Religious men of *Florence* gave in our Fathers days. Being engag'd in ſome Controverſie of Learning, they agreed to go both of them into the Fire in the ſight of all the People, each for the verification of his Argument, and all things were already prepar'd, and the things juſt upon the point of Execution, when it was interrupted by an unexpected accident. A young *Turkiſh* Lord, having perform'd a notable Exploit in his own Perſon in the ſight of both Armies, that of *Amurath*, and that of *Hunniades* ready to joyn Battel, being ask'd by *Amurath*, who in ſo tender and unexperienc'd years (for it was his firſt ſally into Arms) had inſpir'd him with ſo brave a Courage, reply'd, that his chief *Tutor* for Valour was a *Hare*. For being, ſaid he, one day a hunting, I found a Hare ſitting, and though I had a brace of excellent Grey-hounds with me, yet methought it would be beſt for ſureneſs to make uſe of my Bow; for ſhe ſat very fair. I then fell to letting fly my Arrows, and ſhot forty that I had in my Quiver, not only without hurting, but without ſtarting her from her form. At laſt I ſlipt my Dogs after her, but to no more purpoſe than I had ſhot: By which I underſtood, that ſhe had been ſecur'd by her Deſtiny; and

that

that neither Darts nor Swords can wound without the permiſſion of Fate, which we can neither haſten nor defer. This Story which I am going to tell, may ſerve by the way to let us ſee how flexible our Reaſon is to all ſorts of Images. A Perſon of great Years, Name, Dignity and Learning, boaſted to me to have been induc'd to a certain very important mutation in his Faith, by a ſtrange whimſical Inclination, and otherwiſe ſo very ill concluding, that I thought it much ſtronger being taken the contrary way: He call'd it a Miracle, I look upon it quite otherwiſe. The *Turkiſh* Hiſtorians ſay, that the perſwaſion thoſe of their Nation have imprinted in them of the fatal and unalterable Preſcription of their Days, does manifeſtly conduce to the giving them great aſſurance in Dangers; and I know a great Prince, who makes very fortunate uſe of it; whether it be that he does really believe it, or that he makes it his excuſe, for ſo wonderfully hazarding himſelf, provided Fortune be not too ſoon weary of her Favour to him. There has not happened in our memory a more admirable effect of Reſolution; than in thoſe two who conſpired the Death of the Prince of *Orange*. 'Tis to be wondered at, how the ſecond that executed it, could ever be perſuaded into an attempt, wherein his Companion, who had done his utmoſt, had ſo ill Succeſs; and after the ſame Method, and with the ſame Arms, to go attaque a Lord, arm'd with a late Inſtruction of diſtruſt, powerful in Followers and bodily Strength, in his own Hall, amidſt his Guards, and in a City wholely at his Devotion.

Aſſaſſination of the Prince of *Orange*.

He

He doubtleſs employ'd a very reſolute Arm and a Courage enflam'd with furious Paſſions: A *Poignard* is ſurer for ſtriking home, but by reaſon that more motion and force of hand is required than with a Piſtol, the Blow is more ſubject to be put by or hindered. That this man did not run to a certain Death, I make no great doubt; for the hopes any one could flatter him withal, could not find place in any ſober Underſtanding, and the Conduct of his Exploit does ſufficiently manifeſt that he had no want of that no more than of Courage. The motives of ſo powerful a Perſwaſion may be divers, for our fancy does what it will both with it ſelf and us. The Execution that was done near *Orleans* was nothing like this, there was in that more of Chance than Vigour, the wound was not mortal. If Fortune had not made it ſo; and to attempt to ſhoot on Horſe-back, and at a great diſtance, and at one whoſe body was in motion by the moving of his Horſe, was the attempt of a man, who had rather miſs his blow than fail of ſaving himſelf: As was apparent by what followed after; for he was ſo aſtoniſhed and ſtupified with the thought of ſo high an Execution, that he totally loſt his Judgment both to find his way, and to govern his Tongue. What needed he to have done more than to fly back to his Friends croſs a River? 'Tis what I have done in leſs Dangers, and that I think of very little hazard, how broad ſoever the River may be, provided your Horſe have good going in, and that you ſee on the other ſide eaſie landing according to the ſtream. The other, when

The Duke of *Guiſe.*

they pronounc'd his dreadful Sentence. *I was prepar'd for this*, ſaid he, *before-hand, and I will make you wonder at my Patience.* The *Aſſaſſins*, a *Nation* bordering upon *Phœnicia*, are reputed amongſt the *Mahometans* a People of very great Devotion, and purity of Manners. They hold that the neareſt way to gain Paradiſe is to kill ſome one of a contrary Religion; which is the Reaſon they have often been ſeen, being but one or two, and without Arms, to attempt againſt powerful Enemies at the price of a certain Death, and without any Conſideration of their own Danger. So was our Count *Raimond* of *Tripoly* aſſaſſinated (which Word is deriv'd from their Name) in the heart of his City, *during* our Enterprizes of the Holy War. And likewiſe *Conrade*, Marquis of *Montferrat*, the Murtherers at their Execution carrying themſelves with great Pride and Glory, that they had perform'd ſo brave an Exploit.

CHAP. XXX.

Of a monſtrous Child.

THis Story ſhall go by it ſelf; for I will leave it to Phyſicians to Diſcourſe of. Two days ago I ſaw a Child, that two Men and a Nurſe, who ſaid themſelves to be the Father, the Uncle, and the Aunt of it, carried about to get money by ſhewing it, by reaſon it was ſo ſtrange a Creature. It was, as to all the reſt of

of a common Form, and could ſtand upon its Feet, could go and gabble much like other Children of the ſame Age; it had never as yet taken any other nouriſhment but from the Nurſes Breaſts, and what, in my Preſence, they tried to put into the Mouth of it, it only chew'd a little, and ſpit it out again without ſwallowing; the Cry of it ſeem'd indeed a little odd and particular, and it was juſt fourteen Months old. Under the Breaſt it was joyned to another Child, but without a Head, and that had the ſpine of the Back without motion, the reſt entire; for though it had one Arm ſhorter than the other, it had been broken by accident at their Birth; they were joyned Breaſt to Breaſt, and as if a leſſer Child would reach the Arms about the Neck of one ſomething bigger. The juncture and thickneſs of the place where they were conjoyned, was not above four Fingers, or thereabouts, ſo that if you thruſt up the imperfect Child you may ſee the Navel of the other below it, and the joyning was betwixt the Paps and the Navel. The Navel of the imperfect Child could not be ſeen, but all the reſt of the Belly; So that all the reſt that was not joyned of the imperfect one, as Arms, Buttocks, Thighs and Legs, hung dangling upon the other, and might reach to the Mid-leg. The *Nurſe* moreover told us that it urined at both Bodies, and alſo the Members of the other were nouriſhed, ſenſible, and in the ſame plight with that ſhe gave ſuck to, excepting that they were ſhorter, and leſs. This double Body, and ſeveral Limbs relating to one Head, might be interpreted a favou-

rable Prognoſtick to the *King*, of maintaining theſe various Parts of our State under the union of his Laws; but leſt the Event ſhould prove otherwiſe, 'tis better to let it alone, for in things already paſt, there needs no Divination; *Ut quum facta ſunt, tum ad conjecturant aliqua interpretatione revocantur. So as when they are come to paſs, they ſhould then by ſome Interpretation be recall'd to Conjecture.* As 'tis ſaid of *Epimenides*, that he always Propheſied of things paſt. I have lately ſeen a *Hearaſ man* in *Medoc* of about thirty years of Age, who has no ſign of any Genital Parts; he has three holes by which he inceſſantly voids his Water, he is Bearded, has deſire, and covets the ſociety of Women. Thoſe that we call *Monſters*, are not ſo to *God*, who ſees in the Immenſity of his Work, the infinite Forms that he has comprehended therein. And it is to be believed, that this Figure which does aſtoniſh us, has relation to ſome other Figure of the ſame kind unknown to man. From his all *Wiſdom* nothing but good, common and regular proceeds; but we do not diſcern the Diſpoſition and Relation, *Quod crebro videt, non miratur, etiamſi, cur fiat neſcit. Quod antè non videt, id, ſi evenerit, oſtentum eſſe cenſet. What he often ſees he does not admire, though he be ignorant how it come to paſs. But when a thing happens he never ſaw before, that he looks upon as a Portent.* Whatever falls out contrary to *Cuſtom*, we ſay is contrary to *Nature*, but nothing, whatever it be, is contrary to her. Let therefore this univerſal and natural Reaſon expel the Errour and Aſtoniſhment that Novelty brings along with it.

Cicero. de Divin. l. 2.

Cicero. de Divin. l. 2.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXI.

Of Anger.

PLutarch is admirable throughout, but eſpecially where he judges of human Actions; the fine things, he ſays, in compariſon of *Lycurgus* and *Numa*, upon the Subject of our great Folly in abandoning Children to the Care and Government of their Fathers, are very eaſily diſcern'd. The moſt of our *Civil Governments*, as *Ariſtotle* ſays, leave, after the manner of the *Cyclops*, to every one the ordering of their Wives and Children, according to their own fooliſh and indiſcreet Fancy? and the *Lacedemonian* and *Cretenſian* are almoſt the only Governments that have committed the Education of Children to the *Laws*. And who does not ſee that in a State all depends upon their nurture and bringing up? And yet they are left to the Mercy of Parents, let them be as fooliſh and ill natur'd as they will, without any manner of Diſcretion. Amongſt other things, how oft have I, as I have paſt along the Streets, had a good mind to make a farce, to revenge the poor Boys whom I have ſeen flead, knock'd down, and miſerably abus'd by ſome Father or Mother when in their Fury, and mad with Rage? You ſhall ſee them come out with Fire and Fury ſparkling in their Eyes,

——*rabie jecur incendente feruntur*
Præcipites, ut ſaxa jugis abruta, quibus mons
Subtrahitur, clivoque latus pendente recedit.

Juvenal. Sat. 6.

With burning Fury they are headlong born,
As when great Stones are from the Mountains torn,
By which the Cliſts depriv'd and leſſen'd are,
And their ſteep ſides are naked left, and bare.

(and according to *Hippocrates* the moſt dangerous Maladies are they, that disfigure the Countenance) with a roaring and terrible Voice very often againſt thoſe that are but newly come from Nurſe, and there they are lam'd and ſpoil'd with blows, whilſt our *Juſtice* takes no Cognizance of it; as if theſe maims and diſlocations were not executed upon Members of our Common-wealth.

Juvenal. Sat. 14.

Gratum eſt quod patriæ civem, populoque dediſti,
Si facis ut Patriæ ſit idoneus, utilis agris,
Utilis, & bellorum & pacis rebus agendis.
It is a Gift moſt acceptable, when
Thou to thy Country giv'ſt a Citizen,
Provided thou haſt had the knack of it
To make him for his Countries Service fit,
Uſeful t'aſſiſt the Earth in her increaſe,
And uſeful in Affairs of War and Peace.

There is no Paſſion that ſo much tranſports men from their right Judgments, as Anger. No one would demurr upon puniſhing a *Judge* with Death who ſhould condemn a *Criminal* upon the account of his own Choler; why then ſhould *Fathers* and *Pedants* be any more allow'd to whip and chaſtiſe Children in their Anger? 'Tis then no longer *Correction* but *Revenge*. Chaſtiſement is inſtead of *Phyſick* to Children; and ſhould we ſuffer a *Phyſician*, who ſhould be animated againſt, and enrag'd at, his *Patient*? We our-

ſelves,

ſelves, to do well, ſhould never lay a Hand upon our Servants whilſt our Anger laſts: Whilſt the Pulſe beats, and that we feel an Emotion in our ſelves, let us defer the Buſineſs; things will indeed appear otherwiſe to us when we are calm and cool. 'Tis then Paſſion that commands, 'tis then Paſſion that ſpeaks, and not we. Faults ſeen through Paſſion are magnified, and appear much greater to us than they really are, as Bodies do being ſeen through a Miſt. Who is hungry uſes Meat, but he that will make uſe of Correction ſhould have no appetite neither of Hunger or Thirſt to it. And moreover Chaſtiſements that are inflicted with weight and diſcretion; are much better receiv'd, and with greater benefit by him who ſuffers. Otherwiſe he will not think himſelf juſtly condemn'd by a man tranſported with anger and fury, and will alledge his Maſters exceſſive Paſſion, his inflam'd Countenance, his unwonted Oaths, his Emotion and precipitous Raſhneſs, for his own juſtification.

Ora tument ira, nigreſcunt ſanguine venæ,
Lumina Gorgonio ſevius igne micant.
Their Faces ſwell, and Veins grow black with ire,
And their Eyes ſparkle with *Gorgonian Fire.*

Ovid. de Art. lib. 3.

Suetonius reports, that *Caius Rabirius* having been condemned by *Cæſar*, the thing that moſt prevail'd upon the People (to whom he had appeal'd) to determine the Cauſe in his favour, was, the animoſity and vehemency that *Cæſar* had manifeſted in that Sentence. Saying is one thing and Doing is another; we are diſtinctly to conſider the Sermon and the Preacher. Theſe Men

took a pretty Buſineſs in hand, who in our Times have attempted to ſhake the Truth of our Church by the Vices of her Miniſters; ſhe extracts her Teſtimony elſewhere. 'Tis a fooliſh way of Arguing, and that would throw all things into confuſion. A man whoſe Manners are good, may have falſe Opinions, and wicked men may preach Truth, nay, though he believe it not himſelf. 'Tis doubtleſs a fine Harmony when *doing* and *ſaying* go together; and I will not deny but that Saying, when the Actions follow, are of greater Authority and Efficacy, as *Eudamidas* ſaid, hearing a *Philoſopher* talk of Military Affairs; *Theſe things are finely ſaid, but he that ſpeaks them is not to be believed, for his Ears have never been uſed to the ſound of the Trumpet.* And *Cleomenes*, hearing an Orator declaiming upon Valour, burſt out into Laughter, at which the other being angry, *I ſhould*, ſaid he to him, *do the ſame if it were a Swallow that ſpoke of this ſubject, but if it were an Eagle, I ſhould willingly hear him.* I perceive, methinks, in the Writing of the *Ancients*, that he who ſpeaks what he thinks, ſtrikes much more home than he that only diſſembles. Hear but *Cicero* ſpeak of the love of Liberty: Hear *Brutus* ſpeak of it, his very writings ſound that this man would purchace it at the price of his Life. Let *Cicero*, the Father of Eloquence, treat of the contempt of Death, and let *Seneca* do the ſame; the firſt does languiſhingly drawl it out, ſo that you perceive he would make you reſolve upon a thing on which he is not reſolv'd himſelf. He inſpires you not with Courage, for he himſelf has none; the other animates and enflames

Cenſure of *Cicero* and *Seneca.*

enflames you. I never read Author, even of thoſe who treat of Vertue and of Actions, that I do not curiouſly examin what a kind of man he was himſelf. For the *Ephori* at *Sparta*, ſeeing a diſſolute Fellow propoſe a wholeſome advice to the people commanded him to hold his peace, and intreated a vertuous Man to attribute to himſelf the Invention, and to propoſe it. *Plutarch*'s Writings, if well underſtood, ſufficiently ſpeak their *Author*; and ſo that I think I know him even into his Soul, and yet I could wiſh that we had ſome fuller account of his Life; and thus far wandring from my Subject, upon the account of the Obligation I have to *Aulus Gellius*, for having left us in Writing this Story of his Manners, that brings me back to my Subject of Anger. A Slave of his, a vicious, ill conditi- *Plutarch.* reproach'd for Anger by a Slave of his.
on'd Fellow, but that had had the Precepts of *Philoſophy* often ringing in his Ears, having for ſome Offence of his been ſtript by *Plutarchs* Command, whilſt he was whipping, mutter'd at firſt, that it was without cauſe, and that he had done nothing to deſerve it; but at laſt falling in good earneſt to exclaim againſt, and to rail at, his Maſter, he reproach'd him, that he was no *Philoſopher*, as he had boaſted himſelf to be; that he had often heard him ſay it was indecent to be angry, nay, had writ a Book to that purpoſe; and that the cauſing him to be ſo cruelly beaten in the height of his Rage, totally gave the Lye to all his Writings. To which *Plutarch* calmly and coldly anſwered, *How Ruffian*, ſaid he, *By what doſt thou judge that I am now angry, does either my Face, my Colour, or my Voice give any manifeſta-*

manifeſtation of my being mov'd? I do not think my Eyes look fierce, that my Countenance appears troubled, or that my Voice is dreadful; am I red, do I foam, does any Word eſcape my Lips I ought to repent; Do I ſtart? Do I tremble with Fury? For thoſe I tell thee are the true ſigns of Anger. And ſo turning to the Fellow that was whipping him, *Ply on thy Work,* ſaid he, *whilſt this Gentleman and I diſpute.* This is the Story.

That Correction never ought to be given in Anger.

Archytas Tarentinus, returning from a War wherein he had been *Captain General*, found all things in his Houſe in very great diſorder, and his Lands quite out of Tillage, through the ill Husbandry of his *Receiver*, whom having caus'd to be call'd to him, *Go*, ſaid he, *if I were not in Anger, I would ſoundly drubb your ſides. Plato* likewiſe being highly offended with one of his Slaves, gave *Speuſippus* order to chaſtiſe him, excuſing himſelf from doing it becauſe he was in Anger. And *Carillus*, a *Lacedemonian*, to a *Helot*, who carried himſelf ſo inſolently and audaciouſly towards him; *By the Gods*, ſaid he, *if I was not angry, I would immediately cauſe thee to be put to Death.* 'Tis a Paſſion that is pleas'd with, and flatters it ſelf. How oft, being mov'd under a falſe cauſe, if the Perſon offending makes a good Defence, and preſents us with a juſt excuſe, are we vext at Truth and Innocence it ſelf? In proof of which, I remember a marvellous Example of Antiquity. *Piſo*, otherwiſe a Man of very eminent Vertue, being mov'd againſt a Souldier of his, for that returning alone from *Forrage*, he could give him no account where he had left a Companion of his, took it for granted, that he had

had kill'd him, and preſently condemn'd him to Death. He was no ſooner mounted upon the *Gibbot*, but behold his wandting Companion arrives, at which all the Army were exceedingly glad, and after many embraces of the two Comrades, the Hangman carried both the one and the other into *Piſo*'s Preſence, all the Aſſiſtants believing it would be a great Pleaſure even to him himſelf; but it prov'd quite contrary; for through ſhame and ſpite, his Fury, which was not yet cool, redoubled; and by a ſubtlety which his Paſſion ſuddenly ſuggeſted to him, he made three Criminal for having found one innocent, and caus'd them all to be diſpatch'd: The firſt Souldier, becauſe *Sentence* had paſs'd upon him; The ſecond, who had loſt his way, becauſe he was the Cauſe of his Companions Death; and the Hangman, for not having obey'd the Order had been given him. Such as have had to do with teſty and obſtinate Women, may have experimented into what a Rage it puts them, to oppoſe Silence and Coldneſs to their Fury, and that a man diſdains to nouriſh their Anger. The Orator *Cælius* was wonderfully cholerick by Nature, and to one who ſup't in his company, a man of a gentle and ſweet Converſation, and who, that he might not move him, approv'd and conſented to all he ſaid; he, impatient that his ill Humour ſhould thus ſpend it ſelf without aliment; *For the love of the Gods deny me ſomething*, ſaid he, *that we may be two.* Women, in like manner are, only angry, that others may be angry again, in imitation of the Laws of Love. *Phocion*, to one that interrupted his ſpeaking by injurious and very

very opprobrious Words, made no other return than ſilence, and to give him full Liberty and Leiſure to vent his Spleen; which he having accordingly done, and the ſtorm blown over, without any mention of this diſturbance, he proceeded in his Diſcourſe where he had left off before. No anſwer can nettle a man like ſuch a Contempt. Of the moſt cholerick man in *France* (anger is always an imperfection, but more excuſable in a Souldier, for in that Trade it cannot ſometimes be avoided) I muſt needs ſay, that he is often the moſt patient man that I know, and the moſt diſcreet in bridling his Paſſion; which riſes in him with ſo great Violence and Fury,

Æneid. l. 7.

——magno veluti cum flamma ſonore
Virgea ſuggeritur coſtis undantis aheni,
Exultantque æſtu latices, furit intus aquai.
Fumidus, atque alte ſpumis exuberat amnis,
Nec jam ſe capit unda, volat vapor ater ad auras.

As when into the boyling Caldron's ſide
A crackling flame of Bruſh-wood is apply'd,
The bubling Liquor there like ſprings are ſeen
To ſwell, and foam to higher Tides within,
Until it does to overflowing riſe,
And a fuliginous Vapour upward flies.

that he muſt of neceſſity cruelly conſtrain himſelf to moderate it; and, for my part, I know no Paſſion which I could with ſo much Violence to my ſelf attempt to cover and conceal. I would not ſet Wiſdom at ſo high a price; and do not ſo much conſider what he does, as how much it coſts him to do no worſe. Another boaſted himſelf to me of the regularity and ſweetneſs of his Manners, which is in truth very ſingular;

to

to whom I replyed, that it was indeed ſomething, eſpecially in perſons of ſo eminent Quality as himſelf, upon whom every one had their Eyes, to preſent himſelf always well temper'd to the World; but that the principal thing was to make Proviſion for within, and for himſelf; and that it was not, in my Opinion, very well to order his Buſineſs inwardly to grate himſelf, which I was afraid he did, in putting on and outwardly maintaining the viſor and regular Appearance. A man incorporates anger by concealing it, as *Diogenes* told *Demoſthenes*, who, for fear of being ſeen in a *Tavern*, withdrew himſelf into it. The more you retire, the farther you enter in. I would rather adviſe that a man ſhould give his Servant a Box of the Ear a little unſeaſonably, than wrack his Fancy to repreſent this grave and compos'd Countenance; and had rather diſcover my Paſſions than brood over them at my own expence; they grow leſs in venting and manifeſting themſelves; and 'tis much better their point ſhould wound others without than be turn'd towards our ſelves within. *Omnia vita in aperto leviora ſunt; & tunc perniciosiſſima, quum ſimulata ſanitate ſubſidunt.* *All Vices are leſs dangerous when open to be ſeen, and then most pernicious when they lurk under a diſſembled Temper.* Senec. Epiſt. 57. I admoniſh all thoſe who have authority to be angry in my Family, in the firſt place to manage their Anger, and not to laviſh it upon every occaſion, for that both leſſens the value, and hinders the Effect. Raſh and cuſtomary Chafing runs into Cuſtom, and renders it ſelf deſpis'd; and that you lay out upon a Servant for

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a Theft, is not felt, becauſe it is the ſame he has ſeen you a hundred times employ againſt him for having ill waſh'd a Glaſs, or ſet a Stool out of order. Secondly, that they are not angry to no purpoſe, but make ſure that their Reprehenſion reach him at whom they are offended; for ordinarily they rail and bawl before he comes into their Preſence, and continue ſcolding an Age after he is gone;

Claudian. *Et ſecum petulans amentia certat:*

And petulant madneſs with it ſelf contends; they attack his ſhadow, and puſh the ſtorm in place where no one is either chaſtiſed or intereſted, but in the Clamour of their Voice. I likewiſe in Quarrels condemn thoſe who huff and vapour without an Enemy? thoſe *Rodomontades* are to be reſerv'd to diſcharge upon the offending Party.

Æneid. lib. 12.

Mugitus velati cum prima in prælia taurus
Terrificos ciet, atque iraſci in cornua tentat,
Arboris obnixus trunco, ventoſque laceſſit
Ictibus, & ſparſa ad pugnam proludit arena.

Like angry Bulls that make the Valleys ring,
Preſt to the fight, with dreadful bellowing,
Whetting their Horns againſt the ſturdy Oak,
Who with their kicking Heels the winds provoke,
And toſſing up the Earth, a Duſt do raiſe
For furious preludes to enſuing frays.

The Authors Anger in great and little Occaſions.

When I am angry, my Anger is very ſharp, but withal very ſhort, and as private as I can; I loſe my ſelf indeed in Promptneſs and Violence, but not in Trouble, ſo that I throw out all ſorts of injurious words at random, and without choice, and

and never conſider pertinently to dart my Language where I think it will deepeſt wound, for I commonly make uſe of no other Weapon in my Anger than my Tongue. My Servants have a better bargain of me in great Occaſions than in little, the little ones ſurpriſe me; and the miſchief on't is, that when you are once upon the Precipice, 'tis no matter who gave you the puſh, for you always go to the bottom; the fall urges, moves and makes haſte of it ſelf. In great Occaſions this ſatisfies me, that they are ſo juſt every one expects a warrantable Indignation, and then I glorifie my ſelf in deceiving their Expectation; againſt theſe, I fortifie and prepare my ſelf, they diſturb my head, and threaten to tranſport me very far, ſhould I follow them. I can eaſily contain my ſelf from entring into one of theſe Paſſions, and am ſtrong enough when I expect them, to repel their Violence, be the Cauſe never ſo great; but if a Paſſion once prepoſſeſs and ſeize me, it carries me away, be it never ſo ſmall; which makes me indent with thoſe who may contend me, when you ſee me firſt moved, let me alone, right or wrong, I'll do the ſame for you. The ſtorm is only begot by a concurrence of Angers, which eaſily ſpring from one another, and are not born together. Let every one have his own way, and we ſhall be always at Peace. A profitable Advice, but hard to execute. Sometimes alſo it falls out, that I put on a ſeeming Anger, for the better governing of my houſe, without any real Emotion. As Age renders my humours more ſharp, I ſtudy to oppoſe them, and will, if I can, order it ſo, that for the Future

Future I may be ſo much the leſs peeviſh and hard to pleaſe, as I have more excuſe and inclination to be ſo, although I have heretofore been reckoned amongſt thoſe that have the greateſt Patience. A Word more to conclude this *Chapter*. *Ariſtotle* ſays, that Anger ſometimes ſerves for Arms to Vertue and Valour. 'Tis likely it may be ſo, nevertheleſs, they who contradict him pleaſantly Anſwer, that 'tis a Weapon of novel Uſe; for we move all other Arms, this moves us, our Hands guide it not, 'tis it that guides our hands, it holds us, we hold not it.

CHAP. XXXII.

Defence of Seneca *and* Plutarch.

THE Familiarity I have had with theſe two *Authors*, and the aſſiſtance they have lent to my Age and Book, wholly compil'd of what I have borrowed from them, obliges me to eſpouſe their Quarrel, and to ſtand up for their Honour. As to *Seneca*, amongſt a million of little Pamphlets that thoſe of the *Reformed Religion*, diſperſe abroad for the defence of their *Cauſe* (and which ſometimes proceeds from ſo good a hand, that 'tis pitty his Pen is not employ'd in a better Subject) I have formerly ſeen one, that to make up the Parallel he would fain find out betwixt the Government of our late poor King *Charles* the Ninth, and that of *Nero*, compares the late *Cardinal* of *Lorrain* with *Seneca*, their Fortunes

Fortunes to have both of them been the prime *Miniſters* in the Government of their *Princes*, and their Manners, Conditions and Deportments to have been very near alike: Wherein, in my Opinion, he does the ſaid *Cardinal* a very great Honour; for though I am one of thoſe who have a very great eſteem for his *Wit*, *Eloquence* and *Zeal* to *Religion*, and the Service of his King, and think it was a happineſs in an Age wherein he was ſo *new*, ſo *rare*, and alſo ſo neceſſary for the Publick, to have an Eccleſiaſtical Perſon, of ſo high Birth and Dignity, and ſo ſufficient and capable of his Place; yet to confeſs the Truth, I do not think his Capacity by many degrees near to the other, nor his Vertue either ſo clean, entire, or ſteady, as that of *Seneca*. Now the Book whereof I ſpeak, to bring about his deſign, gives a very injurious Deſcription of *Seneca*, having borrowed his Reproaches from *Dion* the Hiſtorian, whoſe Teſtimony I do not at all believe. For beſides that, he is inconſtant, who after having call'd *Seneca* one while very wiſe, and again a mortal enemy to *Nero's* Vices, makes him elſewhere Avaritious, an Uſurper, Ambitious, Effeminate, Voluptuous and a falſe Pretender to *Philoſophy*; his own Vertue does appear ſoLively and vigorous in his Writings, and his Vindication is ſo clear from any of theſe imputations of *Riches*, and any extraordinary expenſive way of living, that I cannot believe any Teſtimony to the contrary. And beſides, it is much more reaſonable to believe the *Roman*

Hiſtorians in ſuch things, than *Greeks* and Strangers. Now *Tacitus* and the reſt ſpeak very honourably both of his Life and Death, and repreſent him to us a very excellent and vertuous Perſon in all things; and I will alledge no other Reproach againſt *Dion*'s Report but this, which I cannot avoid, namely, that he has ſo ſickly a Judgment in the *Roman* Affairs, that he dares to maintain *Julius Ceſar*'s Cauſe againſt *Pompey*, and that of *Anthony* againſt *Cicero*.

Bodinus a good Author.

Let us now come to *Plutarch*; *John Bodinus* is a good Author of our times, and a *Writer* of much greater Judgment than the rout of *Scribblers* of his Age, and that deſerves to be carefully read and conſider'd. I find him though a little bold in this paſſage of his *Method of Hiſtory*, where he accuſes *Plutarch* not only of ignorance (wherein I would have let him alone; for that is above my reprehenſion) but that he oft writes things incredible, and abſolutely fabulous, which are his own Words. If he had ſimply ſaid, that he had deliver'd things otherwiſe than they really are, it had been no great reproach; for what we have not ſeen, we are forc'd to receive from other hands, and take upon truſt; and I ſee he purpoſely ſometimes variouſly relates the ſame Story, as the Judgment of the three beſt Captains that ever were, given by *Hannibal*; 'tis one way in the Life of *Flaminius*, and another in that of *Pyrrhus*. But to charge him with having taken incredible and impoſſible things for current pay, is to accuſe the moſt judicious *Author* in the World of want of Judgment. And this is his Example; as, ſays he, when he relates that

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a *Lacedemonian* Boy ſuffer'd his Bowels to be torn out by a Fox-cub he had ſtoln, and kept it ſtill conceal'd under his Coat till he fell down dead, rather than he would diſcover his theft. I find in this firſt place this Example ill choſen, foraſmuch as it is very hard to limit the Power of the Faculties of the Soul, whereas we have better Authority to limit, and know the force of the bodily Limbs; and therefore, if I had been as he, I ſhould rather have choſen an Example of this ſecond ſort; and there are that are leſs credible: And amongſt others, that which he relates of *Pyrrhus*, that all wounded as he was, he ſtruck one of his Enemies who was arm'd from Head to Foot, ſo great a blow with his Sword, that he cleave him down from his Crown to his ſeat, ſo that the Body was divided into two parts. In this Example I find no great Miracle, nor do not admit of the *Salvo* with which he excuſes *Plutarch*, to have added this Word (*as 'tis ſaid*) to ſuſpend our Belief; for unleſs it be in things received by Authority, and the reverence to *Antiquity* or *Religion*, he would never have himſelf admitted, or enjoyed us things incredible in themſelves to believe; and that this Word (*as 'tis ſaid*) is not put in this place to that effect, is eaſie to be ſeen, becauſe he elſewhere relates to us, upon this Subject, of the Patience of the *Lacedæmonian* Children, Examples happening in his Time, more unlikely to prevail upon our Faith; as what *Cicero* alſo has teſtified before him, as having, as he ſays, been upon the Place: that even to their Times there were Children

The Bowels of a *Lacedemonian* Boy torn out by a Fox-cub.

The Patience of the *Lacedemonian* Children.

found, who, in the tryal of Patience they were put to before the *Altar* of *Diana*, ſuffered themſelves to be there whip'd till the Blood run down all over their Bodies, not only without crying out, but without ſo much as a Groan, and ſome till they there voluntarily loſt their Lives: And that which *Plutarch* alſo, amongſt an hundred other Witneſſes, relates, that at a Sacrifice, a burning Coal being fall'n into the ſleeve of a *Lacedæmonian* Boy, as he was *cenſing*, he ſuffered his whole Arm to be burn'd, till the ſmell of the broyling fleſh was perceiv'd by the *Aſſiſtants*. There was nothing, according to their *Cuſtom*, wherein their Reputation was more concerned, nor for which they were to undergo more blame and diſgrace, than in being taken in Theft. I am ſo fully ſatisfied of the greatneſs of thoſe Peoples Courage, that his ſtory does not only appear to me, as to *Bodinus*, incredible; but I do not find it ſo much as rare and ſtrange. The *Spartan* Hiſtory is full of a thouſand more cruel and rare examples; and is indeed all Miracles in Compariſon of this. *Marcellinus*, concerning theft reports, that in his time there was no ſort of Torments which could compel the *Egyptians*, when taken in the manner, though a People very much addicted to it, ſo much as to tell their Name. A *Spaniſh* Peaſant, being put to the Wrack about the Accomplices of the murther of the Pretor *Lucius Piſo*, cried out in the height of the Torment, that his Friends ſhould not leave him, but look on in all aſſurance, and that no Pain had the Power to force from him one word of Confeſſion, which was all they could get

Thievery odious to the *Spartans.*

Thievery very much practis'd by the *Egyptians.*

Fortitude of a *Spaniſh* Peaſant.

get the firſt day: The next day, as they were leading him a ſecond time to another Tryal, ſtrongly diſengaging himſelf from the Hands of his Guard, he furiouſly run his Head againſt a Wall, and beat out his Brains. *Epicharis*, having tir'd and glutted the Cruelty of *Nero*'s Yeomen of the Guard, and undergone their Fire, their beating, and their Engines a whole day together without one Syllable of Confeſſion of her *Conſpiracy*; being the next day brought again to the *Wrack*, with her Limbs almoſt torn to pieces, conveyed the Lace of her Robe with a running nooſe over one of the Arms of her Chair, and ſuddenly ſlipping her Head into it, with the weight of her own Body hang'd her ſelf: Who having the Courage to dye after that manner, is it not to be preſum'd that ſhe purpoſely lent her Life to the Tryal of her Fortitude the day before, to mock the Tyrant, and encourage others to the like attempt? And whoever will enquire of our *Argoulets* of the Experiences they have had in our *Civil Wars*, will find effects of Patience and Obſtinacy in this miſerable Age of ours, and amongſt the ſoft and effeminate Rabble, worthy to be compar'd with thoſe we have now related of the *Spartan* Vertue. I know there have been ſimple Peaſants amongſt us, who have endur'd the Soles of their Feet to be broil'd upon a *Grid-iron*, their Fingers ends to be wri.hen off with the Cock of a Piſtol, and their bloody Eyes ſqueez'd out of their Heads by force of a Cord twiſted about their Brows, before they would ſo much as conſent to ranſom. I have ſeen one left ſtark naked for dead in a Ditch, his

Death of *Epicaris*.

his Neck back and ſwell'd, with a Halter yet about it, with which they had drag'd him all Night at a Horſes Tail, his Body wounded in a hundred Places, with ſtabs of Daggers had been given him, not to kill him, but to put him to Pain, and to affright him: Who had endur'd all this, and even to being ſpeechleſs and inſenſible, reſolv'd, as he himſelf told me, rather to dye a thouſand deaths (as indeed, as to matter of ſuffering, he already had) before he would pay a penny; and yet he was one of the richeſt Husbandmen of all the Country. How many have been ſeen patiently to ſuffer themſelves to be burnt and roaſted for Opinions taken upon truſt from others, and by them not at all underſtood? I have known a hundred and a hundred Women (for *Gaſcony* has a certain Prerogative for Obſtinacy) whom you might ſooner have made eat Fire, than forſake an Opinion they had conceiv'd in Anger. They are more exaſperated by blows and conſtraint. And he that made the Story of the Woman, who in defiance of all Correction, Threats and Baſtinadoes, ceaſt not to call her Husband lowzy Knave; and that being plung'd over Head and Ears in Water, could yet lift her Hands above her Head, and make a ſign of cracking Lice, feign'd a Tale, of which in truth we every day ſee a manifeſt Image in the Obſtinacy of Women. And *Obſtinacy* is the Sifter of *Conſtancy*, at leaſt in Vigour and Stability. We are not to judge what is poſſible, and what is not, according to what is credible and incredible to our Apprehenſion, as I have ſaid elſewhere: And it is a great Fault, and

Women obſtinate.

and yet that moſt men are guilty of (which nevertheleſs I do not mention with any Reflection upon *Bodinus*) to make a difficulty of believing that in another, which they could not, or would not do themſelves. Every one thinks that the ſovereign ſtampt of human Nature is imprinted in him, and that from it all others muſt take their Rule; and that all proceedings which are not like his, are feigned and falſe. Is any thing of anothers Actions or Faculties propos'd to him? The firſt thing he calls to the Conſultation of his Judgment is his own Example; and as matters go with him, ſo they muſt of Neceſſity do with all the World beſides. O dangerous and intollerable Folly! For my part I conſider ſome men as infinitely beyond me, eſpecially amongſt the *Antients*; and yet, though I clearly diſcern my inability to come near them by a thouſand paces, I do not forbear to keep them in ſight, and to judge of what does elevate them ſo, of which I alſo perceive ſome ſeeds in my ſelf; as I alſo do of the extream meanneſs of ſome other Minds, which I neither am aſtoniſh'd at, nor yet do misbelieve. I very well perceive the turns thoſe great Souls take to raiſe themſelves to ſuch a pitch, and admire their Grandeur; and thoſe flights that I think the braveſt, I could be glad to imitate, where, though I want wing, yet my Judgment goes along with them.

The other Example he introduces of things incredible, and wholly fabulous, delivered by *Plutarch*, is, that *Ageſilaus* was *fin'd* by the *Ephori* for having wholly engroſs'd the Hearts and Affections of his *Citizens* to himſelf alone. And here

Ageſilaus mulcted by the *Ephori* for inſinuating him-

ſelf into the Heart of the People.

herein I do not ſee what ſign of Falſity is to be found: But ſo it is, that *Plutarch* ſpeaks of things that muſt needs be better known to him than to us; and it was no new thing in *Greece* to ſee men puniſh'd and exil'd for this very thing of being too acceptable to the People, witneſs the *Oſtraciſm* and *Petaliſm*. There is yet in this place another Accuſation laid againſt *Plutarch*, which I cannot well digeſt; where he ſays, that he has ſincerely coupled the *Romans* with the *Romans*, and the *Greeks* amongſt themſelves: but not the *Romans* with the *Greeks*, witneſs ſays he, *Demoſthenes* and *Cicero*, *Cato* and *Ariſtides*, *Sylla* and *Lyſander*, *Marcellus* and *Pelopidas* and *Pompey* and *Ageſilaus*, ſuppoſing that he has favour'd the *Greeks* in giving them ſo unequal Companions: Which is really to attaque what in *Plutarch* is moſt excellent, and moſt to be commended. For in his *Parallels* (which is the moſt admirable part of all his Works, and with which, in my Opinion, he is himſelf the moſt pleas'd) the fidelity and ſincerity of his Judgments equal their depth and weight. He is a *Philoſopher* that teaches us Vertue. Let us ſee whether we cannot defend him from this Reproach of Falſity and Prevarication. All that I can imagine could give occaſion to this Cenſure, is, the great and ſhining luſtre of the *Roman* Names which we have ſtill before us; it does not ſeem likely to us that *Demoſthenes* could rival the Glory of a *Conſul*, *Proconſul*, and *Queſtor* of that great *Republick*: but if a man conſidered the truth of the thing, and the men in themſelves, which is *Plutarch*'s chiefeſt aim, and more

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to balance their Manners, their Natures, and Parts, than their Fortunes; I think contrary to *Bodinus*, that *Cicero* and the elder *Cato* come very far ſhort of the men with whom they are compar'd. I ſhould ſooner for his purpoſe have choſen the Example of the younger *Cato* compar'd with *Phocian*, for in this *couple* there would have been a more likely diſparity to the *Romans* Advantage. As to *Marcellus*, *Sylla* and *Pompey*, I very well diſcern that their Exploits of War are greater and more full of Pomp and Glory than thoſe of the *Greeks*, which *Plutarch* compares with them; but the braveſt and moſt vertuous Actions, no more in War than elſewhere, are not alwa'ys the moſt renown'd. I often ſee the Names of Captains obſcur'd by the Splendor of other Names of leſs deſert; witneſs *Labienus*, *Ventidius*, *Teleſinus* and ſeveral others. And to take it by that, were I to complain on the behalf of the *Greeks*, could I not ſay, that *Camillus* was much leſs comparable to *Themiſtocles*, the *Gracchi* to *Agis*, and *Cleones* and *Numa* to *Lycurgus*? But 'tis folly to judge of things that have ſo many Aſpects at one view. When *Plutarch* compares them, he does not for all that make them equal. Who could more learnedly and ſincerely have mark'd their diſtinctions? Does he parallel the Victories, Feats of Arms, the force of their Arms conducted by *Pompey*, and his Triumphs, with thoſe of *Ageſilaus*? *I do not believe*, ſays he, *that* Xenophon *himſelf*, *if he were now living*, *though he was allowed to write whatever pleaſed him to the advantage of* Ageſilaus, *would dare to bring them into Compariſon.* Does he

he ſpeak of parallelling *Lyſander* to *Sylla*? There is, ſays he, no Compariſon, either in the number of Victories, or in the hazard of Naval Engagements, *&c.* This is not to derogate from the *Romans*; for having only ſimply nam'd them with the *Greeks*, he can have done them no injury, what diſparity ſoever there may be betwixt them: and *Plutarch* does not entirely oppoſe them to one another, there is no preference in general, he only compares the pieces and circumſtances one after another, and gives of every one a particular and ſeperate Judgment; wherefore, if any one would convince him of Partiality, he ought to pick out ſome one of thoſe particular Judgments, or ſay in general that he was miſtaken in comparing ſuch a *Greek* to ſuch a *Roman*, when there were others more fit and better reſembling to parallel him to.

CHAP. XXXIII.

The Story of Spurina.

Philoſophy thinks ſhe has not ill employed her Talent, when ſhe has given the ſovereignty of the Soul, and the authority of reſtraining our Appetites to *Reaſon*. Amongſt which, they who judge that there is none more violent than thoſe which ſpring from Love, have this Opinion alſo, that they ſeize both of Body and Soul, and poſſeſs the whole Man; ſo that even Health it ſelf depends upon them, and Medicine

dicine is ſometimes conſtrained to pimp for them. But a man might on the contrary alſo ſay, that the mixture of the Body brings an abatement and weakning; for ſuch deſires are ſubject to Saciety, and capable of material Remedies. Many being determined to rid their Soul from the continual Alarms of this Appetite, have made uſe of Inciſion and Amputation of the rebelling Members. Others have ſubdued their force and ardour by the frequent application of cold things, as Snow and Vinegar. The Sack-cloths of our Anceſtors were for this purpoſe, which is a Cloth woven of Horſes Hair, of which ſome of them made Shirts, and others Girdles to torture and correct their Reins. A *Prince* not long ago told me, that in his Youth, upon a ſolemn Feſtival in the Court of King *Francis* the firſt, where every Body was very finely dreſs'd, he would needs put on his Father's Hair Shirt, which was ſtill kept in the Houſe; but how great ſoever his Devotion was, he had not patience to wear it till Night, and was ſick a long time after, adding withal, that he did not think there could be any youthful heat ſo fierce that the uſe of this Receipt would not mortifie, and yet perhaps he never eſſay'd the moſt violent; for Experience ſhews us, that ſuch Emotions are often ſeen under rude and ſlovenly Cloths, and that a Hair Shirt does not always render thoſe Chaſte that wear it. *Xenocrates* proceeded with greater ſeverity in this Affair, for his Diſciples, to make tryal of his Continency, having ſlipt *Lais*, that beautiful and famous *Curtezan* into his Bed quite naked, excepting the arms of her Beauty and her

her wanton Allurements, her *Philters*, finding, that in the deſpite of his Reaſon and Philoſophical Rules, his unruly fleſh began to mutiny, he caus'd thoſe Members of his to be burn'd that he found conſenting to this Rebellion. Whereas the Paſſions which wholly reſide in the Soul, as Ambition, Avarice and the reſt, find the Reaſon much more to do, becauſe it cannot there be relieved but by its own Means; neither are thoſe Appetites capable of Saciety, but grow ſharper, and encreaſe by Fruition. The ſole Example of *Julius Cæſar* may ſuffice to demonſtrate to us the diſparity of theſe appetites; for never was Man more addicted to amorous delights than he: Of which, the delicate Care he had of his Perſon, to that degree of Effeminacy, as to ſerve himſelf with the moſt laſcivious means to that end, as to have the Hairs of his Body twitch'd off by places, and farded all over with Perfumes with the extreameſt curioſity, is one Teſtimony, and he was a Beautiful Perſon in himſelf, of a fair Complexion, Tall and Spritely, full fac'd, with quick hazel Eyes, if we may believe *Suetonius*; for the *Statues* that we ſee at *Rome* do not in all points anſwer this Deſcription. Beſides his Wives, which he four times changed, without reckoning the *Amours* of his Child-hood with *Nicomedes* King of *Bythynia*, he had the Maidenhead of the Renowned *Cleopatra*, Queen of *Ægypt*; witneſs the little *Cæſario* that he had by her. He alſo made love to *Eunoe*, Queen of *Mauritania*, and at *Rome*, to *Poſthumia*, the Wife of *Servius Sulpitius*, to *Lollia*, the Wife of *Gabinius*, to *Tortulla*, the Wife of *Craſſus*, and even

even to *Mutia*, Wife to the Great *Pompey*: which was the Reaſon the *Roman* Hiſtorians ſay, that ſhe was repudiated by her Husband, which *Plutarch* confeſſes to be more than he knew. And the *Curios*, both Father and Son, afterwards reproach'd *Pompey*, when he married *Cæſar*'s Daughter, that he had made himſelf Son-in-law to a man who had made him Cuckold, and one that he himſelf was wont to call *Ægyſtus*. Beſides all theſe, he entertain'd *Servilia*, *Cato*'s Siſter, and Mother to *Marcus Brutus*, from whence every one believes the great affection he had to *Brutus* did proceed, by reaſon that he was born in a time when it was likely he might be his. So that I have reaſon, methinks, to take him for a man extreamly given to this Debauch, and of a very amorous Conſtitution. But the other Paſſion of Ambition, with which he was exceedingly infected, ariſing in him to contend with the former, it was ſoon compell'd to give way. And here calling to mind *Mahomet*, who won *Conſtantinople*, and totally exterminated the *Grecian* Name; I do not know where theſe two Paſſions were ſo evenly balanc'd, equally an indefatigable Lecher and Souldier, but where they both meet in his Life, and juſtle one another, the quarrelling ardour always gets the better of the amorous Paſſion. And this, though it was out of its natural Seaſon, never regained an abſolute Sovereignty over the other, till he was arriv'd at an extream old Age, and unable to undergo the Fatigues of War. What is related for a contrary Example, of *Ladiſlaus* King of *Naples*, is very remarkable; that being a great Captain

Cæſar very ambitious.

Captain, Valiant, and Ambitious, he propos'd to himſelf for the principal end of his Ambition, the execution of his Pleaſure, and the enjoyment of ſome rare and excellent *Beauty*. His death ſeal'd up all the reſt: for having by a cloſe and tedious Siege reduc'd the City of *Florence* to ſo great diſtreſs, that the Inhabitants were compell'd to Capitulate about *ſurrender*, he was content to let them alone, provided they would deliver up to him a beautiful Maid he had heard of in their City. They were forc'd to yield to it, and by a private Injury to divert the publick Ruin. She was the Daughter of a famous Phyſician of his time, who finding himſelf involv'd in ſo foul a Neceſſity, reſolv'd upon a high Attempt; for as every one was laying to a hand to trick up his Daughter, and to adorn her with Ornaments and Jewels, to render her more agreeable to this new Lover, he alſo gave her a Handkerchief moſt richly wrought, and of an exquiſite perfume (an implement they never go without in thoſe Parts) which was to make uſe of at their firſt approaches. This Handkerchief, empoiſoned with his chiefeſt Art, coming to be rub'd between the chaf'd Fleſh and open Pores, both of the one and the other, ſo ſuddenly infus'd the Poyſon, that immediately Converting their warm into a cold ſweat, they preſently died in one anothers Arms. But I return to *Cæſar*. His Pleaſures never made him ſteal one minute of an hour, nor ſtep one ſtep aſide from Occaſions that might any way conduce to his Advancement. That Paſſion was ſo ſovereign in him over all the reſt, and with ſo abſolute authority

thority poſſeſt his Soul, that it guided him at pleaſure. In earneſt, it troubles me when (as to every thing elſe) I conſider the greatneſs of this Man, and the wonderful Parts wherewith he was endued, learn'd to that degree in all ſorts of Knowledge, that there is hardly any one Science of which he has not written: He was ſo great an *Orator*, that many have prefer'd his Eloquence to that of *Cicero*; and he, I conceive, did not think himſelf inferiour to him in that particular: for his two *Anti-Catos* were chiefly writ to counterbalance the Elocution that *Cicero* had expended in his *Cato*. As to the reſt, was ever Soul ſo vigilant, ſo active, and ſo patient of Labour as his? and doubtleſs it was embelliſh'd with many rare ſeeds of Vertue, I mean innate and natural, and not put on. He was ſingularly Sober, ſo far from being delicate in his Diet, that *Opius* relates, how that having one day at Table Phyſical, inſtead of common Oyl, in ſome Sawce ſet before him, he did eat heartily of it, that he might not put his Entertainer out of Countenance. Another time he caus'd his *Baker* to be whip'd for ſerving him with a finer than ordinary ſort of Bread. *Cato himſelf* was wont to ſay of him, *that he was the firſt ſober man that ever made it his Buſineſs to ruin his Country.* And as to the ſame *Cato's* calling him one day *Drunkard*, it fell out thus. Being both of them in the *Senate*, at a time when *Catalines* Conſpiracy was in Queſtion, of which *Cæſar* was ſuſpected, one came and brought him a Ticket ſeal'd up: *Cato* believing that it was ſomething the Conſpirators gave him notice of, call'd to him to deliver

liver it into his hand, which *Cæſar* was conſtrained to do to avoid farther ſuſpicion. It was by fortune a Love-Letter that *Servilia*, *Cato*'s Siſter had written to him, which *Cato* having read, he threw it back to him, ſaying, there *Drunkard*. This, I ſay, was rather a word of diſdain and anger, than an expreſs reproach of this Vice, as we often rate thoſe that anger us with the firſt injurious words comes into our Mouths, though nothing due to thoſe we are offended at. To which may be added, that the Vice which *Cato* caſt in his diſh is wonderfully near a-kin to that wherein he had trap'd *Cæſar*; for *Bacchus* and *Venus*, according to the *Proverb*, do very willingly agree; but with me *Venus* is moſt ſpritely when I am the moſt ſober. The Examples of his Sweetneſs and Clemency to thoſe by whom he had been offended are infinite; I mean, beſides, thoſe he gave during the time of the *Civil Wars*, which, as plainly enough appears by his Writings, he practiſed to cajole his Enemies, and to make them leſs afraid of his future Dominion and Victory. But I muſt alſo ſay, that if theſe Examples are not ſufficient Proofs of his natural Sweetneſs, they at leaſt manifeſt a marvellous Confidence and Grandeur of Courage in this Perſon. He has often been known to diſmiſs whole Armies, after having overcome them, to his Enemies, without Ranſom, or deigning ſo much as to bind them by Oath, if not to favour him, at leaſt no more to bear Arms againſt him. He has three or four times taken ſome of *Pompey*'s Captains Priſoners, and as oft ſet them at Liberty. *Pompey* declar'd all thoſe to be *Enemies* who did

Cæſar called Drunkard.

Venus accompanies *Bacchus*.

Cæſar's Clemency towards his Enemies.

did not follow him to the War, and he proclaim'd all thoſe to be his *Friends* who ſate ſtill and did not actually take Arms againſt him. To ſuch Captains of his as run away from him to go over to the other ſide, he ſent moreover their Arms, Horſes and Equipage. The *Cities* he had taken by force, he left at full liberty to take which ſide they pleas'd, impoſing no other *Garriſon* upon them but the memory of his Sweetneſs and Clemency. He gave ſtrict and expreſs Charge the day of his great Battle of *Pharſalia*, that without the utmoſt neceſſity no one ſhould lay a hand upon the *Citizens* of *Rome*. Theſe, in my Opinion, were very hazardous Proceedings, and 'tis no wonder if thoſe in our *Civil War*, who like him, fight againſt the ancient eſtate of their Country, do not follow his Example; they are extraordinary means, and that only appertain to *Cæſar*'s Fortune, and to his admirable Fore-ſight in the conduct of Affairs. When I conſider the incomparable Grandeur of his Soul, I excuſe Victory that it could not diſengage it ſelf from him, even in ſo unjuſt and ſo wicked a Cauſe.

To return to his Clemency; we have many natural Examples in the time of his Government; when all things being reduc'd to his Power, he had no more need to diſſemble. *Caius Memmius* had writ very ſevere Orations againſt him, which he had as ſharply anſwer'd: Yet did not ſoon after forbear to uſe his intereſt to make him *Conſul*. *Caius Calvus*, who had compos'd ſeveral injurious Epigrams againſt him, having employ'd many of his Friends to meditate a Reconciliation

with him, *Cæſar* voluntarily perſwaded himſelf to write firſt to him. And our good *Catullus*, who had ſo rudely ruffled him under the name of *Mamurra*, coming to make his excuſes to him, he made him the ſame day ſit at his Table. Having Intelligence of ſome who ſpoke ill of him, he did no more, but only in a publick Oration declare that he had notice of it. He alſo leſs fear'd his Enemies than he hated them. Some Conſpiracies and Cabals that were made againſt his Life, being diſcover'd to him, he ſatisfied himſelf in publiſhing by Proclamation that they were known to him, without further proſecuting the Conſpirators.

As to the reſpect he had to his Friends *Caius Oppius*, being with him upon a Journey, and finding himſelf ill, he left him the only Lodging he had for himſelf, and lay all Night upon the hard Ground in the open Air. As to what concerns his Juſtice; he put a beloved Servant of his to Death for lying with a noble *Roman*'s Wife, though there was no complaint made. Never had man more Moderation in his Victory, nor more Reſolution in his adverſe Fortune. But all theſe good Inclinations were ſtifled and ſpoil'd by his furious Ambition, by which he ſuffer'd himſelf to be ſo tranſported and miſled, that a man may eaſily maintain, that that Paſſion guided the Rudder of all his Actions. Of a liberal man, it made him a publick Thief to ſupply this Bounty and Profuſion, and made him utter this vile and unjuſt ſaying, *That if the moſt wicked and profligate Perſons in the World had been faithful in ſerving him towards his Advancement,*

Ambition the only ruine of *Cæſars* Actions.

ment, he would cheriſh and prefer them to the utmoſt of his Power, as much as the beſt of men: It intoxicated him with ſo exceſſive a Vanity, as to dare to boaſt in the Preſence of his Fellow *Citizens*, that he had made the great *Common-wealth* of *Rome* a Name without Form, and without Body; and to ſay that his anſwer for the future ſhould ſtand for Laws, and alſo to receive the Body of the Senate coming towards him ſitting; to ſuffer himſelf to be ador'd, and to have divine Honours paid to him in his own Preſence. To conclude, this ſole Vice, in my Opinion, ſpoil'd in him the moſt rich and beautiful Nature that ever was, and has render'd his Name abominable to all good Men, in that he would erect his Glory upon the Ruins of his Country, and the Subverſion of the greateſt and moſt flouriſhing Republick the World ſhall ever ſee.

There might on the contrary many examples be produc'd of great men whom Pleaſures have made to neglect the conduct of their Affairs, as *Mark Anthony* and others; but where *Love* and *Ambition* ſhould be in equal Balance, and come to juſtle with equal Forces, I make no doubt but the laſt would win the prize.

But to return to my Subject; 'Tis much to bridle our Appetites by the Diſcourſe of Reaſon, or by Violence to contain our Members within their Duty: But to laſh our ſelves for our Neighbours Intereſt, and not only to diveſt our ſelves of the charming Paſſion that tickles us with the Pleaſure we feel of being agreeable to others, and courted and beloved of every one; but

alſo to conceive a hatred againſt the Graces that produce that effect, and to condemn our Beauty becauſe it enflames others; of this I confeſs I have met with few Examples: This indeed is one *Spurina*, a young man of *Tuſcany*.

Æneid. lib. 10.

Qualis gemma micat fulvum quæ dividit aurum,
Aut collo decus, aut capiti, vel quale per artem
Inclusum buxo, aut Ericia Terebintho.
Lucet ebur, ———

As a Gem ſhines in yellow Gold enchac'd,
On Neck or Head, for Decoration plac'd;
Or as by Art Ivry does luſtre get
In the *Erician Terebinthus* ſet.

being endow'd with a ſingular Beauty, and ſo exceſſive, that the chaſteſt Eyes could not chaſtly behold its Raies; not contenting himſelf with leaving ſo much flame and feaver as he every where kindled, without relief, enter'd into a furious ſpite againſt himſelf, and thoſe great Endowments Nature had ſo liberally conferr'd upon him; as if a man were reſponſible to himſelf for the Faults of others: And purpoſely ſlaſh'd and disfigur'd, with many Wounds and Scars, the perfect Simmetry and Proportion that Nature had ſo curiouſly imprinted in his Face. To give my free Opinion, I more admire than honour ſuch Actions. Such Exceſſes are enemies to my Rules. The deſign was Conſcientious and Good, but certainly a little defective in Prudence. What! if his Deformity ſerv'd afterwards to make others guilty of the Sin of Hatred or Contempt, or of Envy, at the Glory of ſo commendable an Action, or of Calumny, interpreting this Humour a mad Ambition! Is there any Form from whence

Vice

Vice cannot, if it will, extract occaſion to exerciſe it ſelf one way or another? It had been more juſt, and alſo more noble, to have made of theſe Gifts of God a Subject of regularity and exemplary Vertue. They who retire themſelves from the common Offices, from that infinite number of Vice, and manifeſt Rules that fetter a man of exact honeſty in the Civil Life, are, in my opinion, very diſcreet; what peculiar ſharpneſs of Conſtraint ſoever they impoſe upon themſelves in ſo doing. 'Tis in ſome ſort a kind of dying to avoid the Pain of living well. They may have another reward, but the reward of the difficulty I fancy they can never have, nor that in uneaſineſs there can be any thing beyond keeping himſelf upright in the waves of the World, truly and exactly performing all parts of his Duty. 'Tis peradventure more eaſie to live clean from the whole Sex, than to maintain a man's ſelf exactly in all points in the Society of a Wife. And a man may more incuriouſly ſlip into want than abundance duly diſpens'd. Cuſtom, carried on according to Reaſon, has in it more of ſharpneſs than abſtinence. Moderation is a Vertue that has more work than Sufferance. The well living of *Scipio* has a thouſand faſhions, that of *Diogenes* but one. This as much excells the ordinary Lives in Innocency, as the moſt accompliſh'd excells them in utility and force.

CHAP. XXXIV.

Obſervation of the means to carry on a War according to Julius Cæſar.

'TIS ſaid of many great Leaders, that they have had certain Books in particular eſteem, as *Alexander* the Great, *Homer*, *Scipio Africanus*, *Xenophon*, *Marcus Brutus*, *Polibius*, *Charles* the Fifth, *Philip de Commines*, and 'tis ſaid, that in our times *Machiavel* is elſewhere in Repute; but the late *Mareſchal Stroſſy*, who took *Cæſar* for his Man, doubtleſs made the beſt choice, being that that Book in truth ought to be the Breviary of every great Souldier, as being the true and moſt excellent Pattern of all Military Art. And moreover, God knows with what Grace and Beauty he has embelliſh'd that rich Matter, with ſo pure, delicate and perfect Expreſſion, that, in my Opinion, there are no Writings in the World comparable to his, as to that. I will ſet down ſome rare and particular Paſſages of his Wars that remain in my memory.

His Army, being in ſome Conſternation upon the Rumour that was ſpread of the great *Forces* that King *Juba* was leading againſt him; inſtead of abating the Apprehenſion which his Souldiers had conceived at the News, and of leſſening the Forces of the Enemy, having call'd them all together to encourage and reaſſure them, he took a quite contrary way to what we are us'd to do, for he told them that they needed no more to trouble

trouble themſelves with enquiring after the Enemies *Forces*, for that he was certainly inform'd thereof, and then told them of a number much ſurpaſſing both the truth and the report that was rumour'd in his Army; following the advice of *Cyrus* in *Xenophon*; foraſmuch as the impoſture is not of ſo great importance to find an Enemy weaker than we expected, than to find him really very ſtrong, after having been made to believe that he was weak. It was always his uſe to accuſtom his Souldiers ſimply to obey, without taking upon them to controul, or ſo much as to ſpeak of their Captains deſigns; which he never communicated to them but upon the point of Execution, and took a delight, if they diſcover'd any thing of what he intended, immediately to change his *Orders* to deceive them; and to that purpoſe would often, when he had aſſign'd his Quarters in a place, paſs forward and lengthen his days *march*, eſpecially if it was foul Weather. The *Swiſſe*, in the beginning of his Wars in *Gaul*, having ſent to him to demand a free paſſage over the *Roman* Territories; though reſolv'd to hinder them by force, he nevertheleſs ſpoke kindly to the Meſſengers, and took ſome reſpite to return an Anſwer, to make uſe of that time for the calling his Army together. Theſe ſilly People did not know how good a Husband he was of his time: For he does often repeat, that it is the beſt part of a Captain to know how to make uſe of Occaſions, and his diligence in his Exploits are in truth unheard of and incredible. If he was not very conſcientious in taking advantage of an Enemy under co-

The Obedience of *Cæſar's* Souldiers.

lour of a Treaty of Agreement, he was as little in this, that he requir'd no other Vertue in a Souldier, but valour only, and ſeldom puniſh'd any other Faults but Mutiny and Diſobedience. He would oft after his Victories turn them looſe to all ſors of Licence, diſpenſing them for ſome time from the Rules of Military Diſcipline, ſaying withal, that he had Souldiers ſo well train'd up, that powder'd and perfum'd, they would run furiouſly to the fight. In truth he lov'd to have them richly arm'd, and made them wear engraved, gilded and damask'd Arms, to the end that the care of ſaving their Arms might engage them to a more obſtinate defence. Speaking to them, he call'd them by the name of Fellow-Souldiers, which we yet uſe; which his Succeſſor *Auguſtus* reform'd ſuppoſing he had only done it upon Neceſſity, and to cajole thoſe who only follow'd him as Volunteers;

Lucan. l. 5. —— *Rheni mihi* Cæſar *in undis.*
Dux erat, hic ſocius, facinus quos inquinat æquat.

Great *Cæſar*, who my Gen'ral did appear
Upon the Banks of *Rhine*'s my Fellow here;
For wickedneſs, where it once hold does take,
All men whom it defiles does equal make.

but that this carriage was too mean and low for the Dignity of an Emperor and General of an Army; and therefore brought up the cuſtom of calling them Souldiers only. With this Courteſie *Cæſar* mixt great Severity to keep them in awe. The ninth *Legion* having mutin'd near to

Pla-

Placentia, he ignominiouſly caſheer'd them, though *Pompey* was then yet on Foot, and receiv'd them not again to Grace till after many Supplications. He quieted them more by Authority and Boldneſs than by gentle ways. In that place where he ſpeaks of his Paſſage over the *Rhine* towards *Germany*, he ſays, that thinking it unworthy of the Honour of *Roman* People to waft over his Army in Veſſels, he built a *Bridge* that they might paſs over dry foot. There it was that he built that wonderful *Bridge*, of which he gives ſo particular a Deſcription: For he no where ſo willingly inſiſts upon his own Actions, as in repreſenting to us the ſubtlety of his Inventions in ſuch kind of things. I have alſo obſerv'd this, that he ſet a great value upon his Exhortations to the Souldiers before the fight; for where he would ſhew that he was either ſurpris'd, or reduc'd to a Neceſſity of fighting, he always brings in this that he had not ſo much as leiſure to Harangue his Army. Before that great Battel with thoſe of *Tournay*, *Cæſar*, ſays he, having given order for every thing elſe, preſently ran where Fortune carried him to encourage his People, and meeting with the tenth *Legion*, had no more time to ſay any thing to them but this, that they ſhould remember their wonted Valour, not be aſtoniſh'd, but bravely ſuſtain the Enemies encounter; and being the Enemy was already approach'd within a Darts caſt, he gave the ſignal of Battle; and going ſuddenly thence elſewhere to encourage others, he found that they were already engag'd. His Tongue has indeed done him notable Service

Exhortations to Souldiers before a Battle of great importance.

vice upon ſeveral Occaſions, and his Military Eloquence was in his own time ſo highly reputed, that many of his Army writ down his *Harangues* as he ſpoke them, by which means there were Volumes of them collected that continued a long time after him. He had ſo particular a Grace in ſpeaking, that they who were particularly acquainted with him, and *Auguſtus*, amongſt others, hearing thoſe Orations read, could diſtinguiſh even to the Phraſes and Words that were none of his. The firſt time that he went out of *Rome* with any publick Command, he arriv'd in eight days at the River *Rhine*, having with him in his Coach a Secretary or two before him who were continually writing, and him that carried his Sword behind him. And certainly, though a man did nothing but intend his way, he could hardly have perform'd that Journey ſo ſoon. With which promptneſs having been every where Victorious in *Gaul*, he left it, and following *Pompey* to *Brunduſium*, in eighteen days time he ſubdued all *Italy*, return'd from *Brunduſium* to *Rome*, and from *Rome* went into the very heart of *Spain*, where he underwent extream difficulties in the War againſt *Afranius* and *Petreius*, and in the long Siege of *Marcelles*, from thence he return'd into *Macedonia*, beat the *Roman* Army at *Pharſalia*: Paſſed from thence in purſuit of *Pompey* into *Ægypt*, which he alſo ſubdu'd; from *Ægypt* he went into *Syria*, and the Territories of *Pontus*, where he fought *Pharnaces*; from thence into *Affrick*, where he defeated *Scipio* and *Juba*; again returned through *Italy* into *Spain*, where he defeated *Pompey*'s Sons.

Cæſar's promptneſs in his Expeditions.

Ociar

Ocior & cœli flammis, & tigride fœta,
Ac veluti montis ſaxum de vertice præceps
Cum ruit avulſum vento, ſeu turbidus imber
Proluit, aut annis ſolvit ſublapſa vetuſtas,
Fertur in abruptum magno mons improbus actu,
Exultatque ſolo, ſilvas, armenta, viroſque,
Involvens ſecum.

Lucan. lib. 5.
Virg. Æn. lib. 12.

Swifter than Lightning, or the furious courſe
Of the fell Tigreſs when ſhe is a Nurſe;
And as a Stone torn from the Mountains crown
By ſome rough Wind thence tumbles headlong down
Whether waſh'd off by Torrents of a Shower,
Or loos'd by Age's all-ſubduing Power,
The pond'rous Maſs falls with a mighty force,
And grazing here and there, does in its courſe
Sweep all before it, Men and Flocks and Droves,
And levels with the Earth oppoſing Groves.

Speaking of the Siege of *Avaricum*, he ſays, that it was his Cuſtom to be night and day with the *Pioneers*. In all Enterpriſes of Conſequence he ſtill diſcover'd in Perſon, and never brought his Army into Quarters till he had firſt view'd the Place. And if we may believe *Suetonius*, when he reſolv'd to paſs over into *England*, he was the firſt man that ſounded the Paſſage. He was wont to ſay, that he more valu'd a Victory obtain'd by Counſel than Force. And in the War againſt *Petreius* and *Afranius*, Fortune preſenting him with an occaſion of manifeſt Advantage, he declin'd it, ſaying, that he hop'd with a little more time and leſs hazard to overthrow his Enemies

Enemies. He there alſo play'd a notable part, in commanding his whole Army to paſs the River by Swimming, without any manner of neceſſity.

Lucan. Lib. 4.

——rapuitque ruens in prælia miles
Quod fugiens temuiſſet iter, mox uda receptis
Membra fovent armis, gelidoſque a gurgite, curſu
Reſtituunt artus.

The Souldiers ruſh through a Paſs to fight
They would have been afraid t'ave tane in flight
Then with their Arms their wet Limbs cover ore,
And their numm'd Joynts by running do reſtore.

I find him a little more temperate and conſiderate in his Enterprizes than *Alexander*, for this ſeems to ſeek and run headlong upon dangers, like an impetuous Torrent attacks and ruſhes againſt every thing it meets without Choice or Diſcretion.

Horat. lib. 4. Ode. 14.

Sic tauri formis volvitur Aufidus,
Qui regna Dauni perfluit Appuli
Dum ſævit, horrendamque cultis
Diluviem mediatur agris.
So the biforked *Aufidus* amain
Runs bellowing forth along th' *Apulian* Plain,
Sir *Thomas Hawkins.* When he with Rage, and ſwelling Floods (abounds
Threatning a Deluge to the tilled Grounds.

And indeed he was a General in the flower and firſt heat of his Youth, whereas *Cæſar* took up the Trade at a ripe and well advanc'd age.

To

To which may moreover be added, that *Alexander* was of a more ſanguine hot and cholerick Conſtitution, apt to puſh him on to ſuch Extravagancies, which he alſo inflam'd with Wine, from which *Cæſar* was very abſtinent, but where neceſſary occaſion requir'd, never did any man venture his Perſon more than he: So much that for my part, methinks, I read in many of his Exploits a determinate Reſolution to throw himſelf away, to avoid the ſhame of being overcome. In his great Battle with thoſe of *Tournay*, he charg'd up to the head of the Enemies without his Shield, as he was ſurpris'd, ſeeing the Van of his own *Army* to begin to give ground, which has alſo ſeveral times befall'n him. Hearing that his People were beſieg'd, he paſs'd through the Enemies Army in diſguiſe to go encourage them with his Preſence. Having croſs'd over to *Dyrrachium* with very ſlender Forces, and ſeeing the remainder of his *Army*, which he left to *Antonius* his Conduct, ſlow in following him, he attempted alone to repaſs the Sea in a very great Storm; and privately ſtole away to fetch the reſt of his Forces, the Ports on the other ſide being ſeis'd by *Pompey*, and the whole Sea being in his Poſſeſſion. And as to what he perform'd by force of hand, there are very many Exploits that in hazard exceed all the Rules of War: for which how ſmall means did he undertake to ſubdue the Kingdom of *Egypt*, and afterwards to attacque the Forces of *Scipio* and *Juba*; Ten times greater, than his? Theſe People have had I know not what of more than human Confidence in their Fortune,

The great Reſolution of *Cæſar* in ſeveral occaſions.

Fortune, and he was wont to ſay, that men muſt execute, and not deliberate upon Enterprizes, After the Battle of *Pharſalia*, when he had ſent his Army away before him into *Aſia*, and was paſſing in one ſingle Veſſel the Streight of the *Helleſpont*, he met *Lucius Caſſius* at Sea with Ten tall men of War, where he had the Courage not only to ſtay his coming, but to ſtand up with him, and ſummon him to yield, and did his buſineſs. Having undertaken that furious ſiege of *Alexia*, where there were fourſcore thouſand men in Garriſon, and that all *Gaul* was in arms to raiſe the ſiege, having ſet an Army on foot of a hundred and nine thouſand *Horſe*, and of two hundred and forty thouſand *Foot*, what a Boldneſs and mad Confidence was it in him, that he would not give over his Attempt, and retire in two ſo invincible Difficulties? Which nevertheleſs he underwent; and after having won that great Battle againſt thoſe without, ſoon reduc'd thoſe within to his Mercy. The ſame hapned to *Lucullus* at the Siege of *Tigranocerta* againſt King *Tigranes*, but the Condition of the *Enemy* was not the ſame, conſidering the Effeminacy of thoſe with whom *Lucullus* had to deal. I will here ſet down two rare and extraordinary Events concerning this Siege of *Alexia*; one, that the *Gauls* having drawn their Powers together to encounter *Cæſar*, after they had made a General muſter of all their Forces, reſolv'd in their *Councel of War* to diſmiſs a good part of this great multitude, that they might not fall into Confuſion. This Example of fearing, being too many, is new; but to take it right, it ſtands to reaſon that

that the Body of an Army ſhould be of a moderate greatneſs, and regulated to certain Bounds, both out of reſpect to the difficulty of providing for them, and the difficulty of Governing and keeping them in Order. At leaſt it is very eaſie to make it appear by Example, that Armies ſo monſtrous in number have ſeldom done any thing to purpoſe. According to the ſaying of *Cyrus* in *Xenophon*, *'Tis not the number of men, but the number of good men that give the Advantage*: The remainder ſerving rather to trouble than aſſiſt. And *Bajazet* principally grounded his Reſolution of giving *Tamberlain* Battel, contrary to the Opinion of all his Captains, upon this, that his Enemies numberleſs number of men gave him aſſured hopes of Confuſion. *Scanderbeg*, a very good and expert Judge in ſuch matters, was wont to ſay, that Ten or Twelve thouſand faithful fighting men were ſufficient to a good Leader to ſecure his Reputation in all ſorts of Military Occaſions. The other thing I will here record, which ſeems to be contrary both to Cuſtom and Rules of War, is, that *Vercingentorix*, who was made General of all the parts of the revolted *Gaule*, ſhould go ſhut up himſelf in *Alexia*: for he who has the command of a whole Country, ought never to engage his Perſon but in caſe of the laſt Extremity, that the only place he had left is in concern, and that the only hope he had left was in the defence of that City; Otherwiſe he ought to keep himſelf always at Liberty, that he may have means to provide in general for all parts of his Government.

Monſtrous Armies of no great Effect.

That great numbers of Men cauſe Confuſion.

To return to *Cæſar*. He grew in time more ſlow,

ſlow and more conſiderate, as his Friend *Oppius* does witneſs? conceiving that he ought not eaſily to hazard the Glory of ſo many Victories, which one blow of Fortune might deprive him of. 'Tis what the *Italians* ſay, when they would reproach the raſhneſs and fool-hardineſs of young people, calling them *Biſognoſi d'honore*, *neceſſitous of Honour*, and that being in ſo great a want and dearth of Reputation, they have reaſon to ſeek it at what price ſoever, which they ought not to do, who have acquir'd enough already. There might reaſonably there, be ſome Moderation, and ſome Saciety, in this Thirſt and Appetite of Glory, as well as in other things: And there are enough who practiſe it. He was far remote from the religious Obſervation of the antient *Romans*, who would never prevail in their Wars, but by dint of Truce, and ſimple Valour; and yet he was more conſcientious than we ſhould be in theſe days, and did not approve all ſorts of means to obtain a Victory. In the War againſt *Arioviſtus*, whilſt he was parlying with him; there hapned a great tumult, which was occaſioned by the Fault of *Arioviſtus* his *Light-Horſe*, wherein, though *Cæſar* ſaw he had a very great Advantage of the Enemy, he would make no uſe on't, leſt he ſhould have been reproach'd with a treacherous proceeding. He was always wont to wear a rich Garment, and of a ſhining Colour in Battle, that he might be the more remarkable, and better obſerv'd. He always carried a ſtricter hand over his Souldiers, and kept them cloſer together when near an Enemy. When the antient *Greeks* would accuſe any one of extream

inſufficiency

inſufficiency, they would ſay in commou *Proverb*, that he could neither read nor ſwim; he was of the ſame Opinion, that ſwimming was of great uſe in War, and himſelf found it ſo; for being to uſe Diligence, he commonly ſwam over the Rivers in his way; for he lov'd to march on foot, as alſo did *Alexander* the great. Being in *Egypt* forc'd, to ſave himſelf to go into a little Boat, and ſo many People leaping in with him, that it was in danger of ſinking, he choſe rather to commit himſelf to the *Sea*, and recover'd his Fleet, which lay two hundred paces off, holding in his left hand his Tablets, and drawing his Coat-Armour in his Teeth, that it might not fall into the Enemies hand, by ſwimming at a pretty advanc'd Age. Never had any *General* ſo much Credit with his Souldiers: In the beginning of the *Civil Wars*, his *Centurions* offer'd him to find every one a man at *Arms* at his own charge, and the Foot Souldiers to ſerve him at their own expence; thoſe who were moſt at their eaſe moreover undertaking to defray the moſt neceſſitous. The late *Admiral Chaſtillion* ſhewed us the like Example in our Civil War; for the *French* of his Army laid out Money out of their own Purſe, to pay the Strangers that were with them. There are but rarely found Examples of ſo ardent and ſo ready an Affection amongſt the Souldiers of elder times, who kept themſelves ſtrictly to their Rules of War. Paſſion has a more abſolute command over us than Reaſon; and yet it has happned in the War againſt *Hannibal:* that by the Examples of the People of *Rome*, in the City, the Souldiers and Captains refus'd their Pay in the

Souldiers' Mercenary.

Army, and in *Marcellus* his *Camp* thoſe were branded with the name of *Mercenaries* who would receive any. Having come by the worſe near *Dyrrachium*, his Souldiers came and offer'd themſelves to be chaſtis'd and puniſh'd, ſo that there was more need to comfort than reprove them. One ſingle *Cohort* of his withſtood four of *Pompey's Legions* above four hours together, till they were almoſt all kill'd with Arrows, ſo that there were a hundred and thirty thouſand Shafts found in the *Trench*. A Souldier call'd *Scæva*, who commanded at one of the *Avenues*, invincibly maintained his ground, having loſt an Eye, one Shoulder, and one Thigh ſhot through, and his Shield ſhot through in two hundred and thirty places. It hapned that many of his Souldiers being taken Priſoners, rather choſe to dye than promiſe to take the contrary ſide. *Granius Petronius*, taken by *Scipio* in *Affrick*, *Scipio* having put the reſt to death, ſent him word that he gave him his Life, for he was a man of Quality, and *Queſtor*; to whom *Petronius* ſent anſwer back, that *Cæſar's* Souldiers were wont to give others their Lives, and not to receive it, and immediately with his own hand killed himſelf. Of their Fidelity there are infinite Examples; amongſt which, that which was done by thoſe who were beſieged in *Salona*, a *City* that ſtood for *Cæſar* againſt *Pompey*, is not, for the rarity of an Accident that there hapned, to be forgot. *Marcus Octavius* kept them cloſe beſieged; they within being reduced to the extreameſt neceſſity of all things, ſo that to ſupply the want of men, moſt of them being either ſlain or wounded, they had manu-

Fidelity of the Garriſon of *Salona*.

manumitted all their Slaves, and had been constrained to cut off all the Womens Hair to make Ropes, besides a wonderful Dearth of Victuals, and yet continuing resolute never to yield: After having drawn the Siege to a great length, by which *Octavius* was grown more negligent and less attentive to his Enterprize, they made choice of one Day about Noon, and having first plac'd the Women and Children upon the Walls to make a shew, sallied upon the Besiegers with such fury, that having routed the first, second and third *Court* of *Guard*, and afterwards the fourth, and all the rest, and beaten them all out of their *Trenches*, they pursued them even to their Ships, and *Octavius* himself was fain to fly to *Dyrrachium* where *Pompey* lay. I do not at present remember that I have met with any other Example where the Besieged ever gave the Besieger a total Defeat, and won the Field; nor that a *sally* ever arrived at the consequence of a pure and entire Victory of Battle.

CHAP. XXXV.

Of three good Women.

THey are not by the dozen, as every one knows, and especially in the Duties of Marriage; for that is a bargain full of so many nice Circumstances, that 'tis hard a Womans Will should long endure such a restraint. Men, tho' their condition be something better under that

tye, have yet enough to do. The true touch and teſt of a happy Marriage reſpects the time of their Cohabitation only, if it has been conſtantly mild, loyal and commodious. In our Age Women commonly reſerve the publication of their good Offices, and their vehement affection towards their Husbands until they have loſt them, or at leaſt, till then defer the Teſtimonies of their good Will. A too ſlow Teſtimony, and that comes too late; by which they rather manifeſt that they never lov'd them till dead. Their Life is nothing but Trouble, their Death full of Love and Courteſie. As Fathers conceal their affection from their Children, Women likewiſe conceal theirs from their Husbands to maintain a modeſt Reſpect. This myſtery is not for my pallat; 'tis to much purpoſe that they ſcratcht themſelves and tear their Hair. I whiſper in a Wayting-woman or a Secretaries Ear, *how were they? How did they live together?* I always have that good Saying in my head, *janctantias mærent, quæ minus dolent. They make the moſt ado who are leaſt concern'd.* Their whimpering is offenſive to the living, and vain to the dead: We ſhould willingly give them leave to laugh after we are dead, provided they will ſmile upon us whilſt we are alive. It is not to make a man revive in ſpite, that ſhe who ſpit in my face whilſt I was, ſhall come to kiſs my feet when I am no more? If there be any Honour in lamenting a Husband, it only appertains to thoſe who ſmil'd upon them whilſt they had them, let thoſe who wept during their Lives laugh at their Deaths, as well outwardly as within. Moreover, never regard thoſe blubber'd

her'd Eyes, and that pittiful Voice; but conſider her Deportments, her Complexion, and the plumpneſs of her Cheeks under all thoſe formal Veils; 'tis there the diſcovery is to be made. There are few who do not mend upon't, and Health is a quality that cannot lye: That ſtarch'd and ceremonious Countenance looks not ſo much back as forward, and is rather intended to get a new one than to lament the old. When I was a Boy, a very beautiful and vertuous *Lady*, who is yet living, and the Widow of a *Prince*, had I known not what more Ornament in her Dreſs than our Laws of a Widow-hood will well allow, which being reproach'd withal as a great Indecency, ſhe made Anſwer, *That it was becauſe ſhe was reſolved to have no more Friendſhips, and would never marry again.*

I have here, not at all diſſenting from our Cuſtoms, made choice of three Women, who have alſo expreſs'd the utmoſt of their Goodneſs and Affections about their Husbands deaths; yet are they Examples of another kind than are now in Uſe, and ſo ſevere, as will hardly be drawn into Imitation.

The younger *Pliny* had near unto a Houſe of his in *Italy* a Neighbour, who was exceedingly tormented with certain Ulcers in his private Parts. His Wife ſeeing him ſo long to languiſh intreated that he would give her leave to ſee, and at leiſure to conſider of the condition of his Diſeaſe, and that ſhe would freely tell him what ſhe Thought: This Permiſſion being obtained, and ſhe having curiouſly examin'd the Buſineſs, found it impoſſible he could ever be cured, and

that all he was to hope for or expect, was a great while to linger out a painful and miserable Life, and therefore, as the most sure and sovereign Remedy, resolutely advis'd him to kill himself. But finding him a little tender and backward in so rude an Attempt: *Do not think my Friend*, said she, *that the Torments I see thee endure are not as sensible to me as to thy self, and that to deliver my self from them, I will not my self make use of the same Remedy, I have prescrib'd to thee. I will accompany thee in the Cure as I have done in the Disease; fear nothing, but believe that we shall have pleasure in this Passage, that is, to free us from so many Miseries, and we will go happily together.* Which having said, and rous'd up her Husband's Courage, she resolv'd that they should throw themselves headlong into the Sea out of a Window that lean'd over it; and that she might maintain to the last the loyal and vehement Affection wherewith she had embrac'd him during his Life, she would yet have him dye in her Arms; but for fear they should fail, and least they should leave their hold in the fall, and through fear, she tyed her self fast to him by the waste, and so gave up her own Life to procure her Husbands repose. This was a mean Woman, and even amongst that condition of People, 'tis no very new thing to see some rare Examples of Vertue.

——— extrema per illos
Justitia excedens terris vestigia fecit.

Virg. Georg. lib. 2.

When from the Earth Justice her self bereft,
She her lost steps upon such People left.

The

The other two were noble and rich, where Examples of Vertue are rarely lodg'd. *Arria*, the Wife of *Cecinna Petus*, a Conſular Perſon, was the Mother of another *Arria*, the Wife of *Tharſea Petus*, he whoſe Vertue was ſo renown'd in the time of *Nero*, and by means of this Son-in-Law, the Grand-mother of *Fannia*: For the reſemblance of the names of theſe Men and Women, and their fortunes, have made many miſtake. This firſt *Arria*, her Husband *Cecinna Petus*, having been taken priſoner by ſome of the Emperour *Claudius* his People, after *Scribonianus* his Defeat, whoſe Party he had embrac'd in the War, begg'd of thoſe who were to carry him priſoner to *Rome*, that they would take her into their Ships, where ſhe ſhould be of much leſs charge and trouble to them than a great many Perſons they muſt otherwiſe have to attend her Husband, and that ſhe alone would undertake to ſerve him in his Chamber, his Kitchen, and all other Offices. But they refus'd her, wherefore ſhe put her ſelf into a Fiſher-boat ſhe hir'd on a ſudden, and in that manner from *Slavonia* followed him. Being come to *Rome*, *Junia*, the Widow of *Scribonianus*, one day, for the reſemblance of their Fortune, accoſting her in the Emperor's preſence; ſhe rudely repuls'd her with theſe words. *I*, ſaid ſhe, *ſpeak to thee, or give ear to any thing thou ſayſt, to thee in whoſe lap* Scribonianus *was ſlain, and thou art yet alive?* Theſe words, with ſeveral other ſigns, gave her Friends to underſtand that ſhe would undoubtedly diſpatch her ſelf, impatient of ſupporting her Husband's Fortune. And *Thraſea*, her Son in-Law,

The Story of the death of *Arria*, the Wife of *Cecinna Petus*.

beſeeching her not to throw away herſelf, and ſaying to her, What? If I ſhould run the ſame Fortune that *Cecinna* has done, would you that your Daughter, my Wife, ſhould do the ſame: *Would I?* replyed ſhe, *Yes, yes, I would, if ſhe had lived as long, and in as good intelligence with thee as I have done with my Husband.* Theſe Anſwers made them more careful of her, and to have a more watchful Eye to her Deportments. One day, having ſaid to thoſe that looked to her; *'Tis to much purpoſe that you take all this pains to prevent me; you may indeed make me to dye an ill death, but to keep me from dying is not in your power*; ſhe ſuddenly furious ſtarted from a Chair wherein ſhe ſate, and with all her force ran her head againſt the wall, by which blow being laid flat in a ſwoon, and very much wounded, after they had again with much ado brought her to her ſelf: *I told you*, ſaid ſhe, *that if you refuſed me ſome eaſie way of dying, I ſhould find out another how painful ſoever.* The concluſion of ſo admirable a Vertue was thus: Her Husband *Petus*, not having Reſolution enough of his own to diſpatch himſelf, as he was by the Emperour's cruelty enjoyned, one day amongſt others, after having firſt employed all the Reaſons and Exhortations which ſhe thought moſt prevalent to perſwade him to it, ſhe ſnatched the Poignard he wore from his ſide, and holding it ready in her hand, for the concluſion of her Admonitions, Do thus *Petus*, ſaid ſhe, and in the ſame inſtant giving herſelf a mortal ſtab in the Breaſt, and then drawing it out of the wound, preſented it to him, ending her Life with this noble,

gene-

generous, and immortal Saying, *Pæte non dolet. Petus*, it hurts not; having ſtrength to pronounce no more but thoſe three never to be forgotten words.

Caſta ſuo gladium cum traderet Arria Pæto,
Quem de viceribus traxerat ipſa ſuis:
Si qua fides, vulnus quod feci, non dolet, inquit,
Sed quod tu facies, id mihi Pæte dolet.

Mart. lib. 1. *Epig.* 14.

When the Chaſte *Arria* gave the reeking brand
That had new goar'd her heart to *Petrus*'s hand,
Petus, the wound I've made hurts not, quoth ſhe,
But the wound thou wilt make, 'tis that hurts me.

The Action was much more noble in it ſelf, and of a braver ſence than the *Poet* could expreſs it; for ſhe was ſo far from being deterr'd by the Cruelty of her Husbands Wound and Death, and her own, that ſhe had been the Promotreſs, and had given the Advice: but having perform'd this high and couragious Enterprize for her Husbands only Convenience, ſhe had even in the laſt gaſp of her Life no other concern but for him, and of diſpoſſeſſing him of the fear of dying with her. *Petus* preſently ſtruck himſelf to the Heart with the ſame Weapon, aſham'd, I believe, to have ſtood in need of ſo dear and pretious an Example.

Pompeia Paulina, a young and very noble *Roman Lady*, had married *Seneca* in his extream old Age. *Nero*, his fine *Pupil*, ſent his Guards to him to denounce the Sentence of Death, which was perform'd after this manner. When the *Roman*

Roman Emperours of those times had condemn'd any man of Quality, they sent to him by their Officers to choose what death he would, and to execute it within such or such a time, which was limited according to the mettle of their Indignation, to a shorter, or a longer respite, that they might therein have better leisure to dispose their Affairs, and sometimes depriving them of the means of doing it by the shortness of the time; and if the condemn'd seem'd unwilling to submit to the Order, they had people ready at hand to execute it either by cutting the Veins of the Arms and Legs, or by compelling them by force to swallow a draught of Poison. But Persons of Honour would not stay this Necessity, but made use of their own Physicians and Chirurgeons for this purpose. *Seneca*, with a calm and steady Countenance heard their charge, and presently call'd for Paper to write his *Will*, which being by the Captain deny'd, he turn'd himself towards his Friends, saying to them, *Since I cannot leave you any other Acknowledgment of the Obligation I have to you, I leave you at least the best thing I have, namely, the Image of my Life and Manners, which I intreat you to keep in Memory of me; that so doing you may acquire the Glory of sincere and real Friends.* And therewithal, one while appeasing the Sorrow he saw them in with gentle Words, and presently raising his Voice to reprove them; *What,* said he, *are become of all our brave Philosophical Precepts? What are become of all the Provisions we have so many years laid up against the Accidents of Fortune? Is* Nero's *Cruelty unknown to us? What could we expect from him*

him who had murther'd his Mother, and his Brother, but that he ſhould put his Governour to Death who had nouriſh'd and bred him? After having ſpoke theſe Words in general, he turn'd himſelf towards his Wife, and embracing her faſt in his Arms, as her Heart and Strength failing her, ſhe was ready to ſink down with Grief, he begg'd of her, for his ſake, to bear this Accident with a little more Patience, telling her, that now the hour was come wherein he was to ſhew, not by Argument and Diſcourſe, but by effect, the Fruit he had acquir'd by his Studies, and that he really embrac'd his Death, not only without Grief, but moreover with exceeding Joy. *Wherefore my deareſt*, ſaid he, *do not diſhonour it with thy Tears, that it may not ſeem as if thou lov'ſt thy ſelf more than my Reputation. Moderate thy Grief, and comfort thy ſelf in the Knowledge thou haſt had of me and my Actions, leading the remainder of thy Life in the ſame vertuous manner thou haſt hitherto done.* To which *Paulina*, having a little recover'd her Spirits, and warm'd her Magnanimity with the heat of a moſt generous Affection, reply'd, *No Seneca*, ſaid ſhe, *I am not a Woman to ſuffer you to go alone in ſuch a Neceſſity: I will not have you think that the vertuous Examples of your Life have not yet taught me how to dye, and when can I ever better, or more decently do it, or more to my own deſire, than with you! and therefore aſſure your ſelf I will go along with you.* *Seneca* then taking this noble and generous Reſolution of his Wife exceeding kindly at her hands, and alſo willing to free himſelf from the fear of leaving her expos'd to the Mercy and Cruelty of his

his Enemies after his Death: *I have Paulina*, ſaid he, *ſufficiently inſtructed thee in what would ſerve thee happily to live; but thou more covet'ſt I ſee the Honour of dying: in truth I will not grudge it thee, the Conſtancy and Reſolution in our common end are the ſame, but the Beauty and Glory of thy part is much greater.* Which being ſaid, the Chirurgeons at the ſame time open the Veins of both their Arms, but being thoſe of *Seneca* were more ſhrunk up, as well with Age as Abſtinence, made his Blood to flow too ſlowly, he moreover commanded them to open the Veins of his Thighs and leſt the Torments he endur'd might penetrate his Wives Heart, and alſo to free himſelf from the Affliction of ſeeing her in ſo ſad a Condition, after having taken a very affectionate leave of her, he intreated ſhe would ſuffer them to carry her into her Chamber, which they accordingly did; but all the Inciſions being not yet enough to make him dye, he commanded *Statius Anneus*, his Phyſician, to give him a draught of Poiſon, which had not much better Effect; for by Reaſon of the weakneſs and coldneſs of his Limbs, it could not arrive at his Heart. Wherefore they were forc'd to ſuperadd a very hot Bath, and then felling his end approach, whilſt he had Breath, he continued excellent Diſcourſes upon the Subject of his preſent Condition, which the Secretaries writ down ſo long as they could hear his Voice, and his laſt Words were long after in high Honour and Eſteem amongſt Men, and it was a great loſs to us that they were not reſerv'd down to our times. Then feeling the laſt pangs of Death, with the bloody Water

Water of the Bath he bath'd his Head, ſaying, *This Water I dedicate to* Jupiter *the Deliverer.* *Nero*, being preſently advertis'd of all this, fearing leſt the Death of *Paulina*, who was one of the beſt deſcended *Ladies* of *Rome*, and againſt whom he had no particular unkindneſs, ſhould turn to his reproach, he ſent back Orders in all haſte to bind up her Wounds, which her Attendants without his knowledge had done before; ſhe being already half dead, and without all manner of Sence. Thus, though ſhe liv'd contrary to her own deſign, it was very honoorably, and according to her own Vertue, her pale Complexion ever after manifeſting how much Life was run from her Veins.

Theſe are my three very true Stories, which I find as diverting, and as Tragick as any of thoſe we make of our own Heads wherewith to entertain the common People; and I wonder that they who are addicted to ſuch Relations, do not rather cull out ten Thouſand very fine Stories, which are to be found in very good Authors, that would ſave them the trouble of Invention, and be more uſeful and diverting. And who would make a Collection of them, would need to add nothing of his own, but the Connexion only, as it were the ſoder of another Metal; and might by this means embody a great many true Events of all ſorts, diſpoſing and diverſifying of them according as the Beauty of the work ſhould require, after the ſame manner almoſt as *Ovid* has made up his *Metamorphoſis* of the infinite number of various *Fables.*

In theſe laſt couple this is moreover worthy of

Seneca's great Affection to his Wife.

of Conſideration, that *Paulina* voluntarily offer'd to loſe her Life for the love of her Husband, and that her Husband had formerly alſo forbore dying for the love of her. There is no juſt counterpoiſe in this exchange as to us; but according to his Stoical Humour, I preſume he thought he had done as much for her, in prolonging his Life upon her account, as if he had died for her. In one of his Letters to *Lucilius*, after he has given him to underſtand, that being ſeis'd with an *Ague* in *Rome*, he preſently took Coach to go to a Houſe he had in the Country, contrary to his Wives Opinion, who would by all means perſwade him to ſtay: And that he had told her, that the *Ague* he was ſeis'd with, was not a Fever of the Body, but the Place; it follows thus. *She let me go*, ſays he, *with giving me a ſtrict charge of my Health. Now I, who know that her Life is involv'd in mine, begin to make much of my ſelf, that I may preſerve her. And I loſe the priviledge my Age has given me of being more conſtant and reſolute in many things; when I call to mind, that in this old Fellow there is a young Lady who is intereſted in his Health. And ſince I cannot perſwade her to love me more courageouſly, ſhe makes me more ſollicitouſly love my ſelf: For we muſt allow ſomething to honeſt Affections, and ſometimes, though occaſions importune us to the contrary, we muſt call back Life, even though it be with Torment: we muſt hold the Soul faſt in our Teeth, ſince the Rule of Living amongſt good men is not ſo long as they pleaſe, but as long as they ought: He that loves not his Wife and his Friend ſo well as to prolong his Life for them, but will obſtinately*

ſtinately dye, is too delicate and too effeminate: the Soul muſt impoſe this upon it ſelf, when the utility of our Friends does ſo require: We muſt ſometimes lend our ſelves to our Friends, and when we would dye for our ſelves, muſt break that Reſolution for them. 'Tis a Teſtimony of Grandeur of Courage to return to Life for the Conſideration of another, as many excellent Perſons have done: And 'tis a Mark of ſingular good nature to preſerve old Age (of which the greateſt convenience is the indifferency of its duration, and a more ſtout and diſdainful uſe of Life) when a man perceives that this Office is pleaſing, agreeable and uſeful to ſome Perſon by whom we are very much belov'd. And a man reaps by it a very pleaſing Reward; *for what can be more delightful than to be ſo dear to his Wife, as upon her account he ſhall become dearer to himſelf? Thus has my* Paulina *loaded me not only with her Fears, but my own; it has not been ſufficient to conſider how reſolutely I could dye, but I have alſo conſider'd how irreſolutely ſhe would bear my Death. I am enforc'd to live, and ſometimes to live is Magnanimity.* Theſe are his own Words, as excellent as they every where uſe to be.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVI.

Of the moſt Excellent Men.

IF I ſhould be ask'd my Opinion and choice of all the men who have come to my knowledge, I ſhould make anſwer, That methinks I find three more excellent than all the reſt. One of them *Homer*, not that *Ariſtotle* and *Varro*, for example, were not peradventure, as learned as he; nor that poſſibly *Virgil* was not equal to him in his own Art; which I leave to be determined by ſuch as know them both, and are beſt able to judge. I, who, for my part, underſtand but one of them, can only ſay this, according to my poor Talent, that I do not believe the *Muſes* themſelves did ever go beyond the *Roman*.

Propert. l. 2 Eleg. ult.

Tale facit carmen docta teſtudine, quale
Cynthius impoſitis temperat articulus.

Whilſt playing to his Lute, he Verſe doth ſing,
'Tis like *Apollo's* Voice and Fingering.

And yet in this Judgment we are not to forget that it is chiefly from *Homer* that *Virgil* derives his Excellence, that he is his guide and teacher; and that the *Iliad* only has ſupply'd him with body and matter out of which to compoſe his great and divine *Æneis*. I do not reckon upon that, but mix ſeveral other Circumſtances that render to me this *Poet* admirable, even as it were, above

above Human condition. And in truth, I often wonder, that he who has erected, and by his Authority given ſo many Deities Reputation in the World, was not deified himſelf. Being blind and poor, being that before the *Sciences* were reduc'd into Rule and certain Obſervations, he was ſo well acquainted with them, that all thoſe who have ſince taken upon them to eſtabliſh Governments, to carry on Wars, and to write either of *Philoſophy* or *Religion*, of what Sect ſoever, or of the *Arts*, having made uſe of him as of a moſt perfect Inſtructer in the Knowledge of all Things, and of his *Books*, as of an unexhauſted Treaſure of all ſorts of Learning.

Qui quid ſit pulcrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non, Plenius, ac melius Chryſippo, ac Crantore dixit. *Hor. lib. 1. Epiſt. 2.*

Who, what's our good, what not, what brave, what baſe, Sir *Rich. Fenſhaw.*
Fuller than *Crantor*, or *Chryſippus* ſays.

and as this other ſays.

——— *aquo ceu fronte perenni*
Vatum Pieriis labra rigantur aquis. *Ovid. Amo lib. 3. Eleg. 8.*

From whoſe ne'er failing ſpring the *Poet* ſips,
And in *Pierian* Waters wets his Lips.

and another,

Adde Heliconiadum Comites, quorum unus Homerus. *Lucret. lib. 3.*
Aſtra potitus.

Of all Pretenders, *Homer* is alone
Judg'd the moſt worthy of the Poets Throne.

and another,

Manil. Aſtrow.

———cujuſque ex ore profuſo
Omnis poſteritas latices in carmina duxit,
Amnemque in tenues auſa eſt deducere rivos,
Unicus fœcunda bonis.

From whoſe full flowing Stream Poſterity
Have Channels laid to draw out Verſes by,
And have made bold to draw by thoſe out-lets
The *Torrent* into little *Rivolets*,
All fruitful thorow one Man's Eloquence.

'Tis contrary to the order of *Nature* that he has made the moſt excellent Production that can poſſibly be, for the ordinary Birth of Things is imperfect; they uſually thrive, and gather ſtrength by growing: Whereas he has rendred the Infancy of *Poeſie* and other Sciences mature, perfect and accompliſh'd at firſt. And for this Reaſon he may be call'd the firſt and the laſt of *Poets*, according to the fair Teſtimony Antiquity has left us of him, *That as there was none before him whom he could imitate, ſo there has been none ſince that could imitate him.* His words, according to *Ariſtotle*, are the only words that have Motion and Action, and are the only ſubſtantial words. *Alexander* the Great, having found a rich *Cabinet* among *Darius* his Spoils, gave order it ſhould be reſerv'd for him to keep his *Homer* in: ſaying,

ſaying, that he was the beſt and moſt faithful *Counſellor* he had in his Military Affairs. For the ſame Reaſon it was, that *Cleomenes*, the Son of *Anaxandridas* ſaid, That the *Lacedæmonian Poet* was the beſt Maſter for the Diſcipline of War. This ſingular and particular Commendation is alſo left of him in the Judgment of *Plutarch*, that he is the only *Author* in the World, that never glutted nor diſguſted his *Readers*, preſenting himſelf always another thing, and always flouriſhing in ſome new Grace. That wanton *Alcibiades*, having ask'd one who pretended to Learning for a Book of *Homer*, gave him a box on the Ear, becauſe he had none, which he thought as ſcandalous, as to take one of our Prieſts without a *Breviary*. *Xenophanes* complained one day to *Hiero*, the Tyrant of *Syracuſa*, that he was ſo poor he had not wherewithal to maintain two Servants; What? reply'd the *Tyrant*, *Homer*, who was much poorer than thou art, keeps above ten thouſand now he is dead: What did *Panctius* leave unſaid when he called *Plato* the *Homer* of *Philoſophers*? Beſides, what Glory can be compar'd to his? Nothing is ſo frequent in Mens Mouths as his Name and Works, nothing ſo known and receiv'd as *Troy*, *Hellen*, and the War about her, when perhaps there was never any ſuch thing. Our Children are call'd by names that he feign'd above three thouſand Years ago. Who is ignorant of the Story of *Hector* and *Achilles*? Not only ſome particular *Families*, but moſt *Nations* alſo ſeek original in his Inventions. *Mahomet*, the ſecond of that name, *Emperor* of the *Turks*, writing to our *Pope Pius*

the ſecond; *I am aſtoniſh'd*, ſays he, *that the* Italians *ſhould appear againſt me, conſidering that we have our common deſcent from the* Trojans, *and that it concerns me as well as it does them to revenge the blood of* Hector *upon the* Greeks, *whom they countenance againſt me.* Is it not a noble *Farce*, wherein *Kings*, *Republicks*, and *Emperours* have ſo many Ages play'd their parts, and to which the vaſt *Univerſe* ſerves for a Theater? Seven *Græcian Cities* contended for his Birth, ſo much Honour even his obſcurity help'd him to.

Aulius Gellius. *Smyrna, Rhodos, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, Athenæ.*

By *Smyrna*, *Rhodes*, *Colophon*, *Salamis*, *Chios*, *Argos*, and *Athens* he claimed is.

The other is *Alexander* the Great. For whoever will conſider the Age at which he began his Enterpriſes, the ſmall means by which he effected ſo glorious a Deſign; the authority he obtain'd at ſo ſlender an Age with the greateſt and moſt experienc'd Captains of the World, by whom he was follow'd, and the extraordinary favour wherewith *Fortune* embrac'd him, and favour'd ſo many hazardous, that I may not ſay raſh Deſigns:

Lucan l. 1. ——*impellens quicquid ſibi ſumma petenti,*
Obſtaret, gaudenſque, viam feciſſe ruina.

Bearing

Bearing down all his high deſigns withſtood,
And pleas'd by Ruin to have made them good.

That Grandeur, to have at the Age of three and thirty years, paſt Victorious through the whole habitable Earth, and in half a Life to have attain'd to the utmoſt of what humane Nature can do; ſo that you cannot imagine his duration juſt, and the continuation of his increaſe in Vertue and Fortune, even to a due maturity of Age, but that you muſt withal imagine ſomething more than man: To have made ſo many Royal Branches to ſpring from his Souldiers; leaving the World at his death divided amongſt four Succeſſors, who were no better than Captains of his Army, whoſe Poſterity have ſo long continued, and maintain'd that vaſt poſſeſſion; ſo many excellent Vertues as he was Maſter of, Juſtice, Temperance, Liberality, Truth in his word, Love towards his own, and Humanity towards thoſe he overcame; for his Manners in general ſeem in truth incapable of any manner of reproach, though ſome particular and extraordinary Actions of his may peradventure fall under cenſure. But it is impoſſible to carry on ſo great things as he did with the ſtrict *Rules* of *Juſtice*; ſuch as he are to be judg'd in groſs, by the main end of their Actions. The ruin of *Thebes*, the murther of *Menander*, and of *Epheſtion*'s Phyſician, the maſſacre of ſo many *Perſian* Priſoners at once, of a Troop of *Indian* Souldiers, not without prejudice to his word, and of the *Coſſeyans*, ſo much as to the very Children, are indeed Sallies that are not well to

be excus'd. For, as to *Clytus*, the fault was more than recompens'd in his Repentance, and that very action, as much as any other whatever, manifeſts the ſweetneſs of his Nature, a nature moſt excellently form'd to goodneſs; and it was ingeniouſly ſaid of him, that he had his Vertues by Nature, and his Vices by Chance. As to his being a little given to bragging, and a little too impatient of hearing himſelf ill ſpoken of, and as to thoſe *Mangers*, *Arms* and *Bits* he caus'd to be ſtrew'd in the *Indies*, all thoſe little Vanities, methinks, may very well be allow'd to his Youth, and the prodigious Proſperity of his Fortune. And who will conſider withal his ſo many Military Vertues, his Diligence, Fore-ſight, Patience, Diſcipline, Subtilty, Magnanimity, Reſolution and good Fortune, wherein (though we had not had the Authority of *Hannibal* to aſſure us) he was the firſt of Men, the admirable beauty and ſymmetry of his Perſon even to a Miracle, his majeſtick Port and awful Deportment, in a Face ſo young, ſo ruddy and ſo radiant:

Æneid. l. 8.

Qualis ubi Oceani perfuſus Lucifer unda,
Quem Venus ante alios aſtrorum diligit ignes,
Extulit os ſacrum Cælo, tenebraſque reſolvit.

Such the Day-ſtar does from the Ocean riſe
Above all Lights, grateful to *Venus*'s Eyes,
When he from Heaven darts his ſacred light,
And diſſipates the ſullen ſhades of Night.

the excellency of his Knowledge and Capacity, the duration and grandeur of his Glory, pure, clean,

clean, without ſpot or envy, and that long after his Death it was a religious belief, that his very *Medals* brought good fortune to all that carried them about them; and that more *Kings* and *Princes* have writ his Acts, than other *Hiſtorians* have written the Acts of any other *King* or *Prince* whatever; and that to this very day the *Mahometans*, who deſpiſe all other *Hoſtorians*, admit of, and honour his alone, by a ſpecial Priviledge: whoever, I ſay, will ſeriouſly conſider theſe particulars, will confeſs, that all theſe things put together, I had reaſon to prefer him before *Cæſar* himſelf, who alone could make me doubtful in my choice: and it cannot be deny'd, but that there was more of his own in his Exploits, and more of Fortune in thoſe of *Alexander*. They were in many things equal, and peradventure *Cæſar* had the advantage in ſome particular qualities. They were two *Fires*; or two *Torrents* to over-run the World by ſeveral ways.

Æneid. lib. 12.

Et velut immiſſi diverſis partibus ignes
Arentem in ſylvam, & virgulta ſonantia lauro:
Aut ubi decurſu rapido de montibus altis
Dant ſonitum ſpumoſi amnes, & in æquora currunt,
Quiſque ſuum populatus iter.

And like to Fires in ſeveral parts apply'd
To a dry Grove of crackling Lawrel's ſide;
Or like the Cataracts of foaming Rills,
That tumble headlong from the higheſt Hills
To haſten to the Ocean; even ſo
They bear all down before them where they go.

But though *Cæſar*'s ambition had been more moderate, it would ſtill be ſo unhappy, having the ruin of his *Country*, and the univerſal miſchief to the World for its abominable object; that all things rak'd together, and put into the Balance, I muſt needs incline to *Alexander*'s ſide.

The third, in my Opinion, and the moſt excellent of all, is, *Epaminondas*. Of glory he has not near ſo much as the other two, (which alſo is but a part of the ſubſtance of the thing) of Valour and Reſolution, not of that ſort which is puſh'd on by Ambition, but of that which Wiſdom and Reaſon can raiſe in a regular Soul, he had all that could be imagin'd. Of this Vertue of his, he has, in my thoughts, given as ample proof, as either *Alexander* himſelf or *Cæſar*: for although his Expeditions were neither ſo frequent and ſo renown'd, they were yet, if duely conſider'd in all their Circumſtances, as important, as bravely fought, and carry'd with them as manifeſt teſtimony of Valour and military Conduct, as thoſe of any whatever. The *Greeks* have done him the honour, without contradiction, to pronounce him the greateſt man of their Nation; and to be the firſt of *Greece*, is eaſily to be the firſt of the World. As to his Knowledge, we have this ancient judgment of him, *That never any man knew ſo much, and ſpake ſo little as he.* For he was of the *Pythagorean* Sect. But when he did ſpeak, never any man ſpake better; an excellent Orator, and of powerful inſinuation. But as to his Manners and Conſcience, he has infinitely ſurpaſs'd all

Men

Men that ever undertook the management of Affairs; for in this one thing, which ought chiefly to be conſidered, that alone truly denotes us for what we are, and that alone I Counterbalance with all the reſt put together, he comes not ſhort of any Philoſopher whatever, not even of *Socrates* himſelf. Innocency in this man is a quality, peculiar, ſoveraign, conſtant, uniform, and incorruptible, compar'd to which, it appears in *Alexander* ſubject to ſomething elſe above it, uncertain, variable, effeminate, and accidental. *Antiquity* has judg'd, that in thorowly ſifting all the other great *Captains*, there is found in every one ſome peculiar quality that illuſtrates his Name. In this man only there is a full and equal vertue throughout, that leaves nothing to be wiſhed for in him, whether in private or publick Employment, whether in Peace or War, whether glorioufly to live or die. I do not know any Form or Fortune of Man that I ſo much honour and love. 'Tis true, that I look upon his obſtinate Poverty, as it is ſet out by his beſt Friends, a little too ſcrupulous and nice. And this is the only action, though high in it ſelf, and well worthy of admiration, that I find ſo ſevere as not to deſire to imitate my ſelf to the degree it was in him. The ſole *Scipio Æmilianus*, would any attribute to him as brave and magnificent an end, and as profound and univerſal a knowledge, might be put into the other Scale of the Balance. Oh! what an injury has Time done me, to deprive me of the ſight of two of the moſt noble Lives, which, by the common conſent of all the World,

one

one the greateſt of the *Greeks*, and the other of the *Romans*, were in all *Plutarch*. What a Matter! what a Workman! For a man that was no Saint, but, as we ſay, a Gallant man, of civil and ordinary Manners, and of a moderate Ambition, the richeſt Life that I know, and full of the richeſt, and moſt to be deſired Parts, all things conſidered, is, in my opinion, that of *Alcibiades*. But as to what concerns *Epaminondas*, I will here, for the example of an exceſſive goodneſs, add ſome of his Opinions. He declared, that the greateſt ſatisfaction he ever had in his whole Life was, the contentment he gave his Father and Mother in his Victory of *Leuctra*; wherein his deference is great, preferring their pleaſure before his own, ſo juſt and ſo full of ſo glorious an Action. He did not think it lawful, even to reſtore the Liberty of his Country, to kill a man without knowing a cauſe; which made him ſo cold in the enterprize of his Companion *Pelopidas* for the relief of *Thebes*. He was alſo of Opinion, that men in Battel ought to avoid the Encounter of a Friend that was on the contrary ſide, and to ſpare him. And his Humanity even towards his Enemies themſelves, having rendered him ſuſpected to the *Beotians*; for that after he had miraculouſly forced the *Lacedemonians* to open him the Paſs, which they had undertaken to defend at the entry into *Morea*, near unto *Corinth*, he contented himſelf with having charged through them, without purſuing them to the utmoſt, he had his Commiſſion of *General* taken from him. Very honourably upon ſuch an account, and for the ſhame it was to them

Humanity of *Epaminondas*.

them upon neceſſity afterwards to reſtore him to his command, and then to ſee how much upon him depended their Safety and Honour: Victory like a ſhadow attending him where-ever he went; and indeed the Proſperity of his Country, as being from him derived, died with him.

CHAP. XXXVII.

Of the Reſemblance of Children to their Fathers.

THis Fagotting up of divers pieces, is ſo odly compoſed, that I never ſet Pen to Paper, but when I have too much idle time, and never any where but at home; ſo that it is compiled at ſeveral Interruptions and Intervals, as Occaſions keep me ſometimes many Months abroad. As to the reſt, I never correct my firſt by any ſecond Conceptions; I peradventure may alter a Word or ſo: but 'tis only to vary the Phraſe, and not to deſtroy my former meaning. I have a mind to repreſent the progreſs of my Humour, that every one may ſee every piece as it came from the *Forge*. I could wiſh I had begun ſooner, and had taken more notice of the courſe of my Mutations. A Servant of mine, that I employ'd to tranſcribe for me, thought he had got a prize by ſtealing ſeveral pieces from me, wherewith he was beſt pleas'd; but it is my comfort, that he will be no greater a gainer, than I ſhall be a loſer by the Theft. I am grown older

er by ſeven or eight years ſince I begun; neither has it been without ſome new Acquiſition; I have in that time, by the Liberty of years, been acquainted with the Stone, a long Converſation, which time hardly wears off without ſome ſuch Inconvenience. I could have been glad, that of other Infirmities Age has to preſent long liv'd men, it had choſen ſome one that would have been more welcome to me, for it could not poſſibly have laid upon me a Diſeaſe, for which, even from my Infancy, I have had ſo great a Horror; and it is in truth of all the Accidents of old Age, that of which I have ever been moſt afraid. I have often thought with my ſelf, that I went on too far, and that in ſo long a Voyage, I ſhould at laſt run my ſelf into ſome diſadvantage; I perceiv'd, and have often enough declar'd, that it was time to knock off, and that Death was to be cut off in the ſound and living part, according to the *Chirurgeons* Rule in Amputations. And that *Nature* made him pay very ſtrict Uſury, who did not in due time pay the Principal. And yet I was ſo far from being ready, that in eighteen Months time, or thereabout, that I have been in this uneaſie Condition, I have ſo inur'd my ſelf to it, as to be content to live on in it; and have found wherein to comfort my ſelf, and to hope: ſo much are men enſlav'd to their miſerable Being, that there is no Condition ſo wretched they will not accept, provided they may live: according to that of *Mœcenas*.

Debilem

Debilem facito manu,
Debilem pede coxa,
Lubricos quate dentes
Vita dum ſupereſt, bene eſt.

Seneca Ep. 101.

and Thighs,
Maim both my Hands and Feet, break both Legs
Knock out my Teeth, and bore out both my Eyes,
Let me but live, all's well enough he cries.

And *Tamberlain* with his fooliſh humanity palliated the fantaſtick cruelty he exercis'd upon *Lepers*, when he put all he could hear of to death, to deliver them, as he pretended, from the painful Life they liv'd. For there was not one of them who would not rather have undergone a triple Leproſie, than to be depriv'd of their Being. And *Antiſthenes* the *Stoick* being very ſick, and crying out, who will deliver me from theſe Evils? *Diogenes*, who was come to viſit him, *This*, ſaid he, preſenting him a Knife, *preſently if thou wilt: I do not mean from my Life*, he replied, *but from my Diſeaſe.* The ſufferings that only attaque the Mind, I am not ſo ſenſible of, as moſt other Men; and that partly out of Judgment: for the World looks upon ſeveral things as dreadful, or to be avoided at the expence of Life, that are almoſt indifferent to me: partly through a ſtupid and inſenſible Complexion I have in Accidents which do not point-blanck hit me; and that inſenſibility I look upon as one of the beſt parts of my natural Condition: but eſſential and corporeal pains I am very ſenſible of. And yet having long ſince foreſeen them, though with a ſight weak and delicate,

delicate, and ſoftned with the long and happy Health and Quiet, that God has been pleas'd to give me the greateſt part of my time, I had in my Imagination fancied them ſo inſupportable, that in truth I was more afraid than I have ſince found I had cauſe; by which I am ſtill more fortified in this belief, that moſt of the Faculties of the Soul, as we employ them, more trouble the repoſe of Life, than they are any way uſeful to it. I am in conflict with the worſt, the moſt ſudden, the moſt painful, the moſt mortal and the moſt irremediable of all Diſeaſes. I have already had the trial of five or ſix very long, and very painful fits, and yet I either flatter my ſelf, or there is even in this eſtate what is very well to be endur'd by a man who has his Soul free from the fear of Death, and the Menaces, Concluſions and Conſequences, which Phyſick is ever thundring in our Ears. But the effect even of pain it ſelf is not ſo ſharp and intollerable as to put a man of underſtanding into impatience and deſpair. I have at leaſt this advantage by my Stone, that what I could not hitherto wholly prevail upon my ſelf to reſolve upon, as to reconciling and acquainting my ſelf with Death, it will perfect; for the more it preſſes upon and importunes me, I ſhall be ſo much the leſs afraid to die. I had already gone ſo far as only to love Life for Life's ſake, but my pain will diſſolve this Intelligence; and God grant that in the end, ſhould the ſharpneſs of it be once greater than I ſhall be able to bear, it does not throw me into the other no leſs vicious extream, to deſire and wiſh to die.

The Stone the moſt painful of all Diſeaſes.

Sum-

Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes.

Mart. l. 10. *Epig.* 47.

Neither to wiſh, nor fear to die.

They are two Paſſions to be fear'd, but the one has its remedy much nearer at hand than the other. As to the reſt, I have always found the Precept, that ſo exactly enjoyns a conſtant Countenance, and ſo diſdainful and indifferent a Comportment in the toleration of Infirmities to be meerly Ceremonial. Why ſhould *Philoſophy*, which only has reſpect to Life and its Effects, trouble it ſelf about theſe external Apparences? Let us leave that Care to *Hiſtrios* and Maſters of *Rhetorick*, that ſet ſo great a value upon our Geſtures. Let her, in God's name, allow this vocal Frailty, if it be neither cordial nor ſtomachal to the Diſeaſe; and permit the ordinary ways of expreſſing Grief by ſighs, ſobs, palpitations and turning pale, that Nature has put out of our power. And provided the Courage be undaunted, and the Expreſſions not ſounding of deſpair, let her be ſatisfied. What makes matter for the wringing of our hands, if we do not wring our Thoughts? She forms us for our ſelves, not for others, to be, not to ſeem, let her be ſatisfied with governing our Underſtandings, which ſhe has taken upon her the care of inſtructing; that in the fury of the Cholick ſhe maintains the Soul in a condition to know it ſelf, and to follow its accuſtomed way; contending with, and enduring, not meanly truckling under Pain; mov'd and heated, not ſubdu'd and conquer'd

quer'd in the Contention; but capable of Diſcourſe and other things to a certain degree. In ſo extream Accidents, 'tis Cruelty to require ſo exact a Compoſedneſs. 'Tis no great matter what Faces we cut, if we find any eaſe by it; if the Body find it ſelf reliev'd by complaining, let him go too; if Agitation eaſes him, let him tumble and toſs at pleaſure; if he finds the Diſeaſe evaporate (as ſome *Phyſicians* hold that it helps Women in delivery) extreamly to cry out, or if it do but amuſe his Torments, let him roar aloud. Let us not command this Voice to ſally, but ſtop it not. *Epicurus* does not only forgive his *Sage* for crying out in Torments, but adviſes him to it. *Pugiles etiam quum feriunt, in jactandis cæſtibus ingemiſcunt, quia profundenda voce omne corpus intenditur, venitque plaga vehementior. When men fight with Clubs, they groan in laying on, becauſe the whole ſtrength of Body goes along with the Voice, and the blow is laid on with greater force.* We have enough to do to deal with the Diſeaſe, without troubling our ſelves with theſe ſuperfluous *Rules*; which I ſay in excuſe of thoſe whom we ordinarily ſee impatient in the aſſaults of this Infirmity; for as to what concerns my ſelf, I have paſs'd it over hitherto with a little better Countenance, and contented my ſelf with Grunting, without roaring out. Not nevertheleſs, that I put any great conſtraint upon my ſelf to maintain this exterior Decency, for I make little account of ſuch an Advantage; I allow herein as much as the Pain requires, but either my Pains are not ſo exceſſive, or I have more than ordinary Patience. I complain, I confeſs,

Cicero Tuſc. l. 2.

feſs, and am a little impatient in a very ſharp fit, but I do not arrive to ſuch a degree of deſpair, as he who with

Ejulatu, queſtu, gemitu, fremitibus *Ibid.*
Reſonando multum flebiles voces refert.
Howling, Roaring, and a thouſand noiſes
Expreſs'd his Torment in moſt diſmal Voices.

I reliſh my ſelf in the midſt of my Dolor, and have always found that I was in a Capacity to ſpeak, think and give a rational Anſwer as well as at any other time, but not ſo coldly and indifferently, being troubled and interrupted by the Pain. When I am look'd upon by my Viſiters to be in the greateſt Torment, and that they therefore forbear to trouble me, I oft try my own ſtrength, and my ſelf ſet ſome Diſcourſe on foot, the moſt remote I can contrive from my preſent condition. I can do any thing upon a ſudden endeavour, but it muſt not continue long. What pity 'tis I have not the Faculties of that Dreamer *Cicero*, who dreaming he was lying with a Wench, found he had diſcharged his Stone in the Sheets! My Pains do ſtrangely diſappetite me that way. In the Intervals from this exceſſive Torment, when my Uriters only languiſh without any great dolor, I preſently feel my ſelf in my wonted ſtate, foraſmuch as my Soul takes no other alarm but what is ſenſible and corporal, which I certainly owe to the care I have had of preparing my ſelf by Meditation againſt ſuch Accidents:

———*Laborum* *Æneid. l. 6.*
Nulla mihi nova nunc facies inopinaque ſurgit,
Omnia præcepi, atque animo mecum ante peregi.

No face of Pain, or Labour, now can riſe,
Which by its Novelty can me ſurprize,
I've been accuſtom'd all things to explore,
And been inur'd unto them long before.

I am a little roughly handled for a Learner, and with a ſudden and ſharp alteration, being fallen in an inſtant from a very eaſie and happy condition of Life into the moſt uneaſie and painful that can be imagin'd. For beſides, that it is a Diſeaſe very much to be fear'd in it ſelf, it begins with me after a more ſharp and ſevere manner than it uſes to do with other men. My Fits come ſo thick upon me, that I am ſcarcely ever at eaſe; and yet I have hitherto kept my mind ſo upright, that provided I can ſtill continue it, I find my ſelf in a much better condition of Life than a thouſand others, who have no Fever, no other Diſeaſe but what they create to themſelves for want of Meditation. There is a certain ſort of crafty Humility that ſprings from Preſumption; as this for Example, that we confeſs our Ignorance in many things, and are ſo courteous as to acknowledg, that there are in works of Nature ſome Qualities and Conditions that are imperceptible to us, and of which our underſtanding cannot diſcover the means and cauſes; by this honeſt Declaration we hope to obtain that People ſhall alſo believe us of thoſe that we ſay we do underſtand. We need not trouble our ſelves to ſeek out Miracles and ſtrange Difficulties; methinks there are ſo incomprehenſible Wonders amongſt the things that we ordinarily ſee, as ſurpaſs all difficulties of Miracles. What a wonderful thing it is, that the drop of Seed from which we are produced,

duced, ſhould carry in it ſelf the impreſſion not only of the bodily Form, but even of the Thoughts and Inclinations of our Fathers? Where can that drop of Fluid matter contain that infinite number of Forms? And how can they carry on theſe Reſemblances with ſo temerarious and irregular a Progreſs, that the Son ſhall be like his Great Grand-Father, the Nephew like his Uncle? In the Family of *Lepidus* at *Rome*, there were three, not ſucceſſively, but by intervals, that were born with the ſame Eye covered with a *Cartilage*. At *Thebes*, there was a *Race* that carried from their Mothers Womb the form of the head of a Launce, and who was not born ſo, was look'd upon as illegitimate. And *Ariſtotle* ſays, that in a certain Nation, where the Women were in common, they aſſign'd the Children to their Fathers by their reſemblance. 'Tis to be believed that I derive this infirmity from my Father; for he died wonderfully tormented with a great Stone in his Bladder; he was never ſenſible of his Diſeaſe till the Sixty ſeventh year of his Age, and before that had never felt any grudging or ſymptoms of it either in his Reins, Sides, or any other part; and had lived till then in a happy vigorous ſtate of Health, little ſubject to infirmities, and continued ſeven years after in this Diſeaſe, and died a very painful Death. I was born above five and twenty years before his Diſeaſe ſeized him, and in the time of his moſt flouriſhing and healthful ſtate of Body, his third Child in order of Birth; where could his propenſion to this Malady lye lurking all that while? And he being ſo far from the Infirmity, how could that ſmall part of his Subſtance carry away ſo great an impreſſion of its

The Author's Father afflicted with the Stone.

ſhare? And how ſo concealed, that till five and forty years after I did not begin to be ſenſible of it? being the only one to this hour, amongſt ſo many Brothers and Siſters, and all of one Mother, that was ever troubled with it. He that can ſatisfie me in this point, I will believe him in as many other Miracles as he pleaſes, always provided, that as their manner is, he does not give me a *Doctrine* much more intricate and fantaſtick than the thing it ſelf for current pay. Let the *Phyſicians* a little excuſe the Liberty I take, for by this ſame infuſion and fatal inſinuation it is that I have received a hatred and contempt of their Doctrine. The Antipathy I have againſt their Art is Hereditary. My *Father* lived Threeſcore and fourteen years, my *Grand Father* Sixty nine, my *Great Grand Father* almoſt Fourſcore years, without ever taſting any ſort of Phyſick; and with them whatever was not ordinary Diet, was inſtead of a Drugg. *Phyſick* is grounded upon Experience and Examples, ſo is my Opinion. And is not this an expreſs and very advantageous Experience? I do not know that they can find me in all their *Records* three that were born, bred and died under the ſame Roof, who have lived ſo long by their own Conduct. They muſt here of Neceſſity confeſs, that if *Reaſon* be not, *Fortune* at leaſt is on my ſide, and with *Phyſicians*, *Fortune* goes a great deal further than *Reaſon*; let them not take me now at a diſadvantage; let them not threaten me in the ſubdued condition I now am, for that were treachery. And to ſay truth, I have got enough the better of them by theſe Domeſtick Examples, that they ſhould reſt ſatisfied. Human things are not uſually ſo conſtant,

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it has been two hundred years ſave eighteen that this Trial has laſted, for the firſt of them was born in the Year 1402. 'Tis now indeed very good reaſon that this Experience ſhould begin to fail us; let them not therefore reproach me with the Infirmities under which I now ſuffer; is it not enough for my part, that I have lived Seven and forty years in perfect Health? Though it ſhould be the end of my *Career*, 'tis of the longer ſort. My *Anceſtors* had an averſion to *Phyſick* by ſome ſecret and natural inſtinct; for the very ſight of a Potion was loathſom to my Father. The *Seigneur de Gaviac*, my Uncle by the Fathers ſide, a Church-man, and a Valetudinary from his Birth, and yet that made that crazy Life to hold out to Sixty ſeven years; being once fallen into a furious Fever, it was ordered by the *Phyſicians*, he ſhould be plainly told that if he would not make uſe of help (for ſo they call that which is very often quite contrary) he would infallibly be a dead man. The good man, though terrified with this dreadful Sentence, yet replied, I *am then a dead man.* But *God* ſoon after made the Prognoſtick falſe. The youngeſt of the Brothers, which were four, and by many years the youngeſt, the *Sieur de Buſſaget*, was the only man of the Family that made uſe of Medicine, by reaſon, I ſuppoſe, of the Commerce he had with the other Arts, for he was a Counſellor in the Court of *Parliament*, and it ſucceeded ſo ill with him, that being in outward appearance of the ſtrongeſt conſtitution, he yet died before any of the reſt, the *Sieur St. Michel* only excepted. 'Tis poſſible I may have deriv'd this natural *Antipathy* to Phyſick from them; but had there been no other conſideration in the caſe,

I would have endeavoured to have overcome it. For all conditions that ſpring in us without reaſon, are vicious; and is a kind of Diſeaſe that we are to wreſtle with: It may be I had naturally this Propenſion, but I have ſupported and fortified it by Arguments and Reaſons, which have eſtabliſht in me the Opinion I am of. For I alſo hate the conſideration of refuſing *Phyſick* for the nauſeous taſte: I ſhould hardly be of that humour, who find Health worth purchaſing by all the moſt painful *Cauteries* and *Inciſions* that can be applied. And according to *Epicurus*, I conceive, that Pleaſures are to be avoided, if greater Pains be the conſequence; and Pains to be coveted, that will terminate in greater Pleaſures. *Health*, is a pretious thing, and the only one in truth meriting that a man ſhould lay out, not only his time, ſweat, labour and goods, but alſo his Life it ſelf to obtain it, foraſmuch as without it Life is injurious to us. Pleaſure, Wiſdom, Learning and Vertue without it wither away and vaniſh; and in the moſt quaint and ſolid Diſcourſes that *Philoſophy* would imprint in us to the contrary, we need no more but oppoſe the image of *Plato*, being ſtruck with an Epilepſie or Apoplexy; and in this Preſuppoſition to defie him to call the rich Faculties of his Soul to his aſſiſtance. All means that conduce to Health, can neither be too painful nor too dear to me. But I have ſome other Apparences that makes me ſtrangely ſuſpect all this Merchandize. I do not deny but that there may be ſome Art, and that there are not amongſt ſo many works of *Nature*, things proper for the conſervation of Health; that is moſt certain, I very well know there are ſome Simples that moiſten, and others that dry; I experimentally know that

that *Radiſhes* are windy, and *Senna* leaves purging; and ſeveral other ſuch Experiences I have, which I am as ſure of as I am that *Mutton* nouriſhes, and *Wine* warms me; and *Solon* would ſay, *That eating was Phyſick againſt Hunger.* I do not diſapprove the uſe we make of things the Earth produces, nor doubt in the leaſt of the power and fertility of Nature, and diſapprove not application of what ſhe affords to our neceſſities: I very well ſee that *Pikes* and *Swallows* live by her *Laws*; but I muſtruſt the Inventions of Wit, Knowledge and Art; to countenance which, we have abandon'd *Nature* and her *Rules*, and wherein we keep no bounds nor moderation. As we call the creation of the firſt *Laws* that fall into our Hands, Juſtice, and their practice and diſpenſation very fooliſh and very unjuſt: And as thoſe who ſcoff at, and accuſe it, cannot nevertheleſs wrong that noble Vertue, but only condemn the abuſe and profanation of that Sacred *Title*; ſo in *Phyſick*, I very much honour that glorious *Name*, and the end it is ſtudied for, and what it promiſes to the ſervice of Mankind; but what it foiſts upon us, I neither honour nor eſteem. In the firſt place, Experience makes me dread it; for amongſt all of my Acquaintance, I ſee no Race of People ſo ſoon ſick, and ſo long before they are well, as thoſe who take much *Phyſick*. Their very Health is alter'd and corrupted by their frequent Preſcriptions. *Phyſicians* are not content to deal only with the Sick, but they will moreover corrupt Health it ſelf, for fear Men ſhould at any time eſcape their Authority. Do they not from a continual and perfect Health, extract ſuſpicion of ſome great Sickneſs to enſue? I have been

ſick often enough, and have always found my ſickneſſes eaſie enough to be ſupported (though I have made tryal of almoſt all ſorts) and as ſhort as thoſe of any other without their help, or without ſwallowing their ill taſted *Doſes.* The Health I have is full and free, without other *Rule* or *Diſcipline* than my own Cuſtom and Pleaſure. Every place ſerves me well enough to ſtay in, for I need no other conveniences when I am ſick than what I muſt have when I am well. I never diſturb my ſelf that I have no *Phyſician*, no *Apothecary*, nor any other Aſſiſtance, which I ſee moſt other ſick Men more afflicted at than they are with their Diſeaſe. What! Do they themſelves ſhew us more felicity and duration in their own Lives that may manifeſt to us ſome apparent effect of their Skill? There is not a *Nation* in the World that has not been many Ages without *Phyſick*; and the firſt Ages, that is to ſay, the beſt and moſt happy, knew no ſuch thing; and the tenth part of the World knows nothing of it yet: ſeveral *Nations* are ignorant of it to this Day, where Men live more healthful and longer than we do here, and even amongſt us the common People live well enough without it. The *Romans* were ſix hundred years before they received it; and after having made tryal of it, baniſh'd it from their City at the inſtance of *Cato* the *Cenſor*, who made it appear how eaſie it was to live without it, having himſelf liv'd fourſcore and five years, and kept his Wife alive to an extream old Age, not without *Phyſick* only but without a *Phyſician*: for every thing that we find to be healthful to Life, may be call'd *Phyſick.* He kept his Family in Health, as *Plutarch* ſays, if I miſtake not, with Hares milk, as

Phyſick unknown to many Nations.

Pliny

Pliny reports, that the *Arcadians* cur'd all manner of Diſeaſes with that of a Cow; and *Herodotus* ſays, the *Lybians* generally enjoy a rare Health, by a Cuſtom they have after their Children are arriv'd to four years of age, to burn and cauterize the Veins of their Head and Temples, by which means they cut off all defluxions of *Rheumes* for their whole lives. And the Country People of our *Province* make uſe of nothing in all ſorts of Diſtempers, but the ſtrongeſt Wine they can get, mixt with a great deal of Saffron and Spice, and all with the ſame ſucceſs. And to ſay the truth, of all this diverſity and confuſion of *Apothecaries* Bills, what other end and effect is there after all, but to purge the Belly? which a thouſand ordinary Simples will do as well; and I do not know whether ſuch evacuations be ſo much to our advantage as they pretend, and whether *Nature* do not require a Reſidence of her Excrements to a certain proportion, as Wine does of its Lees to keep it alive. You oft ſee healthful men fall into Vomiting and Fluxes of the Belly by unknown Accidents, and make a great evacuation of Excrements, without any preceding need, or any following benefit, but rather with hurt to their Conſtitution. 'Tis from the great *Plato* that I lately learn'd, that of three ſorts of motions which are natural to us, purging is the worſt, and that no man, unleſs he be a Fool, ought to take any thing to that purpoſe, but in the extreameſt Neceſſity: Men diſturb and irritate the Diſeaſe by contrary Oppoſitions. It muſt be the way of living that muſt gently diſſolve, and bring it to its maturity. The violent gripings and conteſt betwixt the *Drug* and the *Diſeaſe*, is ever to our loſs, ſince the Combat

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is fought within our ſelves, and that the *Drug* is an Aſſiſtant not to be truſted, being in its own nature an Enemy to our Health; and but by trouble has no acceſs into our Condition. Let it alone a little; the Providence that takes care of *Fleas* and *Moles*, does alſo take care for men, if they will have the ſame Patience *Fleas* and *Moles* have, to leave it to its ſelf. 'Tis to much purpoſe that we cry out upon it, 'tis the way to make us hoarſe, but not to haſten it. 'Tis a proud and uncompaſſionate Order our Fears, our Deſpair diſpleaſes and ſtops it from, inſtead of inviting it to, our relief. It owes aſſiſtance to the Diſeaſe, as well as to Health; and will not ſuffer it ſelf to be corrupted in favour of the one, to the prejudice of the others right; for it would then fall into Diſorder. Let us in Gods Name follow it. It leads thoſe that follow, and thoſe who will not follow, it drags along both their Fury and Phyſick together. Order a Purge for your Brain, it will there be much better employ'd, than upon your Stomach. One asking a *Lacedemonian*, who had made him live ſo long, he made anſwer, *the ignorance of Phyſick*. And the Emperor *Adrian* continually exclaim'd as he was dying, that the croud of *Phyſicians* had kill'd him. An ill Wreſtler turn'd *Phyſician*: *Courage*, ſays *Diogenes* to him, *thou haſt done well, for now thou wilt throw thoſe who have formerly thrown thee.* But they have this Advantage, according to *Nicocles*, that the *Sun* gives Light to their Succeſs, and the Earth covers their Failures: and beſides, they have a very advantageous way of making uſe of all ſorts of Events: for what *Fortune*, *Nature*, or any other *Cauſes* (of which the number is infinite) produces of

of good and healthful in us, it is the Priviledge of Phyſick to attribute to it ſelf. All the happy Succeſſes that happen to the Patient muſt be deriv'd from thence. The Occaſions that have cur'd me, and thouſand others, *Phyſicians* uſurp to themſelves, and their own Skill: and as to ill Accidents, they either abſolutely diſown them, in laying the fault upon the *Patient*, by ſuch frivolous and idle Reaſons as they can never be to ſeek for; as he lay with his Arms out of Bed, or he was diſturb'd with the ratling of a Coach:

——— *Rhedarum tranſitus arcto*
Vicorum inflexu: ——— *Juvenal Sat.* 3.

He heard the Wheels and Horſes trampling Feet
In the ſtraight turning of a narrow Street.

or ſome body had ſet open the Caſement, or he had lain upon his left ſide: or had had ſome odd Fancies in his Head: in ſum, a Word, a Dream, or a Look, ſeem to them excuſe ſufficient wherewith to palliate their own Errors: Or, if they ſo pleaſe, they yet make uſe of their growing worſe, and do their Buſineſs that way which can never fail them: which is, by buzzing us in the Ears, when the Diſeaſe is more inflam'd by their *Medicaments*, that it had been much worſe but for thoſe *Remedies*. He, who from an ordinary cold, they have thrown into a double *Tertian-Ague*, had but for them been in a *continued Fever*. They do not much care what Miſchief they do, ſince it turns to their own Profit. In earneſt, they have Reaſon to require a very favourable belief from their Patients, and indeed it ought to be a very eaſie one to ſwallow things ſo hard to be believ'd. *Plato* ſaid very well, that *Phyſicians* were the only men that might lye at Pleaſure, ſince our Health

Health depends upon the Vanity and Falſity of their Promiſes.

Æſop, a moſt excellent *Author*, and of whom few men diſcover all the Graces, does pleaſantly repreſent to us the tyrannical Authority *Phyſicians* uſurp over poor Creatures, weakned and ſubdued by Sickneſs and Fear; for he tells us, that a ſick Perſon, being ask'd by his *Phyſician* what Operation he found of the Potion he had given him, I have ſweat very much ſays the ſick man; *that's good*, ſays the *Phyſician*; another time, having ask'd him how he felt himſelf after his Phyſick, *I have been very cold, and have had a great ſhivering upon me*, ſaid he; *that is good*, reply'd the Phyſician: After the third Potion, he ask'd him again how he did, *Why, I find my ſelf ſwell'd, and puff'd up*, ſaid he, *as if I had a Dropſie. That is very well*, ſaid the *Phyſician.* One of his Servants coming preſently after to inquire how he felt himſelf, *Truly Friend*, ſaid he, *with being too well, I am about to dye.* There was a more juſt Law in *Egypt*, by which the *Phyſician* for the three firſt days was to take charge of his Patient, at the Patients own Peril and Fortune: but thoſe three days being paſt, it was to be at his own. For what Reaſon is it, that their *Patron Æſculapius* ſhould be ſtruck with Thunder for reſtoring *Hyppolitus* from Death to Life,

Æneid. l. 7. *Nam pater omnipotens aliquem indignatus ab umbris*
Mortalem infernis, ad lumina ſurgere vitæ
Ipſe repertorem medicinæ talis, & artis
Flumine Phæbigenam ſtygias detruſit ad undas.
For *Jupiter*, offended at the ſight
Of one he had ſtruck dead, reſtor'd to light,

He

He ſtruck the Artiſt durſt it undertake
With his fork'd lightning to the *Stygian* Lake.

and his followers be pardoned, who ſend ſo many Souls from Life to Death? A Phyſician, boaſting to *Necocles* that his Art was of great Authority: *It is ſo indeed*, ſaid Nicocles, *that can with impunity kill ſo many People.* As to what remains, had I been of their Counſel, I would have render'd my Diſcipline more ſacred and myſterious; they had begun well, but they have not ended ſo. It was a good beginning to make *Gods* and *Dæmons* the Authors of their *Science*, and to have us'd a peculiar way of ſpeaking and writing. And notwithſtanding that, Philoſophy concludes it folly to perſwade a man to his own good by an unintelligible way:

Ut ſi quis medicus imperet ut ſumat,
Terrigenam, herbigradam, domiportam, ſanguine caſſam.

Cicero de Divin. l. 2.

as if a Phyſician ſhould command his Patient to take Snails by unknown Names and Epithets. It was a good Rule in their *Art*, and that accompanies all other vain, fantaſtick and ſupernatural *Arts*, that the Patients belief ſhould prepoſſeſs them with good hope and aſſurance of their effects and operation. A Rule they hold to that degree, as to maintain that the moſt inexpert and ignorant *Phyſician* is more proper for a Patient that has confidence in him, than the moſt learned and experienc'd, that he is not acquainted with. Nay, even the very choice of moſt of their Drugs is in ſome ſort myſterious and divine. The left foot of a *Tortoiſe*, the Urine of a *Lizard*, the Dung of an *Elephant*, the Liver of a *Mole*,

Mole, Blood drawn from under the Wing of a white Pidgeon; and for us who have the Stone (ſo ſcornfully they uſe us in our Miſeries) the Excrement of *Rats* beaten to Powder, and ſuch like traſh and fooleries, which rather carry a face of Magical Enchantment, than any ſolid Science. I omit the odd number of their Pills, the appointment of certain days and feaſts of the year, the Superſtition of gathering their Simples at certain hours: and that auſtere grim Countenance and haughty Carriage which *Pliny* himſelf ſo much derides. But they have, as I ſaid, fail'd, in that they have not added to this fine beginning, the making their Meetings and Conſultations more religious and ſecret, where no profane Perſon ought to have been admitted, no more than in the ſecret Ceremonies of *Eſculapius*. For by reaſon of this, it falls out, that their Irreſolution, the weakneſs of their Arguments, Divination and Foundations, the ſharpneſs of their Diſputes, full of hatred, jealouſie and particular Intereſt, coming to be diſcover'd by every one, a Man muſt be very blind not to diſcern that he runs a very great hazard in their Hands. Who ever ſaw one Phyſician approve of anothers Preſcription, without taking ſomething away, or adding ſomething to it? By which they ſufficiently betray their *Art*, and make it manifeſt to us, that they therein more conſider their own Reputation, and conſequently their Profit, than their Patients Intereſt. He was a much wiſer Man of their *Tribe*, who of old gave it for a *Rule*, that only one Phyſician ſhould undertake a ſick Perſon; for if he do nothing

nothing to purpoſe, one ſingle man's default can bring no great ſcandal upon the Profeſſion; and on the contrary, the glory will be great, if he happen to have good Succeſs, whereas when there are many, they at every turn bring a diſrepute upon their Calling; forasmuch as they oftener do hurt than good. They ought to be ſatisfied with the perpetual diſagreement which is found in the Opinions of the principal Maſters and ancient Authors of this *Science*, which is only known to men well read, without diſcovering to the vulgar the Controverſies and various Judgments which they ſtill nouriſh and continue amongſt themſelves; ſhall we have one Example of the antient Controverſie in Phyſick? *Hierophilus* lodges the original cauſe of all Diſeaſes in the *Humours*; *Eraſiſtratus*, in the Blood of the *Arteries*; *Aſclepiades*, in the inviſible *Atoms* of the Pores; *Alcmæon*, in the Exuberancy, or Defect of our bodily ſtrength; *Diocles*, in the Inequality of the Elements of which the Body is compos'd, and in the quality of the Air we ſuck in; *Strato*, in the Abundance, Crudity and Corruption of the Nouriſhment we take; and *Hippocrates* lodges them in the Spirits. There is a certain Friend of theirs, whom they know better than I, who declares upon this Subject, that the moſt important Science in Practice amongſt us, as that which is intruſted with our Health and Converſation, is by ill luck the greateſt misfortune, the moſt incertain, the moſt perplext, and agitated with the greateſt Mutations. There is no great danger in miſtaking the height of the *Sun*, or in the fraction of ſome

Aſtro-

Aſtronomical Supputation: but here, where our whole Being is concern'd, 'tis not Wiſdom to abandon our ſelves to the mercy of the Agitation of ſo many contrary Winds. Before the *Peloponneſian* War, there was no great talk of this Science: *Hippocrates* brought it into Repute; and whatever he eſtabliſh'd, *Chryſippus* overthrew; after that, *Eraſciſtratus*, *Ariſtotle*'s Grandchild, overthrew what *Chryſippus* had writ. After theſe, the *Empiricks* ſtarted up, who took a quite contrary way to the Ancients in the management of this *Art.* When the credit of theſe began a little to decay, *Herophilus* ſet another ſort of Practice on foot, which *Aſclepiades* in turn ſtood up againſt, and overthrew. The Opinions firſt of *Themiſon*, and then of *Muſa*, and after that, thoſe of *Vexius valens*, a Phyſician famous through the Intelligence he had with *Meſſalina*, came in Vogue. The Empire of Phyſick in *Nero*'s time was eſtabliſh'd in *Theſſalus*, who aboliſh'd and condemn'd all that had been held till his time. This man's Doctrine was refuted by *Crinus* of *Marſelles*, who firſt brought all Medicinal Operations under the *Ephemerides*, and motions of the Stars, and reduc'd eating, ſleeping and drinking to hours that were moſt pleaſing to *Mercury*, and the *Moon.* His Authority was ſoon after ſupplanted by *Charinus*, a Phyſician of the ſame City of *Marſelles*; a Man that not only controverted all the ancient Methods of Phyſick, but moreover the uſage of hot Baths, that had been generally, and ſo many Ages before in common Uſe. He made men bathe in cold Water even in Win-

Winter, and plunged his ſick Patients in the natural Waters of every ſtream. No *Roman* till *Pliny*'s time had ever vouchſaf'd to practiſe Phyſick, that Office was only performed by *Greeks* and Foreigners, as 'tis now amongſt us *French*, by thoſe that ſputter *Latin*; for, as a great Phyſician ſays, we do not eaſily receive the Medicine we underſtand no more than we do the Drugs we our ſelves gather. If the Nations from whence we fetch our *Guaiacum*, *Sarſaparilla*, and *China* wood, converſe with Medicine, how great a value muſt we imagine by the ſame recommendation of ſtrangeneſs, rarity, and dear purchace, do they ſet upon our Cabbidge and Parſly? For who would dare to contemn things ſo far fetched, and ſought out at the hazard of ſo long and dangerous a Voyage?

Since the ancient mutations in Phyſick, there have been infinite others down to our own times, and for the moſt part ſuch as haye been infinite, entire, and univerſal, as thoſe for Example, produced by *Paracelſus*, *Fioravanti*, and *Argenterius*; for they, as I am told, do not only alter one *Receipt*, but the whole Contexture and Rules of the body of Phyſick, accuſing all others of ignorance and impoſition that have practiſed before them. At this rate, in what a condition the poor Patient muſt be, I leave you to judge. But if we were yet aſſured, that when they miſtake themſelves, that miſtake of theirs would do us no harm, though it do us no good, it were a reaſonable bargain to venture making our ſelves better without any danger of being made worſe. *Æſop* tells a Story, that one who

A *Moor* bath'd and purg'd to clear his Com plexion.

had bought a *Moriſco* Slave, believing that his black Complexion was accidental in him, and occaſioned by the ill uſage of his former Maſter, cauſed him to enter into a courſe of Phyſick, and with great care to be often bath'd and purged: It hapned that the *Moor* was nothing amended in his tawny Complexion; but he wholly loſt his former Health. How oft do we ſee Phyſicians impute the death of their Patients to one another; I remember that ſome years ago, there was an *Epidemical* Diſeaſe, very dangerous, and for the moſt part mortal, that rag'd in the *Towns* about us: The Storm being over, which had ſwept away an infinite number of men, one of the moſt Famous Phyſicians of all the Country preſently after publiſhed a *Book* upon that Subject, wherein upon better Thoughts, he confeſſes, that the letting blood in that Diſeaſe was the principal cauſe of ſo many miſcarriages. Moreover, their Author's hold, that there is no Phyſick that has not ſomething hurtful in it. And if even thoſe of the beſt Operation do in ſome meaſure offend us, what muſt thoſe do that are totally miſapplied? For my own part, though there were nothing elſe in the Caſe, I am of Opinion, that to thoſe that loath the taſt of Phyſick, it muſt needs be a dangerous and prejudicial Endeavour to force it down at ſo incommodious a time, and with ſo much averſion, and believe that it marvellouſly diſtempers a ſick Perſon at a time when he has ſo much need of Repoſe. And beſides this, if we but conſider the occaſions upon which they uſually ground the cauſe of our Diſeaſes, they are ſo light and nice, that I thence con-

conclude a very little Errour in the diſpenſation of their *Drugs* may do a great deal of miſchief. Now, if the miſtake of a Phyſician be ſo dangerous, we are in but a ſcurvy Condition; for it is almoſt impoſſible but he muſt often fall into thoſe miſtakes: He had need of too many parts, conſiderations and circumſtances, rightly to level his Deſign: He muſt know the ſick Perſon's Complexion, his temperature, his humours, inclinations, actions, nay, his very thoughts and imaginations. He muſt be aſſur'd of the external circumſtances, of the nature of the Place, the quality of the Air and Seaſon, the ſcituation of the Planets, and their influences: He muſt know in the Diſeaſe the *Cauſes*, *Prognoſticks*, *Affections* and *Critical days*? in the Drugs, the weight, the power of working, the Countrey, figures, age and diſpenſations, and he muſt know how rightly to proportion and mix them together, to beget a juſt and perfect proportion; wherein if there be the leaſt error, if amongſt ſo many Springs, there be but any one out of order, 'tis enough to deſtroy us. *God* knows of how great difficulty moſt of theſe things are to be underſtood. For (for Example) how ſhall a Phyſician find out the true ſign of the Diſeaſe, every Diſeaſe being capable of an infinite number of Indications? How many Doubts and Controverſies have they amongſt themſelves upon the Interpretation of *Urines*? Otherwiſe, from whence ſhould the continual Debates we ſee amongſt them about the knowledge of the Diſeaſe proceed? How would we excuſe the error they ſo oft fall into,

of taking one thing for another? In the Diſeaſe I have had, were there never ſo little difficulty in the caſe, I never found three of one Opinion: Which I inſtance, becauſe I love to introduce Examples wherein I am my ſelf concern'd.

A Gentleman was at *Paris* lately *cut* for the Stone by order of the Phyſicians, in whoſe Bladder, being accordingly ſo cut, there was found no more Stone than in the palm of his Hand; and in the ſame place, a *Biſhop*, who was my particular good Friend, having been earneſtly preſt by the major part of the Phyſicians in Town, whom he conſulted, to ſuffer himſelf to be cut, to which alſo, upon their words, I us'd my intereſt to perſuade him: when he was dead, and open'd, it appear'd that he had no Stone but in the Reigns. They are leaſt excuſable for any error in this Diſeaſe, by reaſon that it is in ſome ſort palpable; and 'tis by that, that I conclude Chirurgery to be much more certain, by reaſon that it ſees and falls what it does, and ſo goes leſs upon conjecture; whereas the Phyſicians havs no *ſpeculum Matricis*, by which to diſcover our *Brains*, *Lungs* and *Liver*. Even the very promiſes of Phyſick are incredible in themſelves: For, being to provide againſt divers and contrary Accidents, that often afflict us at one and the ſame time, and that have almoſt a neceſſary relation, as heat of the *Liver*, and the coldneſs of the *Stomach*, they will needs perſwade us, that of their Ingredients one will heat the *Stomach*, and the other will cool the *Liver*: one has its commiſſion to go directly to the *Reins*, nay, even to the *Bladder*, without ſcatter-

ing

ing its Operations by the way, and is to retain its Power and Virtue thorough all thoſe ſtops and meanders, even to the place to the ſervice of which it is deſigned, by its own occult propriety: The other will dry the *Brain*, and another will moiſten the *Lungs*. All theſe things being mix'd in one Poſion, is it not a kind of madneſs to imagine or to hope that theſe differing Virtues ſhould ſeparate themſelves from one another in this mixture and confuſion, to perform ſo many various errands? I ſhould very much fear that they would either loſe or change their Tickets, and trouble one anothers quarters: And who can imagine but that in this liquid confuſion theſe Faculties muſt corrupt, confound and ſpoil one another? And is not the danger ſtill more, when the making up of this Medicine is intruſted to the Skill and Fidelity of another, to whoſe mercy we again abandon our Lives? As we have Doublet and Breeches-makers, diſtinct Trades to Clothe us; and are ſo much the better fitted, being that each of them meddles only with his own Buſineſs, and has leſs to trouble his head withal than a *Taylor* that undertakes all; and as in matter of Diet, great Perſons, for their better convenience, and to the end they may be better ſerv'd, have *Cooks* of diſtinct Offices, ſome for *Soops* and *Pottages*, and others for Roaſting, whith one *Cook* that ſhould undertake the whole Service, could not ſo well perform, ſo muſt we be treated in our *Cures*. The *Ægyptian*, had reaſon to reject this general Trade of a *Phyſician*, and to divine the Profeſſion to ſeveral peculiar Diſeaſes, to every part of the Body a particular *Operator*.

For that part was more properly, and with leſs confuſion provided for, being they eſpecially ragarded nothing elſe: Ours are not aware that he who provides for all, provides for nothing, and that the entire government of this *Microcoſme* is more than they are able to undertake. Whilſt they were afraid of ſtopping a Looſneſs, leſt they ſhould put him into a Fever, they killed me a Friend that was worth more than the whole pack of them put altogether. They counterpoiſe their own Divinations with the preſent Evils, and becauſe they will not cure the *Brain* to the prejudice of the *Stomach*, they offend both with their mutinous and tumultuary *Drugs*. As to the variety and weakneſs of Reaſons, it is more manifeſt in this than in any other *Art*. Aperitive Medicines are proper for a man ſubject to the Stone, by reaſon, that opening and dilating the Paſſages, they help forward the ſlimy Matter whereof Gravel and the Stone is engender'd, and convey that downward which begins to harden and gather in the Reins. Aperitive things are dangerous for a man ſubject to the Stone, by reaſon that opening and dilating the Paſſage, they help forward towards the Reins the matter proper to create the Stone, which, by their own propenſion that way, being apt to ſeize it, 'tis not to be imagin'd but that a great deal of what has been ſo conveyed thither muſt remain behind. Moreover, if the Medicine happen to meet with any thing too groſs to be carried through all thoſe narrow Paſſages it muſt paſs to be expell'd, that obſtruction, whatever it is, being ſtirr'd by theſe aperitive things, and thrown

thrown into thoſe narrow Paſſages, coming to ſtop them, will occaſion a certain and moſt painful Death. They have the like conſtancy in the advices they give us for the regiment of Life. It is good to make water often, for we experimentally ſee, that in letting it lye long in the Bladder, we give it time to ſettle the Sedement which will concreate into a Stone: It is good not to make water often, for the heavy Excrements it carried along with it will not be voided without violence, as we ſee by experience, that a Torrent that runs with force waſhes the ground it rouls over much clearer than the courſe of a ſlow and tardy Stream. Likewiſe it is good to have often to do with Women, for that opens the Paſſages and helps to evacuate Gravel: It is alſo very ill to have often to do with Women, becauſe it heats, tires and weakens the Reins. It is good to bath frequently in hot waters, foraſmuch at that refreſhes and mollifies the place where the Gravel and Stone lye; and it is alſo ill, by reaſon that this application of external heat helps the Reins to bake, harden and petrifie the Matter ſo diſpos'd. For thoſe who are at the Bath, it is moſt healthful to eat little at Night, to the end that the Waters they are to drink the next Morning may have a better Operation upon an empty Stomach; on the contrary, it is better to eat little at Dinner, that it hinder not the Operations of the Waters, which is not yet perfect, and not to oppreſs the Stomach ſo ſoon after the other labour, but leave the office of digeſtion to the Night, which will much better perform it than the Day, where

the Body and Soul are in perpetual moving and action; thus do they juggle and cant in all their Diſcourſes at our expence, and cannot give me one Propoſition againſt which I cannot erect a contrary of equal force. Let them then no longer exclaim againſt thoſe, who in this trouble of Sickneſs ſuffer themſelves to be gently guided by their own Appetite, and the advice of Nature, and commit themſelves to the common fortune. I have ſeen in my Travels almoſt all the famous *Baths* of *Chriſtendom*, and for ſome years paſt have begun to make uſe of them my ſelf, for I look upon bathing as generally wholſom, and believe that we ſuffer no little inconveniences in our Health, by having left off the *Cuſtom* that was generally obſerv'd in former times almoſt by all Nations, and is yet in many, of bathing every day; and I cannot imagine but that we are much the worſe by having our Limbs cruſted, and our Pores ſtopt with dirt and filth. And as to the drinking of them, *Fortune* has in the firſt place render'd them not at all unacceptable to my taſte; and ſecondly, they are natural and ſimple, which at leaſt carry no danger with them though they do us no good. Of which, the infinite croud of People of all ſorts of Complexions that repair thither, I take to be a ſufficient *warranty*: And although I have not there obſerved any extraordinary and miraculous effects; but that on the contrary, having more narrowly than ordinary enquir'd into it, I have found all the reports of ſuch operations that have been ſpread abroad in thoſe Places, ill grounded and falſe, and thoſe that believe them (as People are willing

willing to be gull'd in what they deſire) deceiv'd in them; yet I have ſeldom known any that have been made worſe by thoſe Waters, and a man cannot honeſtly deny, but that they beget a better Appetite, help Digeſtion, and do in ſome ſort revive us, if we do not go too late and in too weak a Condition, which I would diſſuade every one from doing. They have not the vertue to raiſe men from deſperate and inveterate Diſeaſes, but they may help ſome light indiſpoſition, or prevent ſome threatning Alteration. Who does not bring along with him ſo much cheerfulneſs as to enjoy the pleaſure of the Company he will there meet, and of the Walks and Exerciſes, to which the amenity of thoſe Places invite us, will doubtleſs loſe the beſt and ſureſt part of their Effect. For this reaſon I have hitherto choſen to go to thoſe of the moſt pleaſant Scituation, where there was the beſt conveniency of Lodging, Proviſion and Company, as the Baths of *Bavieres* in *France*, thoſe of *Plombieres* in the Frontiers of *Germany* and *Lorrain*, thoſe of *Baden* in *Swizerland*, thoſe of *Lucque* in *Tuſcany*, and eſpecially thoſe *Della-Villa*, which I have the moſt, and at ſeveral ſeaſons frequented. Every Nation has particular Opinions touching their Uſe, and ſeveral *Rules* and *Methods* in uſing them, and all of them, according to what I have ſeen almoſt of like Effect. Drinking of them is not at all receiv'd in *Germany*; they bath for all Diſeaſes only, and will lye dabling in the water almoſt from *Sun* to *Sun*. In *Italy*, when they drink nine days, they bath at leaſt thirty, and commonly drink the Water

water mixt with ſome other *Drugs* to make it work the better. We are here order'd to walk to digeſt it, there they are kept in bed after taking it till it be wrought off, their Stomacks and Feet having continually hot cloths apply'd to them all the while: And as the *Germans* have a particular practiſe generally to uſe Cupping and Scarification in the *Bath*: So the *Italians* have their *Doccie*, which are certain little Channels of this hot water brought through Pipes, and with them bath an hour in the Morning, and as much in the Afternoon for a Month together, either the Head, Stomach, or any other part where the Grief lies. There are infinite other varieties of Cuſtoms in every Country, or rather, there is no manner of reſemblance to one another. By which you may ſee, that this little part of *Phyſick*, to which I have only ſubmitted, though the leaſt depending upon Art of all others, has yet a great ſhare of the confuſion and incertainty every where elſe manifeſt in their Profeſſion. The *Poets* ſay, whatever they pleaſe, with greater *Emphaſis* and *Grace*; witneſs theſe two *Epigrams*.

Auſon. Epig.

Alcon *heſterno ſignum* Jovis *attigit illa*
Quamvis marmoreus; vim patitur medici:
Ecce hodie juſſus tranſferri exeæde vetuſta,
Effertur, quamvis ſit Deus, atque Lapis.

Alcon did yeſterday *Jove's* Statue touch,
Which, although Marble, ſuffer'd by it much:
For to day order being given it ſhou'd
Be taken from th' old *Temple* where it ſtood,

The

The thing without further delay was done,
Although he was a God, and made of Stone.

and the other,

Lotus nobiſcum eſt hilaris, cœnavit & idem, *Mart. Epig.*
Inventus mane eſt mortuus Andragoras,
Tam ſubitæ mortis cauſam Fauſtine *requiris?*
In ſomnis medicum viderat Hermocratem.

Andragorsa bath'd, ſup'd, and went well to bed
Laſt Night, but in the Morning was found dead;
Would'ſt know, *Fauſtinus*, what was his Diſeaſe?
He dreaming ſaw the *Quack*, *Hermocrates.*

Upon which I will relate two Stories: The Baron of *Caupene* in *Chaloſſe*, and I, have betwixt us the *Advouſon* of a *Benefice* of great extent, at the foot of our Mountains call'd *Lahontan.* It is with the Inhabitants of this *Angle*, as, 'tis ſaid, of thoſe of the Vale of *Angrougne*; they liv'd a peculiar ſort of Life, their *Faſhions*, *Cloths* and *Manners* diſtinct from other People, rul'd and govern'd by certain particular *Laws* and *Uſances*, receiv'd from Father to Son, to which they ſubmitted, without other conſtraint than the Reverence to *Cuſtom.* This little *State* had continued from all Antiquity in ſo happy a Condition, that no neighbouring *Judge* was ever put to the trouble of enquiring into their doings, no *Advocate* ever retain'd to give them Counſel, nor Stranger ever call'd in to compoſe their

their Differences; nor was ever any of them ſeen to go a begging. They avoided all *Alliances* and *Traffick* with the other World, that they might not corrupt the purity of their own *Government*; till, as they ſay, one of them, in the memory of man, having a mind ſpurr'd on with a noble Ambition, contriv'd to bring his Name into Credit and Reputation, to make one of his Sons ſomething more than ordinary, and having put him to learn to write, made him at laſt a brave Town *Clerk*: This Fellow being grown up, began to diſdain their ancient *Cuſtoms*, and to buz into the Peoples Ears the pomp of the other parts of the Nation. The firſt prank he plaid, was, to adviſe a Friend of his, that ſome body had offended by ſawing off the Horns of one of his *Goats*, to make his Complaint to the Kings *Judges* thereabout, and ſo he went on in this Practice, till he ſpoiled and confounded all. In the tail of this Corruption, they ſay, there happened another, and of worſe conſequence, by means of a *Phyſician*, who fell in love with one of their Daughters, had a mind to marry her, and to live amongſt them. This man firſt of all began to teach them the names of *Fevers*, *Rheums* and *Impoſthumes*, the Seat of the *Heart*, *Liver* and *Inteſtines*, a *Science* till then utterly unknown to them; and inſtead of *Garlick*, with which they were wont to cure all manner of Diſeaſes, how painful or extream ſoever, he taught them, though it were but for a *Cough*, or any little *Cold*, to take ſtrange mixtures, and began to make a *Trade*, not only of their Healths, but of their Lives. They ſwear that till then they never perceived

perceiv'd the Evening Air to be offenſive to the Head, that to drink when they were hot was hurtful, and that the Winds of *Autumn* were more unwholeſome than thoſe of the *Spring*; that ſince this uſe of *Phyſicks* they find themſelves oppreſt with a *Legion* of unaccuſtom'd *Diſeaſes*, and that they perceive a general decay in their wonted Vigour, and their Lives are cut ſhorter by the half. This is the firſt of my Stories.

The other is, that before I was afflicted with the Stone, hearing that the Blood of a He-Goat was with many in very great eſteem, and look'd upon as a Cœleſtial *Manna* rain'd down upon theſe latter Ages for the good and Preſervation of the Lives of Men, and having heard it ſpoken of by men of Underſtanding for an admirable *Drug*, and of infallible Operation: I, who have ever thought my ſelf ſubject to all the accidents that can befall other men, had a mind in my perfect health to furniſh my ſelf with this admirable Medicine, and therefore gave order to have a Goat fed at home according to the *Receipt*: For he muſt be taken in the hotteſt Month of all *Summer*, and muſt only have aperitive Herbs given him to eat, and White-wine to drink. I came home by chance the very day he was to be kill'd; and one came and told me, that the *Cook* had found two or three great Balls in his Paunch, that rattled againſt one another amongſt what he had eaten: I was curious to have all his Entrals brought before me, where, having caus'd the Skin that inclos'd them to be cut, there tumbled out three great Lumps, as

light

light as Spunges, ſo that they appeared to be hollow; but as to the reſt, hard and firm without, and ſpotted and mixt all over with various dead colours. One was perfectly round, and of the bigneſs of an ordinary Bowl, the other two ſomething leſs, of an imperfect roundneſs, as ſeeming not to be arriv'd at their full growth. I find by inquiry of People accuſtomed to open theſe Animals, that it is a rare and unuſual accident. Tis likely theſe are Stones of the ſame Nature with ours; and if ſo, it muſt needs be a very vain hope in thoſe who have the Stone, to extract their Cure from the Blood of a Beaſt who was himſelf about to dye of the ſame Diſeaſe. For to ſay that the Blood does not participate of this Contagion, and does not alter its wonted Vertue, it is rather to be believ'd, that nothing is ingendred in a Body but by the Conſpiracy and Communication of all the parts: The whole maſs works together, though one part contributes more to the work than another, according to the diverſity of Operations. Wherefore it is very likely that there was ſome petrifying quality in all the parts of this *Goat*. It was not ſo much for fear of the future, and for my ſelf, that I was curious of this Experiment, but becauſe it falls out in mine, as it does in many other Families, that the Women ſtore up ſuch little Trumperies for the ſervice of the people, uſing the ſame *Receipt* in fifty ſeveral Diſeaſes, and ſuch a Receipt as they will not take themſelves, and yet triumph in their good Succeſſes. As to what remains, I honour *Phyſicians*, not according to the common rule, for Neceſſi-

ty,

ty (for to this Paſſage may be added another of the Prophet, reproving King *Aſa* for having recourſe to a *Phyſician*) but for themſelves, having known many very good men of that *Profeſſion* and moſt worthy to be believed. I do not attaque them, 'tis their *Art* I inveigh againſt, and do not much blame them for making their Advantage of our Folly, for moſt men do the ſame. Many *Callings*, both of greater and leſs Dignity, than theirs, have no other Foundation or Support than publick abuſe. When I am ſick I ſend for them, if they be near, only to have their Company, and ſee them as others do. I give them leave to command me to keep myſelf warm becauſe I naturally love to do it, and to appoint *Leeks* or *Lettice* for my Broth, to order me White-wine or Claret, and ſo all other things at their own Pleaſure, which are indifferent to my Palat and Cuſtom. I know very well that I do nothing for them in ſo doing, becauſe ſharpneſs and ill pleaſing Taſtes are accidents of the very Eſſence of *Phyſick*. *Lycurgus* order'd Wine for the ſick *Spartans*: Why? Becauſe they abominated the drinking of it when they were well: As a Gentleman, a Neighbour of mine, takes it for a rare Medicine in his Fever, becauſe that naturally he mortally hates the taſte. How many do we ſee amongſt them of my Humour, that deſpiſe taking *Phyſick* themſelves, are men of a liberal Diet, and live a quite contrary ſort of Life to what they preſcribe others? What is this but flatly to abuſe our Simplicity. For their own Lives and Healths are no leſs dear to them than ours are to us, and conſequently they

Wine preſcrib'd for the ſick *Spartans*.

they would accommodate their Effects to their own *Rules* if they did not themſelves know how falſe they are. 'Tis the fear of Death, and of Pain, an impatience of the Diſeaſe, and a violent and indiſcreet deſire of a preſent Cure that ſo blinds us: And pure Cowardize that makes our belief ſo pliable and eaſie to be impos'd upon: And yet moſt men do not ſo much believe as they acquieſce and permit, for I hear them find fault and complain as well as we: But they reſolve at laſt; What ſhould I do then? As if Impatience were of it ſelf a better Remedy than Patience. Is there any one of thoſe who have ſuffer'd themſelves to be perſwaded into this miſerable Subjection, that does not equally ſurrender himſelf to all ſorts of Impoſtures? Who does not give up himſelf to the mercy of whoever has the impudence to promiſe him a Cure? The *Babylonians* carried their ſick into the publick Place, the *Phyſician* was the People, where every one that paſs'd by, being in humanity and civility oblig'd to enquire of their Condition, gave ſome advice according to his own Experience. We do little better, there being not ſo ſilly a Woman whoſe *Charms* and *Drenches* we do not make uſe of, and according to my Humour, if I were to take *Phyſick*, I would ſooner chooſe to take theirs than any other, becauſe, at leaſt, if they do no good they will do no harm. What *Homer* and *Plato* ſaid of the *Ægyptians*, that they were all *Phyſicians*, may be ſaid of all People; there is no one that does not boaſt of ſome rare *Receipt*; and who will not venture it upon his Neighbour if he will permit

The ſick perſons of *Babylon* expos'd in the market-place.

permit him. I was the other day in *Company*, where ſome one of my fraternity * told us of a new ſort of Pills made up of a hundred and odd Ingredients: It made us very merry, and was a ſingular Conſolation, for what Rock could withſtand ſo great a battery? And yet I hear by thoſe who have made tryal of it, that the leaſt Atom of Gravel will not ſtir for't. I cannot take my hand from the Paper before I have added a word or two more concerning the aſſurance they give us of the infallibility of their *Drugs*, and the Experiments they have made.

* Meaning that was troubled with the Stone.

The greateſt part, and I think above two thirds of the medicinal Virtues conſiſt in the *Quinteſſence*, or occult propriety of *Simples*, of which we can have no other Inſtruction than Uſe and Cuſtom. For *Quinteſſence* is no other than a Quality of which we cannot by our Reaſon find out the cauſe. In ſuch Proofs, thoſe they pretend to have acquir'd by the inſpiration of ſome *Dæmon*, I am content to receive (for I meddle not with Miracles) as alſo the Proofs which are drawn from things that upon ſome other account oft fall into uſe amongſt us; as if in Wool, wherewith we are wont to cloathe our ſelves, there have accidentally ſome occult deſiccative Propriety been found out of curing *kib'd Heels*, or, as if in the Radiſh we eat for Food, there have been found out ſome aperative Operation. *Galen* reports, that a Man hapned to be cur'd of a Leproſie by drinking Wine out of a Veſſel into which a Viper had crept by chance. In which Example, we find the means, and a very likely guide and conduct to this Experience; as we

alſo do in thoſe Phyſicians pretend to have been directed to by the Example of ſome Beaſts. But in moſt of their other Experiments, wherein they declare to have been conducted by Fortune, and to have had no other guide than Chance, I find the Progreſs of this Information incredible. Suppoſe *man* looking round about him upon the infinite number of things, *Plants*, *Animals* and *Metals*, I do not know where he would begin his tryal; and though his firſt fancy ſhould fix him upon an *Elk's horn*, wherein there muſt be a very gentle and eaſie belief, he will yet find himſelf perplex'd in his ſecond Operation. There are ſo many Maladies, and ſo many Circumſtances laid before him, that before he can arrive at the certainty of the point, to which the perfection of his Experience ſhould arrive, human ſence will be at the end of its Leſſon: And before he can, amongſt this Infinity of things, find out what this *Horn* is amongſt ſo many Diſeaſes, what the *Epilepſie*, the many Complexions in a melancholic Perſon, the many Seaſons in Winter, the many Nations in the *French*, the many Ages in Age, the many Cœleſtial Mutations in the Conjunction of *Venus* and *Saturn*, and the many Parts in mans Body, nay, in a Finger: And being in all this directed neither by Argument, Conjectures, Example nor Divine Inſpirations, but meerly by the ſole motion of Fortune; it ſhould be by a perfectly artificial, regular and methodical Fortune. And after the Cure is perform'd, how can he aſſure himſelf that it was not becauſe the Diſeaſe was arriv'd at its period, or an effect of Chance? Or the

the Operation of ſomething elſe that he had eaten, drunk, or touch'd that day? Or by Virtue of his Grand-mothers Prayers? And moreover, had this Experiment been perfect, how many times was it reiterated, and this long bead-role of Fortunes and Encounters ſtrung anew from Chance to conclude a certain Rule? And when the Rule is concluded, by whom I pray you? Of ſo many millions, there are but three Men who take upon them to record their Experiments. And muſt Chance needs juſt meet one of theſe? What if another, and a hundred others have made contrary Experiments? We might, peradventure, have ſome light in this, were all the Judgments and Arguments of men known to us. But that three witneſſes, three Doctors, ſhould Lord it over all Mankind is againſt all reaſon. It were fit that human *Nature* ſhould have deputed and cull'd them out, and that they were declar'd our *Comptrollers* by expreſs Letters of *Attorney*.

To Madam de Duras.

Madam, The laſt time you honour'd me with a Viſit, you found me at work upon this *Chapter*, and being, it may happen, that theſe trifles may one day fall into your *Ladiſhips* hands, I will alſo, that they teſtifie in how great honour the *Author* will take any Favour you ſhall pleaſe to ſhew them. You will there find the ſame air and behaviour you have obſerv'd in his Converſation, and though I could have borrowed ſome

better or more favourable garb than my own, I would not have done it, for I require nothing more of theſe Writings, but to preſent me to your Memory, ſuch as I naturally am. The ſame Conditions and Faculties your *Ladiſhip* has been pleas'd to frequent and receive with much more Honour and Courteſie than they deſerve, I will put together (but without alteration) in one ſolid Body, that may peradventure continue ſome years, or ſome days after I am gone; where you may find them again when your Ladiſhip ſhall pleaſe to refreſh your Memory, without putting you to any greater trouble, neither are they worth it. I deſire you ſhould continue the favour of your Friendſhip to me, by the ſame Qualities by which it was acquir'd; and am not ambitious that any one ſhould love and eſteem me more dead than living. The Humour of *Tyberius* is ridiculous, but yet common, who was more ſollicitous to extend his Renown to Poſterity than to render himſelf acceptable to men of his own time. If I was one of thoſe to whom the World could owe commendation, I would acquit the one half to have the other in hand, that their praiſes might come quick and crowding about me, more thick than long, more full than durable; and let them ceaſe on God's Name with my knowledge, and when the ſweet ſound can no longer pierce my Ears. It were an idle Humour to go about, now that I am going to forſake the commerce of Men, to offer my ſelf to them by a new Recommendation. I make no account of the Goods I could not employ in the Service of my Life. And ſuch as I am, I will be elſe-

elſewhere than in Paper: My Art and Induſtry have beeen ever directed to render me good for ſomething; and my Studies, to teach me to do, and not to write. I have made it my whole buſineſs to frame my Life. This has been my Trade and my Work. I am leſs a writer of *Books* than any thing elſe. I have coveted ſo much underſtanding for the Service of my preſent and real Conveniences, and not to lay up a ſtock for my Poſterity. Who has any thing of Value in him, let him make it appear in his Manners, in his ordinary Diſcourſes, in his Courtſhips and his Quarrels, in Play, in Bed, at Table, in the management of his Affairs, in his Oeconomy. Thoſe that I ſee make good *Books* in ill Breeches, ſhould firſt have mended their *Breeches*, if they would have been rul'd by me. Ask a *Spartan*, whether he had rather be a good *Orator* or a good *Souldier*; and if I was ask'd the ſame Queſtion, I would rather chuſe to be a good *Cook*, had I not one already to ſerve me. Good God! *Madam*, how ſhould I hate the Reputation of being a pretty Fellow at Writing, and an Aſs and a Sot in every thing elſe. Yet I had rather be a Fool in any thing than to have made ſo ill a Choice wherein to employ my Talent. And I am ſo far from expecting to gain any new Reputation by theſe Follies, that I ſhall think I come off pretty well if I loſe nothing by it of that little I had before. For beſides that this dead painting will take from my natural Being, it has no reſemblance to my better Condition, but alſo much laps'd from my former Vigour and Chearfulneſs, and looks faded and wither'd. I am towards

the

the bottom of the Barrel, which begins to taſte of the *Lees.* And to the reſt, *Madam*, I ſhould not have dar'd to make ſo bold with the Myſteries of Phyſic, conſidering the eſteem that your *Ladiſhip*, and ſo many others have of it, had I not had encouragement from their own *Authors*, *Pliny* and *Celſus.* If theſe ever fall into your hands, you will find that they ſpeak much more rudely of their Art than I do; I but pinch it, they cut the Throat on't. *Pliny*, amongſt other things, twits them with this, That when they are at the end of the Rope, that is, when they have done the utmoſt of what they are able to do, they have a pretty device to ſave themſelves, of recommending their *Patients*, whom they have teaz'd and tormented with their Drugs and Diets to no purpoſe, ſome to Vows and Miracles, and others to the hot Baths and Waters. (Be not angry, *Madam*, he ſpeaks not of thoſe in our Parts, who are under the Protection of your Houſe, and all *Gramontins.*) They have beſides another way of ſaving their own Credit, of ridding their hands of us, and ſecuring themſelves from the reproaches we might caſt in their Teeth of the little amendment, when they have had us ſo long in their hands, that they have not one more invention left wherewith to amuſe us; which is, to ſend us to the better Air of ſome other Country. This, *Madam*, is enough, I hope you will give me leave to return to my former Diſcourſe, from which I have ſo far digreſt, the better to divert you.

It was, I think, *Pericles*, who being ask'd how he did, you may judge, ſays he, by theſe, ſhowing

ſome

ſome little Scrowls of Parchment he had tyed about his Neck and Arms. By which he would inſerr, that he muſt needs be very ſick when he was reduc'd to a Neceſſity of having recourſe to ſuch idle and vain Fopperies, and of ſuffering himſelf to be ſo equipp'd. I dare not promiſe but that I may one day be ſo much a Fool as to commit my Life and Death to the Mercy and Government of *Phyſicians*; I may fall into ſuch a *Frenzy*; I dare not be reſponſible for my future Conſtancy: But then, if any one ask me how I do, I may alſo anſwer, as *Pericles* did, *You may judge by this*, ſhowing my hand clutch'd up with ſix drams of Opium: It will be a very evident ſign of a violent ſickneſs; and my Judgment will be very much out of Order. If once fear and impatience get ſuch an Advantage over me, it may very well be concluded, that there is a dreadful Fever in my Mind. I have taken the pains to plead this *Cauſe*, which I little enough underſtand, a little to back and ſupport the natural averſion to *Drugs* and the *Practice* of *Phyſic*, I have deriv'd from my *Anceſtors*, to the end it may not be a meer ſtupid and temerarious averſion, but have a little more Form; and alſo, that they who ſhall ſee me ſo obſtinate in my Reſolution againſt all Exhortations and Menaces that ſhall be given me, when my infirmity ſhall preſs hardeſt upon me, may not think 'tis meer Obſtinacy in me; or any one ſo ill natur'd, as yet to judge it to be any motive of Glory: For it would be a ſtrange ambition to ſeek to gain Honour by an Action my *Gardner* or my *Groom* can perform as well as I. Certainly, I have not a

Heart

Heart ſo tumorous and windy, that I ſhould exchange ſo ſolid a Pleaſure as Health, for an airy and imaginary Pleaſure. *Glory*, even that of the four Sons of *Aymon*, is too dear bought to a man of my Humour, if it coſt him three ſwinging fits of the *Stone*. Give me Health in Gods Name! Such as love *Phyſick*, may alſo have good, great and convincing Conſiderations; I do not hate Opinions contrary to my own. I am ſo far from being angry to ſee a diſcrepancy betwixt mine and other mens Judgments, and from rendring my ſelf unfit for the Society of Men, for being of another Sence and Party than mine; that on the contrary (the moſt general way that Nature has follow'd being Variety, and more in Souls than Bodies, foraſmuch as they are of a more ſupple ſubſtance, and more ſuſceptible of Forms) I find it much more rare to ſee our Humours and Deſigns jump and agree. And there never was in the World two Opinions alike, no more than two Hairs, or two Grains. The moſt Univerſal Quality, is Diverſity.

The End of the Second Book.

ESSAYS
OF
MICHAEL
SEIGNEUR DE
MONTAIGNE.

With Marginal Notes and Quotations of the cited AUTHORS.

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ESSAYS.

ESSAYS

OF

Michael Seign. *de Montaigne.*

The Third BOOK.

CHAP. I.

Of Profit and Honesty.

NO Man is free from ſpeaking fooliſh things; but the worſt on't is, when a Man ſtudies to play the Fool.

Ne iſte magno conatu, magnas nugas diverit. *Ter. Heaut. Act. 4. Sc. 1.*

Left it with him do come to paſs,
To take great pains to be an Aſs.

This does not concern me; mine ſlip from me with as little care, as they are of little value, and 'tis the better for them. I would preſently part with them for what they are worth, and neither buy nor ſell them, but as they weigh. I ſpeak in Paper, as I do to the firſt I

meet; and that this is true, obſerve what follows. To whom ought not Treachery to be hateful, when *Tyberius* refus'd it in a thing of ſo great importance to him? He had word ſent him from *Germany*, That if he thought fit, they would rid him of *Ariminius*, the moſt potent Enemy the *Romans* had, by Poyſon. He return'd anſwer, *That the People of* Rome *were wont to revenge themſelves of their Enemies by open ways, and with their Swords in their hands, and not clandeſtinely, and by Fraud.* Wherein he quitted the utile for the honeſt. You will tell me that he was a Deceiver, and did not ſpeak as he thought: I believe ſo too; and 'tis no great Miracle in Men of his Profeſſion. But the acknowledgment of Vertue is not leſs valid in the Mouth of him that hates it, forasmuch as Truth forces it from him; and if he will not inwardly receive it, he at leaſt puts it on, and with it makes himſelf outwardly fine. Our outward and inward Structure is full of imperfection; but there is nothing uſeleſs in *Nature*, not ſo much as Inutility it ſelf; nothing has inſinuated it ſelf into this *Univerſe*, that has not therein ſome fit and proper place. Our *Being* is cemented with ſickly Qualities, *Ambition*, *Jealouſie*, *Envy*, *Revenge*, *Superſtition*, and *Deſpair*, have ſo natural a Poſſeſſion in us, that the Image is diſcern'd in Beaſts: Nay, and *Cruelty*, ſo unnatural a Vice; for even in the midſt of Compaſſion, we feel within I know not what tart-ſweet titillation of ill-natur'd Pleaſure in ſeeing others ſuffer, and the Children feel it:

Treachery rejected by *Tyberius*.

Suave

Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis, Lucan. l. 2.
Et Terra magnum alterius spectare laborem.

'Tis sweet from Land to see a Storm at Sea,
And others sinking, whilst our selves are free.

Of the Seeds of which Qualities, whoever should divest Man, would destroy the Fundamental Conditions of humane Life: Likewise in all Governments there are necessary Offices, not only abject, but vicious also. Vices have there a help to make up the Seam in our piecing; as Poisons are useful for the conservation of Health. If they become excusable because they are of use to us, and that the common Necessity covers their true Qualities; we are to resign this part of the strongest and boldest *Citizens*, who sacrifice their Honour and Conscience, as others of old sacrific'd their Lives for the good of their Country: We who are weaker, take upon us the parts of Actions, both that are more easie, and less hazardous: The Publick *Weal* requires that a Man should betray, and lye, and massacre; let us leave this *Commission* to Men that are more obedient, and more supple. In earnest, I have often been troubled to see *Judges*, by Fraud, and false hopes of Favour or Pardon, allure a *Criminal* to confess his Fact, and therein to make use of Cozenage and Impudence. It would become Justice, and *Plato* himself, who countenances this manner of proceeding, to furnish me with other means more suitable to my own liking. This is a malicious kind of Justice, and I look

Vices necessary in all Governments.

upon it as no less violated by it self than by others. I said not long since to some Company in Discourse, *That I should hardly be drawn to betray my Prince for a particular Man, who should be very much asham'd to betray any particular Man for my Prince*; and do not only hate deceiving my self, but that any one should deceive through me; I will neither afford matter nor occasion to any such thing. In the little I have had to mediate betwixt our Princes in the Divisions and Subdivisions, by which we are at this time torn to pieces, I have been very careful that they should neither be deceiv'd in me, nor deceive others by me: People of that kind of trading are very reserv'd, and pretend to be the most moderate imaginable, and nearest to the Opinions of those with whom they have to do; I expose my self in my true Opinion, and after a method the most my own; a young and tender *Negotiator*, and one who had rather fail in the Affair, than be wanting to my self: And yet it has been hitherto with so good luck, (for Fortune has doubtless the best share in it) that little has past from hand to hand with less suspicion, or more favour and privacy. I have a free and open way that easily insinuates it self, and obtains belief with those with whom I am to deal at the first meeting. Sincerity and pure Truth, in what Age soever, pass for current; and besides, the liberty and freedom of a Man, who treats without any Interest of his own, is never hateful or suspected; and he may very well make use of the Answer of *Hippocrates* to the *Athenians*, who complained of his blunt way of

of speaking: *My Masters, do not consider whether or no I am free, but whether I am so without a Bribe, or without any advantage to my own Affairs.* My liberty of Speaking has also easily clear'd me from all suspicion of dissembling by its vehemency, (leaving nothing unsaid, how home, and bitter soever, so that I could have said no worse behind their backs) and In that it carried along with it a manifest shew of simplicity and negligence. I pretend to no other fruit by acting than to act, and add to it no long pursuit nor proposals; every action plays its own Game, win if it can. As to the rest, I am not sway'd by any Passion either of Love or Hatred towards the great ones, nor have my Will captivated either by particular Injury or Obligation. I look upon our *King* with an Affection simply loyal and respective, neither prompted on, nor restrained by any private Interest, and I love my self for it. Neither does the general and just *Cause* attract me otherwise than with Moderation, and without Animosity. I am not subject to these penetrating and entirely affected Engagements. Anger and Hatred are beyond the Duty of Justice, and are Passions only useful to those who do not keep themselves strictly to their Duty by meer *Reason. Utatur motu animi, qui uti ratione non potest.* He only employs his Passion, that can make no use of his Reason. All just Intentions are temperate of themselves; if otherwise, they degenerate into seditious and unlawful. This is it which makes me walk every where with my Head erect, my Face and my Heart open,

to confeſs the Truth; and I am not afraid to confeſs it: I ſhould eaſily for need hold up one Candle to St. *Michael*, and another to his *Dragon*, like the old Woman; I will follow the right ſide even to the Fire, but excluſively if I can. Let *Montaigne* be over-whelm'd in the publick Ruine, if need be; but if there be no need, I ſhould think my ſelf oblig'd to *Fortune* to ſave me; and I will make uſe of all the length of Line my Duty allows for his Preſervation. Was it not *Atticus*, who being of the juſt, but loſing ſide, preſerv'd himſelf by his Moderation, in that univerſal ſhipwreck of the World, amongſt ſo many Mutations and Diverſities? For private Men, as he was, it is more eaſie; and in ſuch kind of work, I find a Man may juſtly not be ambitious to offer and inſinuate himſelf: For a Man indeed to be wavering and irreſolute, to keep his Affection unmov'd, and without inclination in the Troubles of his Country, and a publick Diviſion, I neither think it handſome nor honeſt. *Ea non media, ſed nulla via eſt, velut eventum expectantium, quo Fortunæ conſilia ſua applicent.* *That is not a middle way, but no way, to expect Events by which they referr their Reſolutions to Fortune.* This may be allow'd in our Neighbours Affairs; and thus *Gelo* the Tyrant of *Syracuſa* ſuſpended his inclination in the War betwixt the *Greeks* and *Barbarians*, keeping a *Reſident Embaſſador* with Preſents at *Delphos*, to lie and watch to ſee which way Fortune would incline, and then take preſent occaſion to fall in with the Victors. It would be a kind of Treaſon

That 'tis neither Honourable, nor Honeſt, to ſtand neuter in a Civil War.

Livie, l. 32.

to

to proceed after this manner in our own domeſtick Affairs, wherein a Man muſt of neceſſity be of the one ſide or the other; though for a Man who has no *Office* or expreſs Command to call him out, to ſit ſtill, I hold it more excuſable (and yet I do not excuſe my ſelf upon theſe terms) except in foreign Expeditions, to which alſo, according to our *Laws*, no Man is preſt againſt his Will. And yet even thoſe who wholly engage themſelves in ſuch a War, may behave themſelves with ſuch temper and moderation, that 'tis likely the ſtorm may fly over their heads without doing them any harm. Had we not reaſon to expect ſuch an iſſue in the Perſon of the late *Sieur de Morvilliers*, late Biſhop of *Orleans*? And I know amongſt thoſe who behave themſelves the moſt bravely and briskly in the preſent War, ſome whoſe Manners are ſo gentle, obliging, and juſt, that they will certainly ſtand firm, whatever Event Heaven is preparing for us. I am of Opinion, that it properly belongs to *Kings* only to quarrel *Kings*, and laugh at thoſe *Bully-Rocks*, that out of wantonneſs of Courage, preſent themſelves to ſo diſproportion'd diſputes: For a Man has never the more particular Quarrel to a *Prince*, for marching openly and boldly againſt him for his own Honour, and according to his Duty: If he does not love ſuch a Perſon, he does better, he has a Reverence and Eſteem for him. And the Cauſe of defending the *Laws*, and the ancient Government of a Kingdom, has this always eſpecially annext to it, that even thoſe, who

for their own private Interest invade them, excuse, if they do not honour the *Defenders*. But we are not, as we now-a-days do, to call peevishness and inward discontent, that spring from private Interest and Passion, Duty, nor a treacherous and malicious Conduct, Courage. They call their propension to mischief and violence, *Zeal*: 'Tis not the *Cause*, but their *Interest* that inflames them. They kindle and begin a *War*, not because it is just, but because it is War. A Man may very well behave himself commodiously and loyally too, amongst those of the adverse Party; carry your self, if not with the same equal affection (for that is capable of different measures) at least, with an affection moderate, well temper'd, and such as shall not so engage you to one Party, that it may expect all you are able to do for that side, and content your self also with a moderate proportion of their Favour and Good-will, and to swim in troubled Waters without fishing in them. The other way of offering a Man's self, and the utmost Service he is able to do, both to one Party, and the other, has yet in it less of Prudence than Conscience. Does not he to whom you betray another, to whom you was as welcome as to himself, know that you will at another time do as much for him? He holds you for a Villain; and in the mean time hears what you will say, gathers intelligence from you, and works his own ends out of your disloyalty: for double-dealing Men are useful in bringing in, but we must have a care they carry out as little as is possible. I say no-

Wherein Double-dealing Men are of Use.

thing to one Party, that I may not upon occasion lay to the other, with a little alteration of accent, and report nothing but things cleer, indifferent or known, or what is of common Consequence. I cannot permit my self for any consideration to tell them a *Lye*. What is intrusted to my secrecy, I religiously conceal, but I take as few trusts of that nature upon me as I can. The *Secrets* of *Princes* are a troublesome burthen to such as are not interested in them. I very willingly indent that they trust me with little, but confidently rely upon what I tell them: I have ever known more than I desir'd. One open way of speaking opens another open way of speaking, and draws out discoveries like *Wine* and *Love*. *Philippides*, in my Opinion, answer'd King *Lysimachus* very discreetly, *who asking him what of his Estate he should bestow upon him? What you will, said he, provided it be none of your Secrets.* I see every one mutters, and is displeased, if the bottom of the Affair be conceal'd from him wherein he is employ'd, or that there be any reservation in the thing; for my part, I am content to know no more of the business than what they desire I should employ my self in, nor desire that my knowledge should exceed or stram my word: If I must serve for an Instrument of deceit, let it be at least with a safe Conscience, I will neither be reputed a Servant so affectionate, nor so loyal, as to be fit to betray any one. Who is unfaithful to himself, is excusably so to his Master. But they are *Princes* who do not accept men by halves, and despise limited and

conditi-

conditional Services. I cannot help it, I truly tell them how far I can go; for a *Slave* I ſhould not be, but upon very good Reaſon, and however I could heardly ſubmit to that Condition. And they alſo are too blame to exact from a Free-man the ſame Subjection and Obligation to their Service, they do from him they have made, and bought, or whoſe Fortune does particularly and expreſly depend upon theirs. The *Laws* have delivered me from a great Anxiety, they have choſen a Maſter for me, all other Superiority and Obligation ought to be relative to him, and cut off from all other. Yet is not this to ſay, that if my Affection ſhould otherwiſe ſway and incline me, my hand ſhould preſently obey it; the Will and Deſire are a *Law* to themſelves; but Actions muſt receive Commiſſion from the publick appointment. All this proceeding of mine is a little diſſonant from the ordinary forms; It would produce no great Effects, nor be of any long duration; Innocence it ſelf could not, in this Age of ours, either Negotiate without Diſſimulation, or Traffick without Lying. And indeed public Employments are by no means for my Pallat: what my profeſſion requires, I perform after the moſt private manner that I can. Being young, I was engag'd up to the Ears in Buſineſs, and it ſucceeded well, but I diſengag'd my ſelf in due time. I have often ſince avoided medling in it, rarely accepted, and never ask'd it, keeping my back ſtill turn'd to Ambition: but if not like Rowers, who ſo advance backward, yet ſo nevertheleſs, that I am leſs oblig'd to my

Reſoluti

Reſolution than to my good Fortune, that I was not wholly embark'd in it. For there are ways leſs diſpleaſing to my Taſte, and more ſuitable to my Ability, by which, if ſhe had formerly call'd me to the publick Service, and my own Advancement towards the Worlds Opinion, I know I ſhould, in ſpite of all my own Arguments to the contrary, have purſued them. Such as commonly ſay, in Oppoſition to what I profeſs, that what I call Freedom, Simplicity, and plainneſs in my Manners, is Art, and Subtilty, and rather Prudence than Goodneſs, Induſtry than Nature, good Sence than good Luck, do me more honour than Diſgrace: but doubtleſs they make my Subtlety too ſubtil: and whoever has follow'd me cloſe, and pry'd narrowly into me, I will give him the Victory, if he does not confeſs that there is no *Rule* in their School that could match this natural Motion, and maintain an apparance of Liberty and Licence ſo equal and inflexible, through ſo many various and crooked Paths, and that all their Wit and Endeavour could never have led them through. The way of Truth is one, and ſimple, that of particular Profit, and the Commodity of Affairs a man is intruſted with, is double, unequal, and caſual. I have ſeen theſe counterfeit and artificial Liberties practic'd but for the moſt part without Succeſs. They reliſh of *Æſop*'s Aſs, who in Emulation of the Dog, obligingly clapt his two fore Feet upon his Maſter's ſhoulders; but as many careſſes as the Dog had for ſuch an expreſſion of kindneſs, twice ſo many blows with

with a Cudgel had the poor Ass for his Compliment. *Id maximè quemque decet, quod est cujusque suum maximè.* *That best becomes every man, that he is best at.* I will not deprive Deceit of its due, that were but ill to understand the World: I know it has oft been of great use, and that it maintains and supplies most mens vacancies. There are vices that are lawful, as there are many Actions either good or at least excusable, that are not lawful in themselves. That *Justice* which is in it self is natural and universal, is otherwise, and more nobly ordered than that other *Justice*, which is peculiar, National, and wrested to the ends of Government. *Veri juris germanæque Justitiæ solidam, & expressam effigiem nullam tenemus; umbris & imaginibus utimur.* *We retain no solid and express effigies of true right and Justice; we have only the shadow and images of it.* Insomuch that the wise *Dandamis* hearing the Lives of *Socrates*, *Pythagoras* and *Diogines* read, I judg'd them to be great men every way, excepting that they were too much subjected to the reverence of the *Laws*, which to second and authorize true Virtue must abate very much of its Original vigor, and many vitious Actions are introduc'd, not only by their permission, but advice. *Ex senatus consultis, plebisque scitis scelera exercentur.* *Vitious Actions are committed by the consent of the Magistrates and the common Laws.* I follow the common Phrase, that distinguishes betwixt profitable, and honest things, so as to call some natural Actions, that are not only Profitable and Necessary,

Dishonest

Cicero de Off. l. 1.

Cicero de Off. l. 5.

Sensca Epist. 97.

Dishoneſt and Foul. But let us proceed in our Examples of Treachery: Two Pretenders to the *Kingdom* of *Thrace*, were fall'n into diſpute about their *Title*; The *Emperour* hindred them from proceeding to blows: but one of them under colour of bringing things to a friendly iſſue by an interview, having incited his *concurrent* to an Entertainment in his own Houſe, took, and kill'd him. Juſtice requir'd that the *Romans* ſhould have Satisfaction for this Offence: but there was a difficulty in obtaining it, by ordinary ways. What therefore they could not do by due forms of *Law*, without a War, and without Danger, they attempted to do by Treachery: and what they could not honeſtly do, they did profitably. For which end, one *Pomponius Flaccus* was found to be a fit Inſtrument. This Man by diſſembled Words and aſſurance, having drawn the other into his *Toyl*, inſtead of the Honour and Favour he had promis'd him, ſent him bound Hand and Foot to *Rome*. Here one Traitor betray'd another contrary to common Cuſtom: for they are full of miſtruſt, and 'tis hard to over-reach them in their own Art: witneſs the ſad Experience we have lately had. Let who will be *Pomponius Flaccus*, and there are enough that would: for my part, both my Word and my Faith are like all the reſt parts of this common Body: their beſt effect is the publick Service, which I take for preſuppos'd. But ſhould one command me to take charge of the Palace and the Records there, I ſhould make anſwer, that I underſtood not of the com-

mand,

mand of a Conductor of *Pioneers*, I would say that I was call'd to a more honourable Employment: so likewise, he that would employ me to lye, betray, and forsware my self, though not to assassinate, or to poison, for some notable Service, I should say, If I have rob'd or stol'n any thing from any man, send me rather to the *Gallyes*. For it is lawful for a Man of Honour to say as the *Lacedemonians* did, having been defeated by *Antipater*, when just upon the point of concluding an agreement, *You may impose as heavy and ruinous Taxes upon us as you please, but to command us to do shameful and dishonest things, you will lose your time, for it is to no purpose.* Every one ought to make the same vow to himself, that the *Kings* of *Egypt* made their *Judges* solemnly swear, that they would not do any thing contrary to their Consciences, though never so much Commanded to it by them themselves. In such *Commissions*, there is an evident mark of Ignominy and Condemnation. And he who gives it, does at the same time accuse you, and gives it if you understand it right, for a Burthen and a Punishment. As much as the publick Affairs are better'd by your Exploit, so much are your own the worse, and the better you behave your self in it, 'tis so much the worse for your self. And it will be no new thing, nor peradventure without some colour of Justice, if the same Person ruin you who set you on work. If Treachery can be in any case excusable, it must be only so when it is practis'd to chastise and betray Treachery.

Wherein Treachery is only to be excus'd.

There

There are Examples enow of Treacheries, not only rejected, but chastised, and punish'd by those in Favour of whom they were undertaken. Who is ignorant of *Fabricius* his Sentence against *Pyrrhus*, his *Physitian*? But this we also find recorded, that some Persons have commanded a thing, who afterward have severely reveng'd the Execution of it upon him they had employ'd, rejecting the Reputation of so unbridled an Authority, and disowning so lewd, and so base a Servitude and Obedience. *Jaropele*, Duke of *Russia*, tamper'd with a Gentleman of *Hungary* to betray *Boleslaus* King of *Poland*, either by killing him, or by giving the *Russians* opportunity to do him some notable Mischief. This Gallant goes presently in hand with it, was more assiduous in the Service of that King than before; so that he obtain'd the honour to be of his Council, and one of the chiefest in his Trust; with these Advantages, and taking an opportune occasion of his Masters absence, he betray'd *Visilicia*, a great and rich *City* to the *Russians*, which was entirely sack'd and burn't; and not only all the Inhabitats of both Sexes, young and old, put to the Sword, but moreover a great number of Neighbouring Gentry, that he had drawn thither to that wicked end. *Jaropele* his Revenge being thus satisfied, and his Anger appeas'd, which was not however without pretence (for *Boleslaus* had highly offended him, and after the same manner) and sated with the effect of this Treachery, coming to consider the foulness of it, with a sound Judgment,

ment, and clear from Passion look'd upon what had been done with so much horror and remorse, that he caus'd the Eyes to be boar'd out, and the Tongue, and shameful Parts to be cut off, of him that had perform'd it. *Antigonus* perswaded *Agathocles*'s Souldiers to betray *Eumenes* their General, his Adversary, into his hands. But after he had caus'd him so deliver'd to be slain, he would himself be the *Commissioner* of the Divine Justice, for the Punishment of so detestable a Crime, and committed them into the hands of the Governour of the *Province*, with express command by all means to destroy, and bring them all to an evil end. So that of all that great number of men, not so much as one ever return'd again into *Macedonia*. The better he had been serv'd, the more wickedly he judg'd it to be, and meriting greater Punishment. The Slave that betray'd the place where his Master P. *Sulpitius* lay conceal'd, was, according to the promise of *Sylla*'s proscription, manumitted for his pains: but according to the promise of the publick Justice, which was free from any such Engagement, he was thrown headlong from the *Tarpeian* Rock. And to King *Clovis*, instead of the Arms of Gold he had promised them, caus'd three of *Canacre*'s Servants to be hang'd after they had betray'd their Master to him, though he had debauch'd them to it. They hang'd them with the purse of their Reward about their Necks. After having satisfied their second, and special faith, they satisfie the general, and first *Mahomet* the second, being

A Slave thrown from the *Tarpeian* Rock for his Treason.

Three Servants hang'd for betraying *Canacre* their Master.

being resolv'd to rid himself of his Brother, out of Jealousie of State, according to the Practice of the *Ottoman* Family, he employ'd one of his Officers in the Execution; who pouring a quantity of Water too fast into him, choak'd him. This being done, to expiate the Murther, he deliver'd the Murtherer into the hands of the Mother of him he had so caus'd to be put to Death, (for they were but half Brothers by the Fathers side) who in his Presence ript up the Murtherers Bosom, and with her own revenging hands rifled his Breast for his heart, tore it out, and threw it to the Dogs. And even to the vilest Dispositions, it is the sweetest thinst imaginable, having once got the trick in a vicious Action, to foist, in all security, into it some shew of Vertue and Justice, as by way of Compensation, and Conscientious Remorse. To which may be added, that they look upon the Ministers of such horrid Crimes, as upon People that reproach them with them; and think by their Deaths to rase out the Memory and Testimony of such Proceedings. Or if perhaps you are rewarded, not to frustrate the publick Necessity of that extream and desperate Remedy; he that does it, cannot for all that, if he be not such himself, but look upon you as a cursed and execrable fellow; and conclude you a greater Traytor, than he does against whom you are so: for he tries the Lewdness of your Disposition by your own hands; where he cannot possibly be deceiv'd, you having no Object of preceding hatred to move you to such an

Act. But he employs you as they do condemn'd Malefactors in Executions of Juſtice, an Office as neceſſary as diſhoneſt. Beſides the baſeneſs of ſuch Commiſſions, there is moreover a Proſtitution of Conſcience. Being the Daughter of *Sejanus* could not be put to death by the *Law* of *Rome*, becauſe ſhe was a *Virgin*, ſhe was, to make it lawful, firſt raviſh'd by the Hang-man, and then ſtrangled: not only his hand, but his Soul is ſlave to the publick Convenience. When *Amurath* the firſt, more grievouſly to puniſh his Subjects, who had taken part in the Parricide Rebellion of his Son, ordain'd, that their neareſt Kindred ſhould aſſiſt in the Execution: I find it very handſome in ſome of them, to have rather choſen to be unjuſtly thought guilty of the Parricide of another, than to ſerve Juſtice by a Parricide of their own. And whereas I have ſeen at the taking of ſome little Fort by aſſault in my time, ſome Raſcals, who to ſave their own Lives, would conſent to hang their Friends and Companions; I look upon them to be in a worſe Condition than thoſe that were hang'd. 'Tis ſaid, that *Wittoldus*, Prince of *Lituania*, introduc'd into that Nation, that the Criminal condemn'd to death, ſhould with his own hand execute the Sentence: Thinking it ſtrange that a third Perſon, innocent of the Fault, ſhould be made guilty of Homicide. A *Prince*, when by ſome urgent Circumſtance, or ſome impetuous and unforeſeen accident that very much concerns his Eſtate, compell'd to forfeit his Word, and break his Faith, or otherwiſe forc'd from

Virgins could not be put to Death at *Rome*.

Criminals condemn'd to execute themſelves.

fron his ordinary Duty, ought to attribute this Neceſſity to a laſh of the Divine Rod: Vice it is not, for he has given up his own Reaſon to a more Univerſal, and more powerful Reaſon: but ceatainly 'tis a misfortune: ſo that if any one ſhould ask me, What Remedy? *None*, ſay I, *if he were really rack'd betwixt theſe two Extreams, (ſed videat ne quæratur latebra perjurio)* he muſt do it: but if he did it without regret, if it did not grieve him to do it, 'tis a ſign his Conſcience is in a ſcurvy Condition. If there be a Perſon to be found of ſo tender a Conſcience as to think no cure whatever worth ſo important a Remedy, I ſhall like him never the worſe. He could not more excuſably, or more decently periſh. We cannot do all we would. So that we muſt often, as the laſt anchorage, commit the Protection of our Veſſels to the conduct of Heaven. To what more juſt neceſſity does he reſerve himſelf? What is leſs poſſible for him to do, than what he cannot do but at the expence of his Faith and Honour? Things that perhaps ought to be dearer to him than his own Safety, or the Safety of his People. Though he ſhould with folded arms only call *God* to his Aſſiſtance, has he not reaſon to hope that the Divine bounty will not refuſe the Favour of an extraordinary Arm to juſt and pure hands? Theſe are dangerous Examples, rare, and ſickly exceptions to our natural Rules: We muſt yield to them, but with great Moderation and Circumſpection. No private utility is of ſuch Importance, that we ſhould upon

Cicero de Off. l. 3.

on that account ſtrain our Conſciences to ſuch a degree: the publick may, when very manifeſt, and of very great concern. *Timoleon* made a timely expiation for his ſtrange Fact by the Tears he ſhed, calling to mind that it was with a fraternal hand that he had ſlain the *Tyrant*. And it juſtly pricked his Conſcience, that he had been neceſſitated to purchaſe the publick Utility at ſo great a price, as the violation of his own Manners. Even the *Senate* it ſelf, by his means deliver'd from ſlavery, durſt not poſitively determine of ſo high a Fact, and divided into two ſo important, and contrary Aſpects. But the *Syracuſans*, having opportunely at the ſame time ſent to the *Corinthians* to ſollicit their Protection, and to require of them a Captain fit to reſtabliſh their *City* in its former Dignity, and to cleanſe *Sicily* of ſeveral little *Tyrants*, by which it was oppreſt; they deputed *Timoleon* for that Service, with this cunning Declaration; That according as he ſhould behave himſelf, well or ill in his Employment, their Sentence ſhould incline either to favour the deliverer of his Country, or to diſfavour the murtherer of his Brother. This fantaſtick Concluſion carries along with it ſome excuſe, by reaſon of the Danger of the Example, and the importance of ſo bifronted an Action: And they did well to diſcharge their own Judgment of it and to referr it to others, who were not ſo much concern'd. But *Timoleon*'s comportment in this *Expedition* ſoon made his Cauſe more clear; ſo worthily and vertuouſly he demean'd himſelf upon all occaſions

occaſions. And the good Fortune that accompanied him in the difficulties he had to overcome in this noble Employment, ſeem'd to be ſtrew'd in his way by the *God's*, as favourably conſpiring for his Juſtification. This Man's end is excuſable, if any can be ſo. But the profit of the Augmentation of the publick Revenue, that ſerv'd the *Roman* Senate for a pretence to the foul concluſion I am going to relate, is not ſufficient to warranty any ſuch injuſtice.

Certain *Cities* had redeem'd themſelves and their liberty, by money, by the order and conſent of the *Senate*, out of the hands of *L. Sylla*. The buſineſs coming again in queſtion; the *Senate* condemn'd them to be taxable as they were before, and that the money they had disburs'd for their Redemption ſhould be thrown away. *Civil War* does often produce ſuch lewd Examples; that we puniſh private men for confiding in us when we were publick Miniſters: and the ſelf-ſame *Magiſtrate* makes another man pay the penalty of his change that cannot help it. The *Pædagogue* whips his Scholar for his docility, and the Guide beats the blind-man that he leads by the hands; a horrid Image of Juſtice. There are Rules in *Philoſophy* that are both falſe and weak. The Example that is propos'd to us, preferring private Utility before Faith given, has not weight enough by the Circumſtance they put to it. *Robbers* have ſeiz'd you, and after having made you ſwear to pay them a certain ſum of money, diſmiſs you. 'Tis not well done to ſay that an honeſt man can be quit of his

Private Utility not to be preferr'd before Faith given.

Oath without payment, being out of their hands. 'Tis no such matter: What fear has once made me willing to do, I am oblig'd to do it when I am no more in fear. And though that fear only prevail'd with my Tongue, without forcing my Will, yet am I bound to keep my Word. For my part, when my Tongue has sometimes inconsiderately said something that I did not think, I have made a Conscience of disowning it. Otherwise, by degrees we shall abolish all the right another pretends to from our promise. *Quasi vero forti viro vis possit adhiberi. As though a Man truly valiant could be compell'd.* And 'tis only lawful upon the account of private Interest to excuse breach of Promise, when we have promis'd something that is unlawful and wicked in it self; For the right of Vertue ought to take place of the right of any obligation of ours. I have formerly plac'd *Epaminondas* in the first rank of excellent men, and do not repent it. How far did he stretch the consideration of his own particular Duty? who never kill'd man that he had overcome; who for his inestimable benefit of restoring the liberty of his Country, made Conscience of killing a *Tyrant*, or his accomplice, without due form of Justice: and who concluded him to be a wicked man, how good a Citizen soever otherwise, who amongst his Enemies spar'd not his Friend and Acquaintance in *Battle*. This was a Soul of a rich composure: He married Bounty and Humanity; nay, even the tenderest and most delicate in the whole School of *Philosophy*, to the rudest and most violent

Cicero de Off. l. 3.

violent of all humane Actions. Was it *Nature* or *Art* that had intenerated that great and brave Courage of his, ſo conſtant in dangers, and ſo obſtinate againſt pain and death, to ſuch an extreme degree of Sweetneſs and Compaſſion? Dreadful in War, with fire and blood, he over-ran and ſubdu'd a Nation invincible to all others but to him alone; and yet in the heat of an Encounter could turn aſide from his Friend. Certainly he was moſt fit to command in War, who could ſo rein himſelf with the curb of a good Nature, in the height and heat of his Fury, and a Fury ſo inflam'd and foaming with blood and ſlaughter. 'Tis almoſt a miracle to be able to mix any image of Juſtice with ſuch violent Actions: And it was only poſſible for ſuch a ſtedfaſtneſs of mind as that of *Epaminondas*, therein to mix ſweetneſs, and the facility of the gentleſt Manners and pureſt Innocency. And whereas one told the *Mammertines*, that *Statues* where of no reſiſtance againſt armed men; and another told the *Tribune* of the People, that the time of Juſtice and War were diſtinct things; and a third ſaid, that the noiſe of Arms deaft the voice of the Law: This man in all this rattle was not deaf to that of Civility, and mere Courteſie. Had he not borrow'd from his Enemies the cuſtom of ſacrificing to the *Muſes* when he went to War, that they might by their ſweetneſs and gayety ſoften his Martial and unrelenting Fury? Let us not fear, by the example of ſo great a Maſter, to believe that there is ſomething unlawful, even againſt an Enemy: and

that the common Concern ought not to require all things of all, againſt private Intereſt: *Manente memoria etiam in diſſidio publicorum fœderum privati juris:*

Ovid. ——— *& nulla potentia vires*
Præſtandi, ne quid peccet amicus habet.

And no Pow'r upon Earth can e'er diſpence
Treachery to a Friend without Offence.

And that all things are not lawful to an honeſt Man, for the Service of his *Prince*, the *Laws*, or the *general Quarrel*. *Non enim patria præſtat omnibus officiis, & ipſi conducit pios habere Cives in Parentes.* 'Tis an Inſtruction proper for the time wherein we live: We need not harden our Courages with theſe Arms of Steel, 'tis enough that our Souldiers are inur'd to them: 'Tis enough to dip our Pens in Ink, without dipping them in Blood. If it be grandeur of Courage, and the effect of a rare and ſingular Vertue to contemn Friendſhip, private Obligations, a Man's Word, and relation for the Common Good, and Obedience to the Magiſtrate: 'Tis certainly ſufficient to excuſe us, that 'tis a Grandeur that could have no place in the Grandeur of *Epaminondas* his Courage. I abominate thoſe mad Exhortations of this other inrag'd and diſcompos'd Soul:

Cicero de Off. l. 6. 3.

Lucan. l. 7. *Dum tela micant, non vos pietatis imago*
Ulla nec adverſa conſpecti fronte parentes
Commoveant, vultus gladio turbate verendos.

When

When Swords are drawn, let no remains of Love,
Friendſhip, or Piety, Compaſſion move;
But boldly wound the venerable Face
Of your own Fathers, if oppos'd in place.

Let us deprive wicked, bloody, and treacherous Natures of ſuch a pretence of Reaſon: Let us ſet aſide this guilty and extravagant Juſtice, and ſtick to more humane imitations. How great things can *Time* and *Example* do? In an encounter of the *Civil War* againſt *Cinna*, one of *Pompey*'s Souldiers having unawares kill'd his Brother, who was of the contrary *Party*, he immediately for ſhame and ſorrow kill'd himſelf: And ſome years after, in another Civil War of the ſame *People*, demanded a Reward of his Office, for having kill'd his Brother. A Man proves but ill the Honour and Beauty of an Action by its Utility; and Men very ill conclude that every one is oblig'd, and it becomes every one to do it, if it be of Utility.

Omnia non pariter rerum omnibus apta. *Propert.*

All things are not alike for all Men fit.

Let us chooſe what is more neceſſary and profitable for humane Society; it will be Marriage; and yet the Counſel of the Saints find the contrary much better, excluding the moſt honourable Vocation of Men; as we deſign thoſe Horſes for *Stallions*, of which we have the leaſt Eſteem.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Of Repentance.

OThers form *Man*, I only report him, and repreſent a particular one, ill-faſhion'd enough; and whom, if I had to model anew, I ſhould certainly make him ſomething elſe than what he is: But that's paſt re-calling. Now, tho' the Features of my Picture alter and change, 'tis not however unlike. The World eternally turns round, all things therein are inceſſantly moving, the Earth, the Rocks of *Caucaſus*, and the *Pyramids* of *Egypt*, both by the publick motion, and their own. Even *Conſtancy* it ſelf is no other but a ſlower and more languiſhing motion. I cannot fix my Object, 'tis always tottering and reeling by a natural Giddineſs. I take it as it is at the inſtant I conſider of it. I do not paint its Being, I paint its Paſſage, not a paſſing from one Age to another, or, as the People ſay, from ſeven to ſeven Years; but from Day to Day, from Minute to Minute. I muſt accommodate my *Hiſtory* to the Hour: I may preſently change, not only by Fortune, but alſo by Intention: 'Tis a counterpart of various and changeable Accidents, and irreſolute Imaginations, and, as it falls out, ſometimes contrary: Whether it be that I am then another ſelf, or that I take Subjects by other Circumſtances and Conſiderations; ſo it is that I may peradventure

ture contradict: But, as *Demades* ſaid, I never contradict the Truth. Could my Soul once take footing, I would not eſſay, but reſolve; but it is always learning and making trial. I propoſe a Life mean, and without luſtre: 'Tis all one. All Moral *Philoſophy* may as well be applied to a private Life, as to one of the greateſt Employment: Every Man carries the entire form of humane Condition. *Authors* communicate themſelves to the People by ſome eſpecial Work; I, the firſt of any, by my univerſal *Being*, as *Michael de Montaigne*, not as a *Grammarian*, a *Poet*, or a *Lawyer*. If the World find fault that I *ſpeak* of my ſelf, I find fault that they do not ſo much as *think* of themſelves. But is it reaſon, that being ſo particular in my way and manner of living, and of ſo little uſe, I ſhould pretend to recommend my ſelf to the publick Knowledge? And is it alſo reaſon, that I ſhould introduce into the World, where *Art* and *Handling* have ſo much Credit and Authority, crude and ſimple Effects of *Nature*, and of a weak Nature to boot? Is it not to build a Wall without Stone or Brick, or ſome ſuch thing, to write Books without Learning? The Fancies of *Muſick* are carried on by *Art*, mine by *Chance*: I have this at leaſt according to Diſcipline, that never any Man treated of a Subject he better underſtood and knew, than what I have undertaken, and that in this I am the moſt underſtanding Man alive. Secondly, that never any Man penetrated farther into his matter, nor better, and more diſtinctly ſifted the Parts and Conſequences of it,

it, nor ever more exactly and fully arriv'd at the end he propos'd to himſelf. To finiſh it, I need bring nothing but fidelity to the Work; and that is there, and the moſt pure and ſincere that is any where to be found. I ſpeak truth, not ſo much as I would, but as much as I dare, and I dare a little the more, as I grow older; for, methinks, Cuſtom allows to Age more liberty of prating, and more indiſcretion of talking of a Man's ſelf. That cannot fall out here, which I often ſee elſewhere, that the Work and the Artificer contradict one another: Has a Man of ſo ſober Converſation writ ſo fooliſh a Treatiſe? Or do ſo learned Writings proceed from a Man of ſo weak Converſation? Who talks at a very ordinary rate, and writes rarely; is to ſay that his Capacity is borrow'd, and not his own. A learned Man is not learned in all things; but a ſufficient Man is ſufficient throughout, even to Ignorance it ſelf. Here my Book and I go hand in hand together. Elſewhere Men may recommend or accuſe the Work upon the Work-man's account; here they cannot: Who touches the one, invades the other. He that ſhall cenſure it without knowing him, will more wrong himſelf than me; who does underſtand it, gives me all the ſatisfaction I deſire. I ſhall be happy beyond my deſert, if I can obtain only thus much from the publick Approbation, as to make Men of Underſtanding perceive that I was capable of making my advantage of Knowledge, had I had it, and that I deſerved to have been aſſiſted by a better Memory.

Be

Be pleas'd here to excuſe what I often repeat, that I very rarely repent, and that my Conſcience is ſatisfied with it ſelf, not like the Conſcience of an *Angel*, or that of a *Horſe*, but like the Conſcience of a Man; always adding this Clauſe, Not one of Ceremony, but a true and real Submiſſion; that I ſpeak enquiring and doubtingly, purely and ſimply referring my ſelf to the common and accepted Beliefs for the Reſolution. I do not teach, I only repeat. There is no Vice, that is abſolutely ſo, which does not offend and that a ſound Judgment does not accuſe; for there is in it ſo manifeſt a Deformity and Inconvenience, that peradventure they are in the right, who ſay, That it is chiefly begot by Ignorance: So hard it is to imagine that a Man can know without abhorring it. *Malice* ſucks up the greateſt part of her own Venom, and poyſons her ſelf. *Vice* leaves repentance in the Soul, like an *Ulcer* in the Fleſh, which is always ſcratching and lacerating it ſelf: For *Reaſon* effaces all other Griefs and Sorrows, but it begets that of Repentance, which is ſo much the more grievous, by reaſon it ſprings within, as the cold and hot of Fevers are more ſharp than thoſe that only ſtrike upon the outward skin. I hold for Vices, (but every one according to its proportion) not only thoſe which *Reaſon* and *Nature* condemn; but thoſe alſo, the Opinion of Men, tho' falſe and erroneous, have made ſuch, if authoriz'd by Law and Cuſtom. There is likewiſe no *Vertue* which does not rejoyce a well-deſcended Nature: There is a kind of I know not what congratulation

lation in well-doing, that gives us an inward satisfaction, and a certain generous boldness that accompanies a good Conscience. A Soul daringly vicious, may peradventure arm it self with Security, but cannot supply it self with this Complacency and Satisfaction. 'Tis no little Satisfaction to feel a Man's self preserv'd from the Contagion of so deprav'd an *Age*, and to say to himself, *Whoever could penetrate into my Soul, would not there find me guilty either of the affliction, or the ruine of any one; or of Revenge or Envy, or any Offence against the publick Laws, or of Novelty, or Trouble, or failure of my Word: And though the licence of the Time permits, and teaches every one so to do, yet have I not plunder'd any French Man's Goods, or taken his Money; and have liv'd upon what is my own in War as well as Peace; neither have I set any Man to work without paying him his Hire.* These Testimonies of a good *Conscience* please, and this natural rejoycing is very beneficial to us, and the only Reward that we can never fail of. To ground the recompence of vertuous Actions upon the Approbation of others, is too incertain and unsafe a Foundation; especially in so corrupt and ignorant an Age as this, the good Opinion of the Vulgar is injurious. Upon whom do you relie to shew you what is recommendable? God defend me from being an honest Man, according to the Description of Honour I daily see every one make of himself. *Quæ fuerant Vitia, Mores sunt. What before were Vices, are now reputed Manners.* Some of my Friends have sometimes school'd an tutor'

Seneca Epist.

tutor'd me with great Sincerity and Plainneſs, either of their own voluntary motion, or by me entreated to it, as to an Office, which to a well-compos'd Soul, ſurpaſſes not only in Utility, but in Kindneſs, all other Offices of Friendſhip. I have always receiv'd them with the moſt open Arms, both of Courteſie and Acknowledgment. But, to ſay the Truth, I have often found ſo much falſe Meaſure, both in their Reproaches and Praiſes, that I had not done much amiſs, rather to have err'd than to have done well, according to their Method. We chiefly, who live private Lives, not expos'd to any other view than our own, ought to have ſetled a preſident within our ſelves, by which to try our Actions: And according to that, ſometimes to encourage, and ſometimes to correct our ſelves. I have my *Laws* and my *Judicature* to judge of my ſelf, and apply my ſelf more to thoſe than any other Rules. I do indeed reſtrain my Actions according to others, but extend them not by any other Rule than my own. You your ſelf only know if you are cowardly and cruel, loyal and devout: Others ſee you not, and only gueſs at you by incertain Conjectures, and do not ſo much ſee your Nature as your Art. Rely not therefore upon their Opinions, but ſtick to your own. *Tuo tibi judicio eſt utendum. Virtutis, & vitiorum grave ipſius conſcientiæ pondus eſt: Qua ſublata, jacent omnia.* Cicero de Nat. Dei, lib. 1. *Thou muſt ſpend thy own Judgment upon thy ſelf; great is the weight of thy own Conſcience, in the diſcovery of thy own Vertues and Vices; which being taken*

taken away, all things are loſt. But the ſaying that Repentance immediately follows the Sin, ſeems not to have reſpect to Sin in its gayeſt Dreſs, which is lodg'd in us as in its own proper Habitation. One may diſown and retract the Vices that ſurprize us, and to which we are hurried by Paſſions; but thoſe which by a long habit are rooted in a ſtrong and vigorous Will, are not ſubject to Contradiction.

What Repentance is.

Repentance is no other but a recanting of the Will, and an Oppoſition to our Fancies, which lead us which way they pleaſe. It makes this Perſon diſown his former Vertue and Continency.

Hor. lib. 4. Ode 10.

Quæ mens eſt hodie, cur eadem non puero fuit,
Vel cur his animis incolumes non redeunt genæ?

Why is not my Mind now, alas!
The ſame that when a Boy it was?
Or why does not my roſie hue
Return, my Beauty to renew.

'Tis an exact Life, that contains it ſelf in due order in private; every one may juggle his part, and repreſent an honeſt Man upon the Stage: But within, and in his own Boſom, where all things are lawful, all things conceal'd to be regular, there's the point. The next degree is to be ſo in his Houſe, and in his ordinary Actions, of which we are accountable to none, and where there is no Study, nor Artifice. And therefore *Bias*, ſetting forth the excellent eſtate of a private Family, of which,

ſays

ſays he, the Maſter is the ſame within, by his own Virtue and Temper, that he is abroad, for fear of the Laws and report of Men. And it was a worthy ſaying of *Julius Druſus*, to the *Maſons* who offer'd him for three thouſand Crowns to put his Houſe in ſuch a Poſture that his Neighbours ſhould no more have the ſame inſpection into it as before; *I will give you*, ſaid he, *ſix thouſand*, to make it ſo that every body may ſee into every Room. 'Tis honourably recorded of *Argeſilaus*, that he us'd in his Journeys always to take up his Lodgings in Temples, to the end that the *People*, and the *Gods* themſelves, might pry into his moſt private Actions. Such a one has been a Miracle to the World, in whom neither his Wife nor Servant have ever ſeen any thing ſo much as remarkable. Few men have been admir'd by their own *Domeſticks*. *And no one has been a Prophet, not only in his own Houſe, but in his own Country*, ſays the Experience of Hiſtories? 'Tis the ſame in things of nought. In this low example, the Image of a greater is to be ſeen. In my Country of *Gaſcony*, they look upon it as a Drollery to ſee me in print. The further off I am read from my own home, the better I am eſteem'd. I am fain to purchaſe *Printers* in *Guienne*, elſwhere they purchaſe me. Upon this it is, that they lay their foundation, who conceal themſelves preſent, and living, to obtain a Name when they are abſent, and dead. I had rather have a great deal leſs in hand, and do not expoſe my ſelf to the World upon any other account than my pre-

No man a Prophet in his own Country.

ſent ſhare; when I leave it, I quit the reſt. The People reconduct ſuch a one with publick Wonders and Applauſe to his very Door, he puts off this pageantry with his Robe, and falls ſo much the lower by how much he was higher exalted. In himſelf within, all is in tumult and diſorder. And though all ſhould be regular there, it will require a quick and well choſen Judgment that can perceive it in theſe low and private Actions. To which may be added, that *Order* is a heavy, melancholick Vertue: to enter a Breach, carry an Embaſſy, and govern a People, are Actions of Renown: to reprehend, laugh, ſell, pay, love, hate, and gently and juſtly converſe with a man's own Family and with himſelf; not to relent, not to give a man's ſelf the lye, is more rare and hard, and leſs remarkable. By which means retir'd lives, whatever is ſaid to the contrary, undergo Offices of as great, or greater difficulty than the other do. And private men, ſays *Ariſtotle*, ſerve Vertue more painfully and aſſiduouſly, than thoſe in Authority do. We prepare our ſelves for eminent Occaſions, more out of Glory than Conſcience. The ſhorteſt way to arrive at Glory, ſhould be to do that for Conſcience which we do for Glory. And the Vertue of *Alexander* appears to me with much leſs Vigour in his *Theater*, than that of *Socrates* in his mean and obſcure Employment. I can eaſily conceive *Socrates* in the place of *Alexander*, but *Alexander* in that of *Socrates* I cannot. Who ſhall ask the one what he can do, he will anſwer, *ſubdue the World*: And who

who ſhall put the ſame queſtion to the other, he will ſay, carry on humane Life conformable to its natural Condition; a much more general, weighty, and legitimate Knowledge than the other. The Vertue of the Soul does not conſiſt in flying high, but walking orderly; its Grandeur does not exerciſe it ſelf in Grandeur, but in Mediocrity. As they who judge and try us within, make no great account of the luſtre of publick Actions; and ſee they are only ſtreaks and raies of clear Water ſpringing from a ſlimy and muddy bottom: So likewiſe they who judge of us by this gallant outward appearance, in like manner conclude of our internal Conſtitution; and cannot couple common Faculties, and like their own with the other Faculties, that aſtoniſh them, and are ſo far out of their ſights. Therefore it is, that we give ſuch ſavage forms to *Dæmons*. And who does not give *Tamberlain* great Eye-brows, wide Noſtrils, a dreadful Face, and a prodigious Stature, according to the imagination he has conceiv'd by the report of his Name? Had any one formerly brought me to *Eraſmus*, I ſhould hardly have believ'd but that all was *Adage* and *Apothegme* he ſpoke to his Man, or his Hoſteſs. We much more aptly imagine an *Artizan* upon his Cloſe-ſtool, or upon his Wife, than a great *Preſident* venerable by his port and ſufficiency. We fanſie that they will not abaſe themſelves ſo much from their high *Tribunals*, as to live. As vicious Souls are often incited by ſome ſtrange impulſe to do well, ſo are vertuous Souls to do

ill: They are therefore to be judg'd by their ſettled ſtate when they are near repoſe, and in their native ſtation. Natural inclinations are much aſſiſted and fortified by Education, but they ſeldom alter and overcome their Inſtitution. A thouſand Natures of my time have eſcap'd towards Virtue or Vice through a quite contrary Diſcipline.

Lucan. lib. 4.

Sic ubi deſuetæ ſilvis in carcere clauſæ
Manſuevere feræ, & vultus poſuere minaces
Atque hominem didicere pati, ſi torrida parvus
Venit in Ora cruor, redeunt rabieſque furorque,
Admonitæq; tument guſtato ſanguine fauces,
Fervet, & à trepido vix abſtinet ira magiſtro.

So ſavage Beaſts, when the are Captive made,
Grow tame, and half forget their killing trade;
Demit their fierce looks, and themſelves inure
The Government of Mankind to endure:
But if again the blood for which they burn
They taſte, their rage and fury then return,
They thirſt for more, grow fell, and wildly ſtare,
And ſcarce their trembling Maſters do forbear.

Theſe original Qualities are not to be rooted out, they may be covered and conceal'd. The *Latine Tongue* is as it were natural to me, I underſtand it better than *French*, but I have not us'd to ſpeak it, nor hardly to write it theſe fourty years; and yet upon extream and ſudden emotions which I have fall'n into twice or thrice in my Life, (and once ſeeing my Father in perfect health fall upon me in a ſwoon,) I have always uttered my firſt out-cries and ejacula-

ejaculations in *Latine*. Nature ſtarting up, and forcibly expreſſing it ſelf in ſpite of ſo long a Diſcontinuation; and this Example is ſaid of many others. They who in my time have attempted to correct the Manners of the World by new Opinions, have indeed reform'd ſeeming Vices, but the real and eſſential Vices they leave as they were, if they do not augment them; and augmentation is therein to be fear'd, we defer all other well-doing of leſs coſt and greater merit, upon the account of theſe external Reformations, and thereby expiate good cheap, for the other natural, conſubſtantial and inteſtine vices. Look a little into our Experience. There is no man, if he liſten to himſelf, who does not in himſelf diſcover a particular and governing Form of his own that juſtles his Education, and wreſtles with the tempeſt of Paſſions that are contrary to him. For my part, I ſeldom find my ſelf agitated with Surpriſes; I almoſt always find my ſelf in my place, as heavy and unweldy Bodies do: If I am not at home, I am always near at hand; my Debauches do not tranſport me very far, there is nothing ſtrange or extream in the caſe; and yet I have ſound and vigorous Raptures and Delights. The true Condemnation, and which touches the common practiſe of Men, is, that their very Progreſs it ſelf is full of Filth and Corruption; the Idea of their Reformation blotted, their Repentance ſick and faulty, as much very near as their Sin. Some, either for having been link'd to Vice by a natural Propenſion, or long Practice, cannot ſee

the Deformity of it. Others (of which Conſtitution I am) do indeed weigh Vice, but they counter-balance it with Pleaſure, or ſome other occaſion, and ſuffer, and lend themſelves to it for a certain price, but viciouſly and baſely however: yet there might happily be imagin'd ſo vaſt a diſproportion of meaſure, where with juſtice the Pleaſure might excuſe the Sin, as we ſay of Profit; not only if accidental, and out of Sin, as in Thefts; but in the very exerciſe of it; as in the injoyment of Women, where the Temptation is violent, and 'tis ſaid, ſometimes not to be overcome.

Being the other day at *Armaignac*, which appertains to a Kinſman of mine, I there ſaw a Country Fellow that was by every one nicknam'd the *Thief*; who thus related the ſtory of his own Life: That being born a Beggar, and finding that he ſhould not be able to get his living by his hands, he reſolv'd to turn *Thief*, and by means of his ſtrength of Body, had excercis'd this trade all the time of his Youth in great ſecurity; for he ever made his Harveſt and Vintage in other mens Grounds, but a great way off, and in ſo great Quantities, that it was not to be imagin'd one man could have carried away ſo much in one night upon his Shoulders; and moreover, was ſo carefull equally to divide and diſtribute the miſchief he did, that the loſs was of leſs Importance to every particular man. He is now grown old and rich, for a man of his Condition, thanks be to his *Trade*, which he openly confeſſes to every one: and to make his Peace with

with *God*, he ſays, that he is daily ready by good Offices to make ſatisfaction to the Succeſſors of thoſe he has robb'd, and if he do not finiſh, (for to do it all at once he is not able) he will then leave it in charge to his Heirs to perform the reſt proportionably to the wrong he himſelf only knows he has done to every one. By this Deſcription, whether true or falſe, this Man looks upon Theft as a diſhoneſt Action, and hates it, but leſs than Poverty, and does ſimply repent; but foraſmuch as was thus recompenc'd he repents not. This is not that habit that incorporates us into Vice, and conforms even our Underſtanding it ſelf to it, nor is it that impetuous Whirl-wind that by guſts troubles and blinds our Souls, and for the time precipitates us, Judgment and all, into the power of Vice.

I cuſtomarily do what I do thoroughly, I make but one ſtep on't; I have rarely any movement that hides it ſelf and ſteals away from my Reaſon, and that does not upon the matter proceed by the conſent of all my Faculties, without deciſion, or inteſtine Sedition; my Judgment is to have all the blame, or all the praiſe, and the blame it once has it has always, for I have from my Infancy almoſt always had the ſame inclination, the ſame ſpeed, and the ſame force. And as to univerſal Opinions, I fix'd my ſelf from my Child-hood in the place where I reſolve to ſtick. There are ſome Sins that are impetuous, prompt, and ſudden, let us ſet them aſide; but in theſe other Sins ſo oft repeated, deliberated and contriv'd,

whether Sins of Complexion, or Sins of Profeſſion and Vocation; I cannot conceive that they can have ſo long been ſetled in the ſame Reſolution, unleſs the Reaſon and Conſcience of him who has them, be conſtant to have them ſo, and the Repentance he boaſts to be inſpir'd with on a ſudden, is very hard for me to imagine. I follow not the Opinion of the *Pythagorean Sect*, That Men take up a new Soul when they repair to the Images of the *Gods* to receive *Oracles*, unleſs they mean that it is new, and lent for the time, our own ſhewing ſo ſmall ſign of Purification and Cleanneſs, fit for ſuch an Office. They act quite contrary to the *Stoical* Precepts, that do indeed command us to correct the Imperfections which we know our ſelves guilty of, but forbids us to diſturb the Repoſe of our Souls. Theſe make us believe that they have great grief and remorſe within; but of amendment, correction, or demonſtration, they make nothing appear. It cannot certainly be a perfect Cure, if the Humour be not wholly diſcharg'd, if *Repentance* were laid upon the Scale of a Ballance, it would weigh down Sin. I find no Quality ſo eaſie to counterfeit as Devotion, provided they do not conform their Manners and Life to the Profeſſion: Its Eſſence is abſtruſe and occult, the apparences eaſie and majeſtick. For my own part, I may deſire in general to be other than I am; I may condemn and diſlike my whole frame, and beg of Almighty God for an entire Reformation, and that he will pleaſe to pardon my natural

Devotion eaſie to counterfeit.

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Infirmity: But I ought not to call this Repentance, methinks, no more than the being diſſatisfied that I am not an *Angel*, or *Cato*; my Actions are conformable to what I am, and to my Condition. I can do no better, and *Repentance* is not properly concern'd in things that are not in our power: Sorrow is. I imagine an infinite number of Souls more elevated and regular than mine; and yet I do not for all that, improve my Faculties no more than my Arm, or will go more ſtrong and vigorous for conceiving thoſe of another to be ſo. If to imagine and wiſh a nobler way of acting than that we have, ſhould produce a Repentance of our own, we muſt then repent us of our moſt innocent Actions, foraſmuch as we well ſuppoſe, that in a more excellent Nature they would have been carried on with greater Dignity and Perfection; and would that ours were ſo. When I reflect upon the Deportments of my Youth, with that of my old Age, I find that I have behaved my ſelf equally well in both, according to what I underſtand. This is all that my reſiſtance can do. I do not flatter my ſelf; in the ſame Circumſtance I ſhould do the ſame things. It is not a Spot, but rather an univerſal Tincture, with which I am imbued. I know no mean Ceremonies, and ſuperficial Repentance. It muſt ſting me all over before I can call it ſo, and that it prick my Bowels as deep and univerſally as *God* ſees into me. As to Employment, many good Opportunities have eſcap'd me for want of good Conduct; and yet my Deliberations

Repentance, whence produc'd.

rations were ſound enough, according to the occurrences preſented to me. 'Tis their way to chooſe always the eaſieſt and the ſafeſt courſe. I find that in my former Counſels, I have proceeded with Diſcretion according to my own rule, and according to the ſtate of the ſubject propos'd, and ſhould do the ſame a thouſand years hence in like Occaſions. I do not conſider what it is now, but what it was then, when I deliberated on it. The force of all Counſel conſiſts in the Time; Occaſions, and things eternally ſhift and change. I have in my Life committed ſome great and important Errors, not for want of good underſtanding, but for want of good Luck. There are ſecret, and not to be foreſeen parts in matters we have in handling, eſpecially in the nature of men; mute Conditions, that make no ſhow, unknown ſometimes even to the Profeſſors themſelves; that ſpring and ſtart up by accidental Occaſions. If my Prudence could not penetrate into, nor fore-ſee them, I blame it not: 'tis commiſſion'd no further than its own limits. If the event be too hard for me, and take the ſide I have refus'd, there is no Remedy, I do not blame my ſelf, I accuſe my Fortune, and not my own handy-work; this cannot be called Repentance. *Phocion*, having given the *Athenians* an Advice that was not follow'd, and the Affair nevertheleſs ſucceeding contrary to his Opinion, ſome one ſaid to him; *Well* Phocion, *art thou content that Matters go ſo well? I am very well pleas'd*, reply'd he, *that this has happened ſo well, but I do not repent that I counſell'd*

the

the other. When any of my Friends addreſs themſelves to me for Advice, I give it candidly and clearly, without ſticking, as almoſt all other men do, at the hazard of the thing, that it may fall out contrary to my Opinion, by which means I may be reproach'd for my Counſel; I am very indifferent as to that: For the Fault will be theirs in having conſulted me; and I could not refuſe them my beſt Advice. I, for my own part, can rarely blame any one but my ſelf, for my Overſights and Misfortunes. For indeed I ſeldom conſult the Advice of another, if not by Honour of Ceremony, or excepting where I ſtand in need of Information, as to matter of Fact. But in things wherein I ſtand in need of nothing but Judgment, other mens Reaſons may ſerve to fortifie my own, but have little power to diſſuade me. I hear them with Civility and Patience all; but to my knowledge, I never made uſe of any but my own. With me they are but Flies and Atoms, that confound and diſtract my Will. I lay no great ſtreſs upon my Opinions; but I lay as little upon thoſe of others, and Fortune rewards me accordingly. If I receive but little Advice, I alſo give but little; I ſeldom conſult others, and am ſeldom believ'd, and know no concern either publick or private, that has been mended or better'd by my Advice. Even they whom Fortune had in ſome ſort ty'd to my Direction, have more willingly ſuffer'd themſelves to be govern'd by any other Counſels than mine; and as a man who is as jealous of my repoſe as of my Authority,

thority, I am better pleas'd that it ſhould be ſo. In leaving me there, they humour what I profeſs, which is to ſettle and wholly contain my ſelf within my ſelf: I take a pleaſure in being unintereſſed from other mens Affairs, and diſengag'd from being their warranty, and reſponſible for what they do. In all Affairs, that are paſt, be it how it will, I have very little regret; for this Imagination puts me out of my pain, that they ought ſo to fall out: they are in the great revolution of the world, and in the Chain of Stoical Cauſes: Your Fancy cannot, by wiſh and Imagination, remove one tittle, but that the great currant of things will reverſe both the paſt and the future. As to the reſt, I abominate that accidental Repentance which old Age brings along with it: and he, who ſaid of old, that he was oblig'd to his Age for having wean'd him from Pleaſure, was of another Opinion than I am; I can never think my ſelf beholding to Impotency for any good it can ever do me. *Nec tam averſa unquam videbitur ab opere ſuo Providentia, ut debilitas inter optima inventa ſit. Nor can Providence ever be ſeen ſo averſe to her own Work, that debility ſhould be ranck'd amongſt the beſt things.* Our appetites are rare in old Age; a profound Saciety ſeize us after the Act; I ſee nothing of Conſcience in this, heavineſs and weakneſs imprint in us a drowſie and rheumatick Virtue. We muſt not ſuffer our ſelves to be ſo wholly carried away by natural alterations, as to ſuffer our Judgments to be impos'd upon by them. Youth and Pleaſure have not formerly

formerly ſo far prevail'd upon me, that I did not well enough diſcern the face of Vice in Pleaſure, neither does the nauſity that years have brought me, ſo far prevail with me now, that I cannot diſcern Pleaſure in Vice. Now that I am no more in my flouriſhing Age, I judge as well of theſe things as if I was. I, who narrowly and ſtrictly examine it, find my Reaſon the very ſame it was in my moſt licentious age, if not perhaps a little weaker, and more decay'd by being grown old; and I find that the Pleaſure it refuſes me upon the account of my bodily Health, it would no more refuſe it now in Conſideration of the health of my Soul than at any time heretofore. I do not repute it more valiant for being out of Combate. My temptations are ſo broken and mortified, that they are not worth its Oppoſitions, holding but out my hands I repell them. Should one preſent the old Concupiſcence before it, I fear it would have leſs power to reſiſt it than heretofore. I do not diſcern that in it ſelf it judges any thing otherwiſe now, than it formerly did, nor that it has acquir'd any new light. Wherefore, if there be convaleſcence, 'tis an inchanted one. Miſerable kind of Remedy to owe a mans Health to his Diſeaſe. 'Tis not for our misfortune to perform this Office, but for the good fortune of our Judgment. I am not to be made to do any thing by Perſecutions and Afflictions, but curſe them. That is for People that are not to be rous'd but by a Whip; my Reaſon is much more active in proſperity, and much more diſtracted,

ed, and put to't to digeſt Pains than Pleaſure: I ſee beſt in a clear Sky. Health does pre-moniſh me, as more chearfully, ſo to better purpoſe than Sickneſs. I did all that in me lay to reform and regulate my ſelf from Plea-ſures at all times, when I had Health and Vi-gour to enjoy them. I ſhould be troubled and aſhamed, that the miſery and misfortune of my Age, ſhould be preferr'd before my good, healthful, ſpiritely, and vigorous Years; and that men ſhould eſteem me, not for what I have been, but by that miſerable part of my ſelf, where I have as it were ceas'd to be. In my Opinion 'tis the happy Living, and not (as ſaid *Antiſthenes*) the happy Dying, in which humane Felicity conſiſts. I have not made it my Buſineſs to make a monſtrous ad-dition of a Philoſophers Tail to the Head and Body of a Libertine: nor would I have this wretched remainder give the lye to the plea-ſant, ſound, and long part of my Life. I will preſent my ſelf uniformly throughout. Were I to live my life over again, I ſhould live it juſt as I have done. I neither complain of the paſt, nor do I fear the future; and if I am not much deceiv'd, I am the ſame within that I am without. 'Tis one main Obligation I have to Fortune, that the Succeſſion of my bodily Eſtate has been carried on according to the natural Seaſons; I have ſeen the Graſs, the Bloſoms, and the Fruit, and now ſee the Tree wither'd: happily however, becauſe natural-ly. I bear the Infirmities I have the better, becauſe they came not till I had Reaſon to

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expect them; and becauſe alſo they make me with greater Pleaſure remember that long Felicity of my paſt Life. My Wiſdom peradventure may have been the ſame in both Ages; but it was more Active, and of better Grace whilſt young and ſpritely, than now it is when broken, peeviſh, and uneaſie. I renounce then theſe caſual and painful Reformations, God muſt touch our Hearts, and our Conſciences muſt amend of themſelves, by the force of our Reaſon, and not by the decay of our Appetites. Pleaſure is in it ſelf neither pale nor diſcoloured, to be diſcern'd by him and decay'd Eyes. We ought to love Temperance for its ſelf, and becauſe God has commanded that and Chaſtity; but what we are reduc'd to by Catarrhs, and that I am oblig'd to the Stone for, is neither Chaſtity nor Temperance. A man cannot boaſt that he deſpiſes and reſiſts Pleaſure, if he cannot ſee it; if he knows not what it is, cannot diſcern its graces, forces, and moſt alluring Beauties; I know both the one and the other, and may therefore the better ſay it; but methinks, our Souls in old Age are ſubject to more troubleſome maladies and imperfections than in Youth. I ſaid the ſame when young, and that I was reproach'd with the want of a Beard, and I ſay ſo now that my gray Hairs give me ſome Authority; we call the difficulty of our Humours, and the diſreliſh of preſent things, Wiſdom, but in truth we do not ſo much forſake Vices as we change them, and in my opinion, for worſe. Beſides, a fooliſh and feeble Pride, and impertinent Prating, froward

froward and unsociable Humours, Superstition and a ridiculous desire of Riches when we have lost the Use; I find more Envy, Injustice and Malice. Age imprints more wrinkles in the Mind, than it does in the Face, and Souls are never, or very rarely seen, that in growing old do not smell sour and musty. Man moves all together, both towards his perfection and decay. In observing the Wisdom of *Socrates* and many Circumstances of his Condemnation I should dare to believe, that he in some sort himself purposely by collusion contributed to it, seeing that at the Age of seventy Years, he suffered the lofty motions of his Wit to be so crampt, and his wonted lustre to be so obscur'd. What strange Metamorphoses do I see Age every day make in many of my acquaintance! 'Tis a potent Malady, and that naturally and imperceptibly steals into us, and vast provision of study, and great precaution are requir'd to evade the imperfections it loads us with, or at least, to obstruct their progress. I find, that notwithstanding all my retrenchments, it gets foot by foot upon me; I make the best resistance I can, but I do not know to what at last it will reduce me; but fall out what will, I am content the World may know when I am fall'n, from whence I fell.

CHAP

CHAP. III.

Of three Commerces.

WE muſt not rivet our ſelves ſo faſt to theſe Humours and Complexions. Our chiefeſt ſufficiency is to know how to apply our ſelves to divers Employments. 'Tis to be, but not to live, to keep a Man's ſelf tied and bound by neceſſity to one only courſe. Thoſe are the braveſt Souls that have in them the moſt variety, and that are moſt flexible and pliant; of which here is an honourable Teſtimony of the elder *Cato*: *Huic verſatile ingenium ſic pariter ad omnia fuit, ut natum ad id unum diceres, quodcumque ageret.* *This Man's Parts were ſo convertible to all Uſes, that a Man would think he were born only for whatever he did.* Might I have the liberty to dreſs my ſelf after my own *Mode*, there is no ſo graceful faſhion to which I would be ſo fixt, as not to be able to diſengage my ſelf from it. Life is an unequal, irregular, and multiform Motion. 'Tis not to be a Friend to a Man's ſelf, much leſs a Maſter; 'tis not to be a Slave ſo inceſſantly, to be ſo led by the noſe by ones own Inclinations, that a Man cannot turn aſide nor writhe his neck out of the collar. I ſpeak it now in this part of my Life, wherein I find I cannot diſengage my ſelf from the importunity of my Soul, by reaſon that it cannot commonly amuſe it ſelf, but on things wherein it is perplex'd,

Livius, l. 34.

That our Inclinations are not always to be follow'd.

nor employ it ſelf but entirely, and with all its force. Upon the lighteſt Subject can be offer'd, it makes it infinitely greater, and ſtretches it to that degree, as therein to employ its utmoſt power, wheerfore its Idleneſs is to me a very painful Labour, and very prejudicial to my Health. Moſt Men's Minds require foreign matter to exerciſe and enliven them; mine has rather need to ſit ſtill and repoſe it ſelf; *Vitia otii negotio diſcutienda ſunt. The Vices of Sloth are to be ſhak'd off by Buſineſs*; for its chiefeſt and moſt painful ſtudy, is to ſtudy it ſelf. Books are to it a ſort of Employment that debauches it from its ſtudy. Upon the firſt Thoughts that poſſeſs it, it begins to buſtle and make trial of a Vigour in all Senſes, exerciſes its power of handling, ſometimes making trial of its force, and then fortifying, moderating and ranging it ſelf by the way of Grace and Order. It has of its own wherewith to rouze its Faculties: Nature has given to it, as to all others, matter enough of its own to make advantage of, and Subjects proper enough, where it may either invent or judge. Meditation is a powerful and full ſtudy to ſuch as can effectually employ themſelves. I had rather forge my Soul than furniſh it. There is no Employment, either more weak or more ſtrong, than that of entertaining a Man's own Thoughts, according as the Soul is. The greateſt Men make it their whole Buſineſs, *Quibus vivere eſt cogitare. To whom to live is to think.* *Nature* has alſo favour'd it with this Privilege, that there is nothing we can do ſo long, nor any Action

Senec. Epiſt. 56.

Cice. Tuſc. l. 5.

to which we more frequently, and with greater facility addict our ſelves. 'Tis the Buſineſs of the *Gods*, ſays *Ariſtotle*, and from whence both their Beatitude and ours proceed. The principal uſe of Reading to me, is, that by various Objects it rouzes my Reaſon, and employs my Judgment, not my Memory. Few Entertainments then detain me without force and violence; it is true, that the Beauty and Neatneſs of a Work take as much or more with with me, than the Weight and Depth of the Subject; and foraſmuch as I ſlumber in all other Communication, and give but a negligent attention, it often falls out, that in ſuch mean and pitiful Diſcourſes, I either make ſtrange and ridiculous Anſwers unbecoming a Child, or more indiſcreetly and rudely maintain an obſtinate Silence. I have a melancholick and penſive way, that withdraws me into my ſelf, and to that a ſtupid and childiſh Ignorance of many very ordinary things, by which two Qualities I have obtain'd, that Men may truly report five or ſix as ridiculous Tales of me, as of any other whatever. But to proceed in my Subject; this difficult Complexion of mine, renders me very nice in my Converſation with Men, whom I muſt cull and pick out for my purpoſe, and unfit for common Society. We live and negotiate with the People; if their Converſation be troubleſome to us, if we diſdain to apply our ſelves to mean and vulgar ſouls, (and the mean and vulgar are oft as regular, as thoſe of the fineſt Thread; and all Wiſdom is Folly, that does not accommodate it

ſelf to the common Ignorance) we muſt no more intermeddle either with other Men's affair or our own; and all Buſineſs both publick and private, muſt be manag'd apart from the Po pular. The leſs forc'd, and moſt natural moti ons of the Soul, are the moſt beautiful; the be Employments, thoſe that are leaſt conſtrain'd Good God! how good an Office does *Wiſdo* to thoſe whoſe Deſires it limits to their Power That is the moſt happy Knowledge. *Wha a Man can*, was the Sentence *Socrates* was much in love withal, a *Motto* of great ſu ſtance; we moderate and adapt our Deſir to the neareſt and eaſieſt to be acquir'd thing Is it not a fooliſh Humour of mine, to ſep rate my ſelf from a thouſand to whom Fortune has conjoin'd me, and without who I cannot live, to cleave to one or two that out of my Commerce, or rather a fantaſti deſire of a thing I cannot obtain? My gen and eaſie Manners, enemies of all fourneſs Converſation, may eaſily enough have ſecu me from the Envy and Animoſities of Me I do not ſay ſo as to be belov'd, but never a Man gave leſs occaſions of being hated; but coldneſs of my Converſation, has reaſonab depriv'd me of the Good-will of many, w are to be excus'd, if they interpret it in anot and worſe ſence. I am beſt at contracti and maintain rare and exquiſite Friendſhi for by reaſon that I ſo greedily ſeize upon ſ Acquaintance as fits my liking, I throw ſelf with ſuch violence upon them, that I ha ly fail to ſtick, and oft make an Impreſ

wh

where I hit, as I have often made happy proof. I am in ſome ſort cold and ſhy, for my motion is not natural, if not with full ſail: Beſides, my Fortune having train'd me up from my Youth in, and given me a reliſh of one ſole and perfect Friendſhip, it has in truth given me a kind of naufity to meaner Converſations, and too much imprinted in my Fanſie, that they are Beaſts of *Company*, as the Ancient ſaid, but not of the *Herd*. And alſo I have a natural difficulty of communicating my ſelf by halves, and that Reſervation, ſervile, and jealous Prudence requir'd in the Converſation of numerous and imperfect Friendſhips. And we are principally enjoin'd to theſe in this Age of ours, when we cannot talk of the World, but either with danger or falſhood. Yet do I very well diſcern, that he who has the Conveniencies (I mean the eſſential Conveniencies) of Life for his End, as I have, ought to fly theſe Difficulties and Delicacy of Humour, as much as the Plague. I ſhould commend a Soul of ſeveral Stories, that knows both how to bend and to ſlacken it ſelf; that finds it ſelf at eaſe in all Conditions of Fortune, that can diſcourſe with a Neighbour, of his Building, Hunting, or any little Contention betwixt him and another; that can chat with a Carpenter or a Gardener with Pleaſure. I envy thoſe who can render themſelves familiar with the meaneſt of their Followers, and divert themſelves with their own Attendants; and diſlike the Advice of *Plato*, That Men ſhould always ſpeak in a Magiſte-

Magiſterial Language to Servants reprov'd.

rial Tone to their Servants, whether Men or Women, without being ſometimes facetious and familiar. For beſides my Reaſon, 'tis inhumane and unjuſt, to ſet ſo great a value upon this pitiful Prerogative of Fortune; and the Governments, wherein leſs diſparity is permitted betwixt Maſters and Servants, ſeem to me the moſt equitable. Others ſtudy how to raiſe and elevate their Minds, I, how to humble mine, and to bring it low; 'tis only vicious in extenſion.

Hor. lib. 3. Ode 19.

Narras, & genus Æaci
Et pugnata ſacro bella ſub Ilio;
Quo Chium pretio cadum
Mercemur, quis aquam temperet ignibus,
Quo præbente domum, & quota
Peligni careamfrigoribus, taces.

Paraphras'd by *T. F.*

Thou por'ſt on *Helvicus*, and ſtudieſt in vain,
How many years paſt betwixt King and King
Reign;
To make an old Woman even twitter for Joy
At an eighty eight ſtory, or the ſcuffle at *Troy*
But where the good Wine, and beſt Fire is,
When the cruel *North-Wind* does blow,
And the Trees do penance in Snow;
Where the Poets delight and deſire is, (Brain
Thou pitiful Book-worm ne'er troubleſt thy

Thus, as the *Lacedæmonian* Valour ſtood in need of Moderation, and of the ſweet and harmonious ſound of Flutes to ſoften them in Battel, leſt they ſhould precipitate themſelves into

into Temerity and Fury; whereas all other Nations commonly make uſe of harſh and ſhrill ſounds, and of loud and imperious Voices, to incite and heat the Souldier's Courage to the laſt degree: So, methinks, that contrary to the uſual Method, in the practice of our Minds, we have for the moſt part more need of Lead, than Wings of Temperance; and Compoſedneſs, than Ardour and Agitation. But above all things, 'tis in my Opinion, egregiouſly to play the Fool, to put on the Gravity of a Man of Underſtanding amongſt thoſe that know nothing: And, to ſpeak in print, *favellar in punta di forchetta*: You muſt let your ſelf down to thoſe with whom you converſe; and ſometimes affect Ignorance: Lay aſide conſtraint and ſubtilty, 'tis enough in common Converſation to preſerve Decency and Order; as to the reſt, flag as low as the Earth, if they deſire it. The learned oft ſtumble at this Stone; they will be always ſhewing their utmoſt Skill, and ſtrow their Writings all over with the Flowers of their Eloquence: They have in theſe days ſo fill'd the Cabinets and Ears of the Ladies with it, that if they have loſt the Subſtance, they at leaſt retain the Words: So as in all Diſcourſe upon all ſorts of Subjects, how mean and common ſoever, they ſpeak and write after a new and learned way:

Hoc ſermone pavent, hoc iram, gaudia, curas,
Hoc cuncta effundunt animi ſecreta, quid ultra?
Concumbunt docti. *Juven. Stat. 6.*

In the ſame Language they expreſs their *Fears*,
Their *Anger*, & their *Joys*, their *Griefs* and *Cares*,
And all their *Secrets* do pour out; What more?
In the ſame learned Phraſe they play the *Whore*.

And quote *Plato* and *Aquinas* in things the
firſt they meet could determine as well. The
Learning that cannot penetrate their Souls
hangs ſtill upon the Tongue. If thoſe of Qua-
lity will be perſuaded by me, they ſhall con-
tent themſelves with ſetting out their prope
and natural Treaſures; they conceal and cove
their Beauties under others that are none o
theirs: 'Tis a great folly to put out their own
Light, to ſhine by a borrow'd luſtre: They
are interr'd and buried under the Article *Ca-
ſula totæ*. It is becauſe they do not ſufficien-
ly know, that the World has nothing faire
than themſelves, 'tis for them to honour th
Arts, and to paint Painting. What need hav
they of any thing, but to live beloved an
honour'd? They have, and know but too
much for this. They need do no more, bu
rouze and heat a little the Faculties they hav
of their own. When I ſee them tamperin
with *Rhetorick*, *Law*, *Logick*, and the like
ſo improper and unneceſſary for their Buſi-
neſs, I begin to ſuſpect, that the Men who in-
ſpire them with ſuch things, do it that they
may govern them upon that account. For
what other excuſe can I contrive? It is enough
that they can, without our Inſtruction, govern
the Graces of their Eyes to Gayety, Severity
and

and Sweetneſs, and ſeaſon a denial either with Anger, Suſpence, or Favour, and that they need not another to interpret what we ſpeak for their Service. With this Knowledge they command with the Switch, and rule both the *Regents* and the Schools. But if nevertheleſs they think much to give place to us in any thing whatever, and will out of Curioſity have their ſhare in Books; Poetry is a Diverſion proper for them, 'tis a wanton and ſubtle, a diſſembling and prating *Art*, all Pleaſure, and all ſhew like themſelves. They may alſo extract ſeveral Conveniences from Hiſtory. In *Philoſophy*, out of the moral part of it, they may ſelect ſuch inſtructions as will teach them to judge of our Humors and Conditions, to defend themſelves from our Treacheries, to regulate the ardour of their own Deſires, to manage their Liberty, lengthen the Pleaſure of Life, and mildly to bear the inconſtancy of a Servant, the rudeneſs of a Husband, and the importunity of Years, Wrinckles, and the like. This is the utmoſt of what I would allow them in the Sciences. There are ſome particular Natures that are private and retir'd: my natural way is proper for communication, and apt to lay me open; I am all without, and in ſight, born for Society and Friendſhip: the ſolitude that I love my ſelf, and recommend to others, is chiefly no other, than to withdraw my Thoughts and Affections into my ſelf; to reſtrain and check, not my ſteps, but my own Cares and Deſires; reſigning all foreign Solitude, and mortally avoiding Servitude

Poeſie allowed to Women.

What kind of Philoſophy is proper for Women.

tude and Obligations; and not ſo much the crowd of Men, as the Crowd of buſineſs. Local Solitude, to ſay the truth, does rather give me more room, and ſet me more at large; I more willingly throw my ſelf upon Affairs of State, and the World, when I am alone. At the *Louvre*, and in the buſtle of the *Court*, I fold my ſelf within my own Skin. The crowd thruſts me upon my ſelf. And I never entertain my ſelf ſo wantonly, ſo licentiouſly, nor ſo particularly, as in places of reſpect, and ceremonious Prudence: Our Follies do not make men laugh, but our Wiſdom. I am naturally no Enemy to a Court Life, I have therein paſt a good part of my own, and am of an humour to be cheerful in great Companies, provided it may be by intervals, and at my own time: But this ſoftneſs of Judgment whereof I ſpeak, ties me by force to ſolitude, even in my own Houſe, in the middle of a numerous Family, and a Houſe ſufficiently frequented. I ſee People enow, but rarely ſuch with whom I delight to converſe. And I there reſerve both for my ſelf and others an unuſual Liberty: There is in my Houſe no ſuch thing as Ceremonies, uſhering or waiting upon them down to the Coach, and ſuch other troubleſome Ceremonies as our courteſie joyns, (O ſervile and importunate cuſtom!) every one there governs himſelf according to his own Method; let who will ſpeak his Thoughts, I ſit mute, meditating and ſhut up in my Cloſet, without any offence to my Gueſts. The men, whoſe Society and Familiarity I covet, are thoſe they

call

call ſincere and ingenious men, and the Image of theſe make me diſreliſh the reſt. It is, if rightly taken, the rareſt of our Forms, and a Form that we chiefly owe to *Nature*. The end of this Commerce is ſimply Privacy, Frequentation and Conference, the exerciſe of Souls, without other Fruit. In our Diſcourſe all Subjects are alike to me; let there be neither weight, not depth, 'tis all one, there is yet Grace and Pertinency, all there is tincted with a mature and conſtant Judgment, and mixt with Bounty, Freedom, Gayety and Friendſhip. 'Tis not only in talking of the Affairs of *Kings* and *State*, that our Wits diſcover their force and Beauty, but every wit as much in private Conferences. I underſtand my People even by their ſilence and Smiles; and better diſcover them perhaps at *Table*, than in the *Council*. *Hippomacus* ſaid very well, *that he could know the good Wreſtlers, by only ſeeing them walk in the Street*. If Learning will pleaſe to ſtep into our talk, it ſhall not be rejected, not magiſterial, imperious, and importunate, as it commonly is, but ſuffragan and docile in it ſelf. We there only ſeek to divert ourſelves, and to paſs away our time; when we have a mind to be inſtructed and preach'd to, we will go ſeek it in its Throne. Let it debaſe it ſelf to us for once, if it ſo pleaſe; for uſeful and profitable as it is, I preſuppoſe that even in the greateſt need, we may do well enough without it, and do our Buſineſs without its Aſſiſtance. A well deſcended Soul, and practis'd in the Converſation of men, will of her

her ſelf, render her ſelf agreeable to all. Art is nothing but the counter-part and regiſter of what ſuch Souls produce. The Converſation alſo of beautiful and well bred Women, is alſo for me a moſt ſweet commerce: *nam nos quoque Oculos eruditos habemus.* If the Soul has not therein ſo much to enjoy, as in the firſt, the bodily Senſes, which alſo participate more of this, bring it to a proportion near to, though, in my opinion, not equal to the other. But 'tis a Commerce wherein a man muſt ſtand a little upon his Guard, eſpecially thoſe of a vigorus Conſtitution, as I am. *The burnt Child dreads the fire.* I there ſcalded my ſelf in my Youth, and ſuffered all the Torments that *Poets* ſay are to befall all who precipitate themſelves into Love without Order and Judgment. It is true, that whipping has made me wiſer ſince.

Cicero.

Ovid. Triſt. l. 1. El. 1.

Quicumque Argolica de claſſe Caphareа fugit,
Semper ab Euboicis vela retorquet aquis.

O'th' *Græcian* Fleet, who would *Caphareus* flee
Muſt always ſteer from the *Euboick* Sea.

'Tis folly to fix all a man's Thoughts upon it, and madneſs to engage in it with a furious and indiſcreet Affection; but on the other ſide, to engage there without Love and without Inclination, like *Comedians*, to play a common part, without putting any thing to it of his own but Words, is indeed to provide for his ſafety; but withall, after as ſcandalous a manner, as he who

who ſhould abandon his Honour, Profit, or Pleaſure, for fear of danger; for it is moſt certain that from ſuch a Practice, they who ſet it on foot can expect no Fruit that can pleaſe or ſatisfie a noble Soul. A man muſt of neceſſity have in good earneſt deſir'd that which he in good earneſt expects to have a pleaſure in enjoying; I ſay, though Fortune ſhould unjuſtly favour their Diſſimulation, which oft falls out, becauſe there is none of the Sex, let her be as ugly as the *Devil*, who does not think her ſelf well worthy to be belov'd, and that does not preferr her ſelf before other Women, either for her Youth, the colour of her Hair, or her graceful Motion, (for generally there are no more foul than fair;) and the *Brachman* Virgins, who have no other Beauty to recommend them, the People being aſſembled by the common Crier to that effect, come out into the Market place to expoſe their matrimonial Parts to publick view, to try if thoſe at leaſt were not of temptation ſufficient to get them Husbands. Conſequently, there is not one who does not eaſily ſuffer her ſelf to be overcome by the firſt Vow that is made to ſerve her. Now from this ordinary treachery of men, that muſt fall out which we already experimentally ſee, either that they rally together, and ſeparate themſelves by themſelves to evade us, or elſe form their Diſcipline by the Example we give them, play their Parts of the Farce as we do ours, and give themſelves up to the ſport, without Paſſion, Care, or Love: *Neque affectui*

Sui ſuo aut alieno obnoxiæ: believing, according to the perſuaſion of *Lyſias* in *Plato*, that they may with more Utility and Convenience ſurrender themſelves up to us the leſs we love them. Where it will fall out, as in *Comedies*, that the People will have as much Pleaſure or more than the *Comedians*. For my part, I no more acknowledge a *Venus* without a *Cupid*, than a *Mother* without *Iſſue*: They are things that mutually lend, and own their Eſſence to one another; ſo this Cheat rebounds back upon him who is guilty of it, it does not coſt him much indeed, but he alſo gets little or nothing by it. They who have made *Venus* a *Goddeſs*, have taken notice that her principal Beauty was incorporeal and ſpiritual. But the *Venus* which theſe People hunt after, is not ſo much as humane, nor indeed brutal; the very Beaſts will not accept it ſo groſs and ſo earthly. We ſee that Imagination and Deſire oft heats and incites them before the Body does; we ſee in both the one Sex and the other, they have in the *herd* choice and particular election in their Affections, and that they have amongſt themſelves a long Commerce of old good Will. Even thoſe to whom old Age denies the practice of their deſire, do yet tremble, neigh, and twitter for Love. We ſee them before the Act full of hope and ardour, and when the Body has play'd its Game, yet pleaſe themſelves with the ſweet remembrance of the Pleaſure paſt; ſome that ſwell with Pride after they have perform'd, and others, who tir'd and ſated, do yet by Vociferation expreſs a triumphing Joy. Who has nothing

nothing to do but only to diſcharge his Body of a natural neceſſity, need not to trouble others with ſo curious Preparations. It is not Meat for a groſs and boyſterous Appetite. As one who does not deſire that men ſhould think me better than I am, I will here freely diſcover the Errors of my Youth, not only for the danger of impairing my Health, (and yet I could not be ſo careful, but that I had two light Miſchances) but moreover upon the account of Contempt, I have ſeldom given my ſelf up to common and mercenary Embraces. I would heighten the Pleaſure by the Difficulty, by Deſire, and a certain kind of Glory; and was clearly of *Tiberius*'s mind, who in his *Amours* was as much taken with Modeſty and Birth as any other Quality; and of the Courteſan *Flora*'s Humour, who never proſtituted her ſelf to leſs than a *Dictator*, a *Conſul*, or a *Cenſor*, and ſolac'd her ſelf in the dignity of her Lovers; doubtleſs Pearl and Tiſſue, Titles and Attendance, add ſomething to it. As to the reſt, I had a great eſteem for Wit, provided the Perſon was without exception; for, to confeſs the truth, if the one or the other of theſe two Perfections muſt of neceſſity be wanting, I ſhould rather have quitted that of the Underſtanding, that has its Uſe in better things; but in the ſubject of Love, a Subject principally relating to the Senſes of Seeing and Touching, ſomething may be done without the Graces of the Mind, without the Graces of the Body nothing. Beauty is the true prerogative of Women, and ſo peculiarly their own, that ours, though

Modeſt and noble Amours of *Tiberius*. Thoſe of *Flora*.

though naturally requiring another ſort o
Feature, is never in its luſtre, but when pue
rile and beardleſs, confus'd and mixt with theirs.
'Tis ſaid, that ſuch as are preferr'd to the *Gran*
Signior upon the account of Beauty, which are
an infinite number, are at the fartheſt diſmiſs'd
at two and twenty years of Age. Reaſon,
Prudence, and Offices of Friendſhip are better
found amongſt men, and therefore it is, that
they govern the Affairs of the World. Theſe
two Commerces are fortuitous, and depend-
ing upon others; the one is troubleſome by
its rarity, the other wither with Age, ſo that
they could never have been ſufficient for the
Buſineſs of my Life. That of Books, which is
the third, is much more certain, and much
more our own. It yields all other Advantages
to the other two; but has the Conſtancy and
Facility of its Service for its own ſhare: It
goes ſide by ſide with me in my whole Courſe,
and every where is aſſiſting to me: it comforts
me in my Age and Solitude; it eaſes me of a
troubleſome weight of idleneſs, and delivers
me at all hours from Company that I diſlike:
and it blunts the point of Griefs, if they are
not extream, and have not got an entire Poſ-
ſeſſion of my Soul. To divert my ſelf from a
troubleſome Fancy, 'tis but to run to my
Books, they preſently fix me to them, and
drive the other out of my Thoughts; and do
not mutiny to ſee that I have only recourſe
to them for want of other more real, natural,
and lively Conveniences; they always receive
me with the ſame Kindneſs. *He may well go a*
foot

foot, they ſay, *who leads his Horſe in his Hand.* And our *James*, King of *Naples* and *Sicily*, who, handſome, young, and healthful, caus'd himſelf to be carried up and down on a Barrow, extended upon a pittiful Mattrice in a poor Robe of gray Cloth, and a Cap of the ſame; but attended withall with a Royal Train of *Littors*, *led Horſes* of all ſorts, Gentlemen and Officers, did yet herein repreſent a tender and unſteady auſterity. The ſick man is not to be lamented, who has his cure in his ſleeve. In the experience and practice of this Sentence, which is a very true one, all the benefit I reap from Books conſiſts; and yet I make as little uſe of it almoſt as thoſe that know it not: I enjoy it as a *Miſer* does his money, in knowing that I may enjoy it when I pleaſe: my mind is ſatisfied with this *right* of poſſeſſion. I never travel without Books, either in Peace or War; and yet ſometimes I paſs over ſeveral days, and ſometimes months, without looking on them: I will read by and by, ſay I to my ſelf, or to morrow, or when I pleaſe, and in the interim Time ſteals away without any inconvenience. For it is not to be imagin'd to what degree I pleaſe my ſelf, and reſt content in this conſideration, that I have them by me, to divert my ſelf with them when I am ſo diſpos'd, and to call to mind what an eaſe and refreſhment they are to my Life. 'Tis the beſt *Viaticum* I have yet found out for this humane journey, and very much lament thoſe men of underſtanding who are unprovided of them. And yet I the rather accept of any other ſort

of diversion, how light soever, because this can never fail me. When at home, I a little more frequent my Library, from whence I at once survey all the whole concerns of my Family: 'Tis situated at the entrance into my House, and I thence under me see my Garden, Court, and base-Court, and into all the parts of the building. There I turn over now one Book, and then another, of various Subjects, without method or design: one while I meditate, another I record, and dictate as I walk to and fro, such whimsies as these I present you here. 'Tis in the third story of a Tower, of which the Ground-room is my Chappel, the second story an Apartment with a withdrawing Room and Closet, where I often lie to be more retir'd. Above it is a great Wardrobe, which formerly was the most useless part of the House. I there pass away both the most of the days of my Life and most of the hours of those days. In the Night I am never there. There is within it a Cabinet handsome and neat enough, with a Fire place very commodiously contriv'd, and Light very finely fitted. And was I not more afraid of the Trouble than the Expence, the Trouble that frights me from all Business, I could very easily adjoyn on either side, and on the same Floor, a Gallery of an hundred paces long, and twelve broad, having found Walls already rais'd for some other design, to the requisite height. Every place of retirement requires a walk. My Thoughts sleep if I sit still; my Fancy does not go by it self, as when my Legs mo-

it: and all thoſe who ſtudy without a Book are in the ſame Condition. The figure of my Study is round, and has no more flat Wall than what is taken up by my Table and my Chair; ſo that the remaining parts of the Circle preſent me a view of all my Books at once, ſet up upon five degrees of Shelves round about me. It has three noble and free Proſpects, and is ſixteen paces diameter. I am not ſo continually there in Winter; for my Houſe is built upon an Eminence, as its Name imports, and no part of it is ſo much expos'd to the Wind and Weather as that, which pleaſes me the better: for being of a painful acceſs, and a little remote, as well upon the account of Exerciſe, as being alſo there more retir'd from the Crowd. 'Tis there that I am in my Kingdom, as we ſay, and there I endeavour to make my ſelf an abſolute *Monarch*, and to ſequeſter this one Corner from all Society both Conjugal, Filial, and Civil. Elſewhere I have but verbal Authority only, and of a confus'd Eſſence. That man in my Opinion is very miſerable, who has not at home where to be by himſelf, where to entertain himſelf alone, or to conceal himſelf from others. Ambition ſufficiently plagues her Proſelytes, by keeping themſelves always in ſhew, like the Statue of a publick Place. *Magna Servitus eſt magna Fortuna. A great Fortune is a great Slavery.* They have not ſo much as a Retirement for the Neceſſities of Nature. I have thought nothing ſo ſevere in the Auſterity of Life that our Church-men affect, as what I have obſerv'd in

Seneca de Conſol. ad Polyb. c. 26.

ſome of their Societies; namely, to have a perpetual Society of place by Rule, and numerous Aſſiſtants amongſt them in every Action whatever; and think it much more ſupportable to be always alone, than never to be ſo. If any one ſhall tell me, that it is to undervalue the *Muſes*, to make uſe of them only for ſport, and to paſs away the time; I ſhall tell him, that he does not know the value of Sports and Pleaſure ſo well as I; if I forbear to add further, that all other end is ridiculous. I live from Hand to Mouth, and, with reverence be it ſpoken, I only live for my ſelf; to that all my Deſigns do tend, and in that terminate. I ſtudied when young for Oſtentation; ſince, to make my ſelf a little wiſer; and now for my Diverſion, but never for any Profit. A vain and prodigal Humour I had after this ſort of Furniture, not only for the ſupplying my own need and defects, but moreover for Ornament and outward ſhow, I have ſince quite bereav'd my ſelf of. Books have many charming Qualities to ſuch as know how to chooſe them. But every Good has its Ill; 'tis a Pleaſure that is not pure and clean, no more than others: it has its Inconveniences and great ones too. The Mind indeed is exerciſed by it, but the Body, the care of which I muſt withal never neglect, remains in the mean time without Action, grows heavy and ſtupid. I know no exceſs more prejudicial to me, nor more to be avoided in this my declining Age. Theſe are my three beſt

ved, and particular Occupations; I ſpeak not of thoſe I owe to the World by Civil Obligations.

CHAP. IV.

Of Diverſion.

What Womens mourning commonly are.

I Was once employ'd to conſolate a Lady truly afflicted; moſt of their Mournings are put on, and for outward Ceremony.

Uberibus ſemper Lacrymis, ſemperque paratis,
In ſtatione ſua, atque expectantibus illam
Quo jubeat manare modo. *Juven. Sat. 6.*

They always have a damm for preſent uſe,
Ready, and waiting when they draw the Sluce,
On leaſt pretences of Joys, Griefs, or Fears,
To ſally out in falſe diſſembling Tears.

A Man goes the wrong way to work when he oppoſes this Paſſion: for Oppoſition does but irritate and make them more obſtinate in Sorrow, and the Evil is exaſperated by being contended with. We ſee in common Diſcourſe, that what I have negligently let fall from me, if a man takes hold of it, ſo as to controvert what I have ſaid, I juſtifie it with the beſt Arguments I have; and much more a thing wherein I had a real Intereſt. And beſides, in

ſo doing, you enter rudely upon your Operation; whereas the firſt Addreſſes of a *Phyſician* to his Patient ſhould be gracious, gay, and pleaſing. Never did any ill-look'd, moroſe *Phyſician* do any thing to purpoſe. On the contrary, then a Man ſhould at the firſt approaches favour their Grief, and expreſs ſome Approbation of their Sorrow: By this intelligence you obtain Credit to proceed further, and after a facile and inſenſible manner fall into Diſcourſes more ſolid and proper for their Cure. I, whoſe aim it was principally to gull the Aſſiſtants who had their Eyes fix'd upon me, deſign'd only to palliate the Diſeaſe. And indeed I have found by Experience, that I have an unlucky hand in perſuading. My Arguments are either too ſharp, or too flat, and rather preſs too roughly, or not home enough. After I had ſome time apply'd my ſelf to her Grief, I did not attempt to cure her by ſtrong and lively Reaſons, either becauſe I wanted them, or becauſe I thought to do my buſineſs better another way; neither did I inſiſt upon a choice of any of thoſe methods of Conſolation which *Philoſophy* preſcribes; *That what we complain of is no Evil*, according to *Cleanthes*; *that it is a light Evil*, according to the *Peripateticks*; *that to bemoan ones ſelf is an Action neither commendable nor juſt*, according to *Chryſippus*; nor this of *Epicurus*, more ſuitable to my way, *of ſhifting the thoughts from afflicting things to thoſe that are pleaſing*; nor making a Bundle of all theſe together, to make uſe of upon occaſion ac-

How Conſolation ought to be practiſed.

according to *Cicero*; but gently bending my Diſcourſe, and by little and little digreſſing, ſometimes to Subjects nearer, and ſometimes more remote from the purpoſe; ſhe was more intent to what I ſaid, I inſenſibly depriv'd her of her Sorrow, and kept her calm and in good Humour whilſt I continued there. I herein made uſe of *Diverſion*. They who ſucceeded me in the ſame Service, did not for all that find any amendment in her, for I had not gone to the root. I peradventure may elſewhere have glanc'd upon ſome ſort of publick diverſions. And the practice of Military ones, which *Pericles* made uſe of in the *Peloponneſian* War, with a thouſand others in other places to withdraw the adverſe Forces from their own Countries, is too frequent in *Hiſtory*. It was an ingenious evaſion whereby the *Sieur d' Himbercourt* ſav'd both himſelf and others in the City of *Liege*, into which the Duke of *Burgundy*, who kept it beſieg'd, had made him enter, to execute the Articles of their promis'd Surrender. Theſe People being aſſembled by Night to conſider of it, begun to mutiny againſt the paſt Agreement, and to that degree, that ſeveral of them reſolv'd to fall upon the Commiſſioners who had labour'd in it, and whom they had in their power. He feeling the guſts of this firſt ſtorm of theſe People, who were coming to ruſh into his Lodgings, ſuddenly ſent out to them two of the Inhabitants of the City (of which he had ſome with him) with new and milder Terms, to be propos'd in their Counſel, which he had ſuddenly contriv'd at need. Theſe two

diverted the firſt Tempeſt, carrying back the enrag'd Rabble to the *Town-Hall*, to hear and conſider of what they had to ſay. The deliberation was ſhort: a ſecond ſtorm aroſe as full of animoſity as the other; whereupon he diſpatch'd four new Mediators of the ſame quality to meet them, proteſting that they had now better Conditions to preſent them with, and ſuch as would give them abſolute ſatisfaction; by which means the Tumult was once more appeas'd, and the People again turn'd back to the Conclave. In fine, by thus ordering theſe amuſements one after another, diverting their Fury, and diſſipating it in frivolous Conſultations, he laid it at laſt aſleep till the day appear'd, which was his principal end. This other ſtory that follows is alſo of the ſame predicament. *Atalanta*, a Virgin of excelling Beauty, and of wonderful diſpoſition of Body, to diſengage her ſelf from the crowd of a thouſand Suitors, who ſought her in Marriage, made this Propoſition, that ſhe would accept of him for her Husband who ſhould equal her in Running, upon condition that they who fail'd ſhould loſe their Lives; there were enough who thought the Prize very well worth the hazard, and who ſuffered the Penalty of the bloody Contract. *Hippomenes*, being to make tryal after the reſt, makes his Addreſs to the *Goddeſs of Love*, imploring her aſſiſtance, who granting his Requeſt, gave him three golden Apples, and inſtructed him how to uſe them. The Ground they ran upon being an even Plane, as *Hippomenes* perceiv'd his

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Miſtreſs to preſs hard up to him, he, as it were by chance, let fall one of theſe Apples; the Maid, taken with the Beauty of it fail'd not to ſtep out of her way to take it up:

Obſtupuit virgo, nitidique cupidine pomi
Declinat curſus, aurumque volubile tollit. *Ovid. Metam. lib. 10.*

The nimble Virgin, dazzell'd to behold
The glittering Apple tumbling o're the Mold,
Stop'd her Career to ſeize the rowling Gold.

He did the ſame, when he ſaw his time, by the ſecond and the third, till by ſo diverting her, and making her loſe ſo much Ground, he won the Courſe. When *Phyſicians* cannot ſtop a *Catarrh*, they divert, and turn it into ſome other leſs dangerous part. And I find alſo that is the moſt ordinary practice for the Diſeaſes of the Mind. *Abducendus etiam nonnunquam animus eſt, ad alia ſtudia, ſollicitudines, curas, negotia: Loci denique mutatione, tanquam ægroti non convaleſcentes, ſæpe curandus eſt. The mind is ſometimes to be diverted to other Studies, Thoughts, Cares, and Buſineſs: and laſtly, by change of place, as ſick Perſons that do not recover are order'd change of Air.* 'Tis to little effect directly to juſtle a man's Infirmities, we neither make him ſuſtain, nor repel the Attack; we only make him decline and evade it. This other Leſſen is too high and too difficult. 'Tis for men of the firſt Form of knowledge purely to inſiſt upon the thing, to conſider and judge of it. It appertains to one ſole *Socrates* only, to *Cicero, Thus, l. 5.*

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entertain Death with an indifferent Countenance, to grow acquainted with it, and to ſport with it; he ſeeks no conſolation out of the thing it ſelf; dying appears to him a natural and indifferent Accident, 'tis there that he fixes his Sight and Reſolution, without looking elſewhere. The Diſciples of *Hegeſias*, that pine themſelves to death, animated thereunto by his fine Lectures, which were ſo frequent, that King *Ptolomy* order'd he ſhould be forbidden to entertain his Followers with ſuch Homicide Doctrines: thoſe People do not conſider death it ſelf, neither do they judge of it; it is not there that they fix their Thoughts, they run towards, and aim at a new Being. The poor Wretches that we ſee brought upon the Scaffold, full of ardent Devotion, and therein, as much as in them lies, employing all their Senſes, their Ears in hearing the Inſtructions are given them, their Eyes and Hands lifted up towards Heaven, their Voices in loud Prayers, with a vehement and continual emotion, are doubtleſs things very commendable and proper for ſuch a neceſſity. We ought to commend them for their Devotion, but not properly for their conſtancy. They ſhun the encounter, they divert their thoughts from the conſideration of death, as Children are amus'd with ſome Toy or other, when the Chirurgeon is going to give them a prick with his Lancet. I have ſeen ſome, who caſting ſometimes their Eyes upon the dreadful Inſtruments of death round about, have fainted, and furiouſly turn'd their Thoughts another way. Such as

are

are to paſs a formidable Precipice, are advis'd either to ſhut their eyes or to look another way. *Subrius Flavius*, being by *Nero*'s command to be put to death, and by the hand of *Niger*, both of them great Captains; when they led him to the place appointed for his Execution, ſeeing the hole that *Niger* had caus'd to be hollow'd to put him into, ill-favour'dly contriv'd: *Neither is this*, ſaid he, turning to the Souldiers who guarded him, *according to Military Diſcipline*. And to *Niger*, who exhorted him to keep his head firm; *do but thou ſtrike as firmly*, ſaid he. And he very well fore-ſaw what would follow, when he ſaid ſo; for *Niger*'s arm ſo trembled, that he had ſeveral blows at his head before he could cut it off. This man ſeems to have had his thoughts rightly fix'd upon the ſubject: he that dies in a Battle, with his Sword in his hand, does not then think of death, he feels, nor conſiders it not; the ardour of the Fight diverts his thoughts another way. An honeſt Man of my acquaintance, falling as he was fighting a Duel at ſingle Rapier, and feeling himſelf nail'd to the earth by nine or ten thruſts of his Enemy, every one preſent call'd to him to think of his Conſcience; but he has ſince told me, that though he very well heard what they ſaid, it nothing mov'd him, and that he never thought of any thing but how to diſengage and revenge himſelf. He afterwards kill'd his Man in that very Duel. He who brought *L. Syllanus* the ſentence of Death, did him a very great kindneſs, in that having receiv'd his anſwer,

that

that he was well prepar'd to die, but not by base hands he run upon him with his Souldiers to force him; and as he, naked as he was, obstinately defended himself with his fists and feet, he made him lose his Life in the dispute; by that means dissipating and diverting in a sudden and furious Rage the painful apprehension of the lingring Death to which he was design'd. We allways thinks of somthing else; either the hope of a better Life comforts and supports us, or the hope of our Childrens Valour, or the future glory of our Name, or the leaving behind the evils of this Life, or the Vengeance that threatens those who are the causes of our death, administers Consolation to us.

Æneid. l. 4. *Spero equidem mediis, si quid pia numina possunt,*
Supplicia hausurum scopulis & nomine Dido
Sepe vocaturum.
Audiam, et hæc manes veniet mihi fama sublimes.

Mr. *Ogilby.*

Sure if the Gods have any power at all,
Split on a Rock, thou shalt on *Dido* call.
—— thy Fortunes I shall know
By Fame convey'd me to the shades below.

The valiant Death of *Gryllus.*

Xenophon was sacrificing with a Crown upon his Head, when one came to bring him News of the Death of his Son *Gryllus*, slain in the Battle of *Mantinea*. At the first surprize of the News he threw his Crown to the Ground; but understanding by the sequel of the Narrative, the manner of a most brave and valiant

valiant Death, he took it up, and replac'd it upon his Head. *Epicurus* himſelf, at his Death, conſolates himſelf upon the Utility and Eternity of his Writings. *Omnes clari, & nobilitati Labores, fiunt tolerabiles.* *All Labours that are illuſtrious and renown'd, are ſupportable.* And the ſame Wound, the ſame Fatigue, is not, ſays *Xenophon*, ſo intolerable to a General of an Army, as to a common Souldier. *Epaminondas* died much more cheerful, having been inform'd that the Victory remain'd to him. *Hæc ſunt ſolatia, hæc fomenta ſummorum Dolorum.* *Theſe are lenitives, and fomentations to the greateſt Pains.* And ſuch other Circumſtances amuſe, divert, and turn our thoughts from the conſideration of the thing in it ſelf. Even the Arguments of *Philoſophy* are always diverting, and putting by the Matter, ſo as ſcarce to rub upon the Sore. The greateſt man of the firſt *Philoſophical* School, and Superintendent over all the reſt, the great *Zeno*, againſt Death forms this *Syllogiſm*: *No Evil is honourable*; *but Death is honourable*: *Therefore Death is no Evil.* Againſt Drunkenneſs this; *No one commits his Secrets to a Drunkard, but every one commits his Secrets to a wiſe Man*: *therefore a wiſe Man is no Drunkard.* Is this to hit the white? I love to ſee, that theſe great and leading Souls cannot rid themſelves of our Company. As perfect men as they would be, they are yet but ſimple men. Revenge is a ſweet Paſſion, of great and natural impreſſion; I diſcern it well enough, though I have no manner of Experience of it.

Cicero Thuſ. l. 3.

The cheerful Death of *Epaminondas.*

Cicero. Thuſ. l. 2.

From

From which, not long a-go, to divert a young Prince; I did not tell him that he muſt, to him who had ſtruck him upon the one Cheek, turn the other, upon the account of Charity; nor go about to repreſent to him the tragical Events that *Poetry* attributes to this Paſſion: I did not touch upon that ſtring; but made it my Buſineſs to make him reliſh the Beauty of a contrary Image: and by repreſenting to him what Honour, Eſteem, and good Will he would acquire by Clemency and Good Nature, diverted him to Ambition. Thus a man is to deal in ſuch Caſes. If your Paſſion of Love be too violent, diſperſe it, ſay they, and they ſay true: for I have oft try'd it with Advantage: break it into ſeveral Deſires, of which let one be regent if you will over the reſt; but, leſt it ſhould tyrannize and domineer over you, weaken and protract, in dividing and diverting it;

Perſius. Sat. 6. *Cum moroſa vago ſingultiet inguine venæ.*

Lucret. l. 4. *Conjicito humorem collectum in Corpora quæque.*

and look to't in time, leſt it proves too troubleſome to deal with, when it has once ſeiz'd you.

Lucret. l. 4. *Si non prima novis conturbes vulnera plagis,*
Volgivagaque vagus venere ante recentia cures.

Mr. *Creech.* Unleſs you fancy every one you view,
Revel in Love, and cure old Wounds by new.

I

I once was wounded with a vehement Diſpleaſure, and withal, more juſt than vehement; I might peradventure have loſt my ſelf in it, if I had merely truſted to my own Strength. Having need of a powerful Diverſion to diſengage me, by amorous Arts and Study, wherein I was aſſiſted by my Youth, I found one out: Love reliev'd and reſcu'd me from the Evil wherein Friendſhip had engaged me. 'Tis in every thing elſe the ſame; a violent Imagination hath ſeiz'd me, I find it a nearer way to change, than to ſubdue it: I depute, if not one contrary, yet another at leaſt in its place. Variation does always relieve, diſſolve, and diſſipate; if I am not able to contend with it, I eſcape from it; and in avoiding it, ſlip out of the way, and make my doubles: Shifting of Place, Buſineſs, and Company, I ſecure my ſelf in the crowd of other Thoughts and Fancies, where it loſes my trace, and I eſcape. After the ſame manner does *Nature* proceed, by the benefit of Inconſtancy; for the Time ſhe has given us for the ſoveraign Phyſician of our Paſſions, does chiefly work by that, that ſupplying our Imaginations with other, and new Affairs, it unnerves, and diſſolves the firſt apprehenſion, how ſtrong ſoever. I wiſe Man ſees his Friend little leſs dying at the end of five and twenty years, than the firſt year, and according to *Epicurus*, no leſs at all; for he did not attribute any alleviation of Afflictions, neither to the foreſight of the Man, or the Antiquity of the Evils themſelves. But ſo many other thoughts traverſe the firſt, that it languiſhes

Time the Phyſician of our Paſſions.

guiſhes and tires at laſt. *Alcibiades*, to divert the Inclination of common Rumours, cut off the Ears and Tail of his beautiful Dog, and turn'd him out into the publick place, to the end, that giving the People this occaſion to prate, they might let his other Actions alone. I have alſo ſeen, for this ſame end of diverting the Opinions and Conjectures of the People, and to ſtop their mouths, ſome Women conceal their real Affections by thoſe that were only counterfeit, and put on to blind Men's Eyes; but ſome of them withal, who in counterfeiting, have ſuffer'd themſelves to be caught indeed, and who have quitted the true and original Affection, for the feign'd; and by them have found, that they who find their Affections well plac'd, are Fools to conſent to this diſguiſe. The favourable and publick reception being only reſerv'd for this pretended Servant, a Man may conclude him a Fellow of very little addreſs, and leſs Wit, if he does not in the end put himſelf into your place, and you into his; this is properly to cut out, and make up a Shooe for another to draw on. A little thing will turn and divert us; becauſe a little thing holds us. We do not much conſider Subjects in groſs, and ſingle in themſelves; but they are little and ſuperficial Circumſtances that wound us, and the outward uſeleſs Rinds that pill off thoſe Subjects.

Lucret. l. 5. *Folliculos ut nunc teretes æſtate cicadæ*
Linquunt.——

Such

Such as the terous Husks, or Shells we find
In Summer, Graſhoppers do leave behind.

Even *Plutarch* himſelf laments his Daughter for the little apiſh tricks of her Infancy. The remembrance of a Farewel, of the particular grace of an Action, of a laſt recommendation, afflict us. The ſight of *Cæſar*'s Robe troubled all *Rome*, which was more than his Death had done. Even the ſound of Names ringing in our Ears, as, *My poor Maſter, my faithful Friend*; Alas, *my dear Father*, or, *my ſweet Daughter*, afflict us. When theſe Repetitions torment me, and that I examine it a little nearer, I find 'tis no other but a *Grammatical* Complaint; I am only wounded with the Word and Tone, as the Exclamations of Preachers do very oft work more upon their Auditory than their Reaſons; and as the pitiful Eyes of a Beaſt kill'd for Service, without my weighing, or penetrating in the interim into the true and real eſſence of my Subject.

His ſe ſtimulis dolor ipſe laceſſit. *Lucan. l. 2.*

With theſe Incitements Grief it ſelf provokes.

Theſe are the foundations of our mourning. The obſtinacy of my Stone to all Remedies, eſpecially thoſe in my Bladder, has ſometimes thrown me into ſo long ſuppreſſions of Urine for three or four days together, and ſo near death, that it had been folly to have hop'd to

Criminals Yards ty'd up to ſtop their Urine.

evade it; and it was much rather to have been deſir'd, conſidering the miſeries I endure in thoſe cruel Fits. Oh that good Emperour, who caus'd Criminals to be tied, that they might die for want of piſſing, was a great Maſter in the *Hangman*'s Science! Finding my ſelf in this condition, I conſider'd by how many light cauſes and objects Imagination nouriſh'd in me the regret of Life; and of what Atoms the weight and difficulty of this diſlodging was compos'd in my Soul, and to how many idle and frivolous Thoughts we give way in ſo great an Affair. A Dog, a Horſe, a Book, a Glaſs, and what not? were conſider'd in my loſs. To others, their ambitious Hopes, their Money, their Knowledge, not leſs fooliſh Conſiderations in my Opinion than mine. I look upon Death careleſly, when I look upon it univerſally as the end of Life. I inſult over it in groſs; but in retail it domineers over me. The Tears of a Footman, the diſpoſing of my Cloaths, the touch of a friendly Hand, which is a common Conſolation, diſcourages and entenerates me. So do the Complaints in *Tragedies* infect our Souls with Grief, and the Regrets of *Dido* and *Ariadne*, impaſſionate even thoſe who believe them not in *Virgil* and *Catullus*. 'Tis a ſymptom of an obſtinate and obdurate Nature, to be ſenſible of no emotion; as 'tis reported for a Miracle of *Polemon*; who not ſo much as alter'd his Countenance at the biting of a mad Dog, who tore away the Calf of his Leg. And no Wiſdom proceeds ſo far, as to conceive ſo lively and entire a cauſe of Sorrow by Judgment

ment, that it does not ſuffer an encreaſe by preſence, where the Eyes and Ears have their ſhare; parts that are not to be moved but by vain accidents. Is it reaſon, that even the *Arts* themſelves ſhould make an advantage of our natural Brutality and Weakneſs? An *Orator*, ſays Rhetorick, in the farce of his pleading, ſhall be mov'd with the ſound of his own Voice, and feigned Emotions, and ſuffer himſelf to be impos'd upon by the paſſion he repreſents; he will imprint in himſelf a true and real Grief, by means of the part he plays, to tranſmit it to the Audience, who are yet leſs concern'd than he: As they do, who are hir'd at Funerals to aſſiſt in the Ceremony of Sorrow, who ſell their Tears and Mourning by weight and meaſure. For altho' they act in a borrow'd form, nevertheleſs by habituating themſelves, and ſetling their Countenances to the occaſion, 'tis moſt certain, they oft are really affected with a true and real Sorrow. I was one, amongſt ſeveral other of his Friends, who convey'd the Body of Monſieur *de Grammont* to *Soiſſons*, from the Siege of *la Fere*, where he was ſlain; I obſerv'd that in all places we paſs'd through, we met with ſorrowful Countenances, occaſion'd by the meer ſolemn Pomp of our Convoy, for the Name of the Defunct was not there ſo much as known. *Quintillian* reports to have ſeen *Comedians* ſo deeply engag'd in a mourning part, that they could not give over weeping when they came home, and who, having taken upon them to ſtir up Paſſion in another, have themſelves eſpous'd it

to that degree, as to find themſelves infected with it, not only to Tears, but moreover with Paleneſs, and the comportment of Men really overwhelm'd with Grief. In a Country near our Mountains, the Women play Prieſt *Martin*, that is to ſay, both the Prieſt and the Clerk; for as they augment the regret of the deceaſed Husband, by the remembrance of the good and agreeable Qualities he was maſter of; they alſo at the ſame time make a Regiſter of, and publiſh his Imperfections; as if of themſelves to enter into ſome compenſation, and ſo divert themſelves from Compaſſion to Diſdain; and yet with much better grace than we, who when we loſe an old Acquaintance, ſtrive to give him new and falſe Praiſes, and to make him quite another thing when we have loſt ſight of him, than he appear'd to us when we did ſee him: As if Regret was an inſtructive thing, or that tears, by waſhing our Underſtandings, clear'd them. For my part, I hence-forth renounce all favourable Teſtimonies Men would give of me, not becauſe I ſhall not be worthy of them, but becauſe I ſhall be dead. Whoever ſhall ask a Man, What Intereſt have you in this Siege? The intereſt of Example, he will ſay, and of the common Obedience to my Prince: I pretend to no Profit by it; and for Glory, I know how ſmall a part can reflect upon ſuch a private Man as I: I have here neither Paſſion nor Quarrel. And yet you ſhall ſee him the next day quite another Man, chafing, and red with Fury, rang'd in Battel for the Aſſault; 'tis the glittering of ſo much

Steel

Steel, the fire and noiſe of our Canon and Drums, that have infus'd this new Rancour and Fury into his Veins. A frivolous Cauſe you will ſay, How a Cauſe? There needs none to agitate the Mind; a meer whimſie without body, and without ſubject will rule and ſway it. Let me think of building Caſtles in *Spain*, my Imagination ſuggeſts to me Conveniencies and Pleaſures, with which my Soul is really delighted and pleaſed. How oft do we torment our Mind with Anger or Sorrow by ſuch Shadows, and engage our ſelves in fantaſtick Paſſions, that alter both the Soul and Body? What aſtoniſh'd, fleering, and confus'd Grimaces does this raving put our Faces into! What ſallies and agitation both of Members and Voices does it inſpire us with? Does it not ſeem that this individual Man has falſe Viſions from the crowds of others with whom he has to do, or, that he is poſſeſs'd with ſome internal *Dæmon* that perſecutes him? Enquire of your ſelf, where is the object of this Mutation? Is there any thing but us in Nature, but ſubſiſting nullity, over which it has power? *Cambyſes*, for having dreamt that his Brother ſhould be one day King of *Perſia*, put him to death; a beloved Brother, and one in whom he had always confided. *Ariſtodemus*, King of the *Meſſenians*, kill'd himſelf out of a fancy of ill Omen, from I know not what howling of his Dogs; and King *Midas* did as much upon the account of ſome fooliſh Dream he had dream'd. 'Tis to prize Life at its juſt value, to abandon it for a Dream; and yet here the

Soul triumphs over the miſeries and weakneſs of the Body; and truly in that it is expos'd to all Offences and Alterations, it has reaſon to ſpeak after this manner:

Prop. lib. 3. *Eleg.* 3.

O prima infœlix fingenti Terra Promotheo!
Ille parum cauti pectori egit opus.
Corpora diſponens, mentem non vidit in arte,
Recta Animi primum debuit eſſe via.

Oh, 'twas for man a moſt unhappy Day,
When raſh *Prometheus* form'd him out of Clay!
In his attempt th'ambitious Architect
Did indiſcreetly the main thing neglect.
In framing Bodies, he had not the Art
To form the Mind, which is the chiefeſt part.

CHAP. V.

Upon ſome Verſes of Virgil.

BY how much profitable Thoughts are more full and ſolid, by ſo much are they alſo more cumberſome and heavy. Vice, Death, Poverty, Diſeaſes, are grave and grievous Subjects. A Man muſt have his Soul inſtructed in the means to ſuſtain and to contend with Evils, and in the rules of living and believing well; and often rouze it up, and exerciſe it in this noble ſtudy. But in an ordinary Soul, it muſt be by intervals, and with Moderation

it will otherwiſe grow beſotted if continually intent upon it. I found it neceſſary when I was young, to put my ſelf in mind and to ſollicit my ſelf to keep me to my Duty; Gayety and Health do not, they ſay, ſo well agree with thoſe grave and ſerious Meditations: I am at preſent in another Condition. The Indiſpoſitions of Age do but too much put me in mind, and preach to me. From the exceſs of ſpritelineſs, I am fallen into that of Severity; which is much more troubleſome. And for that reaſon, I now ſuffer my ſelf on purpoſe, a little to run into diſorder; and ſometimes buſie my Mind in wanton and youthful Thoughts, wherewith it diverts it ſelf. I am of late but too reſerv'd, too heavy, and too ripe; my Age does every day read to me new Lectures of Coldneſs and Temperance. This Body of mine avoids Diſorder, and dreads it; 'tis now my Body's turn to guide my Mind towards Reformation; it governs in turn, and more rudely and imperiouſly than the other; it lets me not an hour alone, ſleeping nor waking; but is always preaching to me Death, Patience, and Repentance. I now defend my ſelf from Temperance, as I have formerly done from Pleaſure; it draws me too much back, and even to Stupidity. Now I will be Maſter of my ſelf to all intents and purpoſes. Wiſdom has its exceſs, and has no leſs need of Moderation than Folly. Therefore, leſt I ſhould wither, dry up, and overcharge my ſelf with Prudence, in the intervals and truces my Infirmities allow me,

Ovid. Triſt. l. 4. *El.* 1.

Mens intenta ſuis ne ſiet uſque malis.

That my Mind mayn't eternally be bent
And fix'd upon Subjects of Diſcontent.

I gently decline it, and turn away my Eyes from the ſtormy and frowning Sky I have before me; which, thanks be to God, I conſider without Fear, but not without Meditation and Debate. And amuſe my ſelf in the remembrance of my better years:

Petron. Arbiter.

——*Animus quod perdidit, optat*
Atque in præterita ſe totus imagine verſat.

The Mind what it has loſt wiſhes to have,
And on things paſt eternally does rave.

Let Infancy look forward, and Age backward; Is not this the ſignification of *Janus* his double Face? Let Years hale me along if they will, but it ſhall be backward: As long as my Eyes can diſcern the pleaſant Seaſon expir'd, I ſhall now and then turn them that way. Though it eſcape from my Blood and Veins, I ſhall not however root the image of it out of my Memory.

Mart. l. 10. *Ep.* 23.

——— *hoc eſt*
Vivere bis, vita poſſe priore frui.

'Tis to live twice to him who can obtain
Of thought t'enjoy his former Life again.

Plato

Plato ordains, that old men ſhould be preſent at the Exerciſes, Dances, and Sports of young People, that they may rejoyce in others, for the Activity and Beauty of Body, which is no more in themſelves; and call to mind the Grace and Comelineſs of that flouriſhing Age: And will, that in theſe Recreations, the Honour of the prize ſhould be given to that young man who has moſt diverted the Company. I was formerly wont to mark cloudy and gloomy days, for extraordinary; thoſe are now my ordinary ones, the extraordinary are the clear and bright, I am ready to leap out of my Skin for Joy, as for an unwonted favour, when nothing ails me. Let me tickle my ſelf preſently after, I cannot force a poor ſmile from this wretched Body of mine. I am only merry in conceit, by artifice to divert the melancholy of Age; but doubtleſs it requires another Remedy than the Efficacy of a Dream. A weak conteſt of *Art* againſt *Nature*. 'Tis great folly to lengthen and anticipate humane Inconveniences, as every one does. I had rather be a leſs while old, than to be old before I am really ſo. I ſeize on even the leaſt occaſions of Pleaſure I can meet; I know very well by hear-ſay, ſeveral ſorts of prudent Pleaſures, that are effectually ſo, and glorious to boot; but Opinion has not power enough over me, to give me an appetite to them. I covet not ſo much to have them magnanimous, magnifick, and lofty; as I do to have them ſweet, facile, and ready. *A Natura diſcedimus: Populo nos damus, nullius rei bono auctori.* *Sen. Ep. 99.* *We depart*

depart from Nature, and give our ſelves to the People who underſtand nothing. My *Philoſophy* is in Action, in natural and preſent Practice, very little in Fancy. What if I have a Mind to play at *Cob-nut*, or to whip a *Top*.

Ennius. *Non ponebat enim Rumores ante Salutem.*

——— He was too wiſe
Idle Reports before his Health to prize.

Pleaſure is a Quality of very little Ambition, it thinks it ſelf rich enough of it ſelf, without any addition of Repute; and is beſt pleas'd where moſt obſcure. A young man ſhould be whipt, who pretends to a Palate in Wine and Sawces; there was nothing which at that Age I leſs valued or knew; now I begin to learn, I am very much aſham'd on't; but what ſhould I do? I am more aſham'd and vex'd at the Occaſions that put me upon't. 'Tis for us to doat and trifle away the time, and for Young-men to ſtand upon their Reputation, and the Punctilio's of Honour; they are going towards the World, and the World's Opinion; we are retiring from it. *Sibi Arma, ſibi Equos, ſibi Haſtas, ſibi Clavam, ſibi Pilam, ſibi Nationes, & Curſus habent: nobis ſenibus, ex luſionibus multis, talos relinquant & teſſeras.* *Let them reſerve to themſelves, Arms, Horſes, Spears, Clubs, Tennis, Swimming and Races; and of their numerous Sports and Exerciſes, leave to us old Men the diverſion of Cards and Dice.* The Laws themſelves ſend us home to our

Cicero de Senec.

our Lodgings. I can do no leſs in favour of this wretched Condition, into which my Age has thrown me, than furniſh it with Toys to play withal, as they do Children, and we alſo become ſuch. Both wiſdom and Folly will have enough to do to ſupport and relieve me by alternate Offices in this Calamity of Age.

Miſce ſtultitiam conſiliis brevem. *Horat. l. 4. Ode 12.*

Short follies mix with Counſels wiſe.

I accordingly avoid the lighteſt Punctures, and thoſe that formerly would not have rippled the Skin, do now pierce me through and through: My habit of Body is now ſo naturally declining to Evil: *In fragili corpore odioſa omnis offenſio eſt. To a decrepid Body all offence is hatefull.*

Menſque pati durum ſuſtinet ægra nihil. *Ovid de Ponto.*

And a ſick Mind nothing that's hard endures.

I have ever been tender in matters of offence, I am much more tender now, and open throughout.

Et minime vires frangere quaſſa valent. *Ovid de Triſt.*

And little force will break what's crack'd before.

My Judgment reſtrains me from kicking againſt, and murmuring at the inconveniences that Nature orders me to endure, but it does not

not take away my Feeling: I, who have no other thing in my proſpect but to live and be merry, would run from one end of the World to the other to ſeek out one good Year of pleaſant and jocund Tranquility. A melancholick and dull Tranquility, is, I confeſs, enough for me, but it benumbs, ſtupifies, and beſots me, I am not contented with it: If there be any Perſon, any knot of good Company in Country or City, in *France*, or elſewhere, Reſident, or in Motion, who can like my Humour, and whoſe Humours I can like, let them but whiſtle, and I will run to furniſh them with *Eſſays* of Fleſh and Bone. Seeing it is the privilege of the Mind to reſcue it ſelf from old Age, I adviſe mine to it with all the power I have, let it in the interim continue green, and flouriſh if it can like Miſſeltoe upon a dead Tree: But I fear 'tis a Traytor, it has contracted ſo ſtrict a Fraternity with the Body, that it leaves me at every turn to follow that in its need. I wheedle and deal with it apart in vain; I try to much purpoſe to wean it from this Correſpondence, to much effect quote to it *Seneca* and *Catullus*, and repreſent to it beautiful Ladies, and Royal Maſques; if its Companion have the Stone, it ſeems to have it too. Even the Faculties that are moſt peculiarly and properly its own, cannot then perform their Functions, but manifeſtly appear ſtupified and aſleep; there is no ſprightlineſs in its Productions, if there be not at the ſame time an equal Proportion in the Body too.

Our

Our Maſters are to blame, that ſearching out the cauſes of the extraordinary emotions of the Soul, beſides attributing it to a Divine Extaſie, Love, Martial Fierceneſs, Poeſie, and Wine, they have not alſo attributed a part to Health. A boyling, vigorous, full and lazy Health, ſuch as formerly the verdure of Youth and ſecurity by fits ſupply'd me withall; that Fire of Spritelineſs and Gayety darts into the Mind flaſhes that are lively and bright beyond our natural Light, and with the moſt working, if not the moſt deſperate *Enthuſiaſms*: It is then no wonder if a contrary Eſtate ſtupifie and clog my Spirit, and produce a contrary Effect.

Ad nullum conſurgit opus cum corpore languet. *Corn. Gallus.*

For when the Body languiſhing doth lie,
I to no Office can my ſelf apply.

And yet would have me oblig'd to it, for giving much leſs conſent to this Stupidity than other men of my Age ordinarily do. Let us at leaſt whilſt we have Truce, drive away incommodities and difficulties from our Commerce.

Dum licet obducta ſolvatur fronte ſenectus: *Hor. Ep. 13.*

Whilſt Strength is freſh, and us it well becomes, Sir *Thomas Hawkins.*
Let's old Age baniſh which the Brow benumbs.

Tetrica ſunt amœnanda jocularibus. Sour things are to be ſweetned with thoſe that are pleaſant. *Syd. Apollin. 1.*

I love a gay and civil Wiſdom, and fly from all ſourneſs and auſterity of manners, all grumneſs of Faction being ſuſpected to me. I am very much of *Plato*'s Opinion, who ſays, That facile or difficile Humours are a great Prejudice to the good or ill Diſpoſition of the Mind. *Socrates* had a conſtant Countenance, but withall, ſerene and ſmiling; not ſourely conſtant, like the elder *Craſſus*, that never any one ſaw Laugh. Vertue is a pleaſant and gay Quality. I know very well that few will quarrel with the liberty of my Writings, who have not more to quarrel with in the Licence of their own Thoughts: I conform my ſelf well enough to their Inclinations but I offend their Eyes. 'Tis a prety Humour to ſtrain the Writings of *Plato*, to wreſt his pretended Negotiation with *Phædo*, *Dion*, *Stella*, and *Archeanaſſa*. *Non pudeat dicere, quod non pudeat ſentire* *Let us not be aſham'd to ſpeak, what we are not aſham'd to think.* I hate a froward and penſive Spirit, that ſlips over all the Pleaſures of Life, and ſeizes and feeds upon Misfortunes; like Flies, that cannot ſtick to a ſleek and poliſh'd Body, but fix and repoſe themſelves upon craggy and rough Places; and like Cupping-glaſſes, that only ſuck and attract the worſt Blood. As to the reſt, I have enjoyn'd my ſelf to dare to ſay all that I dare to do, and even thoughts that are not to be publiſh'd diſpleaſe me; the worſt of my Actions and Qualities do not appear to me ſo foul, as I find it foul and baſe not to dare to own them. Every one is wary and diſcreet in Confeſſion, but men

men ought to be ſo in Action. The boldneſs of doing ill is in ſome ſort recompenc'd and reſtrain'd by the boldneſs of confeſſing it. Whoever will oblige himſelf to tell all, ſhould oblige himſelf to do nothing that he muſt be forc'd to conceal. I wiſh that this exceſſive Licence of mine may draw men to freedom, above theſe timorous and mincing pretended vertues ſprung from our imperfections; and that at the expence of my immoderation, I may reduce them to reaſon. A man muſt ſee and ſtudy his Vice to correct it; they who conceal it from others, commonly conceal it from themſelves; and do not think they ſin cloſe enough, if they themſelves ſee it. They withdraw and diſguiſe them from their own Conſciences. *Quare vitia ſua nemo confitetur? Quia etiam nunc in illis eſt; ſomnium narrare vigilantis eſt. Why does no man confeſs his Vices? Becauſe he is yet in them; 'tis for a waking man to tell his dream.* The diſeaſes of the Body explain themſelves in increaſing. We find that to be the *Gout*, which we call'd a *Rheum* or a *Strain.* The diſeaſes of the Soul, the greater they are, keep themſelves the more obſcure; and the moſt ſick are the leaſt ſenſible. Therefore it is that with an unrelenting hand, they muſt often in the day be taken to task, open'd and torn from the hollow of the heart. As in doing well, ſo in doing ill, the meer confeſſion is ſometimes ſatisfaction. Is there any deformity in doing amiſs that can excuſe us from confeſſing our ſelves? It is ſo great a pain to me to diſſemble, that I evade the truſt of

Seneca, Epiſt. 53.

of anothers Secrets, wanting the heart to diſavow my knowledge. I can conceal it, but deny it I cannot, without the greateſt trouble and violence to my ſelf imaginable. To be very ſecret, a man muſt be ſo by nature, not by obligation. 'Tis little worth in the ſervice of a Prince to be ſecret, if a man be not a Lyar to boot. If he who ask'd *Thales* the *Mileſian*, whether he ought ſolemnly to deny that he had committed unleanneſs, had apply'd himſelf to me, I ſhould have told him, that he ought not to do it; for I look upon lying as a worſe fault than the other. *Thales* adviſ'd him quite contrary, bidding him ſwear to ſecure the greater fault by the leſs: nevertheleſs this counſel was not ſo much an election as a multiplication of Vice. Upon which, let us ſay this by the bye, that we deal ſincerely and well with a man of Conſcience, when we propoſe to him ſome difficulty in counterpoiſe of the Vice; but when we ſhut him up betwixt two Vices, he is put to a hard choice: as *Origen* was, either to *Idolatrize*, or to ſuffer himſelf to be carnally abus'd by a great *Æthiopian* Slave was brought to him. He ſubmitted to the firſt condition, and vitiouſly, ſays one. And yet thoſe Women of our times are not to be diſlik'd, who according to their errour, proteſt, they had rather burthen their Conſciences with ten men than one *Maſs*. If it be indiſcretion ſo to publiſh their Errors, yet there is no great danger that it paſs into Example and Cuſtom. For *Ariſto* ſaid, that the winds men moſt fear'd, where thoſe that laid

Lying worſe than the ſin of uncleanneſs.

them

them open; we must tuck up this ridiculous Rag that hides our Manners: they send their Consciences to the Stews, and keep a starch'd Countenance: Even *Traytors* and *Assassins* espouse the Laws of Ceremony, and there fix their Duty; so that neither can Injustice complain of Incivility, nor Malice of Indiscretion. 'Tis pity but an ill Man should be a Fool to boot, and that Decency should palliate his Vice. This rough-cast only appertains to a good and sound Wall, that deserves to be preserv'd and whited. In favour of the *Hugonots*, who condemn our Auricular and private Confession, I confess my self in publick, religiously and purely. St. *Augustin*, *Origen*, and *Hippocrates*, have publish'd the Errors of their Opinions; and I moreover of my Manners. I am greedy of making my self known, and I care not to how many, provided it be truly; or to say better, I hunger for nothing; but I mortally hate to be mistaken by those who come to learn my Name. He that does all things for Honour and Glory, what can he think to gain by shewing himself to the World in a Vizor; and by concealing his true Being from the People? Commend a crooked Fellow for his Stature, he has reason to take it for an Affront: If you are a Coward, and that Men commend you for your Valour, is it of you that they speak? They take you for another. I should like him as well, who glorifies himself in the *Complements* and *Congees* are made him, as if he were Master of the Company, when he is one of the most

Auricular Confession.

inferiour of the Train. *Archelaus* King of *Macedonia*, walking along the Street, ſome body threw Water on his Head; which they who were with him, ſaid he ought to puniſh: I, but ſaid he, whoever it was, he did not throw the Water upon me, but upon him who he took me to be. *Socrates* being told that People ſpoke ill of him, *Not at all*, ſaid he, *there is nothing in me of what they ſay*. For my part, if any one ſhould commend me for a good *Pilot*, for being very *modeſt*, or very *chaſte*, I ſhould owe him no Thanks. And alſo, whoever ſhould call me *Traitor*, *Robber*, or *Drunkard*, I ſhould be as little concern'd. They who do not rightly know themſelves; may feed themſelves with falſe Approbations; but I, who ſee my ſelf, and who examine my ſelf even to my very Bowels, and who very well know what is my due. I am content to be leſs commended, provided I am better known. I may be reputed a wiſe Man in ſuch a ſort of Wiſdom as I take to be Folly. I am vex'd that my *Eſſays* only ſerve the Ladies for a common moveable, a Book to lie in the Parlour Window; this Chapter ſhall preferr me to the Cloſet; I love to traffick with them a little in private; publick converſation is without ſavour, and without ſavour. In farewels, where above ordinary heat our Affections towards the things we take leave of. I take my laſt leave of the pleaſures of this World, theſe are our laſt embraces. But to return to my Subject: What has rendred the act of Generation an Act ſo natural, ſo neceſſary, and ſo fit for

men

Men, a thing not to be ſpoken of without bluſhing; and to be excluded from all ſerious and regular Diſcourſes? We boldly pronounce kill, rob, betray, but the other we dare only to mutter betwixt the Teeth. Is it to ſay, that the leſs we ſay in Words, we may pay it ſo much the more with thinking? For it is certain, that the Words leaſt in uſe, moſt ſeldom writ, and beſt kept in, are the beſt, and moſt generally known. No Age, no Manners are ignorant of them; nay, more than the Word Bread. They imprint themſelves in every one, without being expreſs'd, without Voice, and without Figure. And the Sex that moſt practiſes it, is bound to ſay leaſt of it. 'Tis an Act that we have plac'd in the *Free franchiſe* of Silence, from whence to take it is a Crime. We are not to accuſe and judge it; neither dare we reprehend it but by Periphraſis, and in Picture. A great favour to a Criminal, to be ſo execrable, that Juſtice thinks it unjuſt to touch and ſee him; free, and ſafe by the benefit of the ſeverity of his Condemnation. Is it not here as in matter of Books, that ſell better, and become more publick for being ſuppreſs'd? For my part I will take *Ariſtotle* at his Word, who ſays, that Baſhfulneſs is an Ornament to Youth, but a Reproach to old Age. Theſe Verſes are preach'd in the ancient School, a School that I much more adhere to than the Modern; the Vertues of it appear to me to be greater and the Vices leſs.

Baſhfulneſs an Ornament in young People.

Plutarch. *Ceux qui par trop fuyant* Venus *estrivent,*
Faillent autant que ceux qui trop la suivent.

They err as much *Venus* too much forbear,
As they who in her *Rites* too frequent are.

Lucret. *Tu Dea, tu rerum naturam sola gubernas.*
Nec sine te quicquam dias in luminis oras
Exoritur, neque fit lætum, nec amabile quicquam.

Mr. *Creech.* Thou, *Nature*'s powerful *Ruler*, without whom
Nothing that's lovely, nothing gay can come
From darksome *Chaos* deep, and ugly Womb.

I know not who could set *Pallas* and the Muses at variance with *Venus*, and make them cold towards Love; but I see no *Deities* so well met, or that are more indebted to one another. Who will deprive the Muses of amorous Imaginations, will rob them of the best Entertainment they have, and of the noblest matter of their Work: and who will make *Love* lose the Communication and Service of *Poesie*, will disarm him of his best Arms. By this means they charge the God of Familiarity and good will, and the protecting Goddesse of Humanity and *Justice*, with the Vice of Ingratitude and Unthankfulness. I have not been so long casheer'd from the State and Service of this *God*, that my Memory is not still perfect in his Force and Power.

Æneid l. 4. ——— *agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ.*

Of

Of my old Flame ſome Foot-ſteps yet remain.

There are yet ſome remains of heat and emotion after the Fever;

Nec mihi deficiat calor hic, hyemantibus Annis.

Of Youth though I am paſt the burning rage,
I have ſome heat yet in my Winter Age.

Wither'd and drooping as I am, I feel yet ſome remains of that paſt Ardour.

Qual l'atto Ægeo per che Aquilone o Noto
Ceſſi, che tutto prima il vuolſe, & ſcoſſe,
Non S'accheta ci pero, ma'l ſono e'l moto,
Ritien de l'onde anco agitate è groſſe.
Taſſo. Cant. 12.

As *Ægean* Seas, when Storms be calm'd again,
That roul'd their tumbling Waves with trou-
blous Blaſts,
Do yet of Tempeſts paſs'd, ſome ſhews retain,
And here and there their ſwelling Billows caſt.
Mr. *Fairfax.*

But for what I underſtand of it, the force and power of this *God* are more lively and animating in the Picture of Poeſie than in their own Eſſence.

Et verſus digitos habet.
Juven. Sat. 6.

For there is charming harmony in Verſe.

It has, I know not what kind of Air more amorous than Love it ſelf; *Venus* is not ſo beauti-

ful, naked, alive, and panting, as she is here in *Virgil*,

Virgil. Æneid. lib. 8.

Dixerat, & niveis, hinc atque hinc Diva lacertis
Cunctantem amplexu molli fovet: Ille repente
Accepit solitam flammam, notusque medullas
Intravit calor, & labefacta per ossa cucurrit,
Non secus atque olim tonitru cum rupta coruſco
Ignea rima micans percurrit limine nimbos.

& paulo post.

——— *ea verba loquutus,*
Optatos dedit amplexus, placidumque petivit
Conjugis infusus gremio per membra soporem.

Mr. *Ogilby*. The Goddess here round in her snowy Arms
In soft Embraces him consulting warms;
Straight he takes Fire, and through his Marrow came
Accustom'd heat, which did his Blood inflame:
So from a fiery Breach erupted flies, (Skies
Shining with Flame, bright Thunder from the

and a little after.

——— This having said,
After a sweet embrace he takes his rest,
Reposing on the beauteous Goddess Breast.

All that I find fault with in considering it, is, that he has represented her a little too Passionate for a married *Venus*. In this discreet kind of coupling, the Appetite is not usually so wanton, but more grave and dull. Love hates that People should hold of any but herself,

ſelf, and goes but faintly to work in Familiarities derived from any other Title, as Marriage is. The Alliance and Dowry do therein ſway by Reaſon as much or more than *Grace* and *Beauty*. Men do not marry for themſelves, though they deny it, they marry as much or more for their Poſterity and Family. The Cuſtom and Intereſt of Marriage concerns our Race much more than us; and therefore it is, that I like to have a Match carried on by a third hand, rather than a Man's own, and by another Man's liking than that of the Party himſelf; and how much is all this oppoſite to contracts of Love? And alſo it is a kind of Inceſt to employ in this venerable and ſacred Alliance, the heat and extravagance of amorous Licence, as I think I have ſaid elſewhere. A Man, ſays *Arioſto*, muſt approach his Wife with Prudence and Modeſty, leſt in dealing too laſciviouſly with her, the extream Pleaſure make her exceed the bounds of Reaſon. What he ſays upon the account of Conſcience, the *Phyſicians* ſay upon the account of Health: That a Pleaſure exceſſively laſcivious, voluptuous, and frequent, makes the Seed too hot, and hinders Conception: 'Tis ſaid on the contrary, that to a languiſhing Congreſſion, as that naturally is, to ſupply it with a due and fruitful Heat, a Man muſt do it but ſeldom, and by notable Intermiſſions;

Quod rapiat ſitiens venerem interiuſque recondat. *Virg. Georg. l. 3.*

I ſee no Marriages where the conjugal Intelligence ſooner fails, than thoſe that we contract upon the account of Beauty and amorous Deſires; there ſhould be more ſolid and conſtant Foundation, and they ſhould proceed with greater Circumſpection; this furious Ardour is worth nothing. They who think they honour marriage by joyning Love to it, do, methinks, like thoſe, who to favour Vertue, hold, that Nobility is nothing elſe but Vertue; they are indeed things that have ſome relation to one another, but there is a great deal of difference; we ſhould not ſo mix their Names and Titles; 'tis a wrong to them both, ſo to confound them. Nobility is a brave quality, and with good reaſon introduc'd; but foraſmuch as 'tis a Quality depending upon others, and may happen in a vicious Perſon, 'tis in eſtimate infinitely below Vertue. 'Tis a Vertue, if it be one, that is artificial and apparent, depending upon Time and Fortune; various in form, according to the Countries, Living, and Mortal; without Birth, as the River *Nile*; genealogical and common, drawn by Conſequence, and a very weak one, Knowledge, Strength, Bounty, Beauty, Riches, and all other Qualities, fall into Communication and Commerce, but this is conſummated in it ſelf, and of no uſe to the Service of others. There was propos'd to one of our *Kings* the choice of two Concurrents, who both pretended to the ſame Command, of which the one was a *Gentleman*, the other was not; he order'd, that without reſpect to Quality, they ſhould chuſe him who had the moſt

most merit; but where the worth of the Competitors should appear to be entirely equal, they should have respect to Birth: This was justly to give it its due rank. A young Man unknown, coming to *Antigonus* to make suit for his Father's Command, a valiant Man, but lately dead: *Friend*, said he, *in such Preferments as those, I have not so much regard to the Nobility of my Souldiers, as their Prowess:* And indeed it ought not to go as it did with the Officers of the Kings of *Sparta*, *Trumpeters*, *Fidlers*, *Cooks*, the Children of whom always succeeded in their Places, how ignorant soever, and were preferr'd before the most experimented in the Trade. They of *Callicut* make a sort of Nobles above humane; they are interdicted Marriage, and all but warlike Employments: They may have *Concubines* their fill, and the Women as many *Ruffians*, without being jealous of one another; but 'tis a capital and irremissible Crime to couple with a Person of meaner Condition than themselves, and they think themselves polluted, if they have but touch'd one in walking along; and supposing their Nobility to be marvellously injur'd and interested in it, kill such as only approach a little too near them; insomuch that the Ignoble are obliged to cry as they go, like the *Gundeleers* of *Venice*, at the turnings of Streets, for fear of justling, and the Nobles command them to step aside to what part they please; by which means the last avoid what they repute a perpetual Ignominy, and other a certain Death. No time, no favour of the Prince, no Office,

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or Vertue, or Riches, can ever prevail to make a Plebeian become noble. To which this Custom is assisting, that Marriages are interdicted betwixt several Trades; neither is the Daughter of a Shoomaker permitted to marry with a Carpenter; and the Parents are oblig'd to train up their Children precisely in their own Callings, and not put them to any other Trade; by which means the distinction and continuation of their Fortune is maintained. A good Marriage, if it be really so, rejects the Company and Conditions of Love, and tries to represent those of Friendship. 'Tis a sweet Society of Life, full of Constancy, Trust, and an infinite number of useful and solid Offices and mutual Obligations; of which any Woman that has a right taste

Optato quam junxit lumine tæda,

Whose Hymeneal Torch shines bright,
Kindled by a wished light.

would be loth to serve her Husband in quality of a Mistress. If they be lodg'd in his Affection as a Wife, she is more honourably and securely plac'd. When he pretends to be in love with another, and works all he can to obtain his desire, let any one but then ask him, on which he had rather a Disgrace should fall, his Wife or his Mistress, which of their Misfortunes would most afflict him, and to which of them he wishes the most Grandeur; these Questions are out of dispute in a sound Marriage: And that

that so few are observed to be happy, is a token of its Price and Value. If well form'd, and rightly taken, 'tis the best of all humane Societies. We cannot live without it, and yet we do nothing but decry it. It happens, as with Cages, the Birds without despair to get in, and those within despair of getting out. *Socrates* being ask'd whether it was more commodious to take a Wife, or not? *Let a Man take which course he will*, said he, *he will be sure to repent.* 'Tis a Contract to which the common Saying, *Homo homini, aut Deus, aut Lupus. Man to Man is either a God or a Woolf*, may very fitly be applied. There must be a Concurrence of many Qualities to the erecting it. It is found now-a-days more convenient for innocent and plebeian Souls, where Delights, Curiosity, and Idleness do not so much disturb it; but extravagant Humours, such as mine, that hate all sorts of Obligation and Restraint, are not proper for it. *Erasm. Adag.*

Et mihi dulce magis resoluto vivere collo. *Gallus, Ele.* 1.

For Liberty to me is far more sweet,
Than all the Pleasures of the Nuptial Sheet?

Might I have had my own Will, I would not have married Wisdom her self, if she would have had me. But 'tis to much purpose to evade it, the common custom and usance of Life will have it so. The most of my Actions are guided by Example, not by Choice. And yet I did not go to it of my own voluntary Moti-

Motion, I was led and drawn to it by ſtrange and accidental Occaſions. For not only things that are incommodious in themſelves, but alſo nothing ſo ugly, vicious, and to be avoided, that may not be rendred acceptable by ſome Condition or Accident; ſo unſteady and vain is all humane Reſolution. And I was perſuaded to it, when worſe prepar'd, and more backward than I am at preſent, that I have tried what it is. And as great a Libertine as I am taken to be, I have in truth more ſtrictly obſerv'd the Laws of Marriage, than I either promis'd, or expected. 'Tis in vain to kick when a Man has once put on his Fetters. A Man muſt prudently manage his Liberty; but having once ſubmitted to Obligation, he muſt confine himſelf within the Laws of common Duty, at leaſt, do what he can towards it. They who engage in this Contract, with a Deſign to carry themſelves in it with hatred and contempt, do an unjuſt and inconvenient thing; and the fine Rule that I hear paſs from hand to hand amongſt the Women, as a ſacred Oracle,

Sers ton mary comme ton maiſtre,
Et t'en garde comme d'un traitre.

Serve thy Husband like a Waiter,
But guard thy ſelf as from a Traitor.

Which is to ſay, comport thy ſelf towards him with a diſſembled inimical, and diſtruſtful Reverence and Reſpect (a ſtyle of War and Defiance) is equally injurious and hard. I am

too

too mild for ſuch rugged Deſigns. To ſay the truth, I am not arrived to that Perfection of cunning and gallantry of Wit, to confound Reaſon with Juſtice, and to laugh at all Rule and Order that does not pleaſe my Pallate; becauſe I hate Superſtition, I do not preſently run into the contrary extream of irreligion. If a Man does not always perform his Duty, he ought at leaſt to love and acknowledge it, 'tis Treachery to *marry* without *eſpouſing*. Let us proceed further. Our Poet repreſents a Marriage happy in good intelligence, wherein nevertheleſs there is not much Loyalty. Does he mean, that it is not impoſſible but a Woman may give the Reins to her own Paſſion, and yield to the Importunities of Love, and yet reſerve ſome Duty toward Marriage, and that it may be hurt without being totally broken? Such a ſerving Man there may be, as may ride in his Maſter's Saddle, whom nevertheleſs he does not hate. Beauty, Opportunity, and Deſtiny, (for Deſtiny has alſo a hand in't)

———fatum eſt in partibus illis *Juven.*
Quas ſinus abſcondit; nam ſi tibi Sidera ceſſent, *Sat. 9.*
Nil faciet longi menſura incognita Nervi.

have debauch'd her to a Stranger; though not ſo wholly peradventure, but that ſhe may have ſome remains of kindneſs for her Husband. They are two Deſigns, that have ſeveral paths leading to them, without being confounded with one another; and a Woman may yield to ſuch a Man as ſhe would by no means have mar-

married, not only for the Condition of
Fortune, but the diſlike of his Perſon. Fe
Men have made a Wife of a Miſtreſs, that ha
not repented it. And even in the oth
World, what an unhappy Life does *Jupi*
lead with his, whom he had firſt enjoy'd as
Miſtreſs! 'Tis, as the Proverb is, *to ſhite in*
Basket, and then to put it upon his Head. I ha
in my time ſeen Love ſhamefully and diſho
neſtly cur'd in a good Family by Marriage, th
Conſiderations are too much different. W
love at once two things contrary in themſelv
without any diſturbance. *Iſocrates* was wont
ſay, that the City of *Athens* pleas'd, as Ladi
do, that Men court for Love; every one lov
to come thither to take a turn, and paſs awa
his time; but no one lik'd it ſo well as to
ſpouſe it, that is, to inhabit there, and to mak
it his conſtant Reſidence. I have been ver
to ſee Husbands hate their Wives only becau
they do them wrong. We ſhould not howeve
methinks, love them the leſs for our Faults
they ſhould, at leaſt, upon the account of Re
pentance and Compaſſion, be dearer to us. The
are different ends, and yet in ſome ſort compa
tible. Marriage has Utility, Juſtice, Honou
and Conſtancy for its ſhare; a flat, but mor
univerſal Pleaſure: Love founds it ſelf wholl
upon Pleaſure, and indeed has it more ful
lively and ſtinging; a Pleaſure inflam'd by
difficulty; there muſt be in it ſting and ar
dour: 'Tis no more Love, if without Dart
and Fire. The Bounty of Ladies is too pro
fuſe in Marriage, and dulls the point of Affe
ction

tion and Desire: To evade which inconvenience, do but observe what pains *Lycurgus* and *Plato* take in their *Laws*. Women are not to blame at all, when they refuse the Rules of Life that are introduc'd into the World; forasmuch as the Men made them without their Consent. There is naturally Contention and Brawling betwixt them and us; and the strictest Friendship we have with them, is yet mixt with Tumult and Tempest. In the Opinion of our Author, we deal inconsiderately with them in this. After we have discover'd, that they are without comparison more able and ardent in the effects of Love than we, and that the old Priest has testified so much, who had been one while a Man, and then a Woman:

Venus *huic erat utraque nota*: *Ovid. Metam. lib.* 3.

Tiresias must decide
The difference, who both Delights had try'd. M. *Sandys.*

And moreover, that we have learnt from their own Mouths, the proof that in several Ages was made by an *Emperor* and an *Empress* of *Rome*, both famous for Ability in that Affair: for he in one Night defloured ten *Sarmatian* Virgins that were his Captives: but she had five and twenty Bouts in one Night, changing her Man according to her need and liking:

—— *adhuc ardens rigidæ tentigine vulvæ*: *Juvenal. Sat.* 6.
Et lassata Viris, nondum satiata recessit.

And

and that upon the difference which hapned in *Catalognia*, wherein, a Wife complaining of her Husbands too frequent addresse to her (not so much as I conceive, that she was incommodated by it (for I believe no Miracles out of Religion) as under this pretence to curtail and curb in this, which is the fundamental act of Marriage, the Authority of Husbands over their Wives, and to shew that their Frowardness and Malignity go beyond the Nuptial Bed, and spurn under foot even the Graces and sweets of *Venus*;) the Husband, a man really brutish and unnatural, reply'd, that on fasting dayes he could not subsist with less than ten courses. Whereupon came out that notable Sentence of the Queen of *Arragon*, by which, after mature deliberation of her Counsel, this good Queen, to give a Rule and Example to all succeeding Ages of the moderation requir'd in a just Marriage, set down six times a day as a Legitimate and Necessary stint; surrendring and quitting a great deal of the needs and desires of her Sex, that she might, she said, establish an easie, and consequently, a permanent and immutable Method. Hereupon Doctors cry out, What the Devil must the female Appetite and Concupiscence be, when their Reason, their Reformation and Vertue, is tax'd at such a rate? considering the divers Judgments of our Appetites; for *Solon*, Patron of the *Law Schools*, taxes us but at three a Month, that men may not fail in point of Conjugal frequentation. After having, I say, believ'd and preach'd all this, we go and enjoyn them

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Continency for their particular ſhare, and upon the extreameſt Penalties. There is no Paſſion ſo hard to contend with as this, which we will have them only to reſiſt; not ſimply as a Vice only, but as an execrable Abomination, worſe than Irreligion, and a Parricide; whilſt we at the ſame time go to't without Offence or Reproach: Even thoſe Women amongſt us who have try'd to do it, have ſufficiently confeſs'd what difficulty, or rather impoſſibility, they have found by material Remedies, to ſubdue, weaken, and oppoſe the Body. We, on the contrary, would, have them Sound, Vigorous, in good liking, high fed, and Chaſte together; that is to ſay, both hot and cold; for the Marriage, which we ſay is to keep them from burning, is but a ſmall Refreſhment to them, as we order the matter: For if they take one whoſe vigorous Age is hot and boying, he will be proud that his Neighbours know it.

Sit tandem pudor, aut eamus in jus,
Multis Mentula millibus redempta,
Non eſt hæc tua, Baſſe, vendidiſti.

Mart. l. 12. *Epig.* 99.

Polemon the Philoſopher was juſtly by his Wife brought in queſtion for ſowing in a barren Field the Seed that was due to one that was fruitful. If on the other ſide, they take a decay'd Fellow, they are in a worſe condition in Marriage than either Maids or Widows. We think them well provided for, becauſe they have a man to lie withall, as the *Romans*

concluded *Clodia Læta*, a Veſtal Nun, violated, becauſe *Caligula* had approach'd her, though it was affirm'd he did no more but approach her: but on the contrary, we by that increaſe their Neceſſity, foraſmuch as the touching and Company of any man whatever rouſes their deſires, that in ſolitude would be more quiet. And to the end, 'tis likely, that they might render their Chaſtity more meritorious by this Circumſtance and Conſideration; *Boleſlaus*, and *Kinge* his Wife, *King*, and *Queen* of *Poland*, vow'd it by mutual conſent, being in Bed together on their very Wedding day, and kept their vow in ſpite of all matrimonial Conveniencies and Delights. We train them up from their infancy to the traffick of Love; their Grace, Dreſſing, Knowledge, Language, and whole Inſtruction tend that way: Their Governeſſes imprint nothing in them but the *Idea* of Love, if for nothing elſe but by continually repreſenting it to them, to make them diſguſt it. My Daughter, the only Child I have, is now of an Age that forward young Women are allow'd to be married at; ſhe is of a ſlow, thin, and tender Complexion, and has accordingly been brought up by her Mother after a private and particular manner, ſo that ſhe but now begins to be wean'd from her Childiſh Simplicity. She was one day reading before me in a French Book, where ſhe happen'd to meet the word * *fouteau*, the name of a Tree very well known; the Woman to whoſe Conduct ſhe is committed, ſtop her ſhort a little rudely, and made her skip over that dangerous ſtep.

Chaſtity vow'd and kept on the Wedding day.

* Beech-Tree.

ſtep; I let her alone, not to trouble their Rules, for I never concern my ſelf in that ſort of Government. The Feminine Policy has a myſterious proceeding, we muſt leave it to them, but if I am not miſtaken, the Commerce of twenty *Lacquies* could not in ſix Months time have ſo imprinted in her Fancy the meaning, uſage, and all the conſequence of the ſound of theſe ſmutty Syllables, as this good old Woman did by Reprimand and Interdiction.

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Natura virgo, & frangitur artubus
Jam nunc, & inceſtos amores
De tenero meditatur ungui.

Horace, lib 3. Ode 6.

The Maid, for marriage ripe, much joys to learn
Ionick Dances, and can well diſcern,
With Art to feign, and quickly prove
The Pleaſures of unlawful Love.

Sir *Thomas Hawkins.*

Let them but give themſelves the rein a little, let them but enter into liberty of Diſcourſe, we are but Children to them in this Science: Hear them but repreſent our Purſuits and Diſcourſes, they will very well make you underſtand that we bring them nothing they have not known before, and digeſted without our help. Is it perhaps, as *Plato* ſays, that they have formerly been debauch'd young Fellows? I happen'd one day to be in a Place where I could learn ſome of their Talk without ſuſpicion: I am ſorry I cannot repeat it. By 'rlady, ſaid I, 'tis time for us to go ſtudy the Phraſes of *Ama-*

dis, *Boccace*, and *Aretine*, to be able to Diſcourſe with them: We employ our time to much purpoſe indeed, there is neither Word, Example, nor Step, they are not more perfect in than our Books; 'tis a Diſcipline that ſprings with their Blood:

Virg. Georg. l. 3. *Et mentem ipſa* Venus *dedit.*

Venus her ſelf has made them what they are.

which theſe good Inſtructers, Nature, Youth, and Health, are continually inſpiring them with; they need not learn, they breed it;

Catullus. *Nec tantum niveo gaviſa eſt ulla columbo,*
Compar, vel ſi quid dicitur improbius,
Oſcula mordenti ſemper decerpere roſtro:
Quantum præcipue multivola eſt mulier.

Not more delighted is the milk-white Dove,
Or if there be a thing more prone to Love,
Still to be Billing with her mate, than is
Woman, with every man ſhe meets to kiſs.

So that if the natural Violence of their deſires were not a little reſtrain'd by Fear and Honour, which were wiſely contriv'd for them, we ſhould be all ſham'd. All the motions in the World tend to this Conjunction; 'tis a matter infus'd throughout: 'tis a Center to which all things tend. We yet ſee the Edicts of the old and wiſe *Rome*, made for the ſervice of Love, and the Precepts of *Socrates* for the Inſtruction of *Courtezans*:

Ne

Nec non libelli Stoici, inter ſericos
Jacere pulvillos amant. *Hor. Ep.8.*

And Stoical Books, for all their gravity,
Amongſt ſilk Cuſhions love to lie.

Zeno, amongſt his *Laws*, did alſo regulate the divarications and motions in getting a Maidenhead. Of what ſence was the Philoſopher [*Strato*'s Book of carnal Conjunction? And what did *Theophraſtus* treat of in thoſe he intituled the one the *Lover*, and the other, of *Love*? Of what *Ariſtippus* in his of ancient Delights? What do the ſo long and lively Deſcriptions in *Plato* of the Loves of his time pretend to? And the Book call'd the Lover, of *Demetrius Phalerus*? And *Clinias*, that of getting Children, or of Weddings: and the other of the Maſter, or the Lover? And that of *Ariſto* of amorous Exerciſes? What thoſe of *Cleanthes*, one of love, the other of the art of Loving? The amorous Dialogues of *Spherus*? and the Fable of *Jupiter* and *Juno*, of *Chryſippus*, impudent beyond all toleration? And his fifty ſo laſcivious Epiſtles? I will let alone the Writings of the *Philoſophers* of the *Epicurean Sect*, protectrice of Voluptuouſneſs and Pleaſure. Fifty Deities were in time paſt aſſign'd to this Office: and there has been a Nation found out, where, to aſſwage the Luſt of thoſe that came to their Devotion, they had purpoſely Strumpets in their Temples for them to lie withall; and it was an act of Ceremony

Whores kept in Temples for the uſe of thoſe

who came to their Devotion.

ny to do that before they went to Prayers. *Nimirum propter continentiam incontinentia neceſſaria eſt, incendium ignibus extinguitur. Doubtleſs Incontinency is neceſſary for Continency's ſake: a Conflagration is extinguiſh'd by fire.* In the greateſt part of the World, that Member of our Body was deifi'd. In the ſame Province, ſome flead off the Skin to offer and conſecrate a Piece, others offered and conſecrated their Seed. In another, the Young-men publickly cut through betwixt the Skin and the Fleſh of that part in ſeveral places, and thruſt pieces of Wood into the Overtures as long and thick as they would receive, and of thoſe pieces of Wood afterwards made a fire for an Offering to their Gods, and were reputed neither Vigorous nor Chaſte, if by the force of that intolerable Pain they ſeem'd to be anything diſmay'd. Elſewhere, the moſt Sacred Magiſtrate was reverenc'd and acknowledg'd by that Member: and in ſeveral Ceremonies the Picture of it was carried in pomp to the Honour of ſeveral Divinities. The *Egyptian Ladies* in their *Bacchanals* carried every one one carv'd of Wood about their Necks, exactly made great and heavy as every one was able to bear, beſides one which the Statue of the God repreſented, which in greatneſs ſurpaſs'd all the reſt of his Body. The married Women near to the place where I live, make of their Kercheifs the Figure of one upon their Foreheads to glorifie themſelves in the injoyment they have of it; and coming to be Widows they throw it behind and cover it with their Head

Head-cloths. The moſt modeſt Matrons of *Rome*, thought it an Honour to offer Flowers and Garlands to the God *Priapus*. And they made the Virgins, at the time of their Eſpouſals, ſit upon his ſhameful Parts. And I know not whether I have not in my time ſeen ſome air of like Devotion. What was the meaning of that ridiculous thing our Fore-fathers wore before on their Breeches, and that is ſtill worn by the *Swiſſe*? To what end do we make a ſhew of our Implements in Figure under our Gaskins, and often, which is worſe, above their natural ſize, by a kind of Impoſture? I have half a mind to believe that this ſort of Veſtment was invented in the better and more Conſciencious Ages, that the World might not be deceiv'd, and that every one ſhould give a publick account of his Dimenſions: The ſimple Nations wear them yet, and near about the real ſize. In thoſe days the Taylor took meaſure as the Shoomaker does now, of a Leg or a Foot. That good Man, who, when I was young, gelt ſo many noble and antick Statues in his great City, that they might not corrupt the ſight, according to the advice of this other old good Man; *Flagitii principium eſt nudare inter cives corpora. 'Tis the beginning of Wickedneſs to ſhow their Nudities in publick.* I ſhould have call'd to mind that as in the Myſteries of the *Goddeſſes* all Maſculine appearance was excluded; that he did nothing, if he did not geld Horſes and Aſſes, and finally all Nature too.

Codpieces worn.

Virgil. Georg. l. 3.

Omne adeo genus in terris, hominumque, ferarum-
Et genus æquoreum, pecudes, pictæque volucres,
In furias ignemque ruunt.———
(que,
(tame,

Mr. *Ogilby.*

All Men on Earth, and Beaſts, both mild and
Sea-Monſters, gaudy Fowl, ruſh to this flame,
The ſame love works in all.

The *Gods*, ſays *Plato*, have given us one diſobedient and unruly Member, that like a furious Animal, attempts by the violence of its Appetite, to ſubject all things to it. And they have given Women one that has the ſame Qualities, like a greedy and ravenous Animal, which if one refuſe to give him Food in ſeaſon, grows wild, impatient of delay, and infuſing the rage into their Bodies, ſtops the paſſages, and hinders Reſpiration, cauſing a thouſand Inconveniencies; till having imbib'd the Fruit of the common Thirſt, he has plentifully beſprinkled and bedew'd the bottom of their Womb. Now my Legiſlator ſhould alſo have conſider'd, that peradventure it were a chaſter and more fruitful uſance to let them know the quick betimes, than permit them to gueſs according to the liberty and heat of their own Fancy; inſtead of real parts, they ſubſtitute through hope and deſire, others that are three times more extravagant. And a certain Friend of mine loſt himſelf by producing his in place not yet fit to admit them to their more ſerious uſe. What Miſchief do not thoſe Pictures of prodigious dimenſion do, that the Boys make

make upon the Stair-caſes and Galleries of the Royal Houſes! which give them a ſtrange contempt of our natural Furniture. And what do we know but that *Plato*, after other well-inſtituted Republicks, order'd, that the Man and Woman, old and young, ſhould expoſe themſelves naked to the view of one another, in his *Gymnaſtick*, upon that very account? The *Indians*, who ſee the Men ſtark naked, have at leaſt cool'd the Senſe of Seeing. And let the Women of the Kingdom of *Pegu* ſay what they will, (who below the Waſte have nothing to cover them but a Cloth ſlit before, and ſo ſtrait, that what decency and modeſty ſoever they pretend by it, at every ſtep all is to be ſeen) that it is an Invention found out to allure the Men to them, and to divert them from the Boys, to which that Nation is generally enclin'd; yet peradventure they loſe more by it than they get; and a Man may venture to ſay, that an entire Appetite is more ſharp than one already glutted by the Eyes. And alſo *Livia* was wont to ſay, That to a vertuous Woman, a naked Man was but a Statue. The *Lacedæmonian* Women, more Virgins when Wives, than our Daughters are; ſaw every day the young Men of their City ſtripp'd naked in their Exerciſes, little minding themſelves to cover their Thighs in walking, believing themſelves, ſays *Plato*, ſufficiently cover'd with their Vertue, without any other Robe. But thoſe of whom St. *Auſtin* ſpeaks, have given Nudity a wonderful power of Temptation, that have made it a Doubt, whether

ther Women at the Day of Judgment ſhall riſe again in their own Sex, and not rather in ours, for fear of tempting us again in that holy eſtate. In brief, we allure and fleſh them by all ſorts of ways: We inceſſantly heat and ſtir up their Imagination, and yet we find fault. Let us confeſs the truth; there is ſcarce one of us that does not more apprehend the ſhame that accrues to him by the Vices of his Wife than by his own, and that is not more ſollicitous (a wonderful Charity) of the Conſcience of his vertuous Wife than of his own; who had not rather commit Theft and Sacrilege, and that his Wife was a Murthereſs and a Heretick, than that ſhe ſhould not be more chaſte than her Husband. An unjuſt eſtimate of Vices. Both we and they are capable of a thouſand Corruptions more prejudicial and unnatural than Luſt: But we weigh Vices not according to Nature, but according to our Intereſt; by which means they take ſo many unequal forms. The auſterity of our Decrees renders the propenſion of Women to this Vice more violent and vicious than its Condition will bear, and engages it in *Conſequences* worſe than the *Cauſe*. They will voluntarily offer to go to the Exchange to ſeek for Gain, and to the War to get Reputation, rather than in the midſt of eaſe and delights to have to do with ſo difficult a Guard. Do not they very well ſee, that there is neither Merchant nor Souldier, who will not leave this Buſineſs to run after this other, and ſo much as the *Porter* and *Cobler*, toyl'd and tyr'd out as they are with Labour and Hunger? *Num*

Num tu quæ tenuit dives Achæmenes,
Aut pinguis Phrygiæ Mygdonias opes,
Permutare velis crine Licinniæ,
Plenas aut Arabum domos,
Dum fragrantia detorquet ad oſcula
Cervicem, aut facili ſævitia negat,
Quæ poſcente magis gaudeat eripi,
Interdum rapere occupet?

Horace, lib. 2. *Ode* 12.

Wouldſt thou for all that *Achæmenes* had,
Or all the *Phrygian* Wealth before thee laid,
Or Riches that in *Arabs* Houſes are,
Change thy *Licinnia*'s golden Hair,
When ſhe her Neck to fragrant Kiſſes wries,
Or with a pretty Anger them denies,
What ſhe would rather give than take by far,
And ſnatches them ere ſhe's aware?

I cannot tell whether the Exploits of *Alexander* and *Cæſar*, do really ſurpaſs the Reſolution of a beautiful young Woman, bred up after our faſhion in the Light and Commerce of the World, batter'd by ſo many contrary Examples, and yet keeping her ſelf entire in the midſt of a thouſand continual and powerful Sollicitations and Purſuits. There is no doing more prickly than that not doing, nor more active. I find it more eaſie to carry a Suit of Arms all the days of a Man's Life, than a Maidenhead, and the Vow of Virginity, of all others is the moſt noble, as being the hardeſt to keep. *Diaboli Virtus in Lumbis eſt*, ſays St. *Hierom.* We have doubtleſs reſign'd to the Ladies the moſt

Div Hieron. in Epiſt.

moſt difficult, and moſt vigorous of all humane Endeavours, and let us reſign to them the Glory too. This ought to encourage them to be obſtinate in it, 'tis a brave thing for them to defie us, and to ſpurn under-foot that vain prehemi-nence of Valour and Virtue that we pretend to have over them. They will find, if they do but obſerve it, that they will not only be much more eſteem'd for it, but alſo much more be-lov'd. A gallant Man does not give over his purſuit for being refus'd, provided it be a refuſal of Chaſtity, and not of Choice. We may ſwear, threaten, and complain to much purpoſe; we lie, we love them the better: There is no allurement like Modeſty, if it be not rude and uncivil. 'Tis ſtupidity and meanneſs to be obſtinate againſt hatred and diſdain; but againſt a vertuous and conſtant Reſolution, mixt with an acknowledgment, 'tis the exerciſe of a noble and generous Soul. They may acknowledge our Services to a certain degree, and give us civilly to underſtand, that they diſdain us not. For that Law that enjoyns them to abominate us, becauſe we adore them, and to hate us, becauſe we love them, is certainly very ſevere, if but for the difficulty of it. Why ſhould they not give ear to our offers and demands, ſo long as they are contain'd within the bounds of Modeſty? Wherefore ſhould we fanſie them to have other thoughts within, and to be worſe than they ſeem? A *Queen* of our time ingeniouſly ſaid, That to refuſe theſe Courtſhips, is a Teſtimony of Weakneſs in Women, and a ſelf accuſation of Facility; and that a Lady could not boaſt

boaſt of her Chaſtity, who was never tempted. The Limits of Honour are not cut ſo ſhort; they may give themſelves a little rein, and diſpence a little without forfeiting themſelves; there lies before the *Frontier* ſome ſpace free, indifferent and neuter: He that has beaten and purſu'd her into her Fort, is a ſtrange Fellow if he be not ſatisfied with his Fortune. The price of the Conqueſt is conſider'd by the difficulty. Would you know what impreſſion your Service and merit have made in her Heart? Judge of it by her Behaviour. Some may grant more, who do not grant ſo much. The Obligation of a Benefit wholly relates to the Good-will of thoſe who confer it, the other co-incident Circumſtances are dumb, dead, and caſual. It coſts her dearer to grant you that little, than it would do her Companion to grant all. If in any thing Rarety give the eſtimation, it ought eſpecially in this. Do not conſider how little it is that is given, but how few have it to give. The value of Money alters according to the Coin, and ſtamp of the Place. Whatever the ſpite and indiſcretion of ſome may make them ſay upon the exceſs of their Diſcontentment; yet Vertue and Truth will in time recover all. I have known ſome, whoſe Reputation has for a great while ſuffer'd under ſlander, who have after been reſtor'd to the World's univerſal Opinion, meerly by their Conſtancy, without care or artifice; every one repents, and gives himſelf the lye for what he has believ'd and ſaid; and from Maids, a little ſuſpected, they have been afterward advanc'd to the firſt rank amongſt

amongſt the Ladies of Honour. Somebody told *Plato*, that all the World ſpoke ill of him. *Let them talk*, ſaid he, *I will live ſo as to make them change their note.* Beſides the fear of God, and the price of ſo rare a Renown, which ought to make them look to themſelves, the corruption of the Age we live in, compels them to it; and if I were as they, there is nothing I would not rather do, than intruſt my Reputation in ſo dangerous hands. In my time, the Pleaſure of Telling (a Pleaſure little inferiour to that of Doing) was not permitted but to thoſe who had ſome faithful and only Friend; but now the ordinary Diſcourſe and common Table-talk, is nothing but boaſts of Favours receiv'd, and the ſecret Liberality of *Ladies*. In earneſt, 'tis too abject, and too much meanneſs of Spirit, to ſuffer ſuch ingrateful, indiſcreet, and giddy-headed People, ſo to perſecute, teize, and rifle thoſe tender and obliging Favours. This our immoderate and illegitimate Exaſperation againſt this Vice, ſprings from the moſt vain and turbulent Diſeaſe that afflicts humane Minds, which is Jealouſie:

Ovid. de Art. Amandi.

Quis vetat appoſito lumen de lumine ſumi?
Dent licet aſſiduè, nil tamen inde perit.

That Light from Light be taken, who'll deny?
Tho' they do nought but give, nought's loſt (thereby.

Jealouſie and Envy.

She, and Envy her Siſter, ſeem to me to be the moſt idle and fooliſh of the whole Troop. As to

to the laſt, I can ſay little to't, a Paſſion, that tho' ſaid to be ſo mighty and powerful, had never to do with me. As to the other, I know it by ſight, and that's all. Beaſts feel it. The Shepherd *Cratis*, being fall'n in love with a *She-Goat*, the *He* out of jealouſie came to butt him as he was laid aſleep, and beat out his Brains. We have rais'd this Fever to a greater exceſs, by the Examples of ſome barbarous Nation; the beſt diſciplin'd have been touch'd with it, and 'tis reaſon; but not tranſported:

Enſe maritali nemo confeſſus Adulter, *Ovid.*
Purpureo Stygias Sanguine tinxit aquas.

Ne'er did Adulterer, by a Husband ſlain,
With purple Blood the *Stygian* Waters ſtain.

Lucullus, *Cæſar*, *Pompey*, *Antonius*, *Cato*, and other brave Men, were Cuckolds, and knew it, without making any buſtle about it. There was in thoſe days but one Coxcomb, *Lepidus*, that died for Grief that his Wife had us'd him ſo:

Ah! tum te miſerum, malique fati, *Catullus, Ep. 15.*
Quem attractis pedibus, patente porta,
Percurrent mugileſque raphanique.

And the God of our Poet, when he ſurpriz'd one of his Companions with his Wife, ſatisfied himſelf with putting them to ſhame only.

Atque aliquis de Diis non triſtibus optat, *Ovid. Met. l. 4.*
Sic fieri turpis.——

—they

Mr. *Sandys*. ——they ſhamefully lay bound,
Yet one a wanton wiſh'd to be ſo found.

And nevertheleſs took fire at the ſoft Embraces ſhe gave him, complaining, that upon that account ſhe was grown jealous of his Affection.

Virgil. Æneid. 18. *Quid cauſas petis ex alto? fiducia ceſſit*
Quo tibi Diva mei?

[thus?

Mr. *Ogilby*. What need'ſt thou doubt and make a queſtion
Where is your Confidence repos'd in us?

Nay, ſhe entreats Arms for a Baſtard of hers,

Ibid. *Arma rogo genitrix nato.*

Another for her Son does Armour crave.

Which are freely granted; and *Vulcan* ſpeaks honourably of *Æneas*:

Ibid. *Arma acri facienda viro.*

Mr. *Ogilby*. Arms for a valiant Hero muſt be made.

with, in truth, a more than humane Humanity. And I am willing to leave this exceſs of Bounty to the *Gods*:

Catullus, Num. 69. *Nec divis homines componere æquum eſt.*

Nor is it fit to equal Men with Gods.

As to the confuſion of Children, beſides that the graveſt *Legiſlators* ordain and effect it in their Republicks, it nettles not the Women, where this Paſſion is I know not how much better ſeated.

Sæpe etiam Juno *maxima Cœlicolam*
Conjugis in culpa flagravit quotidiana. *Ibid.*

And *Juno*, with fierce Jealouſie inflam'd,
Her Husband's daily Slips has often blam'd.

When Jealouſie ſeizes theſe poor, weak, and reſiſtleſs Souls, 'tis pity to ſee how miſerably it torments and tyrannizes over them; it inſinuates it ſelf into them, under the title of Friendſhip, but after it has once poſſeſs'd them, the ſame cauſes that ſerv'd for a foundation of Good-will, ſerve them for a foundation of mortal Hatred: 'Tis of all the Diſeaſes of the Mind, that which moſt things ſerve for *Aliment*, and feweſt for *Remedy*. The Vertue, Health, Merit, and Reputation of the Huſband, are the Incendiaries of their Fury and Ill-will.

Nullæ ſunt inimicitiæ niſi amoris acerbæ. *Propertius.*

Their Angers are but the effects of Love.

This Fever defaces and corrupts all they have of beautiful and good beſides. And there is no Action of a jealous Woman, let her be how chaſte and how good a Huſwife ſoever, that does not reliſh of Anger and Rudeneſs. 'Tis a

furious Agitation, that rebounds them to a Extremity quite contrary to its Cauſe: Which was very manifeſt in one *Octavius* at *Rome* who, having lain with *Pontia Poſthumia*, found his love ſo much augmented by Fruition, that he ſollicited with all Importunity to marry her, which ſeeing he could not perſuade her to, this exceſſive Affection precipitated him to the effects of the moſt cruel and mortal hatred, for he kill'd her. In like manner, the ordinary ſymptoms of this other amorous Diſeaſe, are inteſtine Hatreds, private Conſpiracies and Conjurations,

Æneid. lib. 5. *Notumque, furens quid fœmina poſſit.*

Mr. *Ogilby.* —— The cauſe unknown,
But that a deſp'rate Woman carry'd on
With Rage might do,

and a Rage which ſo much the more frets ſelf, as it is compell'd to excuſe it ſelf by pretence of good Will. Now the duty of Chaſtity is of a vaſt Extent. Is it their Wills that we would have them reſtrain? That is a very pliant and active thing, a thing very quick and nimble to be ſtaid. How? if Dreams ſometimes ingage them ſo far that they cannot deny them. It is not in them, nor peradventure in Chaſtity it ſelf, ſeeing it is a Female, to defend it ſelf from Luſt and Deſire. If we are only intereſted in their Will, what a caſe are we in then? Do but imagine what crowds there would be amongſt Men in purſuance

theſe Privileges, to run full ſpeed, though without Tongue and Eyes, into every Womans Arms that would accept them. The *Scythian Women* put out the Eyes of all their Slaves and Priſoners of War, that they might have their Pleaſure of them, and they never the wiſer. Oh, the furious advantage of Opportunity! Should any one ask me, what was the firſt part of Love, I ſhould Anſwer, that it was how to take a man's time, and ſo the ſecond, and ſo the third; 'tis a point that can do every thing. I have ſometimes wanted Fortune, but I have alſo ſometimes been wanting to my ſelf in matter of Attempt. There is greater Temerity requir'd in this Age of ours, which our young People excuſe under the name of heat. But ſhould Women examine it more ſtrictly, they would find, that it rather proceeded from Contempt. I was always ſuperſtitiouſly afraid of giving offence, and have ever had a great reſpect for her I lov'd: Beſides, who in this traffick takes away the *Reverence*, defaces at the ſame time the *Luſtre*. I would in this affair have a man a little play the Child, the Timorous, and the Servant: If not altogether in this, I have in other things ſome air of the fooliſh baſhfulneſs whereof *Plutarch* makes mention; and the courſe of my Life has been divers ways hurt and blemiſh'd with it, a Quality very ill ſuiting my univerſal Form, And what is there alſo amongſt us but Sedition and Diſcord? I am as much out of Countenance to be deny'd as I am to deny; and it ſo much troubles me to be troubleſome to

others, that in occaſions where Duty compells to try the good will of any one in a thing that is doubtful, and that will be chargeable to him, I do it very faintly, and very much againſt my will: But if it be for my own particular, (whatever *Homer* truly ſays, that Modeſty is a fooliſh Vertue in an indigent Perſon) I commonly commit it to a third Perſon to bluſh for me, and deny thoſe that employ me with the ſame difficulty; ſo that it has ſometimes befall'n me to have had a mind to deny when I had not the power to do it. 'Tis folly then to attempt to bridle in Women a Deſire that is ſo powerful in them, and ſo natural to them. And when I hear them brag of having ſo maidenly and ſo temperate a Will, I laugh at them. They retire too far back. If it be an old Toothleſs Trot, or a young dry Conſumptive thing, though it be not altogether to be believ'd, at leaſt, they may ſay it with more ſimilitude of truth. But they, who are yet capable of love, and ſtill pant with deſire, talk at that ridiculous rate to their own prejudice, by reaſon that inconſiderate excuſes are a kind of ſelf Accuſation. Like a *Gentleman*, a Neighbour of mine, ſuſpected to be inſufficient;

Catullus, Num. 68. *Languidior tenera cui pendens ſicula beta,*
Nunquam ſe mediam ſuſtulit ad tunicam.

who three or four days after he was married, to juſtifie himſelf, ſwore aloud that he had rid *twenty Stages* the Night before: an Oath that was afterwards made uſe of to convince him of

of his ignorance in that Affair, and to divorce him from his Wife. Beſides, it ſignifies nothing, for there is neither Continency nor Vertue where there are no oppoſing Deſires. It is true, they may ſay, but they will not yield unto it. *Saints* themſelves ſpeak after that manner; I mean thoſe who boaſt in good earneſt of their coldneſs and inſenſibility, and who expect to be believ'd when they profeſs it with a grave and ſerious Countenance; for when it is ſpoken with an affected Look, where their Eyes give the lye to their Tongue, and ſpeak in the cant of their Profeſſion, which always goes againſt the hair, 'tis good ſport. I am a great Servant of Liberty and Plainneſs, but there is no remedy; if it be wholly ſimple or childiſh, 'tis ſilly and unbecoming Ladies in this Commerce; and preſently runs into Impudence: Their Diſguiſes and Figures only ſerve to cozen Fools. Lying is there in its ſeat of Honour; 'tis a by-way, that by a back-door leads us to Truth. If we cannot curb their Imagination, what would we have them do? Do indeed? There are enow who evade all Communication, by which chaſtity may be corrupted.

Illud ſæpe facit, quod ſine teſte facit. *Mart. Ep. lib. 7. Epig. 61.*

He often does himſelf apply
To that he does when none is by.

And thoſe whom we fear the leaſt, are peradventure moſt to be fear'd; their Sins that make the leaſt noiſe are the worſt.

Id. lib 6. Ep. 7. *Offendor mœcha ſimpliciore minus.*

A profeſs'd Strumpet leſs offence does give.

There are ways by which they may loſe their Virginity without proſtitution, and, which is more, without their knowledge. *Obſtetrix virginis cujuſdam integritatem manu velut explorans, ſive malevolentia, ſive inſcitia, ſive caſu, dum inſpicit perdidit.* Some one by ſeeking her Maiden-head has loſt it, another by playing with it has deſtroy'd it. We cannot preciſely circumſcribe the occaſions; we interdict them. They muſt gueſs at our meaning under general and doubtful terms. The very *Idea* we invent for the

D. Aug. de Civit. l. 1. Cap. 18.

The extream Chaſtity of ſome Women.

Chaſtity is ridiculous; for, amongſt the greatest Examples arriv'd at my knowledge, *Fannus*, the Wife of *Fannus*, is one, who never after her Marriage ſuffer'd herſelf to be ſeen by any man whatever; and the Wife of *Hiero*, who never perceiv'd her Husband's ſtinking Breath, imagining that it was common to all men. They muſt become inſenſible and inviſible to ſatisfie us. Now let us confeſs, that the knot of this Judgment of Duty does principally lie in the Will. There have been Husbands who have ſuffer'd this accident not only without reproach, or taking offence at their Wives, but with ſingular Obligation to them, and great commendation of their vertue. Such a Woman has been, who priz'd her Honour above her Life, and yet has proſtituted it to the furious Luſt of a mortal Enemy to ſave her Husband

Husband's Life, and who, in ſo doing, did that for him, ſhe would not have done for her ſelf! It is not here that we are to produce their Examples, they are too high and rich to be ſet off with ſo poor a Foil as I can give them here, let us reſerve them for a nobler place; but for Examples of ordinary luſtre, Do we not every day ſee Women amongſt us that ſurrender themſelves for their Husbands only benefit, and by their expreſs Order and Mediation? and of old *Phaulius* the *Argian*, who offer'd his to King *Philip* out of Ambition, as that *Galba* did out of Civility, who having entertain'd *Mecænas* at *Supper*, and obſerving that his Wife and he began to caſt Sheeps eyes at one another, and to complot Love by ſigns, let himſelf ſink down upon his Cuſhion, like one in a profound ſleep, to give opportunity to their deſires: which he alſo handſomely confeſs'd, for at the ſame time a Servant making bold to clatter the Plate that ſtood upon the Table, he plainly cry'd; *What a noiſe do you make, you Rogue? do you not ſee that I only ſleep for Mecænas?* Such a Man may be, whoſe Manners, may be lewd enough, and yet whoſe Will may be more reform'd than another, who outwardly carries himſelf after a more regular manner: As we ſee ſome, who complain of having vow'd Chaſtity before they knew what they did; and I have alſo known others really complain of having given themſelves up to Debauchery before they were of years of Diſcretion. The Vice of the Parents, or the impulſe of Nature, which is a rude

Women proſtituted by the mediation of their Husbands and for their Advantage.

Councellor, may be the cauſe. In the *Eaſt Indies*, though Chaſtity is of ſingular Reputation, yet Cuſtom permitted a married Woman to proſtitute her ſelf to any one who preſented her with an Elephant, and that with Glory too, to have been valu'd at ſo high a rate. *Phædon* the Philoſopher, a Man of Birth, after the taking of his Countrey *Elida*, made it his trade to proſtitute the beauty of his youth, ſo long as it laſted, to any one that would, for Money, thereby to gain his Living. And *Solon* was the firſt in *Greece*, 'tis ſaid, who by his Laws gave Liberty to Women, at the expence of their Chaſtity, to provide for the Neceſſities of Life; a Cuſtom that *Herodotus* ſays had been receiv'd in many Governments before his time. And beſides, what Fruit is there of this painful Solitude? For what Juſtice ſoever there is in this Paſſion, we are yet to conſider whether it turns to account, or no. Does any one think to curb it by his Induſtry?

Juven. Sat. 6.

Pone Seram, cohibe: ſed quis cuſtodiet ipſos
Cuſtodes: cauta eſt, & ab illis incipit uxor.

Sir *Robert Stapleton.*

Hang on a Lock, I hear old Friends adviſe,
Appoint a Guard, but who ſhall watch the (Spies?
Her Art firſt draws them in.

What Conveniency will not ſerve their turn in ſo knowing an Age? Curioſity is *vicious* throughout; but 'tis *pernicious* here. 'Tis Folly to examine into a Diſeaſe for which there is no Phyſick that does not inflame and make it

it worſe; of which the ſhame grows ſtill greater, and more publick by Jealouſie, and of which the revenge more wounds our *Proſperity*, than it heals *us*. You wither and die in the ſearch of ſo obſcure a proof. How miſerably have they of my time arriv'd at that knowledge, who have been ſo unhappy as to have found it out? If the Informer does not at the ſame time apply a Remedy, and bring relief; 'tis an injurious Information, and that better deſerves a ſtab than the *Lye*: We no leſs laugh at him who takes pains to prevent it, than he who is a Cuckold, and knows it not. The Character of Cuckold is indelible, who once has it carries it to his grave; the Puniſhment proclaims it more than the Fault. It is to much purpoſe to ſee, to draw the Curtain, and to lift up the Quilt to diſcover our private Misfortunes, thence to expoſe them on Tragick Scaffolds; and Misfortunes that only hurt us by being known; for a good Wife, or a happy Marriage, is ſaid, not that they are really ſo, but becauſe no one ſays to the contrary. Men ſhould be ſo diſcreet, as to evade this tormenting and unprofitable knowledge: and the *Romans* had a Cuſtom, when returning from any Expedition, to ſend home before to acquaint their Wives with their coming that they might not ſurprize them; and to this purpoſe it is, that a certain *Nation* has introduc'd a cuſtom, that the *Prieſt* ſhall on the Wedding day unlock the Brides Cabinet, to free the Husband from the doubt and Curioſity of examining in the firſt aſſault, whether

ſhe

ſhe comes a Virgin to his Bed, or that ſhe has been at the Trade before. But the World will be talking. I know a hundred honeſt Men Cuckolds, that are handſomely, and not very indecently ſo; a worthy man is Lamented, but not diſeſteem'd for it. Order it ſo that your Vertue may conquer your Misfortune, that good Men may curſe the Occaſion, and that he who wrongs you may tremble but to think on't. And moreover, who eſcapes being talk'd of at the ſame rate, from the leaſt even to the greateſt?

Lucret. l. 3. —— *tot qui legionibus imperitavit,*
Et melior quam tumultis fuit, improbe, rebus.

To whom ſo many Legions did bow,
And who by much was better far than thou.

You hear how many honeſt men are reproach'd with this in your preſence, and you may believe that you are no more ſpar'd behind your Back. Nay, the very Ladies will be laughing too; and what are they ſo apt to laugh at in this vertuous Age of ours, as at a peaceable and well-compos'd marriage? There is not one amongſt you but has made ſome body Cuckold: and Nature runs much in parallel in compenſation, and turn for turn. The frequency of this accident ought long ſince to have made it eaſie; and 'tis now paſt into Cuſtom. Miſerable Paſſion, which has this alſo that it is incommunicable.

Catullus. *Fors etiam noſtris invidit queſtibus Aures.*

And

And ſpiteful Fortune too denies
An Ear to our Calamities.

For to what Friend dare you intruſt your Griefs; who, if he does not laugh at them, will not make uſe of the occaſion to get a ſhare of the *Quarry*? The ſharps, as well as the ſweets of Marriage, are kept ſecret by the wife; and amongſt other troubleſome Conditions appertaining to it, this to a prating Fellow, as I am, is one of the chief, that cuſtom has rendred it indecent and prejudicial, to communicate to any one all that a man knows, and all that a man feels. To give even Women counſel againſt jealouſie, would be ſo much time loſt, their very Being is ſo made up of Suſpicion, Vanity, and Curioſity, that to cure them by any lawful ways, is not to be hop'd or expected. They often recover of this Infirmity, by a form of Health much more to be fear'd than the Diſeaſe it ſelf. For as there are Enchantments that cannot take away the Evil, but by throwing it upon another, they alſo willingly transferr this Fever to their Husbands, when they ſhake it off themſelves. And yet I know not, to ſpeak truth, whether a man can ſuffer worſe from them than their Jealouſie; 'tis the moſt dangerous of all their Conditions, as the Head is of all their Members. *Pittacus* was us'd to ſay, that every one had his defect, and that his was the jealous Head of his Wife; but for which he ſhould think himſelf perfectly happy. A mighty inconvenience ſure which could poyſon the whole

whole Life of ſo juſt, ſo wiſe, and ſo valiant a man; What muſt we other little Fellows do? The *Senate* of *Marſeilles* had reaſon to grant him that begg'd leave to kill himſelf, that he might be deliver'd from the Clamour of his Wife, his requeſt; for 'tis a miſchief that is never remov'd, but that it carries away the piece; and that has no remedy but Flight or Patience, though both of them very hard. He was doubtleſs an underſtanding Fellow that ſaid, there was no happy Marriage but betwixt a blind Wife and a deaf Husband. Let us alſo conſider, whether the great and violent Severity of Obligation we enjoyn them, does not produce two effects contrary to our deſign, namely, whether it does not render the Purſuants more eager to attaque, and the Women more eaſie to yield. For, as to the firſt, by raiſing the value of the *Place*, we raiſe the value and the deſire of the *Conqueſt*. Might it not be *Venus* her ſelf, who ſo cunningly enhanc'd the price of her Merchandize, by making the Laws her Bawds; knowing how inſipid a delight it would be that was not heightned by Fancy and hardneſs to atchieve? To conclude, 'tis all Swines-fleſh, varied by Sawces, as ſaid *Flaminius* his Hoſt. *Cupid* is a roguiſh *God*, who makes it his Sport to contend with Devotion and Juſtice: 'Tis his Glory, that his Power mates all other Powers, and all other Rules give place to his.

Ovid Triſt. lib. 4. El. 1.

Materiam Culpæ proſequiturque ſuæ.

And ſeeks out Matter for his Crimes.

As

As to the ſecond point; ſhould we not be leſs Cuckolds, if we leſs fear'd to be ſo? according to the Humour of Women: whom Interdiction incites, and who are more eager for being forbid.

Ubi velis nolunt, ubi nolis volunt ultro,
Conceſſa pudet ire via. ——— *Teren. Eunu. Act. 4. Sc. 7.*

(they wou'd,
You would, they won't, when you would not,
Conſent does freeze, denial fires their Blood.

What better Interpretation can we make of *Meſſalina*'s Behaviour? She at firſt made her Husband a Cuckold in private, as is the common uſe: but, bringing her Buſineſs about with too much eaſe, by reaſon of her Husband's Stupidity; ſhe ſoon ſcorn'd that way, and preſently fell to making open love, to own her Servants, and to favour and entertain them in the ſight of all. She would make him know and ſee how ſhe us'd him. This Animal, not to be rous'd with all this, and rendring her Pleaſures dull and flat by his too ſtupid Facility, by which he ſeem'd to authorize, and make them lawful; what does ſhe? but being the Wife of a living and healthful Emperour, and at *Rome*, the Theater of the World, in the face of the Sun, and with ſolemn Ceremony, and to *Silius*, who had long before enjoy'd her, ſhe publickly marries her ſelf one day that her Husband was gone out of the *City*. Does it not ſeem as if ſhe was going to become Chaſte by her Husband's negligence? or that ſhe ſought another Husband that might ſharpen

pen her appetite by his jealouſie, and who by watching ſhould incite her? But the firſt difficulty ſhe met with was alſo the laſt; this Beaſt ſuddenly rous'd. Theſe ſtupid ſort of Men are oft the moſt dangerous. I have found by Experience, that this extream Toleration, when it comes to diſſolve, produces the moſt ſevere Revenge, for taking fire on a ſudden, Anger and Fury being combin'd in one, diſcharge their utmoſt force at the firſt charge.

Æneid. lib. 12. *Irarumque omnes effundit habenas.*

He put her to Death, and with her a great number of thoſe with whom ſhe had had Intelligence, even thoſe who could not help it, and whom ſhe had caus'd to be forc'd to her Bed with Scourges. What *Virgil* ſays of *Venus* and *Vulcan*, *Lucretius* had better expreſs'd of a ſtoln Injoyment betwixt her and *Mars*.

Lucret. lib. 1.

——— bellifera mœnia Mavors
Armipotens regit, in gremium qui ſæpe tuum ſe
Rejicit, æterno devinctus Vulnere amoris:
Paſcit amore avidos inhians in te Dea viſus,
Eque tuo pendet reſupini ſpiritus ore:
Hunc tu Diva tuo recubantem corpore ſancto
Circumfuſa ſuper, ſuaveis ex ore loquelas
Funde.

Mr. *Creech*.

——— For furious *Mars*,
The only Governour, and God of Wars,
Tired with heat and toil, doth oft reſort
To taſte the Pleaſures of the *Paphian* Court;
Where on thy Boſom he ſupinely lies,
And greedily drinks Love at both his eyes
Till,

Till quite o'recome, ſnatching an eager Kiſs,
He haſtily goes on to greater bliſs: (arms
Then midſt his ſtrict embraces claſp thine
About his Neck, and call forth all thy charms,
Careleſs, with all thy ſubtle arts become
A Flatterer, and beg a Peace for *Rome.*

When I conſider this *rejicit, paſcit, inhians, molli, fovet, medullas, labefacta, pendet, percurrit,* and that noble *circumfuſa,* mother of the gentle *infuſus*; I contemn thoſe little Quibbles and verbal Alluſions have been ſince in uſe. Thoſe well-meaning People ſtood in need of no ſubtilty to diſguiſe their meaning; their Language is downright and plain, and full of natural and continued Vigour; they are all *Epigram,* not only with a ſting in the tayl, but the head, body, and feet, carry the ſame force throughout. There is nothing forc'd, nothing languiſhing, but they ſtill keep the ſame pace. *Contextus totus virilis eſt, non ſunt circa floſculos occupati. The whole contexture is manly, without inſiſting upon little flowers of Rhetorick.* Sen. Ep. 33. 'Tis not a ſoft Eloquence, and without offence only, 'tis nervous and ſolid, that does not ſo much pleaſe, as it fits and raviſhes the greateſt minds. When I ſee theſe brave methods of expreſſion, ſo lively, ſo profound, I do not ſay that 'tis well ſaid, but well thought. 'Tis the ſpritelineſs of the imagination that ſwells and elevates words. *Pectus eſt quod diſertum facit.* Quintil. lib. 10. Our People call Language, Judgment, and fine words, full Conceptions. This painting is not ſo

ſo much carried on by dexterity of hand, as by having the object more lively imprinted in the Soul: *Gallus* ſpeaks ſimply, becauſe he conceives ſimply: *Horace* does not content himſelf with a ſuperficial expreſſion that would betray him; he ſees farther and more clearly into things, his Wit breaks into, and rummages all the magazine of words and figures wherewith to expreſs himſelf, and he muſt have them above ordinary, becauſe his Conception is ſo. *Plutarch* ſays, that he ſees the Latin Tongue by the things. 'Tis here the ſame: the Senſe illuminates, and produces the words: no more words of air, but of fleſh and bone; they ſignifie more than they expreſs. Moreover, thoſe who are not well skill'd in a Language, perceive ſome image of this; for in *Italy*, I ſaid whatever I had a mind to in common diſcourſe, but in more ſerious ſubjects, I durſt not have truſted my ſelf with an *Idiom* that I could not wind and turn out of its ordinary pace; I would therein have a power of introducing ſomething of my own. The handling and utterance of fine Wits is that which ſets off a Language; not ſo much by innovating it, as by putting it to more vigorous and various ſervice, and by ſtraining, bending, and adapting it to them. They do not create words, but they enrich their own, and give them weight and ſignification by the Uſes they put them to, and teach them unwonted motions, but withal, ingeniouſly and diſcreetly. And how little this talent is given to all, is manifeſt by the many French Scriblers of this Age. They

They are bold, and proud enough not to follow the common road, but want of Invention and Diſcretion ruins them. There is nothing ſeen in their Writings but a wretched affectation of a ſtrange new ſtyle, with cold and abſurd diſguiſes, which, inſtead of elevating, depreſs the matter. Provided they can but trick up their ſtyle with fine new words, they care not what they ſignifie; and to bring in a new word by the head and ſhoulders, they leave the old one, very often more ſinewy and ſignificant than the other. There is ſtuff enough in our Language, but there is a defect in cutting out. For there is nothing that might not be made out of our terms of *Hunting* and *War*, which is a fruitful Soil to borrow from. And the forms of ſpeaking, like Herbs, improve and grow ſtronger by being tranſplanted. I find it ſufficiently abounding, but not ſufficiently pliable and vigorous. It quails under a powerfull Conception. If you would maintain the dignity of your ſtyle, you will oft perceive it to flag and languiſh under you, and there *Latin* ſteps in to its relief, as *Greek* does to other Languages. Of ſome of the words I have pick'd out for my own uſe, we do not eaſily diſcern the energy, by reaſon that the frequent uſe of them have in ſome ſort embas'd their beauty, and rendred it common. As in our ordinary Language there are ſeveral excellent Phraſes and Metaphors to be met with, of which the beauty is wither'd by age, and the colour is ſullied by too common handling; but that takes nothing from the

reliſh to an underſtanding man: neither does it derogate from the glory of thoſe ancient Authors, who, 'tis likely, firſt brought thoſe words into that luſtre. The *Sciences* treat of things too finely, and after an artificial, very different from the common and natural way. My Page makes love, and underſtands it, but read to him *Leo Hebreus* and *Ficinus*, where they ſpeak of him, his thoughts and actions, he underſtands it not. I do not find in *Ariſtotle* moſt of my ordinary motions; they are there cover'd and diſguis'd in another robe for the uſe of their Schools. Well may they ſpeed; but were I of the Trade, I would as much *naturalize* Art, as they *artifie* Nature. Let us let *Bembo* and *Equicola* alone. When I write, I can very well ſpare both the Company and the Remembrance of Books, leſt they ſhould interrupt my Method, and alſo in truth the beſt *Authors* too much humble and diſcourage me. I am very much of the *Painter*'s Mind, who having repreſented Cocks moſt wretchedly ill, charged all his Boys not to ſuffer any natural Cock to come into his Shop; and had rather need to give my ſelf a little luſtre of the Invention of *Antinonnydes* the Muſician, who, when he was to ſing or play, took care beforehand that the Auditory ſhould either before or after, be entertained and glutted with ſome other ill Muſicians. But I can hardly be without a *Plutarch*, he is ſo univerſal, and ſo full, that upon all Occaſions, and what extravagant Subject ſo ever you take in hand, he will ſtill intrude himſelf into your Buſineſs

and holds out to you a liberal, and not to be exhauſted hand of Riches and Embelliſhments. It vexes me that he is ſo expos'd to the ſpoil of thoſe who are converſant with him. I can no ſooner caſt an Eye upon him, but I purloyn either a Leg or a Wing. And alſo for this Deſign of mine, 'tis convenient for me to write at home, in a wild Country, where I have no body to aſſiſt or relieve me; where I hardly ſee a man that underſtands the Latin of his *Pater Noſter*, and of *French* as little, if not leſs. I might have made it better elſewhere, but then the work would have been leſs my own; and its principal end and perfection is to be exactly mine: I ſhould well enough correct an accidental Error, of which I am full, as I run careleſly on: but for any ordinary and conſtant Imperfections, it were a kind of Treaſon to put them out. When another tells, or that I ſay to my ſelf, *Thou art too thick of Figures*; this is a word of the *Gaſcon* growth, and therefore a dangerous Phraſe; (I do not reject any of thoſe that are us'd in the common Streets of *France*, they that will fight *Cuſtom* with *Grammar*, are Fools) *this is an ignorant Diſcourſe*; *this is a Parodoxical ſaying*, *this is a fooliſh Expreſſion. Thou mak'ſt by ſelf merry ſometimes*; *and men will think thou ſay'ſt a thing in good earneſt*, *which thou only ſpeak'ſt in jeſt.* Yes ſay I, but I correct the Faults of Inadvertence, not thoſe of Cuſtom. Do I not talk at the ſame rate throughout? Do I not repreſent my ſelf to the Life? 'Tis enough that I have done what I deſign'd;

all the World knows me in my Book, and my Book in me. Now I have an apiſh imitating Quality; when I us'd to write Verſes, (and I never made any but Latin) they evidently accus'd the Poet I had laſt read; and ſome of my firſt Eſſays have a little exotick taſte. I ſpeak ſomething another kind of Language at *Paris* than I do at *Montaigne*. Whoever ſtedfaſtly look upon, eaſily leaves ſome impreſſion of his upon me. Whatever I conſider I uſurp; whether a fooliſh Countenance, a diſagreeable look, or a ridiculous way of ſpeaking; and Vices moſt of all, becauſe they ſeize and ſtick to me, and will not leave hold without ſhaking off. I ſwear more by Imitation than Humour. A murthering imitation, like that of the Apes, ſo terrible both in ſtature and ſtrength, that *Alexander* met with in a certain Country of the *Indies*, which he would have had much ado any other way to have ſubdu'd. But they afforded him the means by that Inclination of theirs to imitate whatever they ſaw done. For by that the Hunters were taught to put on Shooes in their flight, and to tye them faſt with many knots, and to muffle up their Heads in Caps all compos'd of running nooſes, and to ſeem to anoint their Eyes with Glew; ſo did thoſe ſilly Creatures employ their Imitations to their own ruine; they Glew'd up their own Eyes, haltred and bound themſelves. The other faculty playing the Mimicks, and ingeniouſly acting the Words and Geſtures of another, purpoſely to make others merry, and to raiſe their Admira-

tion

tion, is no more in me than in a Stock. When I ſwear my own Oath, 'tis only by *God*, of all *Oaths* the moſt direct. They ſay that *Socrates* ſwore by the *Dog*, *Zeno* had for his oath the ſame Interjection, at this time in uſe amongſt the *Italians*, *Cappari*: *Pythagoras* ſwore by *Water* and *Air*. I am ſo apt, without thinking of it, to receive theſe ſuperficial Impreſſions, that if I have *Majeſty* or *Highneſs* in my Mouth three, days together they come out inſtead of *Excellency* and *Lordſhip*, eight days after; and what I ſay to day in ſport and fooling, I ſhall ſeriouſly ſay the ſame to morrow. Wherefore, in writing, I more unwillingly undertake beaten Arguments, leſt I ſhould handle them at anothers expence. Every Subject is equally fertile to me. A Fly will ſerve me for a Subject, and 'tis well if this I have in hand has not been undertaken at the Recommendation of as wanton a Will. I may begin with that which pleaſes me beſt, for the Subjects are all link'd to one another; but my Soul diſpleaſes me, in that it ordinarily produces its deepeſt and moſt airy conceits which pleaſe me beſt, when I leaſt expect or ſtudy for them; and ſuddenly vaniſh, having at the inſtant nothing to apply them to; on Horſe-back, at the Table, and in Bed: but moſt on Horſe back, where I am moſt given to think. My ſpeaking is a little nicely jealous of Silence and Attention, if I talk my beſt. Who interrupts me, cuts me off. In travelling, the Neceſſity of the way will often put a ſtop to Diſcourſe; beſides that, I for the moſt part travel without

Company, fit to entertain long Diſcourſes, by which means I have all the leiſure I would to entertain my ſelf. It falls out as it does in my Dreams, whilſt dreaming I recommend them to my Memory, (for I am apt to dream that I dream) but the next Morning I may repreſent to my ſelf of what Complexion they were, whether gay or ſad, or ſtrange, but what they were, as to the reſt, the more I endeavour to retrieve them, the deeper I plunge them in oblivion. So of Thoughts that come accidentally into my Head, I have no more but a vain Image remaining in my Memory, only enough to make me torment my ſelf in the queſt to no purpoſe. Well then, laying Books aſide, and more ſimply and materially ſpeaking

Definition of Love.

I find after all, that *Love is nothing elſe but the thirſt of enjoying the ſubject deſir'd*; neither *Venus* any other thing than the pleaſure of diſcharging the Veſſels, as the Pleaſure Nature gives us of diſcharging other Parts that either by immoderation or indiſcretion become vicious. According to *Socrates*, *Love is the Appetite of Generation, by the mediation of Beauty*. And having often conſider'd the ridiculous titillation of this Pleaſure, the abſurd, hair-brain'd, and ſenſeleſs motions with which it inſpires *Zeno* and *Cratippus*; the indiſcreet rage, and the Countenance enflam'd with Fury and Cruelty in the ſweeteſt effects of Love, and then that ſowre, grave, ſevere, and ſtatick one is ſo wanton an Action, that our Delights and our Excrements are promiſcuouſly ſhuffled together, and that the ſupreme

Pleaſure

Pleaſure carries along with it fainting and complaining, as well as Grief; I then believe it to be true that *Plato* ſays, That the *Gods* made Man for their ſport:

——*quænam iſta jocandi* *Claudian.*
Sævitia?——

What a ſtrange ſporting Cruelty
May this be ſaid to be?

And that it is in mockery, that *Nature* has order'd the moſt troubleſome of Actions to be the moſt common, by that to make us equal, and to parallel Fools and wiſe Men, Beaſts and us. Even the moſt contemplative and prudent Man, when I imagine him in this poſture, I hold him an impudent Fellow to pretend to be prudent and contemplative. They are the Peacocks Feet that abate his Pride.

——*ridentem dicere verum* *Hora. lib.* 1.
Quid vetat?—— *Sat.* 1.

One may ſpeak Truth in jeſt without Offence.

They who baniſh ſerious Imaginations from their ſports, do, ſays one, like him who dares not adore the Statue of a *Saint*, if not covered with a Veil. We eat and drink indeed as Beaſts do; but thoſe are not Actions that obſtruct the Functions of the Soul. In thoſe we maintain our advantage over them; but this ſubjects all other thought, and by its imperi-

ous Authority makes an Aſs of all *Plato*'s *Divinity* and *Philoſophy* too, and yet he complains not of it. In every thing elſe a Man may keep ſome *Decorum*, all other Operations ſubmit to the Rules of Decency; this cannot ſo much as in imagination appear other than vicious or ridiculous. Examine if you can therein find one wiſe and diſcreet proceeding. *Alexander* ſaid, That he chiefly knew himſelf to be mortal by this act and ſleeping; Sleep ſuffocates and ſuppreſſes the Faculties of the Soul; the familiarity with Women does likewiſe diſſipate and exhauſt them. Doubtleſs 'tis a mark, not only of our original Corruption, but alſo of our Vanity and Deformity. On the one ſide, *Nature* puſhes us on to it, having fix'd the moſt noble, utile, and pleaſant of all her Functions to this Deſire: And, on the other ſide, leaves us to accuſe and avoid it, as inſolent and indecent, to bluſh at it, and to recommend Abſtinence. Are we not ſufficiently *Brutes*, to call that Work brutiſh which begets us? People of ſo many differing Religions have concurr'd in ſeveral Ceremonies, as Sacrifices, Lamps, burning Incenſe, Faſts, and Offerings; and amongſt other, in the condemning this Act: All Opinions concentre in this, beſides the old cuſtom of Circumciſions. We have peradventure reaſon to blame our ſelves for being guilty of ſo fooliſh a Production as Man, and to call the Act and Parts ſhameful that are employ'd in the Work (I am ſure mine are now properly ſhameful.) The *Eſſenians*, of whom *Pliny* ſpeaks, kept up their Countrey ſeveral Ages with-

without either Nurſe or Baby-clouts, by the arrival of Strangers, who following this pretty humour, came continually in to them: A whole *Nation* being reſolute, rather to hazard a total Extermination, than to engage themſelves in Female embraces, and rather to loſe the ſucceſſion of Men than to beget one. 'Tis ſaid, that *Zeno* never had to do with a Woman but once in his Life, and then out of civility, that he might not ſeem too obſtinately to diſdain the *Sex*. Every one avoids ſeeing a Man born, every one runs to ſee him die. To deſtroy a ſpacious Field is ſought out, and in the face of the Sun; but to make him, we creep into as dark and private a corner as we can. 'Tis a Man's duty to withdraw himſelf from the light to do it; but 'tis Glory, and the fountain of many Vertues, to know how to deſtroy what we have done: The one is Injury, the other Favour: For *Ariſtotle* ſays, That to do any one a Courteſie, in a certain Phraſe of his Country, is to kill him. The *Athenians*, to couple the diſgrace of theſe two Actions, being to purge the *Iſle* of *Delos*, and to juſtifie themſelves to *Apollo*, interdicted at once all Birth and Burial in the Precincts thereof: *Noſtri noſmet pœnitet. We are aſham'd of our ſelves.* Terence. There are ſome Nations that will not be ſeen to eat. I know a Lady, and of the beſt Quality, who has the ſame Opinion, that 'tis an ill ſight to ſee one chew their meat, that takes away much from their Grace and Beauty, and therefore unwillingly appears at a publick Table with an Appetite; and know a Man alſo, that cannot endure to

ſee

ſee another eat, nor be ſeen himſelf; and is more ſhy of Company in putting in than putting out. In the *Turkiſh* Empire, there are a great number of Men, who, to excel others, never ſuffer themſelves to be ſeen when they make their repaſt; who never have any more than one a Week, who cut and mangle their Faces and Limbs, and never ſpeak to any one: Fanatick People! who think to honour their Nature by denaturing themſelves; that value themſelves upon their contempt of themſelves, and grow better by being worſe: What monſtrous Animal is this, that is a horrour to himſelf, to whom his Delights are grievous, and who weds himſelf to Misfortunes! There are who conceal their Life:

Vir. Georg. lib. 2. *Exilioque domos, & dulcia limina mutant,*

Mr. *Ogilby.* Some baniſh'd, do their native Seats exchange,
And Countries under other Climates range;

and withdraw them from the ſight of other Men, that avoid Health and Cheerfulneſs, as dangerous and prejudicial Qualities. Not only many Sects, but many People curſe their Birth, and bleſs their Death; and there is a place where the Sun is abominated, and Darkneſs ador'd. We are only ingenious in uſing our ſelves ill; 'tis the only Quarry our Wits fly at; and Wit, when miſapplied, is a dangerous Tool.

Gallus, Ele. 1. *O miſeri quorum gaudia crimen habent!*

O

O wretched Men whoſe Pleaſures are a Crime!

Alas, poor Man, thou haſt Inconveniencies that are inevitable enough, without encreaſing them by thine own Invention, and art miſerable enough by nature, without being ſo by Art; thou haſt real and eſſential Deformities enow, without forging thoſe that are imaginary. Doſt thou find that thou haſt not perform'd all the neceſſary Offices that Nature has enjoyn'd thee, and that ſhe is idle in thee; if thou doſt not oblige thy ſelf to more and new? Thou doſt not ſtick to infringe the univerſal and undoubted Laws; but ſtick'ſt cloſe to thoſe confederate and fantaſtick ones of thy own, and by how much more particular, uncertain, and contradicted they are, by ſo much thou employ'ſt thy whole Endeavour in them: The Laws of thy *Pariſh* bind thee; thoſe of the World concern thee not: Run but a little over the Examples of this kind, thy Life is full of them. Whilſt the Verſes of theſe two Poets treat ſo reſervedly and diſcreetly of wantonneſs, as they do, methinks, they diſcover it much more. *Ladies* cover their Necks with Net-work, as *Prieſts* do ſeveral ſacred things; and *Painters* ſhadow their Pictures to give them greater luſtre: And, 'tis ſaid, that the Sun and Wind ſtrike more violently by Reflexion, than in a direct Line. The *Egyptian* wiſely anſwer'd him, who ask'd him what he had under his Cloak? *It is hid under my Cloak*, ſaid he, *that thou may'ſt not know what it is.* But there are certain other things that People hide

hide only to ſhew them. Hear this that ſpeaks plainer:

Ovid. Am. lib. 1. El. 5.

Et nudam preſſi corpus aduſque meum.

And in theſe naked Arms of mine,
Her naked Body I did twine.

Methinks I am *eunuch'd* with the Expreſſion. Let *Martial* turn up *Venus*'s Coats as high as he can, he cannot ſhew her ſo naked: He, who ſays all that is to be ſaid, gluts and diſguſts us: He, who is afraid to expreſs himſelf, draws us on to gueſs at more than is meant. There is a kind of Treachery in this ſort of Modeſty, and eſpecially whilſt they half open, as they do, ſo fair a path to Imagination, both the Action and Deſcription ſhould reliſh Theft. The more reſpective, more timorous, more coy, and ſecret Love of the *Spaniards* and *Italians* pleaſe me. I know not who of old wiſh'd his weaſon as long as that of a Crane, that he might the longer taſte what he ſwallow'd: It had been better wiſh'd in this quick and precipitous Pleaſure, eſpecially in ſuch Natures as mine, that had the fault of being too prompt. To ſtop its flight, and delay it with preambles, all things, a Wink, a Bow, a Word, a Sign, ſtand for favour and recompence betwixt them. Were it not an excellent piece of Thrift in him that could dine on the ſteam of the roaſt? 'Tis a Paſſion that mixes very little with ſolid Eſſence, much more with vanity and feveriſh raving, and we are to reward and pay it accordingly.

Let

Let us teach the *Ladies* to value and eſteem themſelves, to amuſe and fool us. We give the laſt Charge at the firſt onſet, the *French* Impetuoſity will ſtill ſhew it ſelf. By ſpinning out their Favours, and expoſing them in ſmall parcels, even miſerable old Age it ſelf will find ſome little ſhare of Reward, according to its worth and merit; who has no fruition but in fruition, who wins nothing unleſs he ſweeps the ſtakes; and who takes no pleaſure in the *Chace*, but in the *Quarry*, ought not to introduce himſelf in our *School*. The more ſteps and greices there are, ſo much higher and more honourable is the uppermoſt Seat. We ſhould take a pleaſure in being conducted to it, as in magnificent Palaces, by Portico's, Entries, long and pleaſant Galleries, by many turns and windings. This diſpoſition of things would turn to our advantage; we ſhould there longer ſtay, and longer love; without hope, and without deſire we proceed not worth a pin: Our Conqueſt and entire Poſſeſſion is what they ought infinitely to dread: When they wholly ſurrender themſelves up to the mercy of our Fidelity and Conſtancy, they run a mighty hazard; they are Vertues very rare, and hard to be found, they are no ſooner ours, but we are no more theirs:

Poſtquam Cupidæ mentis ſatiata libido eſt, *Catullus.*
Verba nihil metuere, nihil perjuria curant.

When our Deſires and Luſts once ſated are,
For Oaths and Promiſes we little care.

And

And *Thraſonides*, a young Man of *Greece*, was ſo in love with his Paſſion, that having gain'd a Miſtreſs's Conſent, he refus'd to enjoy her, that he might not by fruition quench and ſtupifie the unquiet Ardour of which he was ſo proud, and with which he ſo pleaſed himſelf. *Dearneſs* is a good Sauce to Meat. Do but obſerve how much the manner of Salutation, particular to our *Nation*, has by its facility made Kiſſes, which *Socrates* ſaysis ſo powerful and dangerous for the ſtealing of Hearts of no eſteem. It is a nauſeous and injurious Cuſtom for the *Ladies*, that they muſt be oblig'd to lend their Lips to every Fellow that has three Footmen at his heels, how naſty or deform'd ſoever:

Mart. lib. 7. Epig. 77.

Cujus livida naribus caninis,
Dependet glacies, rigetque barba:
Centum occurrere malo culilingis.

And we do not get much by the bargain; for as the World is divided, for three beautiful Women, we muſt kiſs threeſcore ugly ones; and to a tender Stomach, like thoſe of my Age, an ill Kiſs over-pays a good one. In *Italy* they paſſionately court, even their common Women, who proſtitute themſelves for Money, and juſtifie the doing ſo, by ſaying, That there are degrees of fruition; and that by their Services, they will procure themſelves that which is beſt and moſt entire. They ſell nothing but their Bodies, the Will is too free, and too much its own to be expos'd to ſale: So ſay theſe, That 'tis the Will they undertake,

and

and they have reaſon. 'Tis indeed the Will that we are to ſerve, and have to do withal. I abhor to imagine mine in a Body without Affection. And this madneſs is, methinks, Couſin-German to that of the Boy, who would needs lie with the beautiful Statue of *Venus*, made by *Praxiteles*; or that of the furious *Egyptian*, who violated the dead Carkaſs of a Woman he was embalming: Which was the occaſion of the Law afterwards made in *Egypt*, That the Corps of beautiful young Women, of thoſe of good Quality, ſhould be kept three days before they ſhould be delivered to thoſe whoſe Office it was to take care for the Interment. *Periander* did more wonderfully, who extended his conjugal Affection (more regular and legitimate) to the enjoyment of his Wife *Meliſſa* after ſhe was dead. Does it not ſeem a Lunatick humour in the *Moon*, ſeeing ſhe could no otherwiſe enjoy her Darling *Endymion*, to lay him for ſeveral Months aſleep, and to pleaſe her ſelf with the fruition of a Boy, who ſtirr'd not but in his ſleep? I likewiſe ſay, that we love a Body without a Soul, when we love a Body without its Conſent and Concurring Deſire. All Enjoyments are not alike: There are ſome that are hectick and languiſhing: A thouſand other Cauſes, beſides Good-will, may procure us this Favour from the *Ladies*: This is not a ſufficient Teſtimony of Affection; Treachery may lurk there as well as elſewhere: They ſometimes go to't but by halves.

The Corps of beautiful women kept three Days in *Egypt*, before they were interr'd.

Tan-

Tanquam thura merumque parent
Absentem marmoreamve putes.

Id. lib. 11. *Epig.* 61.

So coldly they unto the Work prepare,
You'd think them absent, or else Marble [were.

I know some, who had rather lend That than their Coach, and who only impart themselves that way: You are to examine whether your Company pleases them upon any other account, or like some strong-chin'd Groom, for that only, and in what degree of favour you are with them:

tibi si datur uni
Quo lapide illa diem candidiore notet.

Catullus.

Whether thy Mistress favour thee alone,
And mark thy Day out with the whiter Stone.

What if they eat your Bread with the Sauce of a more pleasing Imagination?

Te tenet, absentes alios suspirat amores.

Tibullus.

She kindly strains thee in her Arms, but has
Her thoughts the while fix'd in another place.

What? have we not seen one in these days of ours, that made use of this Act upon the account of a most horrid Revenge, by that means to kill and poison, as he did, a beautiful Woman? Such as know *Italy*, will not think it strange, if for this Subject, I seek not elsewhere for Examples: For that Nation may be call'd the *Regent* of the World in this: They have generally more handsome, and fewer ug-

ly

ly Women than we: but for rare and excelling Beauties we have as many as they. I think the ſame of their Wits; of thoſe of the common ſort they have many, and evidently more. Brutality is without compariſon much rarer there; but in ſingular Souls, and thoſe of the higheſt Form, we are nothing indebted to them. If I ſhould carry on the compariſon, I might ſay, as touching Valour, that, on the contrary it is, to what it is with them, common and natural with us: but ſometimes we ſee them poſſeſs'd to ſuch a degree as ſurpaſſes the moſt ſteady and obſtinate Examples we can produce. The Marriages of that Country are defective in this: Their Cuſtom commonly impoſes ſo rude, and ſo ſlaviſh a Law upon the Women, that the moſt remote Acquaintance with a Stranger is rendred neceſſarily ſubſtantial; and ſeeing that all comes to one account, they have no hard choice to make. And have they broken down the Fence? We may ſafely preſume they have, *Luxuria ipſis vinculis, ſicut fera beſtia, irritata, deinde emiſſa. Luſt, like a wild Beaſt, being more enrag'd by being bound, breaks from his Chains with greater wildneſs.* They muſt give them a little more Rein;

Vidi ego nuper equum contra ſua Frœna tenacem
Ore reluctanti fluminis ire modo. Ovid. Am. l. 3. Eleg. 4.

I ſaw, ſpite of his Bit, a head-ſtrong Colt
Run with his Rider, like a Thunder-bolt.

The deſire of Company is allay'd by giving a little Liberty. 'Tis a good Cuſtom we have in *France*, that our Sons are receiv'd into the beſt Families, there to be entertain'd and bred up Pages, as in a School of *Nobleſs*. And 'tis look'd upon as a diſcourteſie, and an affront to refuſe a Gentleman. I have taken notice (for ſo many Families, ſo many differing forms) that the Ladies who have been ſtricteſt with their Maids, have had no better luck than thoſe who allow'd them a greater Liberty. There ſhould be moderation in all things; one muſt leave a great deal of their Conduct to their own Diſcretion; for, when all comes to all, no Diſcipline can curb them throughout. But it is true withal, that ſhe who comes off with flying Colours from a School of Liberty, brings with her whereon to repoſe more Confidence, than ſhe who comes away ſound from a ſevere and ſtrict Education. Our Fathers dreſs'd up their Daughters looks in Baſhfulneſs and Fear, we ours in Confidence and Aſſurance. We underſtand nothing of the Matter. We muſt leave it to the *Sarmates*, that are not to lie with a Man, till with their own hands they have firſt kill'd another in Battel. For me, who have no other title left me to theſe things, but by the cares; 'tis ſufficient, if according to the Privilege of my Age, they retain me for one of their Counſel. I do then adviſe them, and us Men too, to Abſtinence; but if the Age we live in will not endure it, at leaſt Modeſty and Diſcretion. For as the Story of *Ariſtippus* ſays, ſpeaking to two young Men, who bluſh'd to

ſee

ſee him go into a ſcandalous Houſe; the Vice is in not coming out, not in going in. Let her that has no care of her Conſcience, have yet ſome regard to her Reputation; and tho' ſhe be rotten within, let her carry a fair outſide at leaſt. I commend a Gradation, and the deferring of time in beſtowing of their Favours. *Plato* declares, That in all ſorts of Love, Facility and Promptneſs are forbidden the Defendant. 'Tis a ſign of eagerneſs, ſo raſhly, ſuddenly, and hand over-head wholly to ſurrender themſelves, which they ought to diſguiſe with all the art they have. In carrying themſelves modeſtly and unwillingly in the granting their laſt Favours, they much more allure our deſires, and hide their own. Let them ſtill fly before us, even thoſe who have moſt mind to be overtaken. They better conquer us by flying, as the *Scythians* do. To ſay the truth, according to the law that *Nature* has impos'd upon them, it is not properly for them either to will, or deſire; their part is to ſuffer, obey, and conſent: and for this it is, that Nature has given them a perpetual Capacity, which in us is but ſometimes and incertain; they are always fit for the encounter, that they may be always ready when we are ſo. *Patinatæ.* And whereas ſhe has order'd that our Appetites ſhall be manifeſt by a prominent Demonſtration, ſhe would have theirs to be hidden and conceal'd within; and has furniſh'd them with Parts improper for Oſtentation, and ſimply defenſive. Such Proceedings as this that follows, muſt be left to the *Amazonian* Licence. *Alexander*

Seneca in Epiſt.

Alexander and *Thaleſtris.*

ander marching his Army thorough *Hyrcania*, *Thaleſtris* Queen of the *Amazons*, came with three hundred light Horſe of her own Sex, well mounted and arm'd, having left the remainder of a very great Army that follow'd her behind the neighb'ring Mountains, to give him a Viſit; where ſhe publickly allow'd, and in plain terms told him, that the Fame of his Valour and Victories had brought her thither to ſee him, and to make him an Offer of her Forces to aſſiſt him in the purſuit of his Enterprizes: and that finding him ſo handſome, young, and vigorous, ſhe, who was alſo perfect in all thoſe qualities, advis'd that they might lie together; to the end, that from the moſt valiant Woman of the World, and the braveſt Man then living, there might ſpring ſome great and wonderful Iſſue for the time to come. *Alexander* return'd her thanks for all the reſt; but to give leiſure for the accompliſhment of her laſt demand, he detain'd her thirteen days in that place, which were ſpent in Royal Feaſting and Jollity, for the welcome of ſo noble a *Princeſs*. We are almoſt throughout incompetent and unjuſt Judges of their Actions, as they are of ours. I confeſs the truth when it makes againſt me, as well as when 'tis on my ſide. 'Tis an abominable intemperance that puſhes them on ſo often to change, and that hinders them to limit their Affection to any one Perſon whatever; as is evident in that *Goddeſs*, to whom are attributed ſo many changes, and ſo many ſeveral *Enamorato*'s. But 'tis true withal, that 'tis con-

contrary to the nature of Love, if it be not violent; and contrary to the nature of Violence, if it be conſtant. And they who make it a wonder, exclaim, and keep ſuch a clutter to find out the cauſes of this Frailty of theirs, as unnatural, and not to be believ'd; how comes it to paſs they do not diſcern how often they are themſelves guilty of the ſame, without any Aſtoniſhment or Miracle at all? It would peradventure be more ſtrange to ſee the Paſſion fixt. 'Tis not a ſimply corporeal Paſſion. If there be no end in Avarice and Ambition, there is doubtleſs no more in deſire. It ſtill lives after Satiety, and 'tis impoſſible to preſcribe either conſtant Satisfaction, or end; it ever goes beyond its poſſeſſion: and by that means Inconſtancy peradventure is in ſome ſort more pardonable in them than in us. They may plead as well as we the inclination to Variety and Novelty, common to us both. And ſecondly, without us, that they buy a Pig in a poak. *Joan* Queen of *Naples*, caus'd her firſt Husband *Andreoſſe* to be hang'd at the Bars of her Window in a Halter of Gold and Silk, woven with her own Hand, becauſe that in Matrimonial performances, ſhe neither found his Parts nor Abilities anſwer the Expectation ſhe had conceiv'd from his Stature, Beauty, Youth, and Activity, by which ſhe had been caught and deceiv'd. There is more pains required in doing than in ſuffering; and ſo they are on their part always at leaſt provided for Neceſſity, whereas on our part it may fall out otherwiſe. For this Reaſon it was that *Plato* wiſely made

Affections of Women ſubject to change.

Inconſtancy pardonable in Women.

Andreoſſe hang'd by his Wife *Joan*, Queen of *Naples*, for not being ſufficiently furniſh'd.

Men ſtrip'd naked before Marriage.

a Law, that before Marriage, to determine of the fitneſs of the Perſons, the Judges ſhould ſee the young Men who pretended to it, ſtript ſtark naked, and the Women but to the Girdle only. When they come to try us, they do not perhaps think us worthy of their choice.

Mart. l. 7. Epig. 57.

Experta latus madidoque ſimillima loro
Inguina, nec laſſa ſtare coacta manu,
Deſerit imbelles thalamos ———

'Tis not enough that a Man's Will be good, Weakneſs and Inſufficiency lawfully break a Marriage:

Catullus.

Et quærendum aliunde foret nervoſius illud,
Quod poſſet Zonam ſolvere virgineam.

why not, and according to her own ſcantling, and amorous intelligence, more bold and active?

Virg. Georg. lib. 3.

Si blando nequeat ſupereſſe labori.

If ſtrength, they want Loves task to undergo.

Old mens Love feeble and imperfect.

But is it not a great Impudence to offer our Imperfections and Imbecilities, where we deſire to pleaſe, and leave a good Opinion and Eſteem of our ſelves? For the little that I am able to do now,

——— *ad unum*

Horace. Epod. 17.

Mollis opus ———

One Bout a Night.

I would

I would not trouble a Woman, that I am to reverence and fear.

——*fuge ſuſpicari,* *Hor. lib. 2. Ode 4.*
Cujus undenum trepidavit ætas
claudare luſtrum

ſuſpect not him, Sir *Richard Fanſhaw.*
On whoſe Love's Wild-fire Age doth throw
it's cooling Snow.

Nature ſhould ſatisfie her ſelf in having rendred Age miſerable, without rendring it ridiculous too. I hate to ſee it, for one poor inch of pitiful Vigour, which comes upon it but thrice a Week, to ſtrut, and ſet out it ſelf with as much eagerneſs as if it could do mighty feats, a true flame of Flax; and wonder to ſee it ſo boyl and bubble, at a time when it is ſo congeal'd and extinguiſh'd. This Appetite ought not to appertain to any thing but the flower of beautiful Youth. Truſt not to it, becauſe you ſee it ſeconds that indefatigable, full, conſtant, and magnanimous ardour that is in you, for it will certainly leave you in the lurch at your greateſt need; but rather return it to ſome tender, baſhful, and ignorant Boy, who yet trembles at the Rod, and bluſhes,

Indum ſanguineo veluti violaverit oſtro *Æneid. lib. 12.*
Si quis ebur, vel miſta rubent ubi lilia multa
Alba roſa ——————

So *Indian* Ivory ſtreak'd with Crimſon ſhows,
Or Lilies white mixt with the Damask Roſe.

who can ſtay till the Morning without dying for ſhame to behold the diſdain of the fair Eyes of her who knows ſo well his fumbling impertinence;

Ovid Amo. l. 1 Eleg. 7. *Et taciti fecere tamen convitia vultus,*

and though ſhe nothing ſay,
How ill ſhe likes my work, her looks betray.

he never had the ſatisfaction and the glory of having cudgel'd them till they were weary, with the vigorous performance of one heroick Night. When I have obſerv'd any one to be troubled with me, I have preſently accus'd her Levity; but have been in doubt, if I had not reaſon rather to complain of *Nature*; ſhe has doubtleſs us'd me very uncivilly, and unkindly.

Martial. *Si non longa ſatis, ſi non bene mentula craſſa*
Nimirum ſapiunt videntque parvam
Matronæ quoque mentulam illibenter.

and done me a moſt irreparable injury. Every Member I have, as much one as another, is equally my own, and no other does more properly make me a man than this. I univerſally owe my intire Picture to the publick. The Wiſdom of my Inſtruction wholly conſiſts in Liberty, and naked Truth; diſdaining to introduce theſe little, feign'd, common, and provincial Rules, into the Catalogue of its real Duties, all natural, general, and conſtant; of which

which *Civility* and *Ceremony* are Daughters indeed, but illegitimate. We are ſure to have the Vices of Apparence when we ſhall have had thoſe of Eſſence. When we have done with theſe, we run full drive upon others, if we find it muſt be ſo. For there is danger that we ſhall fanſie new Offices, to excuſe our Negligence toward the natural ones, and to confound them. That this is ſo, it is manifeſt, that in places where the *Faults* are Witch-crafts, the Witch-chrafts are but *Faults*. That in Nations were the Laws of Decency are moſt rare and moſt remiſs, the primitive Laws of common reaſon are better obſerv'd: the innumerable multitude of ſo many Duties ſtifling and diſſipating our Induſtry and Care. The Application of our ſelves to light and trivial things, diverts us from thoſe that are neceſſary and juſt. O, that theſe ſuperficial men take an eaſie and plauſible way in compariſon of ours! Theſe are ſhadows wherewith we palliate and pay one another; but we do not pay, but inflame the reckoning towards that great Judge, who tucks up our rags and tatters above our ſhameful Parts, and is not nice to view us all over, even to our inmoſt and moſt ſecret Nudities: it were an uſeful decency of our maidenly Modeſty, could it keep him from this Diſcovery. In fine, whoever could reclaim man from ſo ſcrupulous a verbal Superſtition, would do the World no great diſſervice. Our Life is divided betwixt Folly and Prudence. Whoever will write but what is reverend and Canonical, will leave above the one half

half behind. I do not excuſe my ſelf to my ſelf; and if I did it, ſhould rather be for my Excuſes that I would excuſe my ſelf, than for any other Fault. I excuſe my ſelf of certain Humours, which I think more ſtrong in number than thoſe that are on my ſide. In conſideration of which, I will further ſay this, (for I deſire to pleaſe every one, though it will be hard to do; *eſſe unum hominem accommodatum ad tantam morum ac ſermonum & voluntatum varietatem*) that they ought not to condemn me for what I make Authorities, receiv'd and approv'd of ſo many ages, to utter: and that there is no reaſon that for want of *Rhime* they ſhould refuſe me the Liberty they allow even to Church-men of our Nation, and time. Of which here are two, and of the briskeſt amongſt them;

Beza. *Rimula, diſpeream, ni monogramma tua eſt.*

St. *Gelais.* *Un vit d'amy la contente, & bien traitte.*

beſides how many others. I love Modeſty, and 'tis not out of Judgment that I have choſen this ſcandalous way of ſpeaking; 'tis Nature that has choſen it for me: I commend it not, no more than other forms that are contrary to common uſance: But I excuſe it, and by Circumſtances both general and particular, alleviate the Accuſation. But to proceed: From whence alſo can that Uſurpation of ſovereign Authority you take upon you over the Women, who favour you at their own expence,

Si

Si furtiva dedit nigra munuſcula nocte. *Catullus*

If in the ſilence of the Night,
She has permitted ſtol'n delight.

ſo that you preſently aſſume the intereſt, Coldneſs, and Authority of a Husband, be deriv'd? 'Tis a free contract. Why do you not then begin, as you intend to hold on? There is no preſcription upon voluntary things. 'Tis againſt the form; but it is true withall, that I in my time have carried on this intrigue as much as the Nature of it would permit, as conſcientiouſly, and with as much colour of Juſtice, as any other contract whatever; and that I never pretended other Affection than what I really had, and have truly acquainted them with the Declination, Vigour, and Birth of the ſame, the Fits and Intermiſſions: a man does not always hold on at the ſame rate. I have been ſo ſparing of my Promiſes, that I think I have been better than my Word. They have found me faithful to their Inconſtancy, even to a profeſs'd, and ſometimes a multiplied Inconſtancy. I never broke with them whilſt I had any hold at all, and what Occaſion ſoever they have given me, never broke with them to Hatred or Contempt. For ſuch Privacies, though obtain'd upon never ſo ſcandalous terms, do yet oblige to ſome good Will. I have ſometimes, upon their tricks and evaſions, diſcover'd a little indiſcreet Anger and Impatience; for I am naturally ſubject to raſh Emotions, which though

The Author's Fidelity in Love.

though light and ſhort, often ſpoyl my Market. Would they freely have conſulted my Judgment, I ſhould not have ſtuck to have given them ſharp and paternal Counſels, and to have pinch'd them to the quick. If I have left them any cauſe to complain of me, 'tis rather to have found in me, in compariſon of the modern uſance, a Love fooliſhly conſcientious, than any thing elſe. I have kept my word in things wherein I might eaſily have been diſpens'd; they then ſometimes ſurrendred themſelves with Reputation, and upon Articles that they were willing enough ſhould be broken by the Conquerour. I have more than once made Pleaſure in its greateſt effort ſtrike to the intereſt of their humour; and where Reaſon importun'd me, have arm'd them againſt my ſelf; ſo that they order'd their affairs more decently and ſecurely by my *Rules*, when they frankly referr'd themſelves to them, than they would have done by their own. I have ever, as much as I could, wholly taken upon my ſelf alone the hazard of our aſſignations to acquit them, and have always contriv'd our meetings after the hardeſt and moſt unuſal manner, as leſs ſuſpected, and moreover, in my opinion, more acceſſible. They are chiefly more open, where they think they are the moſt ſecurely ſhut. Things leaſt fear'd are leaſt interdicted and obſerv'd. One may more boldly dare what no body thinks you dare, which by the difficulty becomes eaſie. Never had any man his approaches more impertinently genital; this way of loving is

more

more according to my diſcipline: but how ridiculous and ineffectual to our People, who better know than I? yet I ſhall not repent me of it, I have nothing there more to loſe.

——me tabula ſacer
Votiva paries, indicat uvida
Suſpendiſſe potenti
Veſtimenta Maris Deo.

Horat. lib. Ode 5.

For me, my votive table ſhows
That I have hang'd up my wet cloathes
Upon the Temple Wall
Of Sea's great Admiral.

Sir *Rich. Fanſhaw.*

'Tis now my time to ſpeak out. But I might peradventure ſay, as another would do, Thou talkeſt idly, my friend, the Love of thy time has little Commerce with Faith and Integrity.

hæc ſi tu poſtules
Ratione certa facere, nihilo plus agas,
Quam ſi des operam, ut cum ratione inſanias.

Terence. Eun. Act. 1. Scen. 1.

Theſe things if thou wilt undertake,
By Reaſon, permanent to make;
This will be all thou'lt get by it,
Wiſely to run out of thy Wit.

On the contrary alſo, if it were for me to begin again in earneſt, it ſhould be by the ſame method, and the ſame progreſs, how fruitleſs ſoever it might prove. Folly and Ignorance are commendable in an incommendable action.

The

The farther I go from their humour in this, I approach ſo much nearer to my own. As to the reſt, in this traffick, I would not ſuffer my ſelf to be totally carried away, I would pleaſe my ſelf in it, but would not forget my ſelf withall: I would keep the little Sence and Diſcretion that Nature has given me, intire for their ſervice and my own: a little Emotion, but no Dotage. My Conſcience ſhould alſo be engag'd in it, even to Debauch and Diſſolution; but ſo far as to Ingratitude, Treachery, Malice and Cruelty, never. I would not purchaſe the pleaſure of this Vice at any rate, but content my ſelf with its proper and ſimple expence. *Nullum intra ſe vitiumeſt, Nothing is a Vice in its ſelf.* I almoſt equally hate a ſtupid and ſlothful Lazineſs, as I do a toilſome and painful Employment; the one pinches, the other lays me aſleep. I like wounds as well as bruiſes, and cuts as well as dry blows. I found in this Commerce, when I was the moſt able for it, a juſt moderation betwixt theſe Extreams. Love is a ſpritely, lively, and gay Agitation, I was neither troubled nor afflicted with it, but heated, and moreover diſorder'd; a man muſt ſtop there: it hurts no body but fools. A young man ask'd the Philoſopher *Panetius*, if it was becoming a wiſe man to be in Love? *Let the wiſe man look to that*, anſwer'd he, *but let not thou and I, who are not ſo, ingage our ſelves in ſo ſtirring and violent an affair, that will ſlave us to others and render us contemptible to our ſelves.* He ſaid true; that we are not to intruſt

intruſt a thing ſo precipitous in it ſelf, to a Soul that has not wherewithall to withſtand its aſſaults, and diſprove the ſaying of *Ageſilaus*, that Prudence and Love cannot live together. 'Tis a vain Employment, 'tis true, indecent, ſhameful, and unlawful; but to carry it on after this manner, I look upon it as wholeſome, and proper to enliven a drowſie Soul, and to rouze up a heavy Body. And, as an experienc'd Phyſician, I would preſcribe it to a man of my form and condition, as ſoon as any other *Recipe* whatever, to rouze and keep him in vigor till well advanc'd in years, and to deferr the approaches of Age, whilſt we are but in the Suburbs, and that the Pulſe yet beats.

Dum nova canities, dum prima & recta ſenectus,
Dum ſupereſt Lacheſi quod torqueat, & pedibus me
Porto meis, nullo dextram ſubeunte bacillo.

Juven. Sat. 3.

Whilſt Age ſtrait-ſhouldred hath ſome youth in it,
Whil'ſt my hair's gray, whil'ſt there a remnant yet
For *Lacheſis* to ſpin, whilſt I walk on
My own Legs, need no ſtaff to lean upon.

Sir Robert Stapleton.

We have need to be trinkled and tickled by ſome ſuch niping incitation as this. Do but obſerve what Youth, Vigour, and Gayety it inſpir'd *Anacreon* withall. And *Socrates*, who was then older than I, ſpeaking of an amorous Object, *Leaning*, ſaid he, *my Shoulder to her Shoulder, and my Head to hers, as we were reading together in a Book, I felt, without diſſembling,*

bling, a ſudden ſting in my Shoulder like the biting of a Flea, which I ſtill felt above five days after, and a continual itching crept into my Heart. What only an accidental touch, and of a Shoulder, to heat and alter a Soul mortified and enerved by Age, and the ſtricteſt liver of all Mankind? and pray why not? *Socrates* was a Man, and would neither be nor be like any other thing. *Philoſophy* does not contend against natural Pleaſures, provided they be moderate: and only preaches Moderation, not a total abſtinence. The power of reſiſtance employ'd againſt thoſe that are adulterate, and introduc'd by Innovation. *Philoſophy* ſays, that the Appetites of the Body ought not to be augmented by the Mind; and ingeniouſly warns us not to ſtir up Hunger be Saturity, not to ſtuff inſtead of filling the Belly, to avoid all Fruition that may bring us to want, and all Meats and Drinks that procure Thirſt and Hunger: As ſhe does in the ſervice of Love, ſhe there preſcribes us to take ſuch an object as may only ſimply ſatisfie the Bodies real need, and may not ſtir the Soul, which ought only barely to follow and aſſiſt the Body, without mixing in the affair. But have I not reaſon to believe, that theſe Precepts which nevertheleſs, in my opinion, are elſewhere very ſevere, are only directed to a Body in its beſt, and beſt performing plight, and that in a Body broken with Age, as in a weak Stomach, 'tis excuſable to warm and ſupport it by Art, and by the mediation of Fancy, to reſtore the Appetite, and cheer it

Natural Pleaſures allow'd if moderate.

neſs it has loſt in it ſelf. May we not ſay, that there is nothing in us during this earthly Priſon, that is purely either corporeal or ſpiritual; and that we injuriouſly break up a Man alive; and that it ſeems but reaſonable that we ſhould carry our ſelves as favourable, at leaſt againſt the uſe of Pleaſure, as we do againſt that of Pain? It was (for example) vehement even to perfection in the Souls of the Saints by Repentance: The Body had there naturally a ſhare by the right of Union, and yet might have but little part in the Cauſe; and yet are they not contented that it ſhould barely follow, and aſſiſt the afflicted Soul. They have afflicted it by it ſelf, with grievous and peculiar torments, to the end, that by emulation of one another, the Soul and Body might plunge Man into Miſery, by ſo much more ſalutiferous, as it is more painful and ſevere. In like manner, is it not injuſtice in bodily Pleaſures, to ſubdue and keep under the Soul, and ſay, that it muſt therein be dragg'd along, as to ſome enforc'd and ſervile Obligation and Neceſſity? 'Tis rather her part to botch and cheriſh them, there to preſent her ſelf, and to invite them, the Authority of Ruling belonging to her; as it is alſo her part, in my Opinion, in Pleaſures that are proper to her, to inſpire and infuſe into the Body all the reſentment it is capable of, and to ſtudy how to make it pleaſant and uſeful to it. For it is good reaſon, as they ſay, that the Body ſhould not purſue its Appetites to the prejudice of the Mind; but why is it not alſo reaſon that the

Mind ſhould not purſue hers to the prejudice of the Body? I have no other Paſſion to keep me in breath. What Avarice, Ambition, Quarrels and Suits do to others, who, like me, have no particular Vocation, Love would much more commodiouſly do; it would reſtore to me Vigilancy, Sobriety, Grace, and the care of my Perſon. It would re-aſſure my countenance, that the four Looks, thoſe deform'd, and to be pitied four Looks of old Age, might not ſtep in to diſgrace it; would again put me upon ſound and wiſe ſtudies, by which I might render my ſelf more lov'd and eſteem'd, clearing my Mind of the deſpair of it ſelf, and of its Uſe, and redintegrate it to it ſelf; would divert me from a thouſand troubleſome thoughts, and a thouſand melancholick Humours, that Idleneſs and the poſture of our Health, loads us withal at ſuch an Age; would warm again, in Dreams at leaſt, the Blood that Nature has given over, would hold up the Chin, and a little ſtretch out the Nerves, the Vigours, and Gaiety of Life of that poor Man, who is going full-drive toward his ruine. But I very well underſtand that it is a Commodity very hard to recover. By Weakneſs and long Experience our Taſte become more delicate and nice: We ask more when we bring leaſt; and will have the more choice, when we leaſt deſerve to be accepted. And knowing our ſelves for what we are, we are leſs-confident and more diſtruſtful, nothing can aſſure us of being belov'd, conſidering our Condition and theirs. I am out of countenance

nance to ſee my ſelf in company with thoſe young wanton Creatures,

Cujus in indomito conſtantior inguine nervus,
Quam nova collibus arbor inhæret. — *Horat. Epod.* 12.

To what end ſhould we go inſinuate our Miſery with their gay and ſpritely Humour.

Poſſint ut juvenes viſere fervidi,
Multo non ſine riſu,
Dilapſam in cineres facem. — *Hor. lib.* 4. *Ode* 13.

That Youth inflamed may behold,
Not without laughter, and much ſcorn,
A burning Torch to Aſhes worn. — Sir *Thomas Hawkins.*

They have Strength and Reaſon on their ſide, let us give way, we are moſt able to make good our ground. And theſe Bloſſoms of ſpringing Beauty ſuffer not themſelves to be handled by ſuch benumb'd hands, nor be dealt with by meer material Means. For, as the old Philoſopher anſwer'd one that jeer'd him, becauſe he could not gain the Favour of a young Girl he made love to, *Friend, the Hook will not ſtick in ſuch ſoft Cheeſe.* It is a Commerce that requires relation and correſpondence: The other Pleaſures we receive, may be acknowledg'd by recompences of another nature: But this is not to be paid but with the ſame kind of Coin. In earneſt, in this ſport, the Pleaſure I give does more tickle my Imagination, than that they give me. Now, as he

has nothing of Generoſity in him that can receive a Courteſie where he conferrs none, it muſt needs be a mean Soul that will owe all, and can be contented to maintain a Friendſhip with Perſons to whom he is a continual charge. There is no Beauty, Grace, nor Privacy ſo exquiſite, that a gallant Man ought to deſire at this rate. If they only can be kind to us out of Pity, I had much rather die than live upon Charity. I would have right to ask in the ſtyle that I ſaw ſome beg in *Italy*, *Fate ben per voi*, *Do good for your ſelf*; or after the manner that *Cyrus* exhorted his Souldiers, *Who loves me, follow me.* Conſort your ſelf (ſome one will ſay to me) with Women of your own Condition, whom, the Company of one of the ſame Age will render more eaſie to your deſire. O ridiculous and ſtupid Compoſition!

Mart. lib. Epig. 90.

——*nolo*
Barbam vellere mortuo Leoni.

Rouze not a ſleeping Lioneſs.

Xenophon lays it for an Objection, and an accuſation againſt *Menon*, that he never made love to any but old Women: For my part, I take more pleaſure in ſeeing only the juſt and ſweet mixture of two young Beauties; or only to meditate of it in my fancy, than to be my ſelf an Actor in the ſecond with a deform'd Creature. I leave that fantaſtick Appetite to the Emperour *Galba*, that was only for old curried Fleſh: And to this poor Wretch,

O, ego Dei faciant talem te cernere poſſim, *Ovid. Triſt.*
Charaque mutatis oſcula ferre comis,
Amplectique meis corpus non pingue lacertis.

O would to Heav'n, that ſuch I might thee ſee,
To kiſs thoſe Locks, gray with Antiquity,
And thy lank wither'd Body to embrace.

Painted Beauties reckon'd amongſt Deformities.

And amongſt the Deformities, I reckon forc'd and artificial Beauties. *Emonez*, a young *Curtezan* of *Chios*, thinking by fine dreſſing to acquire the Beauty that Nature had deny'd her, came to the Philoſopher *Arceſilaus*, and ask'd him, If it was poſſible for a wiſe Man to be in love: *Yes*, replied he, *provided it be not with a faded and adulterated Beauty, like thine.* The Deformity of a confeſs'd Antiquity, is not to me ſo deſpiſable and nauſeous, as another that is poliſh'd and plaſter'd up. Shall I ſpeak it without the danger of having my Throat cut? Love, in my Opinion, is not properly and naturally in its Seaſon, but in the Age next to Childhood:

At what Age Love is in his Throne.

Quem ſi puellarum inſereres choro, *Hor. lib. 2. Ode 5.*
Mille ſagaces falleret hoſpites,
Diſcrimen obſcurum, ſolutis
Crinibus, ambiguoque vultu.

Whom ſhould you with diſhevell'd Hair,
And that ambiguous face, bring in
Amongſt the Chorus of the Fair,
He would deceive the ſubtleſt there,
So ſmooth, ſo roſie is his Skin.

Nor Beauty neither. For whereas *Homer* extends it ſo far as to the budding of the Chin; *Plato* himſelf has obſerv'd it for rare. And the reaſon why the Sophiſt *Dion* call'd the firſt appearing Hairs of Adoleſcence, *Ariſtogitons*, and *Harmodii*, is ſufficiently known. I find it in Virility already in ſome ſort a little out of date, tho' not ſo much as in old Age.

Hor. l. 4. Ode 13.

Impórtunus enim tranſvolat aridas
Quercus.

Love, reſtleſs with quick motion flies
From wither'd Oaks.

And *Marguerite*, Queen of *Navarre*, like a Woman, does very far extend the Advantage of Women, ordaining, That it is time at Thirty years old, to convert the title of Fair into that of Good. The ſhorter Authority we give him over our Lives, 'tis ſo much the better for us. Do but obſerve his Comportment; 'tis a beardleſs Boy, that knows not how they proceed in his School, contrary to all Order: Study, Exerciſe, and Uſance, are ways for Inſufficiency to proceed by. There *Novices* rule

Divus Hieron.

Amor ordinem neſcit. Love knows no Order.

Doubtleſs his Conduct is much more graceful when mixt with Inadvertency and Trouble. Miſcarriages and ill Succeſſes give him Appetite and Grace, provided it be ſharp and eager; 'tis no great matter whether it be prudent or no. Do but obſerve how he goes reeling, tripping, and playing: You put him in the Stock

Stocks when you guide him by Art and Wiſdom, and he is reſtrain'd of his Divine Liberty, when put into thoſe hairy and callous Clutches. As to the reſt, I oft hear them ſet out this Intelligence, as entirely ſpiritual, and diſdain to put the Intereſt the Senſes there have into Conſideration. Every thing there ſerves turn; but I can ſay that I have often ſeen, that we have excus'd the Weakneſs of their Underſtandings, in favour of their outward Beauty; but have never yet ſeen that in favour of a Mind, how mature and well-diſpos'd ſoever, any one would lend a hand to ſupport a Body that was never ſo little decay'd. Why does not ſome one make an attempt to make that noble *Socratical* Contract and Union of the Body to the Soul, purchaſing a philoſophical and ſpiritual Intelligence and Generation at the price of his Thighs, which is the higheſt price it can amount to? *Plato* ordains in his *Laws*, that he who has perform'd any ſignal and advantageous Exploit in War, may not be refus'd during the whole Expedition, his Age, or Deformity notwithſtanding, a Kiſs, or any other amorous Favour from any whatever. What he thinks to be ſo juſt in Recommendation of Military Valour, why may it not be the ſame in Recommendation of any other good Quality? And why does not ſome Woman take a fancy to prepoſſeſs over her Companions the Glory of this chaſte Love? I may well ſay chaſte,

Virg. Georg. lib. 3. *——nam ſi quando ad prælia ventum eſt*
Ut quondam in ſtipulis magnus ſine viribus ignis
Incaſſum furit.——

Mr. *Ogilby.* For when to joyn Love's Battel they engage,
Like fire in ſtraw they fondly ſpend their Rage.

The Vices that are ſtifled in the thought are not the worſt. To conclude this notable Commentary, which has eſcap'd from me in a Torrent of Babble, a Torrent ſometimes impetuous and offenſive:

Catullus. *Ut miſſum ſponſi furtivo munere malum,*
Procurrit caſto Virginis è gremio:
Quod miſeræ oblitæ molli ſub veſte locatum,
Dum adventu matris proſilit excutitur,
Atque illud prono præceps agitur decurſu,
Huic manat triſti conſcius ore rubor.

As a fair Apple by a Lover ſent
To's Miſtreſs, for a private Complement,
Does tumble from the roſie Virgin's lap,
Where ſhe had quite forgot it by miſhap;
When, ſtarting at her Mother's coming in,
It is ſhak'd out her Garments from between,
And rowls over the Floor before her Eyes,
A guilty Bluſh her fair Complexion dyes.

I ſay that Males and Females are caſt in the ſame Mould, and that Education and Uſage excepted, the difference is not great: *Plato* indifferently invites both the one and the other

other to the Society of all Studies, Exerciſes, and Commands, both Military and Civil, in the Common-Wealth; and the Philoſopher *Antiſthenes* took away all diſtinction betwixt their Virtue and ours. It is much more eaſie to accuſe one Sex, than to excuſe the other. 'Tis according to the Proverb, *Ill may Vice correct Sin.*

CHAP. VI.

Of Coaches.

IT is very eaſie to make it appear, that great Authors, when they write of Cauſes, do not only make uſe of thoſe they think to be the true Cauſes indeed, but alſo of thoſe they believe are not ſo, provided their Works may be illuſtrated with the Beauty of Invention. They ſpeak true, and uſefully enough, if it be ingeniouſly. We cannot make our ſelves ſure of the ſupream Cauſe, and therefore clutter a great many together, to ſee if it may not accidentally be amongſt them.

namque unam dicere cauſam,
Non ſatis eſt, verum plures unde una tamen ſit. *Lucret. l. 6.*

And thus my Muſe a ſtore of Cauſes brings; Mr. *Creech.*
For here, as in a thouſand other things,
Though

Though by one ſingle Cauſe th' effect is done,
Yet ſince 'tis hid, a thouſand muſt be ſhown,
That we may ſurely hit that ſingle one.

Why they ſay, *God bleſs you*, when you Sneeze.

Will you ask me, whence the Cuſtom, of bleſſing thoſe that Sneeze? we break Wind three ſeveral ways; that which ſallies from below is too filthy; that which breaks out from the Mouth carries with it ſome reproach of having eaten too much; the third Eruption is Sneezing, which, becauſe it proceeds from the Head, and is without offence, we give it this civil Reception; Do not laugh at this diſtinction, for they ſay 'tis *Ariſtotle*'s. I think I have read in *Plutarch* (which of all the Authors I ever Convers'd with, is he who has beſt mixt *Art* with *Nature*, and *Judgment* with *Knowledge*,) giving a Reaſon for the riſing of the Stomach in thoſe that are at Sea, that it is occaſion'd by fear, having found out ſome reaſon by which he proves, that fear may produce ſuch an Effect: I, who am very ſubject to vomit, know very well that that Cauſe concerns not me; and know it not by Argument, but by neceſſary Experience, without inſtancing what has been often told me; that the ſame thing often happens in Beaſts, eſpecially Hogs, when out of all apprehenſion of danger; and what an Acquaintance of mine has told me of himſelf, that being very ſubject to it, the Diſpoſition to vomit has three or four times gone off him, being very much afraid in a violent Storm, as it hapned to that ancient. *Pejus vexabar quam ut periculum mihi ſuccurreret.* *I was too much troubled*

Why People are apt to vomit at Sea.

Seneca.

troubled for my danger to relieve me. I was never afraid upon the Water, nor indeed in any other peril (and I have had enow before my Eyes, that have been juſt enough, if Death be one) ſo as to be aſtoniſh'd and to loſe my Judgment. Fear ſprings ſometimes as well from want of Judgment as from want of Courage. All the dangers I have been in I have look'd upon without winking, with an open, ſound, and intire Sight; and beſides, a Man muſt have Courage to fear: It has formerly ſerved me better than ſome others, ſo to order my retreat, that it was, if not without fear, nevertheleſs without affright and aſtoniſhment. It was ſtirr'd indeed, but not amazed nor ſtupified. Great Souls go yet much farther, and repreſent flights not only ſound and temperate, but moreover fierce. Let us make a Relation of that which *Alcibiades* reports of *Socrates*, his fellow in Arms: *I found him*, ſays he, *after the rout of our Army, him and* Lachez, *in the rear of thoſe that fled, and conſidered him at my leiſure, and in ſecurity, for I was mounted upon a good Horſe, and he on foot, and had ſo fought. I took notice in the firſt place, how much Judgment and Reſolution he ſhew'd in compariſon of* Lachez, *and then the bravery of his March, nothing different from his ordinary gate; his ſight firm and regular, conſidering and judging what paſs'd about him, looking one while upon thoſe, and then upon others, Friends and Enemies, after ſuch a manner as incourag'd the one, and ſignified to the others, that he would ſell his life dear to any one ſhould attempt to take it from him, and ſo*

they

they came off; for People are not willing to attack ſuch kind of Men, but purſue thoſe they ſee are in a Fright. This is the Teſtimony of this great Captain, which teaches us what we every day ſee, that nothing ſo much throws us into dangers as an inconſiderate eagerneſs of getting our ſelves clear of them. *Quo timoris minus eſt, eo minus ferme periculi eſt. When there is leaſt fear, there is for the moſt part leaſt danger.* Our People are to blame to ſay, that ſuch a one is afraid of Death, when he expreſſes that he thinks of it and foreſees it: Fore-ſight is equally convenient in what concerns us, whether good or ill. To conſider and judge of the danger, is in ſome ſort the reverſe to being aſtoniſh'd. I do not find my ſelf ſtrong enough to ſuſtain the force and impetuoſity of this Paſſion of Fear, nor of any other vehement Paſſion whatever: If I was once conquered and beaten down, I ſhould never riſe again very ſound. Whoever ſhould once make my Soul loſe her footing, would never ſet it upright again: She retaſtes and reſearches her ſelf too profoundly, and too much to the quick, and therefore would never let the Wound ſhe had receiv'd heal and cicatrize: It has been well for me that never any ſickneſs has yet diſcompos'd it: At every charge made upon me, I make my utmoſt oppoſition and beſt defence; by which means the firſt that ſhould rout me, would make me for ever rallying again; I have no after Game to play, On which ſide ſoever the Inundation breaks my banks, I lie open, and am drown'd without

Livius, l. 22.

out remedy. *Epicurus* ſays, *that a wiſe Man can never become a Fool*; and I have an Opinion reverſe to this Sentence, which is, that who has once been a very Fool, will never after be very Wiſe. God grant me Cold according to my Cloth, and Paſſions proportionable to the means I have to withſtand them. *Nature* having laid me open on the one ſide, has cover'd me on the other; having diſarm'd me of ſtrength, ſhe has arm'd me with inſenſibility, and an apprehenſion that is either regular or dull. Now I cannot long endure (and when I was young much leſs endur'd) either Coach, Litter, or Boat, and hate all other riding but on Horſeback, both in the City and Country. But I can worſe endure a Litter than a Coach, and by the ſame reaſon, better a rude Agitation upon the Water, from whence fear is produc'd, than the motions of a Calm. At the little jerks of Oars, ſtealing the Veſſel from under us, I find I know not how both my Head and my Stomach diſorder'd: neither can I endure to ſit upon a tottering Stool. When the Sail, or the Current carries us equally, or that we are tow'd, thoſe equal agitations do not diſturb me at all. 'Tis an interrupted Motion that offends me, and moſt of all when moſt ſlow: I cannot otherwiſe expreſs it. The *Phyſicians* have order'd me to ſqueeze and gird my ſelf about the bottom of my Belly with a Napkin to remedy this accident; which however I have not try'd, being accuſtom'd to wreſtle with my own defects, and overcome them by my ſelf. Would my Memory ſerve me,

me, I ſhould not think my time ill ſpent in ſetting down here the infinite variety that Hiſtory preſents us of the uſe of Coaches in the Service of War: various according to the Nations, and according to the Ages; in my Opinion, of great neceſſity and effect: ſo that it is a wonder that we have loſt all knowledge of them. I will only ſay this, that very lately, in our Fathers time, the *Hungarians* made very advantageous uſe of them againſt the *Turks*; having in every one of them a Targetter and a Musket, and a number of Harquebuſeers drawn up, ready, and charg'd, and all cover'd with a * *Paveſade* like a *Galliot*. They made the Front of their Battel with three thouſand ſuch Coaches, and after the Canon had play'd, made them all pour in their ſhot upon the Enemy, and made them ſwallow that Volley before they taſted of the reſt; which was no little advance; and that done, the ſaid Chariots charg'd into their Squadrons to break them, and make way for the reſt: beſides the uſe they might make of them to flank their Bodies in a place of danger marching in the Field, or to cover a *Quarter*, and fortifie it in haſte. In my time, a Gentleman in one of our Frontiers, unweildy of Body, and not being able to procure a Horſe able to carry his weight, having a Quarrel, rid up and down in a Chariot of this faſhion, and found great Convenience in it. But let us leave theſe Chariots of War. As if the inſignificancy of Coaches had not been ſufficiently known by better proofs, the laſt *Kings* of our firſt *Race* travell'd in a Chariot drawn

* A Defence of Shields rang'd by one another.

drawn by four Oxen. *Mark Anthony* was the firſt at *Rome* that caus'd himſelf to be drawn in a Coach by *Lyons*, and a ſinging Wench with him. *Heliogabalus* did ſince as much, calling himſelf *Cybele*, the Mother of the *Gods*; and alſo by *Tigers*, taking upon him the Perſon of the *God Bacchus*, he alſo ſometimes harneſs'd two Stags to his Coach, another time four Dogs, and another, four naked Whores, cauſing himſelf to be drawn by them in Pomp, ſtark naked too. The Emperour *Firmus* caus'd his Chariot to be drawn by *Oſtriches* of a prodigious ſize, ſo that it ſeem'd rather to fly, than roul. The ſtrangeneſs of theſe Inventions puts this other Fancy in my head; that it is a kind of Puſillanimity in Monarchs, and a Teſtimony that they do not ſufficiently underſtand themſelves what they are, when they ſtudy to make themſelves honour'd, and to appear great by exceſſive Expence. It were indeed excuſable in a foreign Country, where they are Strangers; but amongſt their own Subjects, where they are in Sovereign Command, and may do what they pleaſe, it derogates from their Dignity, the moſt ſupream degree of Honour, to which they can arrive. As, methinks, it is ſuperfluous in a private Gentleman to go finely dreſs'd at home; his Houſe, his Attendants, and his Kitchin, ſufficiently anſwer for him. The advice that *Iſocrates* gives his *King*, ſeems to be grounded upon Reaſon; that he ſhould be ſplendid in Plate and Furniture: foraſmuch as it is an expence of duration, that devolves to his Succeſſors; and that he ſhould avoid all

The exceſſive expence of Monarchs a teſtimony of puſillanimity

Mag-

Magnificences that will, in a ſhort time, be forgot. I lov'd to go fine when I was a younger Brother, for want of other Ornament, and it became me well: There are ſome upon whom their rich Cloaths weep. We have ſtrange Stories of the frugality of our Kings about their own Perſons, and in their Gifts: Kings that were great both in Reputation, Valour, and Fortune. *Demoſthenes* mightily ſtickles againſt the Law of the City, that aſſign'd the publick Money for the Pomp of their publick Plays and Feſtivals: He would that their Greatneſs ſhould be ſeen in the number of Ships well equipt, and good Armies well provided for. And there is good reaſon to condemn *Theophraſtus*, who, in his Book of *Riches*, has eſtabliſh'd a contrary opinion, and maintains that ſort of Expence to be the true Fruit of Abundance. They are delights, ſays *Ariſtotle*, that only pleaſe the baſer ſort of the People, and that vaniſh from the Memory ſo ſoon as they are ſated with them, and of which no ſerious and judicious Man can have any eſteem. This Money would, in my opinion, be much more Royally, as more profitably, juſtly, and durably, laid out in *Ports*, *Havens*, *Walls*, and *Fortifications*; in ſumptuous *Buildings*, *Churches*, *Colleges*, the reforming of *Streets* and *High-ways*; wherein Pope *Gregory* the Thirteenth will leave a laudable Memory to future Times; and wherein our Queen *Catharine* would to all Poſterity manifeſt her natural Liberality, and Munificence to ſucceeding Ages, would her Means ſupply her Affecti-

Affection. Fortune has done me a great deſpite, in interrupting the noble Structure of the *Pont-neuf* of our great City, and depriving me of the hope of ſeeing it finiſh'd before I dye. Moreover, it ſeems to the Subjects, who are daily Spectators of theſe Triumphs, that their own Riches are expos'd before them, and that they are entertain'd at their own expence. For the People are apt to preſume of *Kings*, as we do of our *Servants*, that they are to take care to provide us all things neceſſary in abundance; but not to touch it themſelves: And therefore the Emperour *Galba*, being pleas'd with a *Muſician* that play'd to him at Supper, call'd for his Cabinet, and gave him a handful of Crowns that he took out of it, with theſe words, *This is not the Publick Money, but my own.* Yet it ſo falls out, that the People for the moſt part have Reaſon on their ſide, and that their Princes feed their Eyes with what they once had to fill their Bellies. Liberality it ſelf is not in its true Luſtre in a Soveraign hand: Private Men have therein the moſt right; for to take it exactly, a King has nothing properly his own; he owes himſelf to others. Authority is not given in favour of the *Magiſtrate*, but of the *People.* A Superiour is never made ſo for his own Profit, but for the Profit of the Inferiour; and a Phyſician for the ſick Perſon, and not for himſelf. All Magiſtracy, as well as all Art, has its end out of it ſelf. *Nulla ars in ſe verſatur.* Wherefore the *Governours* of young *Princes*, who make it their buſineſs to imprint

The *Pont-neuf* at *Paris.*

Seneca.

in them this Virtue of Liberality, and preach to them to deny nothing, and to think nothing ſo well ſpent, as what they give, (a Doctrine that I have known in great Credit in my time) either have more particular regard to their own profit, than that of their Maſter, or ill underſtand to whom they ſpeak. It is too eaſie a thing to imprint Liberality in him who has as much as he will to ſupply it with at the expence of others; and the eſtimate of it, not being proportion'd to the value of the Gift, but to the Wealth of him who extends it, it comes to nothing in ſo mighty Hands. They find themſelves Prodigal, before they can be reputed Liberal; And yet it is but of little Recommendation, in compariſon of other Royal Virtues: and the only one, as the Tyrant *Dioniſius* ſaid, that ſuits well with Tyranny it ſelf. I ſhould rather teach him this of the ancient Labourer,

Τὴν χειρὶ δεῖ ὀπείρειν, ἀλλὰ μὴ ὅλῳ τῷ θυλακῳ

Corinea apud Plutarch.

That whoever will have a good Crop, muſt ſow with his hand, and not pour out of the Sack: he muſt diſperce it abroad, and not lay it on a heap in one place: and that being he is to give, or to ſay better, to pay and reſtore to ſo many People, according as they have deſerv'd, he ought to be a loyal and diſcreet Diſpoſer. If the Liberality of a Prince be without meaſure or diſcretion, I had rather he were covetous. A Royal Virtue ſeems moſt to conſiſt in Juſtice; and of all the parts of Juſtice, that

Wherein Royal Virtue conſiſts.

beſt denotes a King that accompanies his Liberality; for that they have particularly reſerv'd to be perform'd by themſelves, whereas all other ſorts of Juſtice they remit to the Adminiſtration of others. An immoderate Bounty is a very weak means to acquire them good will, for it checks more People than it allures: *Quo in plures uſus ſit, minus in multos uti poſſit. Quid autem eſt ſtultiius, quam quod libenter facias, curare ut id diutius facere non poſſis?* *By how much more you uſe it to many, by ſo much leſs will you be in a capacity to uſe it to many more. And what greater folly can there be than to order it ſo, that what you would do willingly you cannot do long?* And if it be conferr'd without due reſpect of Merit, it puts him out of Countenance that receives it, and is receiv'd without Grace. *Tyrants* have been ſacrific'd to the hatred of the People by the hands of thoſe very Men they have unjuſtly advanc'd; ſuch kind of Men thinking to aſſure to themſelves the poſſeſſion of Benefits unduly receiv'd, if they manifeſt to have him in hatred and diſdain of whom they hold them; and in this aſſociate themſelves to the common Judgment and Opinion. The Subjects of a Prince profuſe in Gifts, grow unreaſonable in asking, and accommodate themſelves not to Reaſon, but Example. We have in earneſt very oft reaſon to bluſh at our own Impudence: we are over-paid, according to Juſtice, when the Recompence equals our Service; for do we owe nothing of natural Obligation to our Princes? If he bears our Charges, he does too much;

Cicero de Offi. Jem. Seneca de Benef. vel in Epiſt.

Tyrants hated by thoſe whom they have unjuſtly advanc'd.

much; 'tis enough that he contributes to them, the overplus is call'd Benefit, which cannot be exacted: For the very name of Liberality ſounds of Liberty; there is no end on't, as we uſe it. We never reckon what we have receiv'd, we are only for the future Liberality. Wherefore, the more a Prince exhauſts himſelf in giving, the poorer he grows in Friends. How ſhould he ſatisfie immoderate Deſires, that ſtill increaſe the more they are fill'd? He who has his Thoughts upon taking, never thinks of what he has taken. Covetouſneſs has nothing ſo proper, and ſo much its own as Ingratitude. The Example of *Cyrus* will not do amiſs in this place, to ſerve the *Kings* of theſe times for a Touch-ſtone, to know whether their Gifts are well or ill beſtow'd, and to ſee how much better that Emperour conferr'd them than they do: By which means they are reduc'd to borrow of their unknown Subjects, and rather of them who they have wrong'd than of them on whom they have conferr'd their Benefits, and ſo receive *Aids*, wherein there is nothing of gratuitous but the Name. *Cræſus* reproach'd him with his Bounty, and caſt up to how much his Treaſure would amount, if he had been a little cloſer handed. He had a mind to juſtifie his Liberality, and therefore ſent Diſpatches into all parts to the *Grandees* of his Dominions, whom he had particularly advanc'd, entreating every one of them to ſupply him with as much Money as they could for a preſſing occaſion, and to ſend him a particular of what every one could advance. When all theſe Ti-

ke

kets were brought to him, every one of his Friends, not thinking it enough barely to offer him only ſo much as he had receiv'd from his Bounty, adding to it a great deal of his own, it appear'd that the Sum amounted to a great deal more than *Cræſus* his reckoning. Whereupon *Cyrus*, *I am not*, ſaid he, *leſs in love with Riches*, than other Princes, but rather a better Husband, you ſee with how ſmall a Venture I have acquir'd the ineſtimable Treaſure of ſo many Friends; and how much more faithful Treaſure they are to me than mercenary Men without Obligation or Affection would be; and my Money better laid up than in Cheſts, putting upon me the Hatred, Envy, and Contempt of other Princes. The *Emperours* excus'd the Superfluity of their Plays, and publick Spectacles, by reaſon that their Authority did in ſome ſort (at leaſt in outward appearance) depend upon the Will of the People of *Rome*; who, time out of mind, had been accuſtomed to be entertain'd and careſs'd with ſuch ſhows and exceſſes. But they were particular Men who had nouriſh'd this Cuſtom, to gratifie their Fellow-Citizen's and Companions, (and chiefly out of their own Purſes) by ſuch Profuſion and Magnificence: It had quite another taſte, when they were the Maſters who came to hold it up. *Pecuniarum tranſlatio à juſtis dominis ad alienos non debet liberalis videri.* *The transferring of Money from the right Owners to Strangers, ought not to have the Title of Liberality.* *Philip*, being his Son, went about by Preſents to gain the

Cic. de Off. lib. 1.

Affection of the *Macedonians*, reprimanded him in a Letter after this manner: *What! haſt thou a mind that thy Subjects ſhall look upon thee as their Caſh-keeper, and not as their King? Wilt thou tamper with them to win their Affections? Do it then by the Benefit of thy Virtue, and not by those of thy Cheſt.* And yet it was doubtleſs a fine thing to bring and plant within the *Theatre* a great number of vaſt Trees, with all their Branches in their full verdure, repreſenting a great ſhady Foreſt, diſpos'd in excellent order, and the firſt day to throw into it a thouſand Oſtriches and a thouſand Stags, a thouſand Boars, and a thouſand Fallow-Deer to be kill'd and diſpos'd of by the People: The next day, to cauſe an hundred great Lyons, an hundred Leopards, and three hundred Bears to be kill'd in his preſence: And for the third day, to make three hundred pair of Fencers to fight it out to the laſt, as the Emperour *Probus* did. It was alſo very fine to ſee thoſe vaſt *Amphitheatres*, all fac'd with Marble without, curiouſly wrought with Figures and Statues, and the inſide ſparkling with rare Decorations and Enrichments.

Rich and ſumptuous Amphitheatres.

Calphurnius, Eg. 7.

Baltheus en gemmis, en illita Porticus auro.

Behold a Belt with Jewels glorious made,
And a brave Portico with Gold o'erlaid.

All the ſides of this vaſt ſpace fill'd and environed from the bottom to the top, with three or fourſcore ranks of Seats, all of Marble also and cover'd with Cuſhions.

——— *exeat, inquit,* *Juven. Sat. 3.*
Si pudor eſt, & depulvino ſurgat equeſtri.
Cujus res legi non ſufficit.

Get y'out, whoſe means fall ſhort of Law, one (cries,
For ſhame, from off the noble Cuſhion riſe. Sir *Robert Stapleton.*

where an hundred thouſand *men* might ſit plac'd at their eaſe: and the place below, where the Plays were play'd, to make it by Art firſt open, and cleave in chinks, repreſenting Caves that vomited out the Beaſts deſign'd for the Spectacle; and then ſecondly, to be overflow'd with a profound Sea, full of Sea-Monſters, and loaded with Ships of War, to repreſent a Naval Battel: and thirdly, to make it dry and even again for the Combat of the *Gladiators*; and for the fourth Scene, to have it ſtrew'd with Vermillion and Storax inſtead of Sand, there to make a ſolemn Feaſt for all that infinite number of People: the laſt Act of one only day.

Quoties nos deſcendentis arenæ *Calphurnius.*
Vidimus in partes, ruptaque voragine terræ
Emerſiſſe feras, & iiſdem ſæpe latebris
Aurea cum croceo creverunt arbuta libro.
Nec ſolum nobis ſilveſtria cernere monſtra
Contigit, æquoreos ego cum certantibus urſis
Spectavi vitulos, & equorum nomine dignum,
Sed deforme pecus.

How often, when Spectators have we ſeen
One corner of the Theatre ſink in;
And from a dreadful Chaſm in the Earth,
Vomit wild Beaſts: Then preſently give birth
Unto a glittering Grove of golden Bowers,
That put forth bloſſoms of enamell'd flowers.
Nor yet of *Sylvan* Monſters had we ſight
Alone, I ſaw Sea-calves with wild Bears fight,
And a deformed ſort of Monſters came,
Which by their ſhape we might Sea-horſes name.

ſometimes they have made a high Mountain to advance it ſelf, full of Fruit-trees, and other flouriſhing ſorts of Woods, ſending down Rivolets of Water from the top, as from the mouth of a Fountain: Other whiles, a great Ship was ſeen to come rouling in, which opened and divided of it ſelf; and after having diſgorg'd from the *hold* four or five hundred Beaſts for fight, clos'd again, and vaniſh'd without help. At other times, from the Floor of this Place, they made ſpouts of perfum'd Waters dart their ſtreams upward, and ſo high as to beſprinkle all that infinite Multitude. To defend themſelves from the Injuries of the weather, they had that vaſt Place one while cover'd over with Purple Curtains of Needle-work, and by and by with Silk of another Colour, which they could draw off or on in a moment, as they had a mind.

Quamvis non modico caleant ſpectacula ſole,
Vela reducuntur cum venit Hermogenes.

The

The curtains, tho' the Sun does ſcorch the skin,
Are when *Hermogenes* appears drawn in.

The Net-work alſo that was ſet before the People to defend them from the violence of theſe turn'd out Beaſts, were alſo woven of Gold.

auro quoque torta refulgent
Retia. *Calphurnius, Eg. 7.*

And woven Nets refulgent were with Gold,

If there be any excuſable in ſuch exceſſes as theſe, it is where the Novelty and Invention create more wonder than expence. Even in theſe Vanities we diſcover how fertile thoſe Ages were in other kind of Wits than theſe of ours. It is with this ſort of fertility, as with other products of Nature. Not that ſhe there employ'd her utmoſt force. We do not go, we rather run up and down, and whirle this way and that; we turn back the way we came. I am afraid our knowledge is weak in all Sences. We neither ſee far forward, nor backward: Our underſtanding comprehends little, and lives but a little while; 'tis ſhort both in extent of time, and extent of matter.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi, ſed omnes illachrymabilis
Urgentur, ignotique longa
Nocte. *Hor. lib. 4. Ode 9.*

Men

Sir *Richard Eanſhaw*

Men ſlaſh'd e're *Diomed* was made;
But all are in Oblivion drown'd,
And put unmourn'd into the ground,
For lack of ſacred Poets aid.

Lucretius l. 5.

Et ſupra bellum Trojanum, & funera Trojæ,
Multi alias alii quoque res cecinere Poetæ.

And long before the War, and Sack of *Troy*,
On other things *Bards* did their Pens employ.

And the narrative of *Solon*, of what he had got out of the *Egyptian* Prieſts, touching the long life of their eſtate, and their manner of learning and preſerving foreign *Hiſtories*; is not, methinks, a Teſtimony to be ſlighted upon this conſideration. *Cicero de nat. Deo. l.* 1. *Si interminatam in omnes partes magnitudinem regionum videremus, & temporum, in quam ſe injiciens animus, & intendens, ita latè longeque peregrinatur, ut nullam oram ultimi videat, in qua poſſit inſiſtere: in hac immenſitate infinita vis innumerabilium appareret formarum. Could we ſee on all parts the unlimited Magnitude of Regions and Extent of times, upon which the mind being intent, does wander ſo far and wide, that no limits of the laſt are to be ſeen, in which it can bound its Eye. We ſhould in that infinite Immenſity diſcover an innumerable quantity of Forms.* Though all that has arriv'd at our Knowledge of times paſt ſhould be true, and known by ſome one Perſon, it would be leſs than nothing in compariſon of what is unknown. And if this Image of the World, which glides whilſt we live upon

on it, how wretched and ſhort is the Knowledge of the moſt curious? Not only of particular Events, which Fortune often renders exemplary, and of great concern, but of the Eſtate of great *Governments* and *Nations*, a hundred more eſcape us, than ever come to our Knowledge. We make a mighty Buſineſs of the Invention of *Artillery* and *Printing*, which other Men at the other end of the World in *China*, had a thouſand years ago. Did we but ſee as much of the World as we do not, we ſhould perceive, it is to be ſuppos'd, a perpetual Multiplication, and Viciſſitude of forms. There is nothing ſingle and rare in reſpect of *Nature*, but in reſpect of our knowledge; which is a wretched Foundation whereon to ground our Rules, and that repreſents to us a very falſe Image of things. As we now a-days vainly conclude the declenſion and decrepitude of the World, by the Arguments we extract from our own Weakneſs and decay;

Printing in *China.*

Jamque adeo affecta eſt Ætas effectaque Tellus. *Lucret. l. 2.*

So much the Age, ſo much the Earth is chang'd.

ſo did they formerly vainly conclude the Birth and Youth of theirs, by the Vigour they obſerv'd in the Wits of their time, abounding in Novelties, and the invention of divers Arts.

Verum, ut opinor, habet novitatem, ſumma recenſque *Lucret. l. 5*
Natura eſt Mundi, neque pridem exordia cœpit:
Quare etiam quædam nunc artes expoliuntur,
Nunc etiam augeſcunt, nunc addita navigiis ſunt
Multa.

But

But ſure the Nature of the World is ſtrong,
Perfect and young; nor can I think it long
Since it beginning took, becauſe we know
Arts ſtill increaſe, and ſtill politer grow,
And many things, in former times unknown,
Are added now to Navigation.

Our World has lately diſcover'd another, (and who will aſſure us that it is the laſt of his Brothers ſince the *Dæmons*, the *Sybels*, and we our ſelves have been ignorant of this till now?) as large, well peopled, and fruitful as this whereon we live; and yet ſo raw and childiſh, that we yet teach it its *A B C*. 'Tis not above fifty years ſince it knew neither *Letters*, *Weights*, *Meaſures*, *Veſtments*, *Corn*, nor *Vines*. It was then quite naked in the Mothers lap, and only liv'd upon what ſhe gave it. If we rightly conclude of our end, and this Poet of the youthfulneſs of that Age of his; that other World will only enter into the Light when this of ours ſhall make its *Exit*. The Univerſe will be Paralitick, one Member will be uſeleſs another in vigour. I am very much afraid that we have very much precipitated its declenſion and ruine by our contagine; and that we have ſold it our Opinions and our Arts at a very dear rate. It was an infant World, and yet we have not whipt, and ſubjected it to our diſcipline, by the advantage of our Valour and natural Forces; neither have we won it by our Juſtice and Goodneſs, nor ſubdu'd it by our Magnanimity. Moſt of their

their Anſwers, and the negotiations we have had with them, witneſs, that they were nothing behind us in Pertinency, and clearneſs of natural Underſtanding. The aſtoniſhing magnificence of the Cities of *Cuſco* and *Mexico*, and amongſt many other ſuch like things, the Garden of this King, where all the *Trees*, *Fruits* and *Plants* according to the order and ſtature they are in a Garden, were excellently form'd in Gold; as in his Cabinet were all the Animals bread upon the Earth, and in the Seas of his Dominions; and the beauty of their Manufactures, in *Jewels*, *Feathers*, *Cotton*, and *Painting*, gave ample proof that they were as little inferiour to us in Induſtry. But as to what concerns *Devotion*, *obſervance* of the *Laws*, *Bounty*, *Liberality*, *Loyalty*, and plain dealing, it was of Uſe to us, that we had not ſo much as they; for they have loſt, ſold, and betray'd themſelves by this advantage. As to *boldneſs* and *courage*, *ſtability*, *conſtancy* againſt Pain, Hunger, and Death, I ſhould not fear to oppoſe the Examples I find amongſt them, to the moſt famous Examples of elder times, that we find in our *Recorâs* on this ſide of the World. For as to thoſe who have ſubdu'd them, take but away the Slights and Artifices they practis'd to deceive them, and the juſt aſtoniſhment it was to thoſe Nations, to ſee ſo ſudden and unexpected an arrival of men with Beards, differing in Language, Religion, Shape and Countenance, from ſo remote a Part of the World, and where they had never heard there was any habitation, mounted upon

The magnificent Garden of the King of *Mexico*.

on great unknown Monſters, againſt thoſe who had never ſo much as ſeen a Horſe, or any other Beaſt train'd up to carry a man or any other loading; ſhell'd in a hard and ſhining skin, with a cutting and glittering Weapon in his hand againſt them, who, out of wonder at the brightneſs of a Looking-glaſs, or a Knife, would truck great Treaſures of Gold and Pearl; and who had neither Knowledge nor Matter with which at leiſure they could penetrate our Steel: to which may be added, the Lightning and Thunder of our Pieces and Harquebuſes, enough to fright *Cæſar* himſelf, if ſurpriz'd with ſo little Experience; and now, againſt naked People, if not, where the invention of a little quilted Cotton was in uſe, without other Arms at the moſt, than *Bows*, *Stones*, *Staves*, and *Bucklers of Wood*; People ſurpriz'd under colour of Friendſhip and good Faith, by the curioſity of ſeeing ſtrange and unknown things; take but away, I ſay, this diſparity from the Conquerours, and you take away all the occaſion of ſo many Victories. When I look upon that invincible ardour wherewith ſo many thouſands of Men, Women, and Children, have ſo often preſented, and thrown themſelves into inevitable dangers for the defence of their *Gods* and *Liberties*; that generous obſtinacy, to ſuffer all extremities and difficulties, and even Death it ſelf, rather than ſubmit to the Dominion of thoſe by whom they had been ſo ſhamefully abus'd; and ſome of them chooſing rather to dye of hunger and faſting, than to accept of nour-

nouriſhment, from the hands of their ſo baſely victorious Enemies: I foreſee, that whoever would have attacqu'd them upon equal terms of Arms, Experience, and Number, would have had a hard, and peradventure a harder game to play, than in any other War we have ſeen. Why did not ſo noble a Conqueſt fall under *Alexander*, or the ancient *Greeks* and *Romans*; and ſo great a revolution and mutation of ſo many Empires and Nations, fall into hands that might have rooted up and gently levell'd, and made plain and ſmooth whatever was rough and ſavage amongſt them, and that might have cheriſh'd and propagated the good Seeds that Nature had there produc'd, mixt, not only with the Culture of Land, and the Ornament of Cities, the Arts of this part of the World, in what was neceſſary, but alſo the *Greek* and *Roman* Vertues, with thoſe that were Originals of the Country? What a particular Reparation had it been to them, and what a general good to the whole World, had our firſt Examples and Deportments in thoſe Parts allur'd thoſe People to the Admiration and Imitation of Vertue, and had begot betwixt them and us a fraternal Society and Intelligence? How eaſie had it been to have made Advantage of Souls ſo innocent, and ſo eager to learn; having for the moſt part naturally ſo good Inclinations before? Whereas, on the contrary, we have taken Advantage of their Ignorance and Inexperience, with greater eaſe to incline them to Treachery, Luxury, avarice, and towards all ſorts of Inhumanity and Cruel-

Cruelty, by the Pattern and example of our Manners. Who ever enhanc'd the price of Merchandize at ſuch a rate? So many Cities levell'd with the Ground, ſo many Nations exterminated, ſo many millions of People fallen by the edge of the Sword, and the richeſt and moſt beautiful part of the World turn'd upſide down, for the Traffick of Pearl and Pepper: Mechanick Victories! Never did Ambition, never did Animoſities engage men againſt one another to ſuch a degree of Hoſtility and miſerable Calamity. Certain *Spaniards* coaſting the Sea in queſt of their Mines, landed in a fruitful, and pleaſant, and very well peopled Country, and there made to the Inhabitants their accuſtom'd Remonſtraces; that they were peaceable men, who were come from a very remote Country, and ſent on the behalf of the *King* of *Caſtile*, the greateſt Prince of the habitable World, to whom the *Pope*, *God's* Vice-gerent upon earth, had given the Principality of the *Indies*. That if they would become *Tributaries* to him, they ſhould be very gently and courteouſly us'd, at the ſame time requiring of them Victuals for their Nouriſhment, and Gold whereof to make ſome pretended Medicine. They moreover remonſtrated to them the belief of the only *God*, and the Truth of our *Religion*, which they advis'd them to embrace, to which they alſo added ſome Threats. To which they receiv'd this Anſwer: *That as to their being peaceable, they did not ſeem to be ſuch, if they were ſo. As to their King, he ſeem'd to be neceſſitous and poor, becauſe he ask'd*

The Offers of the *Spaniards* to the diſcover'd *Indians.*

ask'd, and he who had given him that dividend, a man that lov'd diſſention, to go give away that to another, which was none of his own, to bring it into diſpute againſt the ancient Poſſeſſors. As to Victuals, they would ſupply them; that of Gold they had little, it being a thing they had in very ſmall eſteem, as being of no uſe to the ſervice of Life, whereas their Care was only bent to paſs it over happily and pleaſantly: but that what they could find, excepting what was employ'd in the Service of their Gods, they might freely take. As to one only God, the Propoſition had pleas'd them well, but that they would not change their Religion, both becauſe they had ſo happily liv'd in it, and that they were not wont to take advice of any but their Friends, and thoſe they knew. As to their Menaces, it was a ſign of want of Judgment, to threaten thoſe whoſe Nature and Power was to them unknown. That therefore they were to make haſt to avoid their Coaſt, for they were not us'd to take the Civilities and Remonſtrance's of arm'd Men and Strangers in good part; otherwiſe they ſhould do by them as they had done by thoſe others, ſhewing them the Heads of ſeveral executed men round the Walls of their City. A fair Example of the gibberiſh, and beginning to ſpeak of this Infancy. But ſo it is, that the *Spaniards* did neither in this nor ſeveral other places, where they did not find the Merchandize they ſought for, make any ſtay for any attempt, whatever other Conveniencies were there to be had; Witneſs the *Canibals*.

Of two the moſt puiſſant Monarchs of that World, and peradventure of this, *Kings* of

The exceſſive Ranſom of the King of *Peru.*

ſo many *Kings*, and the laſt they exterminated that of *Peru*, having been taken in a Bat and put to ſo exceſſive a ranſom as exce all belief, and it being faithfully paid, that he had by his Converſation given ma feſt ſigns of a franck, liberal, and conſt Spirit, and of a clear and ſetled underſta ing; the Conquerors had a mind, after ving exacted a million, three hundred twe five thouſand, and five hundred weight Gold, beſides Silver, and other things wh amounted to no leſs; (ſo that their Ho were ſhod with Maſſie Gold) yet to ſee the price of what Diſloyalty and Inju whatever) what the remainder of the T ſures of this *King* might be, and to po themſelves of that alſo. To which end a Accuſation was preferr'd againſt him, and Witneſſes brought in to prove that he about to raiſe an Inſurrection in his Provi by that means to procure his own Lib Whereupon, by the vertuous Sentence of t very men who had by this Treachery conſ his ruine, he was condemn'd to be publi

Afterwards hang'd not withſtanding.

hang'd, after having made him buy off Torment of being burnt alive, by the Bap they gave him immediately before Execu A horrid and unheard of Barbarity, which n theleſs he underwent without going leſs e in Word or Look, with a truly grave and al Behaviour. After which, to calm and app the People, daunted and aſtoniſhed at ſo ſtra a thing, they counterfeited great Sorrow fo Death, and appointed moſt ſumptuous Fun

The other *King* of *Mexico*, after a long time defended his beleaguer'd City, and having in this Seige manifeſted the utmoſt of what Suffering and Perſeverance can do, if ever Prince and People did, and his Misfortune having deliver'd him alive into his Enemies hands, upon Articles of being treated like a *King*; neither did he in his Captivity diſcover any thing unworthy of that Title. His Enemies, after their Victory, not finding ſo much Gold as they expected, when they had ſearch'd and rifled with their utmoſt Diligence, they went about to procure Diſcoveries by the moſt cruel Torments they could invent upon the Priſoners they had taken: but having profited nothing that way; their Courages being greater than the Torments, they arriv'd at laſt to ſuch a degree of Fury, as contrary to their Faith, and the Law of Nations, to condemn the *King* himſelf, and one of the principal *Noble-men* of his Court to the Rack, in the preſence of one another. This *Lord* finding himſelf overcome with Pain, being environ'd with burning Coals pitifully turn'd his dying Eyes towards his Maſter, as it were to ask him pardon that he was able to endure no more; whereat the *King* darting at him a fierce and ſevere look, as reproaching his Cowardize and Puſillaminity, with a loud and conſtant Voice ſaid to him thus only: *And what doſt thou think I ſuffer,* ſaid he, *am I in a Bath, am I more at eaſe than thou?* Whereupon the other immediately quail'd under the Torment, and died upon

The Seige of *Mexico.*

The King taken Priſoner.

Put to the Rack.

upon the Place. The King, half roſted, was carried thence; not ſo much out of pity, (for what compaſſion ever touch'd ſo barbarous Souls, who, upon the doubtful information of ſome Veſſel of Gold to be made a Prey of, caus'd not only a Man, but a *King* ſo great in Fortune and Deſert, to be broil'd before their Eyes) but becauſe his Conſtancy rendred their Cruelty ſtill more ſhameful. They afterwards hang'd him, for having nobly attempted to deliver himſelf by Arms from ſo long a Captivity, where he died with a Courage becoming ſo Magnanimous a *Prince*.

Afterwards hang'd.

Indian Priſoners burnt alive by the *Spaniards*.

Another time they burnt in the ſame fire four hundred and ſixty men alive at once, the four hundred, of the common People, the ſixty the principal Lords of a Province; no other but meer Priſoners of War. We have these Narratives from themſelves: for they do not only own it, but boaſt of it. Could it be for a teſtimony of their Juſtice, or their Zeal to Religion! Doubtleſs theſe are ways too differing, and contrary to ſo holy an end. Had they propos'd to themſelves to extend, our Faith, they would have conſidered, that it does not amplifie in the poſſeſſion of Territories but in the gaining of men, and would have more than ſatisfied themſelves with the ſlaughters occaſion'd by the neceſſity of War, without indifferently mixing a Maſſacre, as upon wild Beaſts, as univerſal as Fire and Sword could make it, having only, by their good will, ſav'd ſo many as they intended to make miſerable Slaves of for the Work and Service

of their *Mines*: So that many of the Captains were put to death upon the place of Conqueſt, by order of the *King* of *Caſtile*, juſtly offended with the horror of their Deportments, and almoſt all of them hated and diſeſteem'd. *God* did meritoriouſly permit that all this great Plunder ſhould be ſwallow'd up by the Sea in Tranſportation, or by Civil Wars, wherewith they devoured one another, and the greateſt part was buried upon the Place, without any fruit of their Victory. As to what concerns the *Revenue*, that being in the hands of ſo parſimonious and ſo prudent a Prince, it ſo little anſwers the expectation was given to his Predeceſſors of it, and that firſt abundance of *Riches* which was found at the firſt Landing in thoſe new diſcovered Countreys, (for tho' a great deal be fetch'd from thence, yet 'tis nothing in compariſon of that ought to be expected) it is, that the uſe of Coin was there utterly unknown, and that conſequently their Gold was found all hoarded together, being of no other uſe but for Ornament and Shew, as a Furniture reſerv'd from Father to Son, by many puiſſant Kings, who always drain'd their Mines to make this vaſt heap of *Veſſels* and *Statues*, for the decoration of their *Palaces* and *Temples*; whereas our Gold is always in motion and Trafick: We cut ours into a thouſand ſmall pieces, and caſt it into a thouſand Forms, and ſcatter and diſperſe it a thouſand ways. But ſuppoſe our Kings ſhould thus hoard up all the Gold they could get it ſeveral Ages, and let it lie idle by them. Thoſe of the Kingdom

of *Mexico* were in ſome ſort more civiliz'd, and greater *Artiſts* than the other *Nations* that were beyond them: Therefore did they judge as we do, that the World was near its period, and look'd upon the Deſolation we brought amongſt them for a certain Sign of it. They believ'd that the Exiſtence of the World was divided into five *Ages*, and the Life of five ſucceſſive *Suns*, of which *four* had already ended their time, and that that which gave them Light was the *fifth*. The firſt periſh'd, with all other Creatures, by an univerſal Inundation of Water. The ſecond, by the Heavens falling upon us, which ſuffocated every living Thing: to which Age they aſſign the *Giants*, and ſhew'd bones to the *Spaniards*, according to the proportion of which, the Stature of men amounted to twenty hands high. The third by Fire, which burnt and conſum'd all. The fourth, by an Emotion of the *Air* and *Wind*, which came with ſuch violence as to beat down even many Mountains; wherein the men died not, but were turned into *Baboons*; (what impreſſions will not the weakneſs of human Belief admit?) After the death of this fourth *Sun*, the World was twenty five years in perpetual darkneſs; in the fifteenth of which a Man and a Woman were created, that reſtored human Race: ten years after, upon a certain Day the *Sun* appeared newly created, and ſince the account of their years take beginning from that day. The third day after his Creation, the ancient *Gods* died; and the new ones are ſince born daily. After what manner they think this

laſt *Sun* ſhall periſh, my *Author* knows not. But their number of this fourth Change agrees with the great Conjunction of Stars, that eight hundred and odd years ago, as *Aſtrologers* ſuppoſe, produc'd great Alterations and Novelties in the World, as to Pomp and Magnificence. Upon the account of which I am engag'd in this Diſcourſe, neither *Greece*, *Rome*, nor *Ægypt*, whether for utility, difficulty, or ſtate, compare any of their Works with the *way* to be ſeen in *Peru*, made by the *Kings* of the Countrey, from the City of *Quito*, to that of *Cuſco*, (three hundred Leagues) ſtraight, even five and twenty Paces wide, pav'd, and enclos'd on both ſides with high and beautiful Walls; and cloſe by them on the inſide, two clear Rivolets, border'd with a beautiful ſort of a *Tree* which they call *Molly*: in which Work, where they met with Rocks and Mountains, they cut them through, and made them even, and fill'd up Pits and Valleys with Lime and Stone to make them level. At the end of every days Journey are beautyful *Palaces*, furniſh'd with Proviſions, Veſtments, and Arms, as well for Travellers, as for the Armies that are to paſs that way. In the eſtimate of this Work, I have reckon'd the difficulty which is particularly conſiderable in that Place. They did not build with any Stones leſs than ten foot ſquare; and had no other conveniency of carriage, but by drawing their load themſelves by force of Arms, and knew not ſo much as the Art of Scaffolding, nor any other way of ſtanding to their Work, but by throwing

The magnificent Cawſey betwixt *Quito* and *Cuſco*.

up Earth against the Building, as it rose higher, taking it away again when they had done. Let us here return to our Coaches, instead of which, and of all other sorts of Carriages, they caus'd themselves to be carried by men, and upon their Shoulders. This last King of *Peru*, the day that he was taken, was thus carried betwixt two upon staves of Gold, and set in a Chair of Gold in the middle of his Battel. As many of these *Sedan-men* as were kill'd to make him fall, (for they would take him alive) so many others (and they contended for it) took the place of those that were slain, so that they could never beat him down, what slaughter soever they made of those People, till a *Light-horse-man* seizing upon him, brought him down.

CHAP. VII.

Of the inconvenience of Greatness.

SInce we cannot attain unto it, let us revenge our selves by railing at it: and yet it is not absolutely railing against any thing to proclaim its defects, because they are in all things to be found, how beautiful, or how much to be coveted however. It has in general this manifest advantage, that it can go less when it pleases, and has very near the absolute choice of both the one and the other Condition. For

For a Man does not fall from all heights, there are ſeveral from which one may deſcend without falling down. It does indeed appear to me, that we value it at too high a rate, and alſo over-value the reſolution of thoſe whom we have either ſeen, or heard have contemn'd it, or diſplac'd themſelves of their own accord. Its Eſſence is not ſo evidently commodious, that a Man may not without a miracle refuſe it; I find it a very hard thing to undergo Misfortunes, but to be content with a competent meaſure of Fortune, and to avoid Greatneſs, I think a very eaſie matter. 'Tis, methinks, a Virtue to which I, who am none of the niceſt, could without any great endeavour arrive. What then is to be expected from them that would yet put into Conſideration the glory attending this refuſal, wherein there may lurk worſe Ambition, than even in the deſire it ſelf, and Fruition of Greatneſs? Foraſmuch as Ambition never comports it ſelf better according to it ſelf, than when it proceeds by obſcure and unfrequented ways. I incite my Courage to Patience, but I rein it as much as I can towards deſire. I have as much to wiſh for as another, and allow my Wiſhes as much Liberty and Indiſcretion: but yet it never befell me to wiſh for either Empire or Royalty, for the Eminency of thoſe high and commanding Fortunes. I do not aim that way, I love my ſelf too well. When I think to grow greater, 'tis but very moderately, and by a compell'd and timorous Advancement, ſuch as is proper for me; in Reſolution, in Prudence,

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in Health, in Beauty, and even in Riches too. But this ſupream Reputation, and this mighty Authority oppreſs my Imagination. And, quite contrary to ſome others, I ſhould peradventure rather chooſe to be the ſecond or third in *Perigourd*, than the firſt at *Paris*; at leaſt, without lying, the third, than the firſt at *Paris*. I would neither diſpute, a miſerable *unknown*, with a Nobleman's Porter, nor make Crowds open in Adoration as I paſs: I am train'd up to a moderate Condition, as well by my choice, as Fortune; and have made it appear in the whole Conduct of my Life and Enterprizes, that I have rather avoided than otherwiſe, the climbing above the degree of Fortune wherein *God* has plac'd me by my Birth: all natural Conſtitution is equally juſt and eaſie. My Soul is ſo ſneaking and mean, that I meaſure not good Fortune by the height, but by the Facility. But if my Heart be not great enough, 'tis open enough to make amends at any ones requeſt freely to lay open its Weakneſs. Should any one put me upon comparing the Life of *L. Thorius Balbus*, a brave man, handſome, learned, healthful, underſtanding, and abounding in all ſorts of Conveniencies and Pleaſures, leading a quiet Life, and all his own, his Mind well prepar'd againſt Death, Superſtition, Pains, and other Incumbrances of humane Neceſſity; dying at laſt in Battel with his Sword in his Hand, for the defence of his Country, on the one part; and on the other part, the Life of *M. Regulus*, ſo great and high as is known to every one, and his

end

end admirable; the one without Name, and without Dignity, the other exemplary, and glorious to wonder: I ſhould doubtleſs ſay as *Cicero* did, could I ſpeak as well as he. But if I was to touch it in my own Phraſe, I ſhould then alſo ſay, that the firſt is as much according to my Capacity, and Deſire, which I conform to my Capacity, as the ſecond is far beyond it; that I could not approach the laſt but with Veneration, the other I would willingly attain by Cuſtom. But let us return to our temporal Greatneſs, from which we are digreſs'd. I diſreliſh all Dominion, whether active or paſſive. *Otanes*, one of the ſeven who had right to pretend to the Kingdom of *Perſia*, did, as I ſhould willingly have done; which was, that he gave up to his Concurrents his right of being promoted to it, either by Election or by Lot; provided, that he and his might live in the Empire out of all Authority and Subjection, thoſe of the ancient Laws excepted: and might enjoy all liberty that was not prejudicial to them, as impatient of commanding, as of being commanded. The moſt painful and difficult Employment in the World, in my Opinion, is worthily to diſcharge the Office of a *King*. I excuſe more of their miſtakes, than Men commonly do, in conſideration of the intolerable weight of their Function, which does aſtoniſh me. 'Tis hard to keep meaſure in ſo immeaſurable a Power. Yet ſo it is, that it is to thoſe who are not the beſt natur'd men, a ſingular incitement to Virtue, to be ſeated in

A Sovereign Authority mov'd for a moderate Fortune.

That it is a troubleſome and difficult Employment to command.

in a place where you cannot do the leaſt good that ſhall not be put upon Record; and where the leaſt benefit redounds to ſo many Men: and where your Talent of Adminiſtration, like that of *Preachers*, does principally addreſs it ſelf to the People, no very exact Judge, eaſie to deceive, and eaſily content. There are few things wherein we can give a ſincere Judgment, by reaſon that there are few wherein we have not in ſome ſort a particular Intereſt. Superiority and Inferiority, Dominion and Subjection, are bound to a natural Envy and Conteſt, and muſt neceſſarily perpetually intrench upon one another. I neither believe the one nor the other touching the rights of the adverſe Party; let *Reaſon* therefore, which is inflexible and without Paſſion, determine. 'Tis not above a Month ago that I read over two *Scotch Authors* contending upon this Subject; of which, he who ſtands for the People, makes *Kings* to be in a worſe Condition than a *Carter*; and he who writes for *Monarchy*, places him ſome degrees above *God-Almighty* in Power and Sovereignty. Now the Inconveniency of *Greatneſs*, that I have made choice of to conſider in this place, upon ſome occaſion that has lately put it into my head, is this: There is not peradventure any thing more pleaſant in the Commerce of Men, than the Tryals that we make againſt one another, out of Emulation of Honour and Valour, whether in the Exerciſes of the Body, or in thoſe of the Mind; wherein the Soveraign Greatneſs can have no true part. And in earneſt, I have often thought,

The Inconvenience of Greatneſs.

thought, that out of force of reſpect men have us'd Princes diſdainfully and injuriouſly in that particular. For the thing I was infinitely offended at in my Childhood, that they who exercis'd with me, forbore to do their beſt, becauſe they found me unworthy of their utmoſt endeavour, is what we ſee happen to them every day, every one finding himſelf unworthy to contend with them. If we diſcover that they have the leaſt Paſſion to have the better, there is no one who will not make it his Buſineſs to give it them, and who will not rather betray his own Glory, than offend theirs; and will therein employ ſo much force only as is neceſſary to advance their Honour. What ſhare have they then in the Engagement, wherein every one is on their ſide? Methinks I ſee thoſe *Paladins* of ancient times preſenting themſelves to *Juſts*, with enchanted *Arms* and *Bodies*; *Briſſon* running againſt *Alexander*, purpoſely miſt his blow, and made a fault in his Career; *Alexander* chid him for it, but he ought to have had him whipt. Upon this conſideration, *Carneades* ſaid, that the Sons of Princes learn'd nothing right, but to ride the great Horſe; by reaſon that in all their Exerciſes every one bends and yields to them: but a Horſe, that is neither a Flatterer nor a Courtier, throws the Son of a *King* with no more remorſe, than he would do that of a *Porter*. *Homer* was compell'd to conſent, that *Venus*, ſo ſweet and delicate as ſhe was, ſhould be wounded at the Battel of *Troy*, thereby to aſcribe Courage and Boldneſs to her; Qualities that

The *Paladins*.

Riding the great *Horſe* the only true Exerciſe of the Sons of Princes.

that cannot poſſibly be in thoſe who are exempt from Danger. The *Gods* are made to be angry, to fear, to run away, to be jealous, to grieve, and to be tranſported with Paſſions, to honour them with the Virtues, that amongſt us are built upon theſe Imperfections. Who does not participate in the hazard and difficulty, can pretend no intereſt in the Honour and Pleaſure that are the conſequents of hazardous Actions. 'Tis pity a Man ſhould be ſo potent that all things muſt give way to him. *Fortune* therein ſets you too remote from Society, and places you in too great a Solitude. This eaſineſs and mean facility of making all things bow under you, is an enemy to all ſorts of Pleaſure. This is to ſlide, not to go, this is to ſleep, and not to live. Conceive man accompanied with Omnipotency, you throw him into an *Abyſs:* he muſt beg diſturbance and oppoſition as an Alms. His Being and his Good is indigent: Their good Qualities are dead and loſt; for they are not to be perceived, but by Compariſon, and we put them out of it: they have little knowledge of the true praiſe, having their Ears deaſt with ſo continual and uniform an Approbation. Have they to do with the meaneſt of all their Subjects? they have no means to take any advantage of him, if he but ſay, *'Tis becauſe he is my King*, he thinks he has ſaid enough to expreſs, that he therefore ſuffered himſelf to be overcome. This Quality ſtifles and conſumes the other true and eſſential Qualities: They are involv'd in the Royalty, and leave them nothing to recommend themſelves withal, but

actions

actions that directly concern themſelves, and that meerly reſpect the function of their Place. 'Tis ſo much to be a *King*, that he only is ſo by being ſo; the ſtrange luſtre that environs him, conceals and ſhrowds him from us; our ſight is there repell'd and diſſipated, being ſtop'd and filled by this prevailing light. The *Senate* awarded the prize of Eloquence to *Tiberius*; he refus'd it, ſuppoſing, that though it had been juſt, he could derive no advantage from a Judgment ſo partial, and that was ſo little free to judge. As we give them all advantages of Honour, ſo do we ſooth and authorize all their Vices and Defects, not only by approbation, but by imitation alſo. Every one of *Alexander*'s followers carried their Heads on one ſide, as he did; and the flatterers of *Dionyſius* run againſt one another in his preſence, ſtumbled at, and over-turn'd whatever was under foot, to ſhew they were as pur-blind as he. Natural imperfections have ſometimes alſo ſerved to recommend a Man to Favour. I have ſeen Deafneſs affected: and becauſe the Maſter hated his Wife, *Plutarch* has ſeen his Courtiers repudiate theirs, whom they loved: And which is yet more, Uncleanneſs and all manner of Diſſolution has been in faſhion; as alſo Diſloyalty, Blaſphemies, Cruelty, Hereſie, Superſtition, Irreligion, Effeminacy, and worſe, if worſe there be. And by an Example yet more dangerous than that of *Mithridates* Flatterers, who, by how much their Maſter pretended to the Honour of a good Phyſician, came to him to have Inciſions and Cauteries made in

The prize of Eloquence refus'd by *Tiberius*, and why.

Dionyſius his flatterers.

Thoſe of *Mithridates*.

in their Limbs; for theſe others ſuffered the Soul, a more delicate and noble Part, to be cauteriz'd. But to end where I begun: The Emperour *Adrian*, diſputing with the Philoſopher *Favorinus* about the interpretation of ſome Word: *Favorinus* ſoon yielded him the Victory; for which his Friends rebuking him; *You talk ſimply*, ſaid he, *would you not have him wiſer than I, who commands thirty Legions?* *Auguſtus* writ Verſes againſt *Aſinius Pollio*, and I, ſaid *Pollio*, ſay nothing, for it is not prudence to write in conteſt with him who has power to proſcribe: And he had reaſon; for *Dionyſius*, becauſe he could not equal *Philoxenus* in *Poeſie*, and *Plato* in *Diſcourſe*, condemn'd one to the *Quarries*, and ſent the other to be ſold for a Slave into the Iſland of *Ægina*.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the Art of Conferring.

'TIS the cuſtom of our Juſtice to condemn ſome for a warning to others. To condemn them for having done amiſs, were folly, as *Plato* ſays, for what is done can never be undone; but 'tis to the end they may offend no more, and that others may avoid the Example of their offence: we do not correct the Man we hang, we correct others by him. I do the ſame. My Errors are ſometimes natural, incor-

ncorrigible, and irremediable: but the good vertuous men do the Publick in making themſelves imitated, I peradventure may do the ſame in making my manners evaded.

Nonne vides Albi ut malè vivat filius utque
Barrus *inops? magnum documentum, ne patri-*
Perdere quis velit. (*am rem*

Horace, lib. 1. Sat. 4.

Do but obſerve the wealthy *Albius*'s Son,
Into what want he is by wildneſs run;
See what a ſhabby fellow *Barrus* is grown,
Barrus, the ranting'ſt Gallant of the Town:
A good Inſtruction for young *Heirs*, that they
Should not their Patrimony fool away.

Mr. *Alexander Brome.*

Whilſt I publiſh and accuſe my own Imperfections, ſome one will learn to be afraid of them. The Parts that I moſt eſteem in my ſelf, derive more honour from decrying, than from commending my own Manners: which is the reaſon why I ſo often fall into, and ſo much inſiſt upon that ſtrain. But, when all is ſumm'd up, a man never ſpeaks of himſelf without loſs. A Man's accuſations of himſelf are always believ'd, his praiſes never. There may peradventure be ſome of my own Complexion, who better inſtruct me by contrariety than ſimilitude, and more by avoiding than by imitation. The elder *Cato* had a regard to this ſort of diſcipline, when he ſaid, *that the wiſe may learn more of fools, than fools can of the wiſe*; and *Pausanias* tells us of an ancient player upon the harp, who was wont to make his Scholars go

to hear one that played very ill, who liv'd over againſt him, that they might learn to hate his diſcords and falſe meaſures. The horror of Cruelty more inclines me to Clemency, than any Example of Clemency could poſſibly do. A good *Rider* does not ſo much mend my ſeat, as an aukward Attorney, or a *Venetian* on Horſeback; and a clowniſh way of Speaking does more reform mine, than the queinteſt *Dialect*. The ridiculous and ſimple look of another, does always advertiſe and adviſe me; that which pricks, rouzes and incites much better than that which tickles. The time is now proper that we ſhould reform backward, more by diſſenting than agreeing, by differing than conſent. Profiting little by good Examples, I make uſe of thoſe that are ill, which alſo are every where to be found. I endeavour to render my ſelf as agreeable as I ſee others offenſive, as conſtant, as I ſee others fickle, as affable, as I ſee others rough, and as good as I ſee others evil. But I propoſe to my ſelf invincible meaſures. The moſt fruitful and natural exerciſe of the Mind, in my opinion, is Conference; I find the uſe of it more ſweet than of any other action of Life: And for this reaſon it is, that if I were now compell'd to chuſe, I ſhould ſooner, I think, conſent to loſe my Sight, than my Hearing and Speech. The *Athenians*, and alſo the *Romans*, kept this Exerciſe in great Honour in their *Academies*.. The *Italians* retain ſome foot-ſteps of it to this day, to their great advantage, as is manifeſt by the compariſon of our underſtandings with the

The ſtudy of Books is a languiſhing and feeble Motion, that heats not, whereas Conference teaches and exerciſes at once. If I confer with an underſtanding Man, and a rude Jeſter, he preſſes hard upon me, and wounds me on both ſides; his imaginations raiſe up mine to more than ordinary pitch. Jealouſie, Glory, and Contention, ſtimulate and raiſe me up to ſomething above my ſelf; and a conſent of Judgment is a quality totally offenſive in Conference. But, as our minds fortifie themſelves by the communication of vigorous and regular Underſtandings; 'tis not to be expreſs'd how much they loſe and degenerate by the continual commerce and frequentation we have with thoſe are mean and low. There is no Contagion that ſpreads like that: I know ſufficiently by Experience what 'tis worth a yard. I love to diſcourſe and diſpute, but it is but with few Men, and for my ſelf; for to do it as a Spectacle and entertainment to great Perſons, and to vaunt of a man's Wit and Eloquence, is, in my opinion, very unbecoming a man of Honour. Impertinency is a ſcurvy Quality, but not to be able to endure it, to fret and vex at it, as I do, is another ſort of diſeaſe, little inferiour to Impertinence it ſelf; and is the thing that I will now accuſe in my ſelf. I enter into Conference, and diſpute with great liberty and facility, foraſmuch as Opinion meets with me with a Soil very unfit for Penetration, and wherein to take any deep root: no Propoſitions aſtoniſh me, no belief offends me, though never ſo contrary to my own. There

Conference of greater advantage than the reading of Books.

is no ſo frivolous and extravagant Fancy that does not ſeem to me ſuitable to the product of human Wit. We, who deprive our Judgments of the right of determining, look indifferently upon various Opinions, and if we incline not our Judgments to them, yet we eaſily give them the hearing. Where one Scale is totally empty, I let the other waver under old Wives dreams. And I think my ſelf excuſable, if I rather chuſe the odd number, *Thurſday*, rather than *Friday*; and if I had rather be the twelfth or fourteenth, than the thirteenth at Table; if I had rather on a Journey ſee a *Hare* run by me than croſs my way; and rather give my Man my left foot than my right, when he comes to dreſs me. All ſuch whimſies as are in Uſe amongſt us, deſerve at leaſt to be hearkned unto. For my part, they only with me import inanity, but they import that. Moreover, vulgar and caſual Opinions are conſidered as things of moment, and are indeed ſomething more than nothing in Nature: and who will not ſuffer himſelf to proceed ſo far, falls peradventure into the Vice of Obſtinacy, to avoid that of Superſtition. The contradictions of Judgments then do neither offend nor alter, they only rouze and exerciſe me. We evade Correction, whereas we ought to offer and preſent our ſelves to it, eſpecially when it appears in the form of Conference, and not of Authority. At every oppoſition, we do not conſider whether or no it be juſt, but right or wrong, how to diſengage our ſelves: inſtead of extending the Arms, we thruſt out our Claws

Claws. I could ſuffer my ſelf to be rudely handled by my Friend, ſo much as to tell me that I am a Fool, and talk I know not of what. I love ſtout Expreſſions amongſt brave Men, and to have them ſpeak as they think. We muſt fortifie and harden our hearing againſt this tenderneſs of the Ceremonious ſound of Words. I love a ſtrong and manly Familiarity and Converſation: A Friendſhip that flatters it ſelf in the ſharpneſs and vigour of its Communication; like love, in biting and ſcratching. It is not vigorous and generous enough, if it be not quarrelſome, if civiliz'd and artificial, if it treads nicely, and fears the Shock. *Neque enim diſputari ſine reprehenſione poteſt.* *Neither can a Man diſpute, but he muſt reprehend.* When any one contradicts me, he raiſes my attention, not my anger: I advance towards him that controverts and inſtructs me. The *Cauſe* of Truth ought to be the common *Cauſe* both of one and the other: What will he anſwer? The Paſſion of Anger has already confounded his Judgment; *amazement* has uſurpt the place of Reaſon. It were not amiſs, that the deciſion of our diſputes ſhould paſs by wager: that there might be a material mark of our loſſes, to the end we might the better remember them; and that my Man might tell me, *Your Ignorance and Obſtinacy coſt you laſt Year, at ſeveral times an hundred Crowns.* I embrace and careſs *Truth* in what hand ſoever I find it, and chearfully ſurrender my ſelf, and my conquer'd arms, as far off as I can diſcover it: and, provided it be not too imperiouſly, take a pleaſure in being re-

Cicero de finib. l. 1.

reprov'd; and accommodate my ſelf to my Accuſers, very often more by reaſon of Civility than amendment, loving to gratifie and nouriſh the liberty of Admonition, by my facility of ſubmitting to it. Nevertheleſs, it is hard to bring the men of my time to it. They have not the courage to correct, becauſe they have not the courage to ſuffer themſelves to be corrected; and ſpeak always with diſſimulation in the preſence of one another. I take ſo great pleaſure in being judg'd and known, that it is upon the matter indifferent to me in which of the two Forms I am ſo: My Imagination does ſo often contradict and condemn it ſelf, that 'tis all one to me if another do it, eſpecially conſidering that I give his reprehenſion no greater authority than what I will my ſelf. But I break with him, who carries himſelf ſo high, as I know ſome do, that repents his advertiſement, if not believ'd, and takes it for an affront if it be not immediately follow'd. In that *Socrates* always receiv'd ſmiling the Contradictions oppos'd againſt his Arguments, a man may ſay his ſtrength of *Reaſon* was the cauſe and the advantage being certain to fall on his ſide, he accepted them as matter of new victory. Nevertheleſs, we ſee on the contrary, that nothing in Argument renders our Sentiments ſo delicate, as the opinion of preheminency and diſdain of the Adverſary; and that in Reaſon, 'tis rather for the weaker to take in good part the oppoſitions that correct him and put him right. In earneſt, I rather chuſe the frequentation of thoſe that ruffle me than the

that fear me. 'Tis a dull and hurtful Pleaſure to have to do with People who admire us, and approve of all we ſay. *Antiſthenes* commanded his Children, never to take it kindly, or for a favour from any Man that commended them. I find I am much prouder of the victory I obtain over my ſelf, when even in the ardour of diſpute, I make my ſelf ſubmit to my Adverſaries force of Reaſon, than I am pleas'd with the victory I obtain over him through his weakneſs. In fine, I receive and admit of all manner of attacks that are direct, how weak ſoever: but I am too impatient of thoſe that are made out of Form. I care not what the Subject is, the Opinions are to me all one, and I am as indifferent whether I get the better or the worſe: I can peaceably argue a whole day together, if the Argument be carried on with order. I do not ſo much require force and ſubtilty, as method. I mean the order which we every day obſerve in the wranglings of Shepherds and Apprentices, but never amongſt us. If they ſtart from their Subject, 'tis an incivility, and yet we do it. But their Tumult and Impatience never puts them out of their *Theme*. Their Argument ſtill continues its Courſe. If they prevent, and do not ſtay for one another, they at leaſt underſtand one another very well. Any one anſwers too well for me, if he anſwers what I ſay. But when the diſpute is irregular and perplex'd, I leave the thing, and inſiſt upon the form with Anger and Indiſcretion; and fall into a wilful, malicious, and imperious way of Diſputa-

tion, of which I am afterwards aſham'd. 'Tis impoſſible to deal honeſtly and fairly with a Fool. My Judgment is not only corrupted under the hand of ſo impetuous a Maſter, but my Conſcience alſo. Our Diſputes ought to be interdicted, and puniſh'd as well as other verbal Crimes. What Vice do they not raiſe and heap up, being always govern'd and commanded by Paſſion? We firſt quarrel with their Reaſons, and then with the Men. We only learn to diſpute, that we may contradict, and ſo every one contradicting, and being contradicted, it falls out, that the fruit of Diſputation is to loſe and nullifie *Truth*; and therefore it is that *Plato* in his *Republick* prohibits this Exerciſe to Fools and ill bred People. To what end do you go about to inquire of him who knows nothing to purpoſe? A man does no injury to the Subject, when he leaves it to ſeek how he may defend it. I do not mean by an Artificial and Scholaſtick way, but by a natural one, with a ſound underſtanding. What will it be in the end? One flies to the *Eaſt*, the other to the *Weſt*, they loſe the principal, and wander in the Crowd of Incidents. After an hour of Tempeſt they know not what they ſeek: one is low, the other high, and a third wide. One catches at a word and a *ſimile*; another is no longer ſenſible of what is ſaid in Oppoſition to him, and thinks of going on at his own rate, not of anſwering you. Another, finding himſelf too weak to make good his reſt, fears all, refuſes all, and, at the very beginning, confounds the Sub-

Subjects: or in the very height of the diſpute ſtops ſhort, and grows ſilent: by a peeviſh ignorance affecting a proud contempt; or by an unreaſonable modeſty ſhuns any further debate. Provided that this ſtrikes, he cares not how much he lays himſelf open; the other counts his Words, and weighs them for Reaſons. Another only brawls, and makes uſe of the Advantage of his Lungs. Here's one that learnedly concludes againſt himſelf, and another that deafs you with Prefaces, and ſenſeleſs Degreſſions: another falls into down-right railing, and ſeeks a ridiculous quarrel, to diſengage himſelf from a Wit that preſſes too hard upon him: And a laſt man ſees nothing into the reaſon of the thing, but draws a line of Circumvallation about you of *Dialectick* Clauſes, and the *formula's* of his *Art.* Now who would not enter into diſtruſt of Sciences, and doubt whether he can reap from them any ſolid Fruit for the ſervice of Life; conſidering the uſe we put them to? *Nihil ſanantibus literis.* Who has got Underſtanding by his Logick? Where are all her fair Promiſes? *Nec ad melius vivendum, nec ad commodius diſſerendum. It neither makes a man live better, nor diſpute more commodiouſly.* Is there more noiſe or confuſion in the ſcolding of Fiſh-Wives, than in the publick diſputes of men of this Profeſſion? I had rather my Son ſhould learn in a *Tap-houſe* to ſpeak, than in the *School* to prate. Take a Maſter of *Arts,* conferr with him, Why does he not make us ſenſible of this artificial Excellence? Why does he not raviſh Women, Seneca.

Women, and Ignorants, as we are, with Admiration at the ſteadineſs of his *Reaſons*, and the Beauty of his Order? Why does he not ſway and perſwade us to what he will? Why does a man who has ſo great advantage in matter, mix Railing, Indiſcretion, and Fury in his Diſputations? Strip him of his Gown, his Hood, and his Latin; let him batter our Ears with *Ariſtotle*, who is wholly pure, and wholly believ'd, you will take him for one of us, or worſe. Whilſt they torment us with this Complication and Confuſion of Words, it fares with them, methinks, as with Jugglers; their Dexterity impoſes upon our Senſes, but does not at all work upon our belief; this *Leger de main* excepted, they perform nothing that is not very ordinary and mean: For being the more learn'd they are never the leſs Fools. I love and honour Knowledge as much as they that have it. And in its true uſe, 'tis the moſt noble, and the greateſt Acquiſition of men: but in ſuch as I ſpeak of (and the number of them is infinite) who build their fundamental ſufficiency and value upon it; who appeal from their Underſtanding to their memory, *ſub aliena umbra latentes*; and who can do nothing but by Book; I hate it, if I may dare to ſay ſo, worſe than Stupidity it ſelf. In my Country, and in my time, Learning improves Fortunes enough, but not Minds. If it meet with thoſe that are dull and heavy, it overcharges and ſuffocates them, leaving them a crude and undigeſted maſs: if airy and fine, it purifies, clarifies, and ſubtilizes them, even to Exinanition.

Seneca.

'Tis

'Tis a thing of almoſt indifferent quality; a very uſeful acceſſion to a well-born Soul, but hurtful and pernicious to others: or rather, a thing of very precious uſe, that will not ſuffer it ſelf to be purchas'd at an under rate. In the hand of ſome 'tis a *Scepter*, in that of others a *Fools Bawble*. But let us proceed. What greater Victory can you expect, than to make your Enemy ſee and know that he is not able to encounter you? When you get the better of your Argument, 'tis *Truth* that wins; when you get the Advantage of Fame and Method, 'tis then you that win. I am of Opinion, that in *Plato* and *Xenophon*, *Socrates* diſputes more in favour of Diſputants, than in favour of the Diſpute, and more to inſtruct *Euthydemus* and *Protagoras* in the knowledge of their Impertinence, than in the Impertinence of their Art. He takes hold of the firſt Subject, like one that has a more profitable end than to explain it, namely, to clear the Underſtandings, that he takes upon him to inſtruct and exerciſe. To hunt after Truth is properly our buſineſs, and we are inexcuſable if we carry on the Chace impertinently and ill: to fail of ſeizing it, is another thing. For we are born to inquire after *Truth*, it belongs to a greater power to poſſeſs it. It is not, as *Democritus* ſaid, hid in the bottom of the Deeps; but rather elevated to an infinite height in the Divine knowledge. The World is but a School of Inquiſition. It is not who ſhall carry the *Ring*, but who ſhall run the beſt *Courſes*. He may as well play the fool who ſpeaks true, as he

he that ſpeaks falſe; for we are upon the manner, not the matter of ſpeaking. 'Tis my humor, as much to regard the *form* as the *ſubſtance*, and the *Advocates*, as much as the *Cauſe*; as *Alcibiades* order'd we ſhould: And every day paſs away my time in reading *Authors*, without any Conſideration of their Learning; their Method is what I look after, not their Subject; how, not what they write: And juſt ſo do I hunt after the converſation of an eminent Wit, not that he may teach me, but that I may know him; and that being acquainted, if I think him worthy of imitation, I may imitate him. Every man may ſpeak truly, but methodically, and prudently, and fully, is a talent that few men have. The *falſity* alſo that proceeds from Ignorance does not offend me, but the *foppery* of it. I have broken off ſeveral Treaties that would have been of advantage to me, by reaſon of the impertinence of thoſe with whom I treated. I am not mov'd once in a year at the faults of thoſe over whom I have authority; but upon the account of the ridiculous obſtinacy of their Excuſes, we are every day going together by the Ears: They neither underſtand what is ſaid, nor why, and anſwer accordingly, which would make a man mad. I never feel any hurt upon my Head but when 'tis knock'd againſt another, and more eaſily forgive the Vices of my Servants, than their boldneſs, importunity, and folly. Let them do leſs, provided they underſtand what they do. You live in hopes to warm their affection to your Service; but there

there is nothing to be had or to be hop'd for from a ſtock. But what if I take things otherwiſe than they are? perhaps I do: and therefore it is that I accuſe my own impatience; and hold in the firſt place, that it is equally vicious both in him that is in the right, and him that is in the wrong; for 'tis always a tyrannick ſoureneſs, not to endure a form contrary to ones own: And beſides, there cannot in truth be a greater, more conſtant, nor more irregular folly, than to be mov'd and angry at the follies of the World, for it principally makes us quarrel with our ſelves; and the old *Philoſopher* never wanted occaſion for his tears, whilſt he conſider'd himſelf, *Miſo*, one of the ſeven *Sages*, of a *Timonian* and *Democritick* humour, being ask'd, *what he laught at, being alone? That I do laugh alone*, anſwered he. How many ridiculous things, in my own opinion, do I ſay, and anſwer every day that comes over my head? and then how many more, according to the opinion of others? If I bite my own Lips, what ought others to do? In fine, we muſt live amongſt the living, and *let the River run under the Bridge*, without care, or at leaſt, without our alteration. To ſpeak the truth, why do we meet a man with a hulch back, or any other deformity, without being mov'd, and cannot endure the encounter of a deform'd mind without being angry? This vicious ſourneſs reliſhes more of the judge than the Crime. Let us always have this ſaying of *Plato* in our mouthes; *Do not I think things unſound, becauſe I am not ſound my ſelf?* *Heraclitus.*

Am

Am I not my ſelf in fault? may not my obſervation reflect upon my ſelf? A wiſe and divine ſaying, that laſhes the moſt univerſal and common Error of mankind; not only the Reproches that we throw in the faces of one another, but our Reaſons alſo, our Arguments and Controverſies are reboundable upon us, and we wound our ſelves with our own weapons. Of which, Antiquity has left me enow grave Examples. It was ingeniouſly, and home ſaid, by him who was the inventer of this Sentence,

Eraſm. Adag. *Stercus cuique ſuum bene olet.*

We ſee nothing behind us. We mock our ſelves an hundred times a day, when we deride our Neighbour, and deteſt in others the Defects which are more manifeſt in us, and admire them with a marvellous inadvertency and impudence. It was but yeſterday, that I ſaw a man of underſtanding, as pleaſantly as juſtly ſcoffing at the folly of another, who did nothing but torment every body with the Catalogue of his Genealogy and Alliances, above half of them falſe, (for they are moſt apt to fall into ſuch ridiculous Diſcourſes, whoſe Qualities are moſt dubious, and leaſt ſure;) and yet, would he have look'd into himſelf, he would have diſcern'd himſelf to be no leſs intemperate and impertinent, in extolling his Wife's Pedigree. Oh importunate preſumption, with which the Wife ſees her ſelf arm'd by the hands of her own Husband! Did he underſtand *Latin*, we ſhould ſay to him,

Age,

Age, ſi hæc non inſanit ſatis ſua ſponte, inſtiga. *Teren. And. Act. 4. ſc. 2.*

If of her ſelf ſhe be not mad enough,
Faith urge her on unto the utmoſt proof.

I do not ſay, that no man ſhould accuſe who is not clean himſelf, for then no one would ever accuſe, becauſe none is abſolutely clean from the ſame ſort of ſpot; but I mean, that our Judgment, falling upon another whoſe name is then in queſtion, does not at the ſame time ſpare our ſelves, but ſentences us with an inward and ſevere authority. 'Tis an office of Charity, that he who cannot reclaim himſelf from a Vice, ſhould nevertheleſs endeavour to remove it from another, in whom peradventure it may not have ſo deep and ſo malignant a root. Neither do I think it an anſwer to the purpoſe, to tell him, who reproves me for my fault, that he himſelf is guilty of the ſame. What by that? The reproof is notwithſtanding true, and of very good uſe. Had we a good Noſe, our own ordure would ſtink worſe to us, foraſmuch as it is our own. And *Socrates* is of opinion, that whoever ſhould find himſelf, his Son, and a ſtranger guilty of any violence and wrong, ought to begin with himſelf, to preſent himſelf firſt to the Sentence of Juſtice, and implore, to purge himſelf, the aſſiſtance of the hand of the Executioner; in the next place he ſhould proceed to his Son, and laſtly, to the Stranger. If this Precept ſeem too ſevere, he ought at leaſt to preſent himſelf the firſt to the Puniſhment of his own Conſcience.

ſcience. The Senſes are our proper and firſt Judges, which perceive not things but by external Accidents; and 'tis no wonder, if in all the parts of the Service of our ſociety, there is ſo perpetual and univerſal a mixture of Ceremonies, and ſuperficial Apparences; inſomuch that the beſt and moſt effectual part of our Policies do therein conſiſt: 'Tis ſtill man with whom we have to do, of whom the Condition is wonderfully Corporal. Let thoſe, who of theſe late years would erect for us ſuch a contemplative and immaterial an Exerciſe of Religion not wonder if there be ſome who think it had vaniſh'd and melted through their Fingers, had it not more upheld it ſelf amongſt us as a Mark, Title and Inſtrument of Diviſion and Faction, than by it ſelf. As in Conference, the Gravity, Robes and Fortune of him that ſpeaks, oft-times give Reputation to vain Arguments and idle Words; it is not to be preſum'd, but that a man ſo attended and fear'd has in him more than ordinary Sufficiency; and that he to whom the *King* has given ſo many Offices and Commiſſions, ſo ſupercilious and proud, has not a great deal more in him than another that ſalutes him at ſo great a diſtance, and who has no Employment at all. Not only the Words, but the ſour looks alſo of theſe People are conſidered and recorded; every one making it his Buſineſs to give them ſome fine and ſolid Interpretation. If they ſtoop to common Conference, and that you offer any thing but Approbation and Reverence, they then knock you down with the Authority of their

their Experience; they have heard, they have ſeen, they have done ſo and ſo, you are cruſh'd with Examples. I ſhould tell them, that the Fruit of a *Chirurgeon's* Experience, is not the *Hiſtory* of his Practices, and his remembring that he has cur'd four People of the *Plague*, and three of the *Gout*, unleſs he knows how from hence to extract ſomething whereon to form his Judgment, and to make us ſenſible that he is become more skilful in his Art. As in a Conſort of Inſtruments, we do not hear a *Lute*, a *Harpſical*, or a *Flute* alone, but one intire Harmony of all together. If Travel and Offices have improv'd them, 'tis a product of their Underſtanding to make it appear. 'Tis not enough to reckon Experiments, they muſt weigh and ſort them, digeſt and diſtill them, to extract the Reaſons and Concluſions they carry along with them. There were never ſo many *Hiſtorians*. It is indeed good, and of uſe to read them; for they furniſh us every where with excellent and laudable Inſtructions from the Magazine of their Memory, which doubtleſs is of great concern to the relief of Life; but 'tis not that we ſeek for now: we examine whether theſe Relators and Collectors of things are commendable themſelves. I hate all ſorts of Tyranny, whether Verbal or Effectual. I am very ready to oppoſe my ſelf againſt theſe vain Circumſtances that delude our Judgments by the Senſes; and whilſt I lie upon my Guard from theſe extraordinary Grandeurs, I find, that at beſt, they are but Men, as others are;

Rarus enim firme Senſus communis in illa Fortuna.

Juven. Sat. 8.

——For 'tis rare
If mighty Fortunes common Sence can ſhare.

Sir *Robert Stapleton.*

Peradventure we eſteem and look upon them for leſs than they are, by reaſon they undertake more, and more expoſe themſelves, they do not anſwer the charge they have undertaken. There muſt be more Vigour and Strength in the Bearer, than the Burthen; he who has not lifted as much as he can, leaves you to gueſs, that he has ſtill a Strength beyond that; and that he has not been try'd to the utmoſt of what he is able to do; He who ſinks under his load, makes a diſcovery of his beſt, and the weakneſs of his Shoulders. This is the reaſon that we ſee ſo many ſilly Souls amongſt the Learned, and more than thoſe of the better ſort: they would have made good Husbandmen, good Merchants, and good Artizans: their natural vigour was cut out to that proportion. Knowledge is a thing of great weight, they faint under it: their Underſtanding has neither vigour nor dexterity enough to ſet forth and diſtribute, to employ, or make uſe of this rich and powerful matter. It has no prevailing virtue but in a ſtrong Nature, and ſuch natures are very rare. And the weak ones, ſays *Socrates*, ſpoil the dignity of *Philoſophy* in the handling. It appears uſeleſs and vicious, when lodg'd in an ill contriv'd mind. They ſpoil and make fools of themſelves.

Hum

Humani qualis ſimulator ſimius oris,
Quem puer arridens, pretioſo ſtamine ſerum . Claudian.
Velavet, nudasque nates, ac terga reliquit
Ludibrium menſis.

Juſt like an Ape, that in his face does bear
Of Man the counterfeited Character,
Whom wanton Boys to Table laughter move,
Have dizen'd up in richeſt ſilks above,
And the ape more ridiculous to ſhow,
The raw, bald Buttocks naked left below.

Neither is it enough for thoſe who govern and command us, and have all the World in their hands to have a common underſtanding, and to be able to do the ſame that we can. They are very much below us, if they be not infinitely above us. As they promiſe more, ſo they are to perform more; and yet ſilence is to them not only a countenance of reſpect and gravity, but very often of good husbandry too: for *Megabyſus* going to ſee *Apelles* in his painting room, ſtood a great while without ſpeaking a word, and at laſt began to talk of his Paintings; for which he receiv'd this rude reproof; *Whilſt thou waſt ſilent, thou ſeemd'ſt to be ſome extraordinary Perſon, by reaſon of thy Chains and rich Habit, but now that we have heard thee ſpeak, there is not the meaneſt Boy in my Shop that does not deſpiſe thee.* Thoſe Princely Ornaments and that mighty ſtate, did not permit him to be ignorant with a common ignorance, and to ſpeak impertinently of Painting;

he ought to have kept this external and preſumptive knowledge ſilent. To how many Puppies of my time has a ſullen and ſilent faſhion procur'd the opinion of Prudence and Capacity? Dignities and Offices are of neceſſity conferr'd more by Fortune than upon the account of Merit, and we are oft to blame, to condemn *Kings* when they are miſplac'd. On the contrary, 'tis a wonder they ſhould have ſo good luck where there is ſo little skill;

Dignities more diſtributed by Fortune, than Merit.

Martial. *Principis eſt virtus maxima, noſſe ſuos.*

There's of a Princes Virtues none
So great as that he know his own.

For Nature has not given them a ſight that can extend to ſo many People, to diſcern which excells the reſt, nor to penetrate into our Boſoms, where the knowledge of our Wills and beſt Value lies. They muſt chooſe us by conjecture and by groping; by the Family, Wealth, Learning, and the Voice of the People, which are all very feeble Arguments. Whoever could find out a way that a man might Judge by Juſtice, and chuſe men by Reaſon, would in one thing eſtabliſh a perfect Form of Government. Ay, but he brought this great Affair to a very good paſs. That is indeed to ſay ſomething but not to ſay enough. For this Sentence is juſtly receiv'd, *That we are not to judge of Counſels by Events.* The *Carthaginians* puniſh'd the ill Counſels of their Captains though the Iſſue was ſucceſsful; and the

the People of *Rome* have oft deny'd a *Triumph* for great and very advantageous Victories, becauſe the Conduct of the *General* was not anſwerable to his good fortune. We ordinarily ſee in the actions of the World, that *Fortune*, to ſhew us her power in all things and that takes a pride to abate our Preſumption, ſeeing ſhe could not make Fools wiſe, ſhe has made them fortunate, in envy of Vertue; and does moſt favour thoſe Executions, the Web of which is moſt purely her own. Whence it is that we daily ſee the ſimpleſt amongſt us bring to paſs great Buſineſs, both publick and private. And, as *Syrannez* the *Perſian* anſwer'd thoſe who wonder'd that his Affairs ſucceeded ſo ill conſidering that his Deliberations were ſo wiſe, *that he was ſole Maſter of his Deſigns, but that the Succeſs was wholly in the power of Fortune.* Theſe may anſwer the ſame, but with a contrary *Biaſs*, Moſt worldly Affairs are govern'd and perform'd by her.

Fata viam inveniunt. *Virg. Æneid. l. 3.*

The Event does often juſtifie a very fooliſh Conduct. Our interpoſition is nothing more than as it were a running on by rote, and more commonly a Conſideration of Cuſtom and Example, than of Reaſon. Being aſtoniſh'd at the Greatneſs of the Execution, I have formerly been acquainted with their Motives and Addreſs, by thoſe who had perform'd it, and have found nothing in it, but very ordinary Counſels; and the moſt vulgar and uſeful are

alſo perhaps the moſt ſure and convenient for practice, if not for ſhow. And what if the plaineſt Reaſons are the beſt ſeated? the meaneſt, loweſt, and moſt beaten more adapted to Affairs? To maintain the Authority of the Counſels of Kings, 'tis not fit that profane Perſons ſhould participate of them, or ſee further into them than the utmoſt Barr. He that will husband his Reputation, muſt be reverenc'd upon Credit, and taken altogether. My Conſultation gives the firſt ſines to the Matter, and conſiders it lightly by the firſt face it preſents: the ſtreſs and main of the Buſineſs I have ſtill referr'd to Heaven:

How the Authority of the Counſels of Kings is to be preſerv'd.

Hor. l. 1. *Ode* 9. *Permitte divis cætera.*

good and ill Fortune are in my Opinion two Sovereign Powers. 'Tis Folly to think that human *Prudence* can play the part of *Fortune*; and vain is his attempt, who preſumes to comprehend Cauſes and Conſequences, and by the hand to conduct the progreſs of his deſign; and moſt eſpecially vain in the Deliberations of War. There was never greater Circumſpection and Military Prudence, than ſometimes is ſeen amongſt us: can it be that men are afraid to loſe themſelves by the way that they reſerve themſelves to the end of the Game? I do moreover affirm, that our wiſdom it ſelf, and wiſeſt Conſultations, for the moſt part commit themſelves to the Conduct of Chance. My Will and my Reaſon is ſometimes mov'd by one Breath, and ſometimes by another; and many

many of theſe movements there are, that govern themſelves without me: my Reaſon has uncertain and caſual agitations and impulſions.

Vertuntur ſpecies animorum, & pectora motus *Virg. Georg.*
Nunc alios, alios dum nubila ventus agebat *lib. 1.*
Concipiunt.

Their [thoughts are chang'd, the motions of (their mind Inconſtant are, like Clouds before the Wind. Mr. *Ogilby.*

Let a man but obſerve who are of greateſt Authority in Cities, and who beſt do their own buſineſs, we ſhall find that they are commonly men of the leaſt Parts: Women, Children, and mad-men have had the fortune to govern great *Kingdoms* equally well with the wiſeſt *Princes*: and *Thucydides* ſays, that the ſtupid more frequently do it than thoſe of better underſtandings. We attribute the effects of their good fortune to their Prudence.

Ut quiſque fortuna utitur, *Plaut.*
Ita præceliet; atque exinde ſapere illum omnes *Pherd.*
dicimus

Men, as they husband their Eſtates, we prize, And who are rich are ſtill reputed wiſe. [

Wherefore I ſay, that in all ſorts of Fortune Events are a very poor teſtimony of our worth and Parts. Now I was upon this point, that there needs no more, but to ſee a man promoted to Dignity, though we knew him but three days before a man of no regard; yet an image of Grandure, and ſome extraordinary

dinary Parts inſenſibly ſteals into our opinion, and we perſwade our ſelves, that being augmented in Reputation and Attendants, he is alſo increas'd in Merit. We judge of him not according to his value, but as we do by Counters, according to the prerogative of his Place. If it happen ſo that he fall again, and be mix'd with the common crowd, every one inquires with admiration into the cauſe of his having been rais'd ſo high. *Is it he?* ſay they, *could he make no better proviſion for himſelf when he was in place? Do Princes ſatisfie themſelves with ſo little? Really we were in good hands.* This is a thing that I have often ſeen in my time. Nay, ſo much as the very diſguiſes of Grandeurs repreſented in our *Comedies*, does in ſome ſort move and deceive us. That which I my ſelf adore in Kings, is, the Crowd of their Adorers. All Reverence and Submiſſion is due to them, except that of the Underſtanding: my Reaſon is not oblig'd to bow and bend, my Knees are. *Melanthius* being ask'd, what he thought of the Tragedy of *Dionyſius*? I could not ſee't, ſaid he, it was ſo clouded with Language: ſo the moſt of thoſe who judge of the Diſcourſes of great men, ought to ſay, I did not underſtand his words, he was ſo clouded with Gravity, Majeſty, and Greatneſs. *Antiſthenes*, one day intreated the *Athenians* to give order that their Aſſes might as well be employ'd in tilling the ground as the Horſes were: To which it was anſwer'd, that thoſe Animals were not deſtin'd for ſuch a ſervice: *That's all one*, repli'd he, *it only ſticks*

it

at your command: for the moſt ignorant and incapable Men you employ in your Commands of War, immediately become worthy enough becauſe you employ them. To which, the Cuſtom of ſo many People who Canonize the *Kings* they have choſen out of their own Body, and are not content only to honour, but adore them, comes very near. Thoſe of *Mexico*, after the Ceremonies of his Coronation, dare no more preſume to look him in the face; but, as if they had *deified* him by his *Royalty*, amongſt the Oaths they make him take to maintain their *Religion* and *Laws*, to be Valiant, Juſt, and Mild, he moreover ſwears to make the *Sun* run his Courſe in his wonted Light, to drain the Clouds at a fit Seaſon, to confine Rivers within their Channels, and to cauſe all things neceſſary for his People to be landed upon the Earth. I differ from this common faſhion, and am more apt to ſuſpect his Capacity, when I ſee it accompanied with that grandeur of Fortune and publick Applauſe. We are to conſider, of what advantage it is to ſpeak when he pleaſes, to chuſe the Subject he will ſpeak of, to interrupt or change other mens Arguments with a Magiſterial Authority; to protect himſelf from the oppoſitions of others by a nod, a ſmile, or ſilence, in the preſence of an Aſſembly that trembles with reverence and reſpect. A man of a prodigious Fortune, coming to give his Judgment upon ſome ſlight Diſpute that was fooliſhly ſet on foot at his Table, begun in theſe words, *It can be no other but a Lyar or a Fool, that will ſay other-*

Deification and Adoration of the Kings of *Mexico*.

wiſe

wiſe than ſo and ſo. Purſue this philoſophical Point with a Dagger in your hand. There is another Obſervation I have made, from which I draw great advantage; which is, that in Conferences and Diſputes, every word that ſeems to be good is not immediately to be accepted. Moſt men are rich in borrow'd Sentences, without underſtanding the force of them themſelves. That a Man does not perfectly underſtand all he borrows, may perhaps be verified in my ſelf. A Man muſt not always preſently yield, what truth or beauty ſoever may ſeem to be in the Argument. Either a man muſt ſtoutly oppoſe it, or retire, under colour of not underſtanding it, to try on all parts how it is lodg'd in the Author. It may happen that we may run upon the point, and meet the truth that we could not otherwiſe reach. I have ſometimes, in the neceſſity and heat of the Combat, made falſifies that have gone through and through, beyond my expectation and deſign. I only gave them in number, they were receiv'd in weight. As when I contend with a vigorous man, I pleaſe my ſelf with anticipating his concluſions, I eaſe him of the trouble of explaining himſelf; I ſtrive to prevent his Imagination, whilſt it is yet ſpringing and imperfect: the Order and Pertinency of his Underſtanding, warns and threatens me afar off: I deal quite contrary with theſe; I muſt underſtand, and preſuppoſe nothing but by them. If they determine in general words, *this is good, that is naught,* and that they happen to be in the right, ſee if it be not For-

tune

tune that hits it off for them. Let them a little circumſcribe and limit their Judgment, why, or how it is ſo. Theſe univerſal Judgments, that I ſee ſo common, ſignifie nothing. Theſe are men that ſalute a whole People in a crowd together; They who have a real acquaintance, take notice of, and ſalute them particularly and by name. But 'tis a hazardous Attempt; and from which I have more than every day ſeen it fall out, that weak Underſtandings, having a mind to appear ingenious, in taking notice, as they read a Book, of that is beſt, and moſt to be admir'd, fix their admiration upon ſomething ſo very ill choſen, that inſtead of making us diſcern the excellency of the Author, they make us ſee their own ignorance. This exclamation is ſafe enough, *This is fine*, after having heard a whole Page of *Virgil*: and by that the cunning ſort of Fools ſave themſelves. But to undertake to follow him line by line, and with an expert and approv'd judgment, to obſerve where a good Author excels himſelf, weighing the Words, Phraſes, Inventions, and various Excellencies, one after another; take heed of that, *Videndum eſt, non modo quid quiſque loquatur, ſed etiam, quid quiſque ſentiat, atque etiam qua de cauſa quiſque ſentiat.* *A man is not only to examine what every one ſays, but alſo what every one thinks, and for what reaſon every one thinks.* I every day hear Coxcombs ſay things that are not fooliſh: They ſay a good thing, let us examine how far they underſtand it, whence they have it, and what they mean by it. We help them to make

Cic. Offic. lib. 1.

make uſe of this fine Expreſſion, of this fine Sentence, which is none of theirs, they only have it in keeping; they have ſpit it out at a venture, we bring it for them into credit and eſteem. You take them by the hand when you ſee them falling. To what purpoſe? They do not think themſelves oblig'd to you for it, and become more fools ſtill. Never take their part, let them alone; they will handle the matter like People who are afraid of burning their fingers, they neither dare change its ſeat nor light, nor break into it, ſhake it never ſo little, it ſlips through their fingers; they give up their cauſe, be it never ſo ſtrong, or good however. Theſe are fine Arms, but ill hafted. How many times have I ſeen the experience? Now, if you come to explain any thing to them, and to confirm them, they preſently catch at it, and preſently rob you of the advantage of your interpretation; *It was what I was about to ſay; it was juſt my conceit, and if I did not expreſs it ſo, it was for want of Language.* Very pretty! Malice it ſelf muſt be employ'd to correct this proud Ignorance. *Hegias* his Doctrine, that we are neither to hate, nor accuſe, but inſtruct, has reaſon elſewhere; But here, 'tis Injuſtice and Inhumanity, to relieve and ſet him right who ſtands in no need on't, and is the worſe for't. I love to let them ſtep deeper into the dirt; and ſo deep, that if it be poſſible, they may at laſt diſcern their Error. Folly and abſurdity are not to be cur'd by bare Admonition. And what *Cyrus* anſwer'd to him, who importun'd him

Folly not to be cur'd by Admonition.

him to *harangue* his Army, upon the point of Battel, that men do not become Valiant and Warlike upon a ſudden, by a fine Oration, no more than a man becomes a good Muſician by hearing a fine Song, may properly be ſaid of ſuch an Admonition as this. Theſe are Apprentice-ſhips that are to be ſerv'd before-hand, by a long and continu'd Education. We owe this care, and this aſſiduity of Correction and Inſtruction to our own; but to go preach to the firſt paſſer by, and to Lord it over the Ignorance and Folly of the firſt we meet, is a thing that I abhor. I rarely do it, even in particular conferences, and rather ſurrender my cauſe, than proceed to theſe ſupercilious and magiſterial inſtructions. My humour is unfit either to ſpeak or write for Beginners; but for things that are ſaid in common Diſcourſe, or amongſt other things, I never oppoſe them, either by word or ſign, how falſe or abſurd ſoever. As to the reſt, nothing vexes me ſo ill in Folly, as that it pleaſes it ſelf more than any Reaſon can reaſonably pleaſe it ſelf. 'Tis ill luck, that Prudence forbids us to ſatisfie and truſt in our ſelves, and always diſmiſſes us timorous and diſcontent; whereas Obſtinacy and Temerity fill thoſe who are poſſeſs'd with them with joy and aſſurance. 'Tis for the ignorant to look at other Men over the ſhoulder, always returning from the Combat full of Joy and Triumph. And moreover, for the moſt part, this arrogancy of Speech and gaiety of Countenance gives them the better of it in the opinion of the Audience, which is commonly igno-

Obſtinacy a teſtimony of Folly.

ignorant, and incapable of well judging and diſcerning the real advantage. Obſtinacy of Opinion, and heat in Argument are the ſureſt proofs of Folly. Is there any thing ſo aſſur'd, reſolute, diſdainful, contemplative, ſerious, and grave as an Aſs? may we not mix with the title of Conference and Communication, the quick and ſharp Repartees which Mirth and Familiarity introduces amongſt Friends, pleaſantly and wittily jeſting with one another? An exerciſe for which my natural gayety renders me fit enough; which, if it be not too long and ſerious, as the other I ſpoke of but now, 'tis no leſs ſmart and ingenious, nor of leſs utility, as *Lycurgus* thought. For my part, I contribute to it more Liberty than Wit, and have therein more of Luck than Invention; but I am perfect in ſuffering, for I endure a Revenge, that is not only tart, but indiſcreet to boot, without being mov'd at all. And whoever attaques me, if I have not a brisk anſwer immediately ready, I do not ſtudy to purſue the Point with a tedious and impertinent Conteſt, bordering upon Obſtinacy, but let it paſs, and deferr my revenge to another, and ſome better time. There is no Merchant that always gets. Moſt men change their Countenance and their Voice where their Wits fail, and by an unſeaſonable Indignation, inſtead of revenging themſelves, accuſe at once their own Folly and Impatience. In this Jollity we ſometimes pinch the private ſtrings of our Imperfection, which, at another time, when more temperate, we cannot touch without offence,

offence, and profitably give one another a hint of our Defects. There are other Sports of Hand, rude and indiſcreet, after the *French* manner, that I mortally hate; my skin is very tender and ſenſible: I have, in my time, ſeen two Princes of the Blood *Interr'd* upon that very account. 'Tis unhandſome to fall out, and fight in play. As to the reſt, when I have a mind to judge of any one, I aſk him how much he is contented with himſelf, to what degree his ſpeaking or his work pleaſes him. I will none of theſe fine excuſes, *I did it only in ſport.*

Ablatum mediis opus eſt incudibus iſtud. *Ovid. Triſt. lib. 1. El. 6.*

This Work unfiniſh'd from the Anvil came.

I was not an hour about it: I have never revis'd it ſince. Well then, ſay I, lay theſe aſide, and give a perfect one, ſuch a one as you would be meaſur'd by: And then, what do you think is the beſt thing in your Work? Is it this part or that? the Grace, or the Matter, the Invention, the Judgment, or the Learning? For I find that Men are commonly as wide of the mark in judging of their own Works, as thoſe of others; not only by reaſon of the kindneſs they have for them, but for want of capacity to know and diſtinguiſh them. The Work, by its own Force and Fortune, may ſecond the Workman, and ſometimes out-ſtrip him, beyond his Invention and Knowledge. For my part, I do not judge of the value of other

other Mens Works more obſcurely than of my own; and prize my Eſſays now high, now low, with great doubt and inconſtancy. There are ſeveral Books that are uſeful upon the account of their Subjects, from which the Author derives no praiſe; and good Books, as well as good Works, that ſhame the Workman. I may write the manner of our Feaſts, and the faſhion of our Cloaths, and may write them ill; I may publiſh the *Edicts* of my time, and the Letters of *Princes* that paſs from hand to hand; I may make an *Abridgement* of a good *Book*, (and every *Abridgement* upon a good *Book* is a fooliſh *Abridgement*) which Book ſhall come to be loſt, and the like. Poſterity will derive a ſingular utility from ſuch Compoſitions: but what Honour ſhall I have, unleſs by great good fortune? A great part of the moſt famous Books are in this condition. When I read *Philip de Comines*, ſeveral years ago, doubtleſs a very good Author, I there took notice of this for no vulgar ſaying, *That a Man muſt have a care of doing his Maſter ſo great ſervice, till at laſt he will not know how to give him his juſt reward.* I ought to commend the Inventor, not him, becauſe I met with it in *Tacitus* not long ſince: *Beneficia eo uſque læta ſunt, dum videntur exolvi poſſe, ubi multum antevenere, pro gratia odium redditur. Benefits are ſo far acceptable, as they are in a capacity of being return'd; but once exceeding that, hatred is return'd inſtead of thanks.* And *Seneca* boldly ſays, *Nam qui putat eſſe turpe non reddere, non vult eſſe cui reddat.* For he who

The Epitomizing of Books a fooliſh undertaking, and without honor to the Undertaker.

Tacit. Ann. lib. 4.

Sen. Ep. 81.

who thinks it a ſhame not to requite, would not have that Man live to whom he owes return. & *Cicero* ſays more faintly, *Qui ſe non putat ſatisfacere, amicus eſſe nullo modo poteſt. Who thinks himſelf behind-hand in obligation, can by no means be a friend.* The Subject, according to what it is, may make a man look'd upon as Learned, and of good Memory, but to judge in him the Parts that are moſt his own, and the moſt worthy, the vigour and beauty of his Soul; a Man muſt firſt know what is his own, and what is not; and in that which is not his own, how much we are oblig'd to him for the Choice, Diſpoſition, Ornament, and Language he has there preſented us with. What if he has borrow'd the matter, and ſpoil'd the form? as it oft falls out; we who are little read in Books are in this ſtreight, that when we meet with a great Fancy in ſome new *Poet*, or ſome ſtrong Argument in a Preacher, we dare not nevertheleſs commend it, till we have firſt inform'd our ſelves of ſome learned Man, if it be his own, or borrow'd from ſome other; until that, I always ſtand upon my Guard. I came lately from reading the Hiſtory of *Tacitus* quite thorough, without interrupting it with any thing elſe; (which but ſeldom happens with me, it being twenty years ſince I have ſtuck to any one Book an hour together) and I did it at the inſtance of a Gentleman for whom *France* has a great eſteem, as well for his own particular Worth, as upon the account of a conſtant form of Capacity and Virtue, which runs thorough a great ma-

ny Brothers of them. I do not know any Author that in a publick Narration, mixes ſo much Conſideration of Manners, and particular Inclinations. And I am of a quite contrary Opinion to him, which is, that being eſpecially to follow the Lives of the Emperours of his time, ſo various and extream in all ſorts of forms, and ſo many notable Actions as their Cruelty particularly produc'd in their Subjects, he had a ſtronger and more attracting matter to treat of, than if he had been to deſcribe Battels, and univerſal Commotions: ſo that I oft find him ſterile, running over thoſe brave Deaths, as if he fear'd to trouble us with their multitude and length. This form of *Hiſtories* is by much the moſt uſeful: publick Commotions depend moſt upon the Conduct of *Fortune*, private ones upon our own. 'Tis rather a Judgment, than a Deduction of *Hiſtory*; there are in it more *Precepts* than *Stories*: it is not a Book to read, 'tis a Book to ſtudy and learn; 'tis ſo full of Sentences, that right or wrong, they are right in muſter: 'tis a Nurſery of *Ethicks* and *politick Diſcourſes*, for the Uſe and Ornament of thoſe who have any place in the Government of the World. He always pleads by ſtrong and ſolid Reaſons, after a tart and ſubtle manner, according to the affected ſtyle of that Age; and was ſo in love with a ſound ſtyle, that where quickneſs and ſubtilty was wanting in things, he ſupplied them with lofty and ſwelling words. It is not much unlike the ſtyle of *Seneca*. I look upon *Tacitus* as more ſinewy, and *Seneca* more ſharp.

The Character of *Tacitus*.

His

His Pen ſeems moſt proper for a troubled and ſick Eſtate, as ours at preſent is; you would often ſay, that he deciphers and girds at us. They who doubt of his Fidelity, ſufficiently accuſe themſelves of being his Enemy upon ſome other account. His Opinions are ſound, and lean for the moſt part towards the *Roman* Affairs: And yet I am angry at him, for judging more ſeverely of *Pompey*, than ſuited with the Opinion of thoſe worthy Men that liv'd in the ſame time, and treated with him; and to have reputed him equal with *Marius* and *Sylla*, excepting that he was more cloſe. Other *Writers* have not acquitted his intention in the government of Affairs, from ambition nor revenge; and even his Friends were afraid that his Victory would have tranſported him beyond the bounds of Reaſon, but not to ſo immeaſurable a degree: there is nothing in his Life that has threatned us with ſo expreſs Cruelty and Tyranny. Neither ought we to proportion Suſpition to Evidence; and that makes me that I do not believe his Narratives to be ingenious and true; but that he might add a little in this very thing, that they are not always apply'd to the Concluſions of his Judgments, which he follows according to the Inclination he has taken, very often beyond the Subject he treats of, which he will not deſign to look upon with ſo much as one glance of Favour. He needs no excuſe, for having approv'd the Religion of his time, according as the Laws enjoyn'd, and to have been ignorant of the true; this was his Misfortune, not his Fault. I

Tiberius his trouble of Conſcience about the Religion of his time.

have principally conſider'd his Judgment, and am not very well ſatisfied throughout; as theſe Words in the Letter, that *Tiberius* being old and ſick, ſent to the *Senate*. *What ſhall I write to you, Sirs, or how ſhould I write to you, or what ſhould I not write to you at this time? May the Gods and the Goddeſſes lay a worſe Puniſhment upon me, than I am every day tormented with, if I know.* I do not ſee why he ſhould ſo poſitively apply them to the ſharp Remorſes that tormented the Conſcience of *Tiberius*: at leaſt, when I was in the ſame condition, I perceiv'd no ſuch thing. And this alſo ſeem'd to me a little mean in him, that being to ſay, that he had born honourable Offices in *Rome*, he excuſes himſelf, that he does not ſpeak it out of Oſtentation: This ſeems a little too mean for ſuch a Soul as his; for, not to ſpeak roundly of a mans ſelf, implies ſome want of Courage: a rough and lofty Judgment, and that judges ſoundly and ſurely, makes uſe of his own Example upon all Occaſions, as well as thoſe of others, and gives Evidence as freely of himſelf, as of a third Perſon: We are to paſs by theſe common Rules of Civility in favour of Truth and Liberty. I dare not only ſpeak of my ſelf, but ſpeak only of my ſelf. When I write of any thing elſe, I miſs my way, and wander from my Subject; yet am I not ſo indiſcreetly enamour'd of my ſelf, that I cannot diſtinguiſh and conſider my ſelf apart, as I do a Neighbour, or a Tree. 'Tis equally a Fault, not to diſcern how far a man's worth ex-

tends, and to ſay more than a man diſcovers in himſelf. We owe more love to *God*, than to our *ſelves*, and know him leſs; and yet ſpeak of him as much as we will. If the writings of *Tacitus* relate any thing true of his Qualities, he was a great Man, upright and bold, not of a ſuperſtitious, but a philoſophical and generous Virtue. A Man may think him a little too bold in his Relations; as where he tells us, that a Soldier carrying a burthen of Wood, his hands were ſo frozen, and ſo ſtuck to the load, that they there remained clos'd and dead, being ſever'd from his Arms. I always in ſuch things ſubmit to the authority of ſo great Witneſſes. What he alſo ſays, that *Veſpaſian*, by the favour of the *God Serapis*, cur'd a blind Woman by anointing her Eyes with his Spittle, and I know not what other Miracles: he does it by the Example and Duty of all good *Hiſtorians*. He records all Events of Importance; and amongſt publick Accidents are the common Rumours and Opinions: 'tis their part to recite common beliefs, not to regulate them: That part concerns *Divines* and *Philoſophers*, who are the guides of Conſcience. And therefore it was, that this Companion of his, and as great a Man as himſelf, very wiſely ſaid; *Equidem plura tranſcribo quam credo; nam nec affirmare ſuſtineo, de quibus dubito, nec ſubducere quæ accepi.* *Truly, I let down more things than I believe, for I can neither endure to affirm things whereof I doubt, nor ſmother what I have heard.* And this other, *Nec neque affirmare, neque refellere operæ pretium*

A Soldiers hands periſh'd with cold, carrying a burthen of Wood.

A blind Woman cur'd by *Veſpaſian.*

Quint. Curtius.

Livius l. 7.

um eſt : famæ rerum ſtandum eſt. *'Tis neither worth the while to affirm, or to refute theſe things, we muſt ſtand to Report.* And writing in an *Age* wherein the belief of Prodigies began to decline, he ſays, he would not nevertheleſs forbear to inſert in his Annals, and to give a relation of things receiv'd by ſo many worthy Men, and with ſo great reverence of Antiquity. 'Tis very well ſaid. Let them deliver us Hiſtory, more as they receive than believe it; I, who am *Monarch* of the matter whereof I treat, and who am accountable to none, do not nevertheleſs always believe my ſelf; I often hazard ſallies of my own Wit, for which I very much ſuſpect my ſelf, and certain Quibbles, at which I ſhake my Ears; but I let them go at a venture, I ſee that others get Reputation by ſuch things: 'tis not for me alone to judge. I preſent my ſelf ſtanding, and lying on my face, my back, my right ſide, and my left, and in all my natural Poſtures. Wits, though equal in force, are not always equal in taſte and application. This is what my Memory has preſented me in groſs, and with incertainty enough. All Judgments in groſs, are weak and imperfect.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Of Vanity.

THere is peradventure no more manifeſt Vanity, than to write ſo vainly. That which Divinity has ſo divinely expreſs'd to us, ought to be carefully and continually meditated by underſtanding men. Who does not ſee that I have taken a Road, in which, inceſſantly and without labour I ſhall proceed, ſo long as there ſhall be Ink and Paper in the World? I can give no account of my Life by my Actions; Fortune has plac'd them too low: I muſt do it by my Fancies. And yet I have ſeen a Gentleman that only communicated his Life by the workings of his Belly: you might ſee in his Houſe a ſhew of a row of Baſons of ſeven or eight days Excrements; that was all his Study, all his Diſcourſe; all other talk ſtunk in his Noſtrils. Theſe here, but not ſo nauſeous, are the Excrements of an old Mind, ſometimes thick, ſometimes thin, and always indigeſted; and when ſhall I have done repreſenting the continual agitation and mutation of my Thoughts, as they come into my Head, ſeeing that *Diomedes* writ ſix thouſand Books upon the ſole ſubject of *Grammar*? What then ought prating to produce, ſince pratling, and the firſt beginning to ſpeak, ſtuff'd the World with ſuch a horrible number of Volumes? So

many words about words only. O *Pythagoras*, why did'ſt not thou allay the Tempeſt! They accus'd one *Galba* of old for living Idly; he made anſwer, *That every one ought to give account of his actions, but not of his leiſure.* He was miſtaken, for *Juſtice* takes Cognizance, and will have an account even of thoſe that Glean, which is one of the lazieſt Employments. But there ſhould be ſome reſtraint of Law againſt fooliſh and impertinent Scriblers, as well as againſt Vagabonds and idle Perſons; which, if there was, both I and an hundred others would be baniſh'd the Kingdom. I do not ſpeak this in Jeſt: Scribling ſeems to be a ſign of a diſordered and licentious Age. When did we write ſo much as ſince our *Civil Wars*? When the *Romans* ſo much, as when their *Common-Wealth* was upon the point of Ruin? Beſides that, the refining of Wits does not make People wiſer in a Government: this idle Employment ſprings from this, that every one applies himſelf negligently to the duty of his Vocation, and is eaſily debauch'd from it. The Corruption of the Age is made up upon the particular Contribution of every individual man. One contributes Treachery, others Injuſtice, Irreligion, Tyranny, Avarice and Cruelty, according as they are of Power, the weaker ſort contribute Folly, Vanity, and Idleneſs, of which I am one. It ſeems as if it were the Seaſon for vain things when the hurtful oppreſs us; and that in a time when doing ill is common, to do nothing but what ſignifies nothing is a kind of Commendation. 'Tis my comfort, that

that I ſhall be one of the laſt that ſhall be called in queſtion; and whilſt the greater Offenders are calling to account, I ſhall have leiſure to amend: for it would, methinks, be againſt reaſon to puniſh little Inconveniencies, whilſt we are infected with the greater. As the Phyſician *Philotimus* ſaid to one who preſented him his Finger to dreſs, and who he perceived, both by his Complexion and his Breath, had an Ulcer in his Lungs: *Friend*, ſaid he, *it is not now time to concern your ſelf about your fingers ends.* And yet I ſaw, ſome years ago, a Perſon whoſe Name and Memory I have in very great Eſteem, in the very height of our great Diſorders, when there was neither Law nor Juſtice put in Execution, nor Magiſtrate that perform'd his Office, no more than there is now, publiſh I know not what pitiful Reformations about Cloths, Cookery, and long depending Suits in Law. Theſe are amuſements wherewith to feed a People that are ill us'd, to ſhew that they are not totally forgot. Theſe others do the ſame, who inſiſt upon ſtoutly defending the Forms of ſpeaking. Dances and Games, to a People totally abandoned to all ſort of execrable Vices. 'Tis no time to bathe and cleanſe a man's ſelf when he is ſeiz'd on by a violent Fever. 'Tis for the *Spartiates* only to fall to combing and curling themſelves when they are juſt upon the point of running head-long into ſome extream danger of their Life. For my part, I have yet a worſe Cuſtom, that if my Shooe go awry, I let my Shirt and Cloak my do ſo too, I ſcorn to mend

mend my ſelf by halves: when I am lean, I feed upon miſchief; I abondon my ſelf through deſpair; let my ſelf go towards the Precipice, and as the Saying is, *Throw the Helve after the Hatchet.* I am obſtinate in growing worſe, and think my ſelf no more worth my own care; I am either good or ill throughout. 'Tis a favour to me, that the Deſolation of this Kingdom falls out in the Deſolation of my Age: I better ſuffer that my *ills* be multiplied, than if my *goods* had been diſturb'd. The words I utter in miſhap, are words of ſpite. My Courage ſets up his briſtles in ſtead of letting them down; and, contrary to others, I am more devout in good than in evil Fortune, according to the Precept of *Xenophon*, if not according to his Reaſon, and am more ready to turn up my Eyes to Heaven to return my thanks than to crave; I am more ſollicitous to improve my Health when I am well, than to reſtore it when I am ſick. Proſperities are the ſame Diſcipline and inſtruction to me, that Adverſities and Perſecutions are to others: as if good Fortune were a thing inconſiſtent with good Conſcience; men never grow good, but in evil. Good Fortune is to me a ſingular ſpur to modeſty and moderation. An intreaty wins, a threat checks me, favour makes me bend, fear ſtiffens me. Amongſt humane Conditions, this is common enough, to be better pleaſed with ſtrange things than our own, and to love Innovation and Change.

Change pleaſing to men.

Ipſa

Ipſa dies ideo nos grato perluit hauſtu,
Quod permutatis hora recurrit equis.

Petronius Arbiter. Epig.

The day it ſelf with better draughts does paſs,
Becauſe it changes Water every Glaſs.

Spoke of a Water Hour-glaſs.

I have my ſhare. Thoſe who follow the other extream of agreeing amongſt themſelves, to value what they have above all the reſt, and to conclude no Beauty can be greater than what they ſee, if they are not wiſer than we, are really more happy. I do not envy their Wiſdom, but their good Fortune. This greedy Humour of new and unknown things helps to nouriſh in me the deſire of Travel: but a great many more Circumſtances contribute to it. I am very willing to over-run the Gevernment of my Houſe. There is, I confeſs, a kind of convenience in Commanding, though it were but in a Barn, and to be obey'd by ones Servants: But tis too uniform and languiſhing a Pleaſure, and is moreover of neceſſity mixt with a thouſand vexatious Thoughts. One while the Poverty and the Oppreſſion of your Tenants; another, quarrels amongſt Neighbours; another, the treſpaſſes they make upon you afflicts you;

Aut verberatæ grandine vineæ,
Fundusque mendax, arbore nunc aquas
Culpante, nunc torrentia agros
Sydera, nunc hyemes iniquas.

Horat. l. 3. Ode 1.

Or

Sir *Richard Fanshaw.*

Or Hail-smit Vines, or Years of Dearth,
Sometimes the too much wet in fault,
Sometimes the Stars, that broil the Earth,
Sometimes the Winter that was naught.

and that *God* scarce in six Months sends a Season, wherein your *Bayliff* can do his business as he should; but that if it serves the Vines, it spoils the Meadows.

Lucret. l. 5.

Aut nimiis torret fervoribus ætherius Sol,
Aut subiti perimunt imbres, gelidæque pruinæ,
Flabraque ventorum violento turbine vexant.

Mr. *Creech.*

The Scorching Sun, with his too busie beams,
Burns up the Fruits, or Clouds do drown with Streams;
Or chill'd by too much Snow, they soon decay;
Or Storms blow them and all our hopes away.

The Government of a Family more troublesom than hard.

To which may be added, the new and neat made shooe of the man of old, that hurts your foot; and that a stranger does not understand how much it costs you, and what you contribute to maintain that shew of Order that is seen in your Family, and that peradventure you buy too dear. I came late to the Government of a Family. They whom Nature sent into the world before me long eas'd me of that trouble: so that I had already taken another bent more suitable to my Humour; yet for so much as I have seen, 'tis an Employment more troublesome than hard. Whoever is capable of any thing else will easily do that. Had

Had I a mind to be Rich, that way would ſeem too long; I had ſerv'd my *Kings*, a more profitable Traffick than any other. Since I pretend to nothing but the reputation of having got nothing, as I have imbezell'd nothing conformable to the reſt of my Life, improper either to do good or ill of any moment; and that I only deſire to paſs, I can do it, thanks be to God, without any great endeavour. At the worſt, evermore prevent Poverty by leſſening your expence: 'Tis that which I make my great concern, and doubt not but to do it before I ſhall be compell'd. As to the reſt, I have ſufficiently ſettled my Thoughts to live upon leſs than I have, and live contentedly. *Non æſtimatione ſenſus, Verum victu, atque cultu, terminantur pecuniæ modus.* *'Tis not in the value of Poſſeſſions, but in our Diet and Clothing that our Riches are truly limited.* Cicero. My real need does not ſo wholly take up all I have, that Fortune has not whereon to faſten her Teeth without biting to the Quick. My Preſence, as contemptible as it is, does me great Service in my domeſtick Affairs; I employ my ſelf in them, but it goes againſt the hair, conſidering that I have this in my Houſe, that though I burn my Candle at one end by my ſelf, the other is not ſpared. *Journeys* do me no harm but only by their Expence, which is great and more than I am well able to bear; being always wont to Travel with not only a neceſſary, but a handſom Equipage. I muſt make them ſo much ſhorter and fewer, wherein I ſpend but the froth, and what I have reſerv'd

reſerv'd for ſuch Uſes, delaying and deferring my Motion till that be ready. I will not, that the Pleaſure of going abroad ſpoil the Pleaſure of being retir'd at home. On the contrary, I intend they ſhall nouriſh and favour one another. *Fortune* has aſſiſted me in this, that ſince my principal Profeſſion in this Life, was to live at eaſe, and rather idely than buſily; ſhe has depriv'd me of the neceſſity of growing Rich, to provide for the multitude of my *Heirs*. If there be not enough for one, of that whereof I had ſo plentifully enough, at his peril be it. His imprudence will not deſerve that I ſhould wiſh him any more. And every one, according to the Example of *Phocion*, provides ſufficiently for his Children, who ſo provides for them, as to leave them as much as was left him. I ſhould by no means like of *Crates* his way. He left his money in the hands of a *Banker*, with this Condition; that if his Children were Fools, he ſhould then give it to them; if witty, he ſhould then diſtribute it to the moſt Fools of the People. As if Fools, for being leſs capable of living without Riches, were more capable of uſing them. So it is that the damage which is occaſion'd by my abſence, ſeems not to deſerve, ſo long as I am able to ſupport it, that I ſhould wave the occaſions of diverting my ſelf from that troubleſom aſſiſtance. There is always ſomething that goes amiſs. The Affairs one while of one Houſe and then of another will tear you to pieces. You pry into every thing too near; your

your Perſpieacity does you hurt here as well as in other things. I ſteal away from occaſions of vexing my ſelf, and turn from the knowledge of things that go amiſs, and yet I cannot ſo order it, but that every hour I juſtle againſt ſomething or other that diſpleaſes me. And the Tricks that they moſt conceal from me, are thoſe that I the ſooneſt come to know. Some there are that a man himſelf muſt help to conceal. Vain Vexations, vain ſometimes, but always Vexations. The ſmalleſt and flighteſt Impediments are the moſt piercing: and as little Letters moſt tire the Eyes, ſo do little Affairs the moſt diſturb us. A rout of little ills more offend than one how great ſoever. By how much domeſtick Thorns are numerous and ſharp, by ſo much they prick deeper, and without warning, eaſily ſurprizing us, when leaſt we ſuſpect them. I am no *Philoſopher.* Evils oppreſs me according to their Importance and they import as much according to the form as the Matter; and very often more. If I have therein more Perſpicacity than the Vulgar, I have alſo more Patience. Finally, they weigh with me, if they do not hurt me. Life is a tender thing, and eaſily moleſted. Since my Age has made me grow more penſive and moroſe, *nemo enim reſiſtit ſibi cum ceperit impelli: for no man reſiſts himſelf, after he once begins to decline*; for the moſt trivial cauſe imaginable, I irritate that Humour, which afterwards nouriſhes and exaſperates it ſelf of its own accord; attracting and heaping up matter upon matter whereon to feed. *Seneca. Epiſt. l. 3.*

Stillicidii

Prov. Lucret. l 1. *Stillicidii caſus Lapidem cavat.*

A falling drop at laſt will cave a Stone.

Theſe continual trickling drops make Ulcers in me. Ordinary Inconveniences are never light, they are continual and irreparable; when they continually and inſeparably ſpring from the concerns of good Husbandry. When I conſider my Affairs at diſtance, and in groſs, I find, becauſe perhaps my Memory is none of the beſt, that they have gone on hitherto in improving beyond my Reaſon or Expectation. Methinks my Revenue is greater than it is; their Proſperity betrays me: But when I pry more narrowly into the Buſineſs, and ſee how all things go,

Virg. Æn. lib. 5. *Tum vero in curas Animum diducimus omnes.*

——— then my Breaſt
Is with innumerable cares oppreſs'd.

I have a thouſand things to deſire and to fear. To give them quite over is very eaſie for me to do: but to look after them without trouble is very heard. 'Tis a miſerable thing to be in a place where every thing you ſee employs and concerns you. And I fanſie that I more cheerfully enjoy the Pleaſures of another man's Houſe, and with greater and a purer reliſh than thoſe of my own. *Diogenes*, according to my Humour, anſwer'd him who ask'd him what for

ſort of Wine he lik'd the beſt, *That of another's*, ſaid he. My Father took a delight in Building at *Montaigne*, where he was born, and in all the Government of domeſtick Affairs, I love to follow his Example and Rules; and ſhall engage thoſe who are to ſucceed me, as much as in me lies, to do the ſame. Could I do better for him, I would; and am proud that his Will is ſtill performing and acting by me. *God* forbid, that in my hands I ſhould ever ſuffer any Image of Life, that I am able to render to ſo good a Father, to fail. And whereas I have taken in hand to finiſh ſome old Foundations of Walls, and to repair ſome ruinous Buildings, in earneſt I have done it more out of reſpect to his Deſign, than my own Satisfaction; and am angry at my ſelf, that I have not proceeded further to finiſh the Foundation he has left in my Houſe; and ſo much the more, becauſe I am very likely to be the laſt Poſſeſſor of my Race, and to give the laſt hand to it. For, as to my own particular Application, neither the Pleaſure of Building, which they ſay is ſo bewitching, nor Hunting, nor Gardens, nor the other Pleaſures of a retir'd Life, can much trouble my head. And 'tis what I am angry at my ſelf for, as I am for all other Opinions that are incommodious to me; which I would not ſo much care to have vigorous and learned, as I would have them eaſie and convenient for Life. They are true and ſound enough, if they are profitable and pleaſing. Such as hear me declare my Ignorance in Husbandry, whiſper in my ear, that it

is diſdain, and that I neglect to know the Inſtruments of Husbandry, its Seaſons and Order; how they order my Vines, how they graft, and to know the Names and Forms of Herbs and Fruits, and the dreſſing the Meat by which I live, with the Names and Prices of the Stuffs I wear, becauſe I have ſet my Heart upon ſome higher Knowledge; they kill me in ſaying ſo. This is Folly, and rather Brutiſhneſs than Glory; I had rather be a good Horſe-man than a good Logician.

Virg. Eclogue 2. *Quin tu iliquid ſaltem potius quorum indiget uſu,*
Viminibus molique paras detexere junco.

Why rather not uſeful Employment find
Thy long-neglected Vines to prune and bind.

We amuſe our Thoughts about the general Concern, and about univerſal Cauſes and Conducts, which will very well carry on themſelves without our Care; and leave our own Buſineſs at random, with the care of our own Perſons, which are neareſt to us, than that of any one Man whatever. Now I am indeed for the moſt part at home; but I would be there better pleas'd than any where elſe.

Hor. lib. 2. Ode 6. *Sit meæ ſedes utinam ſenectæ,*
Sit modus laſſo Maris, & Viarum,
Militicæque.

Sir *Thomas Hawkins.* *Tyber*, which th' *Argives* built (O may)
That be the place of my laſt Day;

May

May it my limit be of eaſe
From Journeys, Warfare, and rough Seas.

I know not whether or no I ſhall bring it about; I could wiſh, that inſtead of ſome other member of his Succeſſion, my Father had reſign'd to me the paſſionate Affection he had in his old Age to his Husbandry. He was happy in that he could accommodate his Deſires to his Fortune, and ſatisfie himſelf with what he had. *Philoſophy* may to much purpoſe condemn the meanneſs and ſterility of my Employment, if I can once come to reliſh it, as he did. I am of Opinion, that the moſt honourable Calling is to ſerve the Publick, and to be uſeful to many. *Fructus enim ingenii, & Virtutis, omniſque præſtantiæ tum maximus accipitur, quum in proximum quemque confertur.* We then reap the moſt Wit, Vertue, and all ſorts of Merit, when they are conferr'd upon every one of our neareſt Relations. For my part, I diſclaim in it; partly out of Conſcience, (for where I ſee the weight that lies upon ſuch Employments, I perceive alſo the little means I have to contribute to them; and *Plato*, who was a Maſter in all ſorts of Government, did not nevertheleſs forbear to abſtain from them) and partly out of Cowardize. I content my ſelf with enjoying the World without buſtle, only to live an irreproachable Life, and ſuch a one as may neither be a burthen to my ſelf, nor to any other. Never did any Man more faintly and negligently ſuffer himſelf to be govern'd by a third Perſon, than

Cicero de Amicitia.

I ſhould do, had I any one to whom to intruſt my ſelf. One of my wiſhes at this time ſhould be, to have a Son-in-Law that knew handſomly how to cheriſh my old Age, and to rock it aſleep; into whoſe hands I might depoſite in ſoveraignty the management and uſe of all my Goods, that I might diſpoſe of them as I do, and get by them what I get, provided that he on his part were truly acknowledging, and a Friend. But we live in a World where Loyalty in one's own Children is unknown. He that has the charge of my Purſe upon Travel, has it purely, and without controul; and he might alſo deceive me in reckoning; and, if he is not a *Devil*, I ſhall oblige him to deal faithfully with me by ſo intire a Truſt: *Multi fallere docuerunt, dum timent falli, & aliis jus peccandi, ſuſpicando fecerunt. Many have taught others to deceive, by fearing to be deceived, and by ſuſpecting them, have given them a juſt title to do ill.* The moſt common ſecurity I take of my People, is their Ignorance: I never ſuſpect any to be vicious, till I have firſt found them ſo, and repoſe the moſt Confidence in the younger ſort, that I think are leaſt ſpoil'd by Example. I had rather be told at two Months end, that I have ſpent four hundred Crowns, than to have my Ears beaten every night with three, five, and ſeven; and I have been this way as little robb'd as another. It is true, I am willing enough not to ſee it; I do in ſome ſort in good earneſt, harbour a kind of perplexed, uncertain knowledge of my Money; for to a certain proportion, I am content to doubt.

Senec. Epiſt. 3.

doubt. One muſt leave a little room for the Infidelity or Indiſcretion of a Servant; if you have enough in groſs to do your Buſineſs, let the over-plus of Fortune's Liberality run a little more freely at her mercy; 'tis the Gleaners Portion. After all, I do not ſo much value the Fidelity of my People, as I contemn their Injury. What a mean and ridiculous thing it is for a Man to ſtudy his Money, to delight a Man's ſelf with handling and telling it! 'Tis by that, that Avarice makes its approaches. Of eighteen years that I have had my Eſtate in my own hands, I could never prevail with my ſelf, either to read over my Deeds, or examine my principal Affairs, which ought of neceſſity to paſs thorough my Knowledge and Inſpection. 'Tis not a philoſophical Diſdain of worldly and tranſitory things, my Taſte is not ſo purified to that degree, and I value them at as great a rate at leaſt as they are worth; but 'tis in truth an inexcuſable and childiſh Lazineſs and Negligence. What would I not rather do than read an Evidence? and ſooner, than as a Slave to my own Buſineſs, to tumble over a company of old muſty Writings? or, which is worſe, thoſe of another Man, as ſo many do now-a-days to get Money? I have nothing dear but care and trouble, and endeavour nothing ſo much as to be careleſs and at eaſe. I had been much fitter, I believe, could it have been without Obligation and Servitude, to have liv'd upon another Man's Fortune than my own: And alſo I do not know, when I examine it nearer, whether according

to my Humour, what I have to ſuffer for my Affairs and Servants, have not in it ſomething more abject, troubleſom, and tormenting, than there would be in ſerving a Man better born than my ſelf, that would govern me with a gentle Rein, and a little at my own eaſe. *Servitus Obedientia eſt fracti Animi, & abjecti, arbitrio carentis ſuo. Servitude is the Obedience of a ſubdu'd and abject Mind, wanting its own free-will.* Cicero.

Poverty affected by *Crates.*

Crates did worſe, who threw himſelf into the liberty of Poverty, only to rid himſelf of the inconveniencies and care of his Houſe. This is what I would not do; I hate Poverty equally with Grief; but I could be content to change the kind of Life I live for another that was meaner, and had fewer Affairs. When abſent from home, I ſtrip my ſelf of all theſe thoughts, and ſhould be leſs concern'd for the ruine of a Tower, than I am, when preſent, at the fall of a Tile. My Mind is eaſily compos'd at diſtance, but ſuffers as much as that of the meaneſt Peaſant when I am in place. The Reins of my Bridle being wrong put on, or a Strap flapping againſt my Leg, will keep me out of humour a day together. I raiſe my Courage well enough againſt inconveniencies, lift up my Eyes I cannot.

Senſus, ô ſuperi, ſenſus.

I am at home reſponſible for whatever goes amiſs. Few Maſters, I ſpeak of thoſe of competent Condition, ſuch as mine (and if there be any ſuch, they are happy) can rely ſo much upon another, but that the greateſt part of the bur-

burthen will lie upon their own ſhoulders. This takes much from my Grace in entertaining Strangers, ſo that I have peradventure detained ſome rather out of expectation of a good Dinner, than by my own Behaviour; and loſe much of the Pleaſure I ought to reap at my own Houſe, from the viſitation and aſſembling of my Friends. The moſt ridiculous Carriage of a Gentleman in his own Houſe, is to ſee him buſtling about the Buſineſs of the Houſe, whiſpering one Servant, and looking an angry Look at another. It ought inſenſibly to ſlide along, and to repreſent an ordinary Current; and I think it equally unhandſome to talk much to their Gueſts of their Entertainment, whether by way of bragging or excuſe. I love Order and Cleanlineſs:

& cantharus, & lanx
Oſtendunt mihi me.

Hor. lib. 1. Epiſt. 5.

more than abundance, and at home have an exact regard to neceſſity, little to outward ſhew, If a Footman falls to Cuffs at another Man's Houſe, or that he ſtumble and throw a Diſh before him as he is carrying it up, you only laugh and make a jeſt on't. You ſleep whilſt the Maſter of the Houſe is ſtating a *Bill* of *Fare* with his Steward, for your Morrow's Entertainment: I ſpeak according as I do my ſelf, not diſeſteeming nevertheleſs good Huſbandry in general, or not conſidering how pleaſant a quiet and thrifty managery, and car-

ried regularly on, is to ſome Natures. And not willing to annex my own errours and inconveniencies to the thing, nor to give *Plato* the lie, who looks upon it as the moſt pleaſant Employment to every one to do his particular Affairs, without wrong to another, when I Travel, I have nothing to care for but my ſelf, and the laying out my Money; which is diſpos'd of by one ſingle Precept. Too many things are requir'd to the raking it together; in that I underſtand nothing; in ſpending it I underſtand a little, and how to give day to my Expences, which is indeed its principal Uſe. But I rely too proudly upon it, which renders it unequal and difform, and moreover immoderate, in both the one and the other Uſage. If it makes a ſhow, if it ſerve the turn, I indiſcreetly let it run, and as indiſcreetly tie up my Purſe-ſtrings if it does not ſhine and pleaſe. Whatever it be, whether *Art* or *Nature*, that imprint in us the condition of Living by the Example of others, it does us much more harm than good. We deprive our ſelves of our proper Utilities, to accommodate apparences to the common Opinion. We care not ſo much what our Being is, as to us, and in reality, as what it is to the publick Obſervation. Even the Goods of the Mind, and *Wiſdom* it ſelf, ſeem fruitleſs to us, if only enjoy'd by our ſelves, and if it produce not it ſelf to the view and approbation of others. There is a ſort of Men whoſe Gold runs in ſtreams imperceptibly under-ground; others expoſe it all in Plates and Branches, ſo that to the one a

* *Lyard*

* *Lyard* is worth a *Crown*, and to others the contrary: the World eſteeming its Uſe and Value, according to the ſhew. All curious Solicitude about Riches ſmells of Avarice: even the very diſpoſing of it, with a too punctual and artificial Liberality, is not worth a painful Sollicitude. He that will order his Expence to juſt ſo much, makes it too pinch'd and narrow. The keeping or ſpending, are of themſelves indifferent things, and receive no colour of good or ill, but according to the application of the Will. The other cauſe that tempts me out to theſe Journeys, is the difference in the preſent manners of our State; I could eaſily ſatisfie my ſelf with this Corruption in reference to the publick Intereſt,

* A pice of Copper Money worth three Farthings

pejoraque ſæcula ferri
Temporibus, quorum ſceleri non invenit ipſa
Nomen, & à nullo poſuit natura metallo.

Juven. ſat. 13.

'Tis the ninth Age, worſe than the Iron Times,
Nature no metal hath to name our Crimes.

Sir *Robert Stapleton.*

but not to my own. I am in particular too much oppreſs'd. For in my Neighbour-hood we are of late, by the long licence of our *Civil Wars*, grown old in ſo riotous a form of State,

Quippe, ubi fas, verſum atque nefas.

(World,
Where wrong is right, and War through all the
So many ſhapes of Wickedneſs hath hurld.

Mr. *Ogilby*

that

that in earneſt,'tis a wonder how it can ſubſiſt.

Virg. Æneid. lib. 9.

Armati terram exercent, ſemperque recentes
Convectare juvat prædas, & vivere rapto.

With Arms upon their backs they plow the Soil,
And make't their buſineſs to ſubſiſt by Spoil.

In fine, I ſee by our Example, that the Society of men is maintain'd and held together at what price ſoever; in what condition ſoever they are plac'd they will ſtill cloſe and ſtick together, both moving and in heaps; as uneven Bodies, that ſhuffled together without order, find of themſelves a means to unite and ſettle, often better than they could have been diſpos'd by Art. King *Philip* muſter'd up a Rabble of the moſt wicked and incorrigible Raſcals he could pick out, and put them all together into a City he had cauſed to be built for that purpoſe, which bore their Name. I believe that they, even from Vices themſelves, erected a Government amongſt them, and a commodious and juſt Society. I ſee not one Action, or three, or an hundred, but Manners, in common and receiv'd Uſe, ſo cruel, eſpecially in inhumanity and Treachery, which are to me the worſt of all Vices, that I have not the heart to think of them without horror; and almoſt as much admire as I deteſt them. And exerciſe of theſe notorious Villanies carry with them as great ſigns of vigour and force of Soul, as of error and diſorder. Neceſſity

ty reconciles and brings men together; and this accidental Connexion afterwards forms it ſelf into Laws: For there have been as Savage ones as any humane Opinion could produce, which nevertheleſs have maintain'd their Body with as much health and length of Life as any *Plato* or *Ariſtotle* could invent. And certainly, all theſe deſcriptions of *Policies* feign'd by *Art*, are found to be ridiculous and unfit to be put in practice. Theſe great and tedious debates about the beſt Form of Society, and the moſt commodious Rules to bind us, are debates only proper for the exerciſe of our Wits; as in the arts there are ſeveral Subjects, who have their being in agitation and controverſie, and have no Life but there. Such an *Idea* of Government might be of ſome value in a new World; but we take a World already made, and formed to certain Cuſtoms. We do not beget it, as *Pyrrha*, or *Cadmus* did. By what means ſoever we may have the priviledge to rebuild and reform it anew, we can hardly writhe it from its wonted bent, but we ſhall break all. *Solon* being ask'd, whether he had eſtabliſh'd the beſt Laws he could for the *Athenians*; *Yes*, ſaid he, *of thoſe they have receiv'd.* *Varro* excuſes himſelf after the ſame manner, that if he were to begin to write of Religion, he would ſay what he believ'd; but being it was already receiv'd, he would write more according to Uſance than Nature. Not according to Opinion, but in truth and realty, the beſt and moſt excellent *Government* for every *Nation* is that under which it is maintain'd. Her Form

The Law of *Solon.*

What is the beſt Government for every Nation.

Form and eſſential convenience depends upon *Cuſtom.* We are apt to be diſpleas'd at the preſent condition; but I do nevertheleſs maintain, that to deſire the Command of a few in a Republick, or another ſort of Government in *Monarchy* than that already eſtabliſh'd, is both Vice and Folly.

Pybrac aux Quadrins.

Ayme l'eſtat tel que tu le vois eſtre,
S'il eſt Royal, ayme la royauté,
S'il eſt de peu, ou bien communauté,
Ayme l'auſſi, car Dieu t'y a facit naiſtre.

The Government approve, be't what it will,
If it be Royal, then love Monarchy;
If a Republick, yet approve it ſtill,
For God himſelf thereto ſubjected thee.

Teſtimony of *Monſieur de Pybrac*, and *Monſieur de Foix.*

So writ the good *Monſieur de Pybrac*, whom we have lately loſt, a Man of ſo excellent a Wit, ſo ſound Opinions, and ſo gentle Manners. This loſs, and that at the ſame time we have had of *Monſieur de Foix*, are of ſo great importance to the Crown, that I do not know whether there is another *couple* in *France* worthy to ſupply the rooms of theſe two *Gaſcons* in Sincerity and Wiſdom in the King's Council. They were both variouſly great men, and certainly, according to the Age, rare and great, each of them in the kind. But what Deſtiny plac'd them in theſe times, men ſo remote from and ſo diſproportion'd to our Corruption and inteſtine Tumults? Nothing preſſes ſo hard upon a ſtate as Innovation: change only

only gives form to Juſtice and Tyranny. When any piece is out of order, it may be propt; one may prevent and take care that the alteration and corruption natural to all things do not carry us too far from our beginnings and principles: but to undertake to found ſo great a maſs anew, and to change the Foundations of ſo vaſt a Building, is for them to do, who to make clean, efface; who will reform particular defects by an univerſal Confuſion, and cure Diſeaſes by Death: *Non tam commutandarum quam evertendarum rerum cupidi. Not ſo deſirous of changing, as of overthrowing things.* The World is unwilling to be cur'd; and ſo impatient of any thing that preſſes it, that it thinks of nothing but diſengaging it ſelf at what price ſoever. We ſee by a thouſand Examples, that it ordinarily cures it ſelf to its coſt: the diſcharge of a preſent Evil is no cure, if there be not a general amendment of Condition. The Chirurgions end is not only to eat away the dead Fleſh, that is but the progreſs of his Cure, he has a care over and above to fill up the Wound with better and more natural Fleſh, and to reſtore the member to its due eſtate. Whoever only propoſes to himſelf to remove that which offends him, falls ſhort, for Good does not neceſſarily ſucceed Evils; another Evil may ſucceed, and a worſe, as it hapened to *Cæſar*'s Tutors, who brought the *Republick* to ſuch a paſs, that they had reaſon to repent the medling with it. The ſame has ſince hapned to ſeveral others, even down to our own Times. The *French*,

Cic. de Offi. lib. 2.

French, my Contemporaries, know it well enough. All great mutations ſhake and diſorder a State. Whoever would aim directly at a cure, and would conſider of it before he begun, would be very willing to withdraw his hands from medling in it. *Pacuvius Calavius* corrected the vice of this proceeding by a notable Example. His Fellow *Citizens* were in mutiny againſt their *Majeſtrates*, he being a Man of great Authority in the City of *Capua*, found means one day to ſhut up the Senators in the Palace, and calling the People together in the Market-place, there told them, that the day was now come, wherein at full Liberty they might revenge themſelves on the *Tyrants*, by whom they had been ſo long oppreſs'd; and who he had now all alone, and unarm'd at his mercy: adviſing them withal, that they ſhould call them out one by one by Lot; and ſhould particularly determine of every one, cauſing whatever ſhould be decree'd to be immediately executed; with this caution alſo, that they ſhould at the ſame time depute ſome honeſt Man in the place of him that was condemn'd, to the end there might be no vacancy in the *Senate*. They had no ſooner heard the name of one *Senator*, but that a great cry of univerſal diſlike was rais'd up againſt him. I ſee, ſays *Pacuvius*, that this muſt out, he is a wicked Fellow, let us look out a good one in his room; immediately there was a profound ſilence, every one being at a ſtand whom to chooſe. But one, more impudent than the reſt, having nam'd his man, there aroſe yet a greater

greater conſent of Voices againſt him, an hundred Imperfections being laid to his charge, and as many juſt reaſons being preſently given why he ſhould not ſtand. Theſe contradictory Humors growing hot, it far'd worſe with the ſecond Senator and the third, there being as much diſagreement in the Election of the new, as conſent in the putting out of the old. In the end, growing weary of this buſtle to no purpoſe, they began ſome one way and ſome another, to ſteal out of the Aſſembly; every one carring back this Reſolution in his mind, that the oldeſt and beſt known Evil was ever more ſupportable than one that was new and untried. To ſee how miſerably we are torn in pieces: for what have we not done?

Ehu cicatricum, & ſceleris pudet,
Fraturmque: quid nos dura refugimus
Atas? Quid intractum nefaſti
Liquimus? Unde manus, inventus
Metu Deorum continuit? Quibus
Pepercit aris. *Horat. l. 1. Ode. 35.*

(fall,
Fie on our Broils, vile Acts, and Brothers Sir *Thomas Hawkings*
Bad Age. What Miſchief do we ſhun at all?
What Youth, his hand for fear of God contains?
Or who from ſacred Altars ſpoil refrains?

I do not preſently conclude,

ipſa ſi velit ſalus,
Servare proſus non poteſt hanc familiam. *Ter. Adel. Act. 4. Scen. 7.*

Would

Would ſafety't ſelf its beſt care have,
This Family it cannot ſave.

we are not however peradventure at the laſt gaſp. The Conſervation of States is a thing that in all likelihood ſurpaſſes our Underſtanding. A Civil Government, is, as *Plato* ſays, a mighty and puiſſant thing, and ſo hard to be diſſolv'd, that it continues many times againſt mortal and inteſtine Diſeaſes, againſt the Injury of unjuſt Laws, againſt Tyranny, the Corruption and Ignorance of Majeſtrates, and the Licence and Sedition of the People. We compare our ſelves in all our Fortunes to what is above us, and ſtill look towards the better: but let us meaſure our ſelves with what is below us, there is no Condition ſo miſerable, wherein a man may not find a thouſand Examples that will adminiſter Conſolation. 'Tis our Vice that we more unwillingly look upon what is above, than willingly what is below: and *Solon* was us'd to ſay, that whoever would make a heap of all ills together, there is no one who would not rather chooſe to bear away the ills he has, than to come to an equal Diviſion with all other men from that heap, and take with him from thence ſo much as would upon the divident fall to his particular ſhare. Our Government is indeed very ſick, but there have been others ſicker, without dying. The *Gods* play at Tennis with us, and bandy us every way.

Plaut. *Enimvero Dii nos Homines quaſi pilas habent.*

The Stars have fatally deſtin'd the ſtate of *Rome* for an Example of what they could do in

in this kind: in it is compriz'd all the forms and adventures that concern a State: all that order or disorder, good or evil Fortune can do. Who then can despair of his Condition, seeing the shocks and commotions wherewith she was tumbled and tost, and yet withstood them all? If the extent of Dominion be the Health of a *State*, which I by no means think it is, (and *Isocrates* pleases me, when he instructs *Nicocles* not to envy Princes who have large Dominions, but those who know how to preserve them when they fall into their hands) that of *Rome* was never so sound, as when it was most sick: The worst of her forms was the most fortunate. A man could hardly discern any Image of Government under the first *Emperours*, it was the most horrible and tumultuous Confusion that can be imagin'd. It endur'd it notwithstanding, and therein continued, not only conserving a *Monarchy* limited within his own bounds, but so many *Nations*, so differing, so remote, so ill affected, so confusedly commanded, and so unjustly conquer'd.

The Estate of *Rome*, and its diverse forms.

The horrible Confusion under the first Emperour

——— *nec gentibus ullis*
Commodat in populum, terræ pelagique potentem,
Invidiam fortuna suam. *Lucan.*

But to no foreign Arms would Fortune yet
Lend her own Envy against *Rome* so great,
That over Nations, and mighty Kings,
O're Lords & Seas she stretcht her Eagles-wings.

Every thing that totters does not fall. The

contexture of ſo great a body holds by more nails than one. It holds even by its Antiquity, like old Buildings, from which the Foundations are worn away by time, without rough-caſt or Morter, which yet live and ſupport themſelves by their own weight;

Lucan. l. 1. —— *nec jam validis radicibus hærens,*
Pondere tuta ſuo eſt.

Mr. *May.* Like an old lofty Oak, that heretofore
Great Conquerours ſpoils, and ſacred Trophies bore,
Stands firm by his own weight.

moreover, it is not rightly to go to work, to diſcover only the flank and the graff, to judge of the Security of a place; it muſt be examin'd which way approaches can be made to it, and in what Condition the Aſſailant is. Few Veſſels ſink with their own weight, and without ſome exteriour violence. Let us every way caſt our Eyes, every thing about us totters; in all the great States, both of Chriſtendom and elſewhere, that are known to us, if you will but look, you will there ſee evident threats of alteration and ruine:

Æneid. 11. *Et ſua ſunt illis incommoda, parque per omnes*
Tempeſtas.

They all of them do in the miſchief ſhare,
And the rude Tempeſt rages every where.

Aſtrologers may very well, as they do, warn us of

of great Revolutions, and eminent Mutations: their *Propheſies* are preſent and palpable, they need not go to Heaven to foretel this. There is not only Conſolation to be extracted from this univerſal combination of ills and menaces, but moreover, ſome hopes of the continuation of our State; foraſmuch as naturally nothing falls, where all does. An univerſal Sickneſs is particular Health: Conformity is an Enemy to Diſſolution. For my part, I deſpair not, and fancy that I diſcover ways to ſave us.

Deus hæc fortaſſe benigna
Reducet in ſedem vice. *Hor. Epod.* 13.

God will perchance,
Them to their Seat with happy change advance. Sir *Thomas Hawkins.*

Who knows but that *God* will have it happen, as it does in humane Bodies, that purge and reſtore themſelves to a better eſtate by long and grievous Maladies; which reſtores them a more intire and perfect Health than that they took from them? That which weighs the moſt with me, is, that in reckoning the ſymptoms of our ill, I ſee as many natural ones, and that Heaven ſends us, and properly its own, as of thoſe that our diſorder and humane imprudence contribute to it. The very Stars ſeem to declare, that we have continued long enough, and beyond the ordinary term already: And this alſo afflicts me, that the miſchief which moſt threatens us, is, not an alteration in the intire and ſolid Maſs, but its diſſipation

and divultion, which is the moſt worthy of our fears. I moreover fear, in theſe ravings of mine, the treachery of my Memory, leſt by Inadvertence it ſhould make me write the ſame thing twice. I hate to examine my ſelf, and never review, but very unwillingly, what has once eſcap'd my Pen. I here ſet down nothing new. Theſe are common Thoughts, and having peradventure conceiv'd them an hundred times, I am afraid I have ſet them down ſome where elſe already. Repetition is every where troubleſome, though it were in *Homer*; but 'tis ruinous in things that have only a ſuperficial and tranſitory ſhew. I do not love Inculcation, even in the moſt profitable things, as in *Seneca*. And the uſage of the Stoical School diſpleaſes me, to repeat upon every Subject at length, the principles and preſuppoſitions that ſerve in general, and always to realledge anew common and univerſal Reaſons. My Memory grows infinitely worſe every day than other:

Repetition troubleſome.

Hor. Epod. 14.

Pocula Lethæos ut ſi ducentia ſomnos,
Arente fauce traxerim.

As if in thirſt *Lethe*'s oblivious flood
I had carous'd into my blood.

I muſt be fain for the time to come, (for hitherto, thanks be to God, nothing has hapned much amiſs) whereas others ſeek time and opportunity to think of what they have to ſay, to avoid all preparations, for fear of tying my ſelf to ſome obligation upon which I muſt be forc'd

forc'd to inſiſt. To be ty'd and bound to a thing puts me quite out, and to depend upon ſo weak an Inſtrument as my Memory. I never read this following Story, that I am not offended at it with a natural Reſentment. *Lynceſtes*, accus'd of Conſpiracy againſt *Alexander*, the day that he was brought out before the Army, according to the Cuſtom, to be heard what he could ſay for himſelf, had prepared a ſtudied Speech, of which, haggling and ſtammering, he pronounc'd ſome words; but ſtill being more perplext, whilſt ſtruggling with his Memory, and that he was recollecting himſelf of what he had to ſay, the Soldiers nearеſt to him charg'd their Pikes againſt him and kill'd him, looking upon him as a Convict. His aſtoniſhment and ſilence ſerv'd them for a Confeſſion. For having had ſo much leiſure to prepare himſelf in Priſon, they concluded that it was not his Memory that fail'd him, but that his Conſcience ty'd up his Tongue, and ſtop'd his Mouth. This was very well ſaid. The Place, the Aſſiſtants, and the expectation aſtoniſh him even at the time when it ſtood him upon to ſpeak the beſt he could. What can a Man do, when 'tis a Harangue upon which his Life depends? For my part, the very being tyed to what I am to ſay is enough to looſe me from it. When I wholly commit and referr my ſelf to my Memory, I lay ſo much ſtreſs upon it, that it ſinks under me, and I ſuppreſs it with the burthen. So much as I truſt to it, ſo much do I put my ſelf out of my own power, ſo much as to find it in my own Countenance;

Lynceſtes kill'd with thruſts of Pikes by *Alexanders* Soldiers.

and have been ſometimes very much put to't to conceal the ſlavery wherein I was engag'd; whereas my deſign is, to manifeſt in ſpeaking a perfect negligence both of face and accent, and caſual and unpremeditated motions, as riſing from preſent occaſions, chuſing rather to ſay nothing to purpoſe, than to ſhew that I came prepared to ſpeak well, a thing eſpecially unbecoming a Man of my Profeſſion, and of great obligation to him that cannot retain much; the preparation begets a great deal more expectation than it will ſatisfie. A Man oft ſtrips himſelf to his Doublet to leap no further than he would have done in his Gown.

Cicero. Acad. l. 4. *Nihil eſt his, qui placere volunt, tam adverſarium, quàm expectatio.* *Nothing is ſo great an adverſary to thoſe who make it their buſineſs to pleaſe as Expectation.* It is recorded of the Orator *Curio*, that when he propos'd the diviſion of his Oration into three or four parts, it often hapned, either that he forgot ſome one, or added one or two more. I have always avoided falling into this inconvenience, having always hated theſe Promiſes and Preſcriptions, not only out of diſtruſt of my Memory, but alſo becauſe this Method reliſhes too much of the Artiſt. *Simpliciora militares decent.* 'Tis enough that I have promis'd to my ſelf never to take upon me to ſpeak in place of reſpect; for as to ſpeaking, when a Man reads his Speech, beſides that it is very abſurd, it is a mighty diſadvantage to thoſe who naturally could give it a Grace by action; and to rely upon the Mercy of my preſent Invention, I will much

much leſs do it; 'tis heavy and perplext, and ſuch as would never furniſh me in ſudden and important Neceſſities. Permit, Reader, this Eſſay its courſe alſo, and this fitting to finiſh the reſt of my Picture. I add, but I correct not; firſt, becauſe I conceive, that a Man having once parted with his Labours to the World, he has no farther right to them; let him do better if he can in ſome new Undertaking, but not adulterate what he has already ſold; of ſuch Dealers nothing ſhould be bought till after they are dead: Let them well conſider what they do, before they produce them to the light. Who haſtens them? My Book is always the ſame, ſaving that upon every new Edition, (that the Buyer may not go away quite empty) I take the liberty to add (as it were by an ill-jointed in-laying or faneering) ſome few inſignificant things over and above. They are no other but over-weight, that do not disfigure the primitive Form of thoſe Eſſays, where they, by a little ambitious ſubtilty, give a kind of particular Repute to every one of thoſe that follow. From thence however there will eaſily happen ſome tranſpoſition of Chronology; my Stories taking place according to their patneſs, and not always according to their Age. Secondly, becauſe that for what concerns my ſelf, I fear to loſe by the change: my Underſtanding does not always go forward, it goes backward too. I do not much leſs ſuſpect my Fancies for being the ſecond or the third, than for being the firſt, or preſent, or paſt; we oft correct our

ſelves as fooliſhly as we do others. I am grown older by a great many years ſince my firſt Publications, which were in the year 1580: but I very much doubt whether I am grown an inch the wiſer. I now, and I anon, are two ſeveral Perſons; but whether the better, now, or anon, I am not able to determine. It were a fine thing to be old, if we only travell'd towards Improvement; but 'tis a drunken, ſtumbling, reeling, ill-favour'd motion, like that of Reeds, which the Air caſually waves to and fro at pleaſure. *Antiochus* had in his Youth effectually written in favour of the *Academy*, but in his old Age he writ as much againſt it; would not which of theſe two ſoever I ſhould follow, be ſtill *Antiochus*? After having eſtabliſh'd the incertainty, to go about to eſtabliſh the certainty of humane Opinions, was it not to eſtabliſh doubt, and not certainty? And to promiſe, that had he had yet another Age to live, he would be always upon terms of altering his Judgment, not ſo much for the better, as for ſomething elſe? The publick Favour has given me a little more confidence than I expected; but what I moſt fear, is, leſt I ſhould glut the World with my Writings: I had rather of the two *nettle* my *Reader*, than *tire* him; as a Learned Man of my time has done. Praiſe is always pleaſing, let it come from whom, or upon what account it will; yet ought a Man to underſtand why he is commended, that he may know how to keep up the ſame Reputation ſtill. The vulgar and common eſteem is ſeldom happy in hitting right;

The Writings of *Antiochus.* corrected by himſelf in his more mature Age.

right; and I am much miſtaken, if amongſt the Writings of my time, the worſt are not thoſe which have moſt gain'd the popular applauſe. For my part, I confeſs my ſelf oblig'd, and return my Thanks to thoſe good-natur'd Men, who are pleas'd to take my weak Endeavours in good part. The Faults of the Workmanſhip are no where ſo apparent, as in a matter which of it ſelf has no Recommendation. Blame not me, Reader, for thoſe that ſlip in here, by the fancy or inadvertency of others; every hand, every Artizan contribute their own Materials, I neither concern my ſelf with *Orthography* (and only care to have it after the old way) nor Pointing, being very unexpert both in the one and the other. Where they wholly break the Senſe, I am very little concern'd, for they at leaſt diſcharge me; but where they ſubſtitute a falſe one, as they ſo often do, and wreſt me to their Conception, they ruine me. When the Sentence nevertheleſs is not ſtrong enough for my Proportion, a civil Perſon ought to reject it as ſpurious, and none of mine. Whoever ſhall know how lazie I am, and how indulgent to my own Humour, will eaſily believe that I had rather write as many more Eſſays, than be ty'd to reviſe theſe over again for ſo childiſh a Correction. I was ſaying elſewhere, that being planted in the very centre of this new *Religion*, I am not only depriv'd of any great familiarity with Men of other kind of Manners than my own, and of other Opinions, by which they hold together, as by a tie that ſuperſedes all

Orthography and Pointing deſpis'd.

all other Obligations; but moreover, I do not live without danger, amongſt Men to whom all things are equally lawful, and of whom the moſt part cannot offend the Laws more than they have already done; from whence the extreameſt degree of Licenſe does proceed. All the particular Circumſtances reſpecting me being ſum'd up together, I do not find one Man of my Country, who pays ſo dear for the defence of our Laws both in coſt and damages (as the Lawyers ſay) as my ſelf. And ſome there are who vapour and brag of their Zeal and Conſtancy, that if things were juſtly weigh'd, do not much leſs than I. My Houſe, as one that has ever been open and free to all Comers, and civil to all, (for I could never perſwade my ſelf to make a Garriſon of it, that being to make it the aim of the remoteſt Enemy) has ſufficiently merited a popular kindneſs, and ſo that it would be a hard matter juſtly to inſult over me upon my own Dung-Hill; and I look upon it is a wonderful and exemplary thing, that it yet continues a Virgin from Blood and Plunder during ſo long a ſtorm, and ſo many neighbouring Revolutions and Tumults. For to confeſs the truth, it had been poſſible enough for a Man of my Complexion, to have ſhak'd hands with any one conſtant and continued Form whatever. But the contrary Invaſions and Incurſions, Revolutions, and Viciſſitudes of Fortune round about me, have hitherto more exaſperated, than calmed and mollified the humour of the Country, and involve me over and over

again,

again, with invincible Difficulties and Dangers. I 'ſcape, 'tis true, but am troubled that it is more by chance, and ſomething of my own Prudence, than by Juſtice, and am not ſatisfied to be out of the Protection of the *Laws*, and under any other ſafe-guard than theirs. As matters ſtand, I live above one half by the Favour of others, which is an untoward Obligation. I do not like to owe my ſafety either to the Generoſity or Affection of great Perſons, who are content to allow me my Liberty, or to the obliging Manners of my Predeceſſors, or my own; for what if I was another kind of Man? If my Deportments, and the frankneſs of my Converſation or Relation oblige my Neighbours, 'tis cruel that they ſhould acquit themſelves of that Obligation, in only permitting me to live, and that they may ſay, We allow him the free liberty of having Divine Service read in his own private *Chappel*, when it is interdicted in all Churches round about, and allow him the uſe of his Goods, and the fruition of his Life, as one that protects our Wives and Cattel in time of need. For my Houſe has for many *Deſcents*, ſhar'd in the Reputation of *Lycurgus* the *Athenian*, who was the general *Feoffee* and *Guardian* of the Purſes of his Fellow-Citizens. Now I am clearly of Opinion, that a Man ſhould live by Authority, and not either by Recompence or Favour. How many gallant Men have rather choſen to loſe their Lives, than to abandon their Duty? I hate to ſubject my ſelf to any ſort of Obligation, but above all, to that which binds me by the Duty of

Lycurgus the general Truſtee for all his Fellow-Citizens.

of Honour. I think nothing ſo dear as what is given me, and that becauſe my Will lies at pawn under the title of Ingratitude, and more willingly accept of Offices that are to be ſold; being of Opinion, That for the laſt I give nothing but Money, but for the other I give my ſelf. The Knot that binds me by the Laws of Courteſie, pinches me more than that of Loyal conſtraint, and I am much more at eaſe when bound by a *Scrivener*, than by my ſelf. Is it not reaſon that my Conſcience ſhould be much more engag'd when Men ſimply rely upon it? In a Bond, my Faith owes nothing, becauſe it has nothing lent it. Let them truſt to the ſecurity they have taken without me; I had much rather break the Wall of a Priſon, and the Laws themſelves, than my own Word. I am nice, even to Superſtition, in keeping my Promiſes, and therefore upon all occaſions have a care to make them certain and conditional. To thoſe of no great moment, I add the jealouſie of my own Rule to make it weight; it wracks and oppreſſes me with its own Intereſt. Even in Actions that are wholly my own, and free, if I once ſay it, I conceive that I have bound my ſelf, and that delivering it to the knowledge of another, I have poſitively enjoyn'd it my own performance. Me thinks I promiſe it, if I but ſay it, and therefore am not apt to ſay much of that kind. The Sentence that I paſs upon my ſelf is more ſevere than that of a Judge, who only conſiders the common Obligation; but my Conſcience looks upon it with a more ſevere and penetra-

Promiſes to be ſtrictly obſerv'd.

netrating Eye. I lag in thoſe Duties to which I ſhould be compell'd if I did not go. *Hoc ipſum ita juſtum eſt quod rectè fit, ſi eſt voluntarium. Even that which is well done, is only juſt, when 'tis voluntary.* If the Action has not ſome ſplendor of Liberty, it has neither Grace and Honour. *Cicero de Offic.*

Quod me jus cogit, vix Voluntate impetrent. *Ter. Adel. Act. 3. Scen. 5.*

That which the Laws have power to conſtrain,
They from my Will would hardly e'er obtain.

Where Neceſſity draws me, I love to let my Will take its own Courſe. *Quia quicquid imperio cogitur, exigenti magis quam præſtanti acceptum refertur. For whatever is compell'd by power, is more imputed to him that exacts, than to him that performs.* I know ſome who follow this Rule, even to Injuſtice, who will ſooner give than reſtore, ſooner lend than pay, and will do them the leaſt good to whom they are moſt oblig'd. I am of a quite contrary Humour. I ſo much love to diſengage and diſobligate my ſelf, that I have ſometimes look'd upon Ingratitudes, Affronts, and Indignities which I have receiv'd from thoſe to whom either by Nature or Accident I was bound in ſome Duty of Friendſhip, as an Advantage to me, taking this occaſion of their ill uſage, for an acquittance and diſcharge of ſo much of my Debt. And though I ſtill continue to pay them all the Offices of publick Reaſon, I notwithſtanding find my ſelf very ſparing of doing

ing that upon the account of Juſtice, which I did upon the ſcore of Affection, and am little eas'd of my former Sollicitude by my inward Will. *Eſt prudentis ſuſtinere ut curſum, ſic impetum benevolentia.* 'Tis the part of a wiſe Man to keep a curbing hand, as upon the ordinary pace, ſo eſpecially upon the precipitation of his good Will; which is in me too urging and preſſing where I take; at leaſt, for a man who loves not to be ſtrain'd at all. And this husbanding my Friendſhip ſerves me for a ſort of Conſolation in the imperfections of thoſe in whom I am concern'd. I am ſorry they are not ſuch as I could wiſh they were, but ſo it is, that I alſo go leſs in my Application and Engagement, towards them. I approve of a man that is the leſs fond of his Child for having a ſcald head or being croocked; and not only when he is ill-natur'd, but alſo when he is unhappy and imperfect in his Limbs, (for God himſelf has abated that from his value and natural eſtimation) provided he carry himſelf in this coldneſs of Affection with Moderation and exact Juſtice. Proximity leſſens not defects with me, but rather makes them greater. After all, according to what I underſtand in the Science of Benefits and Acknowledgement (which is a ſubtle Science and of great uſe) I know no Perſon whatever more free and leſs indebted than I am at this hour. What I do owe, is ſimply to common and natural Obligations; as to any thing elſe, no man is more abſolutely clear.

Cic. de Amicitia.

nec

——— *nec ſunt mihi nota potentum*
Munera. ——— *Æneid. l.* 12.

The Gifts of great Men are to me unknown.

Princes give me a great deal, if they take nothing from me; and do me *good* enough, if they do me no *harm?* that's all I ask. Oh, how am I oblig'd to Almighty God, who has been pleas'd that I ſhould immediately receive all I have from his Bounty, and particularly reſerv'd all my Obligation to himſelf! How inſtantly do I beg of his holy Compaſſion, that I may never owe a real thanks to any one! O happy Liberty wherein I have thus far liv'd! May it continue with me to the laſt. I endeavour to have no need of any one. *In me omnis ſpes eſt mihi. All my hope is in my ſelf.* 'Tis what every one may do in himſelf, but more eaſily they whom God has plac'd in a Condition exempted from natural and urgent Neceſſities. It is a wretched and dangerous thing to depend upon others. Our ſelves, which is the moſt juſt and ſafeſt Refuge, are not ſufficiently aſſur'd. I have nothing mine but my ſelf, and yet the poſſeſſion is in part defective and borrow'd. I fortifie my ſelf both in *Courage*, which is the ſtrongeſt aſſiſtant, and alſo in *Fortune*, therein wherewith to ſatisfie my ſelf, though every thing elſe ſhould forſake me. *Eleus Hippias* did not only furniſh himſelf with knowledge, that he might at need cheerfully retire from all other Company to enjoy the *Muſes*, nor with

with the knowledge of *Philosophy* only to teach his Soul to be contented with it, and bravely to subsist without outward Conveniences, when Fate would have it so; he was moreover so curious, as to learn Cookery, to shave himself, to make his own Cloaths, his own Shooes and Drawers, to provide for all his Necessities in himself, and to wean himself from the Assistance of others. A man more freely and cheerfully enjoys borrowed Conveniences, when it is not an Enjoyment forc'd and constrain'd by need, and when a Man has in his own Will and Fortune wherewithall to live without them. I know my self very well. But 'tis hard to imagine any so pure Liberality of any one towards me, any so frank and free Hospitality, that would not appear to me unhandsom, tyrannical, and tainted with reproach if Necessity had reduc'd me to it. As giving is an ambitious and authoritative quality, so is accepting a quality of Submission.

That 'tis injurious to refuse a Present.

Witness the injurious and quarrelsom refusal that *Bajazet* made of the Presents that *Tamerlane* sent him; and those that were offer'd in the behalf of the Emperour *Solymon* to the Emperour of *Calicut*, were so much disdain'd by him, that he not only rudely rejected them saying, that neither he nor any of his Predecessors had never been wont to take, and that it was their Office to give; but moreover caus'd the Ambassadors sent for that purpose to be put into a Dungeon. When *Thetis*, says *Aristotle*, flatters *Jupiter*; when the *Lacedæmonians* flatter the *Athenians*, they never put them in mind

mind of the good they have receiv'd from them, which is always odious, but of the benefits they have receiv'd from them; ſuch as I ſee ſo frequently employ every one in their Affairs, and thruſt themſelves into ſo much obligation, would never do it, did they but reliſh the ſweetneſs of a pure Liberty as I do, and did they but weigh, as wiſe men ſhould, the burthen of Obligation. 'Tis ſometimes peradventure fully return'd, but 'tis never diſſolved. 'Tis a miſerable ſlavery to a man that loves to be at full liberty upon all accounts. Such as know me, both better and meaner men than my ſelf, are able to ſay whether they have ever known a man leſs importuning, ſoliciting, entreating, and preſſing upon others than I; but if I am, and be a degree beyond all modern Example, 'tis no great wonder ſo many parts of my Manners contributing to it. A little natural Pride, an impatience of being refus'd, the contradiction of my Deſires and Deſigns, and my moſt beloved Qualities, Idleneſs and Freedom; by all theſe together I have conceiv'd a mortal hatred to being oblig'd to any other, or by any other than my ſelf. I prodigally lay out all I can wrap and wring of my own, rather than employ the bounty of another in any light or important occaſion or neceſſity whatever. My Friends do ſtrangely importune me, when they adviſe me to call in a third Perſon, and I think it coſts me little leſs to diſengage him who is indebted to me by making uſe of him, than to engage my ſelf to him that owes me nothing: Theſe Conditions

That 'tis odious to reproach any with a Benefit conferr'd

being remov'd, provided they require of me nothing of any great trouble or care, (for I have renounc'd all buſineſs that requires great diligence) I am eaſily intreated, and ready to do every one the beſt ſervice I can: But yet I have, I confeſs, more avoided receiving than ſought occaſions of giving, and alſo, according to *Ariſtotle*, it is more eaſie. My Fortune has allow'd me but little to do others good withall, and the little it can afford is put into a pretty cloſe hand. Had I been born a great Perſon, I ſhould have been ambitious to have made my ſelf belov'd, not to make my ſelf fear'd or admired; Shall I more plainly expreſs it? I ſhould more have endeavour'd to pleaſe than to do good. *Cyrus* very wiſely, and, by the Mouth of a great *Captain*, and better *Philoſopher*, preferrs his Bounty and Benefits much before his Valour and Warlike Conqueſt. And the elder *Scipio*, where ever he would raiſe his Eſteem, ſets a higher value upon his Affability and Humanity, than his Proweſs and Victories, and has always this glorious Saying in his Mouth, *that he has given his Enemies as much occaſion to love him as his Friends.* I will then ſay, that if a Man muſt of neceſſity owe ſomething, it ought to be by a more legitimate title than that whereof I am ſpeaking, to which the neceſſity of this miſerable War compells me; and not in ſo great a debt as that of my total Preſervation both of Life and Fortune that over-whelms me. I have a thouſand times gone to bed at my own Houſe with an apprehenſion that I ſhould be betray'd and murther'd

that

that very night compounding with Fortune, that it might be without terror, and with quick diſpatch; and after my *Pater noſter* have cry'd out,

Impius hæc tam culta novalia miles habebit. *Virg. Ecl. 1.*
(Grounds.
Shall impious Souldiers have theſe new plow'd

What remedy? 'tis the Place of my Birth, and moſt of my Anceſtors have here fix'd their Affection and name; we inure our ſelves to whatever we are accuſtom'd. And in ſo miſerable a Condition as ours is, Cuſtom is a great bounty of Nature, which benumbs our Senſes to the ſufferance of many evils. A *Civil War* has this with it worſe than other Wars have, to make us ſtand Centinels in our own Houſes.

Quam miſerum, porta vitam muroque tueri, *Ovid. Triſt.*
Vixque ſuæ tutum viribus eſſe domus! *l. 4. Eleg. 1.*

To ones own Walls and Gates, 'tis wretched ſure
To truſt one's Life, yet ſcarce to be ſecure.

'Tis a grievous extremity for a man to be juſtled in his own Houſe. The Countrey where I live is always the firſt in Arms, and the laſt that lays them down, and where there is never an abſolute Peace.

Lucan. *Tum quoque cum pax eſt, trepidant formidine belli*
quoties pacem fortuna laceſſit;
Hac iter eſt bellis, melius fortuna dediſſet
Orbe ſub Eoo ſedem, gelidaque ſub Arcto,
Errante ſque domos.

Mr. *May.*

Oh ill built City, too too near the *Gaul!*
Oh ſadly ſituated Place! when all (War,
The World have Peace, we are the ſpoil of
And firſt that are invaded; happier far
Might we have liv'd in fartheſt North or Eaſt
Or wandring Tents of *Scythia*, than poſſeſt
The edge of *Italy.*

I ſometimes extract the means to fortifie my ſelf againſt theſe Conſiderations, from careleſſneſs and ſloth, which alſo in ſome ſort bring us on to reſolution. It oft befals me to imagine and expect mortal dangers with a kind of delight. I ſtupidly plunge my ſelf head-long into Death, without conſidering or taking a view of it, as into a deep and obſcure *Abyſs*, which ſwallows me up at one leap, and involves me in an inſtant in a profound ſleep without any ſenſe of pain. And in theſe ſhort and violent Deaths, the Conſequence that I fore-ſee adminiſters more Conſolation to me than the Effect does Fear. They ſay, that as Life is not better for being long, ſo Death is better for being not long. I do not ſo much evade being dead, as I enter into confidence with dying. I wrap and ſhrowd my ſelf in the ſtorm

ſtorm that is to blind and carry me away with the Fury of a ſudden and unſenſible Attack. Moreover, what if it ſhould fall out, that as ſome *Gardiners* ſay, that *Roſes* and *Violets* ſpring more odoriferent near unto *Garlick* and *Onions*, by reaſon that the laſt ſuck and imbibe all the ill odour of the Earth; that theſe deprav'd Natures ſhould alſo attract all the malignity of my *Air* and *Climate*, and ſo render it ſo much better and purer by their vicinity, that I ſhould not loſe all? That cannot be, but there may be ſomething in this, that Bounty and goodneſs is more beautiful and attractive when it is rare, and that Contrariety and Diverſity fortifies and ſhuts up well-doing within its ſelf, and inflames it by the jealouſie of oppoſition and glory. Thieves and Robbers (of their ſpecial favour) have no particular aim at me, no more have I to them. I ſhould have my hands too full. Like Conſciences are lodg'd under ſeveral ſorts of Robes, like Cruelty, Diſloyalty, and Rapine; and ſo much the worſe as they are more mischievous to others, and more ſecure and conceal'd in themſelves, under the colour of the Laws. I leſs hate an open profeſs'd injury than one that is clandeſtine and treacherous; an Enemy in arms than an enemy in a Gown. Our Fever has ſeiz'd upon a Body that is not much the worſe for't. There was *Fire* before, and now 'tis broke out into a *Flame*. The *noiſe* is greater, the evil much the *ſame*. I caſually anſwer ſuch as ask me the reaſon of my Travels, *that I know very well what I fly from, but*

not what I seek. If they tell me that I may be as unhealthy among Strangers, and that their Manners are no purer than ours; I first reply, That that is hard to be believed.

Virg. Georg. l. 1. *Tam multæ scelerum facies.*

Secondly, that it is always gain to change an ill Condition for one that is uncertain, and that the *Ills* of others ought not to concern us so much as those of our own. I will not here omit, that I never mutiny so much against *France*, that I am not perfectly Friends with *Paris*; that City has ever had my Heart from my infancy; and it has fallen out, as of excellent things, that the more beautiful Cities I have seen since, the more the Beauty of this does still win upon my Affection. I love it by it self, and more in its own native Being, than in all the Pomp of foreign and acquir'd Embellishments; I love it tenderly, even to its warts and blemishes. I am not a *French*-man but by this great City, great in People, great in the Felicity of her Situation; but above all, great and incomparable in variety and diversity of Commodities; the Glory of *France*, and one of the most noble Ornaments of the World. *God* of his Goodness compose our *Differences*, and deliver us from this *Civil War*; I find her sufficiently defended from all other Violences. I give her caution, that of all sorts of People, those will be the worst that shall see it in division; I have no fears of her, but of her self; and certainly I have as much fear for

The commendation of *Paris.*

for her as for any other *City* in the Kingdom. Whilſt ſhe ſhall continue, I ſhall never want a *retreat*, where I may live or die, ſufficient to make me amends for parting with any other *home* or *retreat* whatever. Not becauſe *Socrates* has ſaid ſo, but becauſe it is in truth my own Humour, and peradventure not without ſome exceſs. I look upon all Men as my Compatriots, and embrace a *Polander* with as ſincere an Affection as a *French*-man, preferring the univerſal and common Tye, to all National Tyes whatever. I am not much taken with the ſweetneſs of a natural Air: Acquaintance wholly new, and wholly my own, appear to me full as good as the other common and accidental ones with our Neighbours. Friendſhips that are purely of our own acquiring, ordinarily carry it above thoſe to which the Communication of the *Clime* or of *Blood* oblige us. *Nature* has plac'd us in the World free and unbound, we impriſon our ſelves in certain ſtreights, like the Kings of *Perſia*, who oblige themſelves to drink no other Water but that of the River *Choaſpes*, and fooliſhly quit claim to their right of uſage in all other Streams; and as to what concern'd themſelves, dried up all the other Rivers of the World. What *Socrates* did towards his end, to look upon a Sentence of Baniſhment, as worſe than a Sentence of Death againſt him; I ſhall, I think, never be either ſo decrepit, or ſo ſtrictly habituated to my own *Country*, to be of that Opinion. Theſe Celeſtial Lives have images enow, which I embrace more by Eſteem,

The Water of the River *Choaſpes*, the beverage of the *Perſian* Kings.

Death preferr'd to Baniſhment.

than Affection; and they have ſome alſo ſo elevated and extraordinary, that I cannot embrace them ſo much as by Eſteem, foraſmuch as I cannot conceive them. This Humour was very tender in a Man that thought the whole World his *City*. It is true, that he diſdain'd *Travel*, and had hardly ever ſet his Foot out of the *Attick* Territories. What though he complain'd of the Money his Friends offer'd to ſave his Life, and that he refus'd to come out of Priſon by the Mediation of others; not to diſobey the *Laws* in a time when they were otherwiſe ſo corrupted? Theſe Examples are of the firſt kind for me; of the ſecond there are others that I could find out in the ſame Perſon. Many of theſe rare Examples ſurpaſs the Force of my Action; but ſome of them do moreover ſurpaſs the Force of my Judgment. Theſe Reaſons ſet aſide, *Travel* is in my Opinion a very improving thing; the Soul is there continually imploy'd in obſerving new and unknown things: And I do not know, as I have often ſaid, a better School wherein to model Life, than by inceſſantly expoſing to it the diverſity of ſo many other Lives, Fancies, and Uſances; and to make it reliſh ſo perpetual a variety of the Form of Humane Nature. The Body is therein neither idle nor overwrought, and that moderate Agitation puts in breath. I can keep on Horſe-back, as much tormented with the Stone as I am, without alighting or being weary, eight or ten hours together.

Vires

Vires ultra ſortemque ſenectæ. *Æneid. l. 6.*

Beyond the ſtrength and common uſe of Age.

No Seaſon is Enemy to me, but the parching heat of a ſcorching Sun; for the *Umbrella's* made uſe of in *Italy*, ever ſince the time of the ancient *Romans*, more burthen a Man's Arm than they relieve his Head. I would fain know what pain it was to the *Perſians* ſo long ago, and in the infancy of their Luxury, to make ſuch *Ventiducts*, and plant ſuch *Shades* about their abodes, as *Xenophon* reports they did. I love Rain, and to dabble in the Dirt, as well as tame Ducks do; the change of Air and Climate never concern me: Every Sky is alike. I am only troubled with inward Alterations, which I breed within my ſelf, and thoſe are not ſo frequent in *Travel*. I am hard to be got out, but being once upon the Road, I hold out as well as the beſt. I take as much pains in little, as in great Attempts; and am as ſollicitous to equip my ſelf for a ſhort *Journey*, if but to viſit a Neighbour, as for the longeſt *Voyage*. I have learn'd to travel after the *Spaniſh* Faſhion, and to make but on Stage of a great many Miles; and in exceſſive heats, I always travel by Night, from Sun-ſet, to Sun-riſing. The other method of baiting by the way, in haſte and hurry to gobble up a Dinner, is, eſpecially in ſhort days, very inconvenient. My Horſes perform the better, for never any Horſe tired under me, that was able to hold

Umbrella's of Italy.

The *Spaniſh* way of travelling.

hold out the firſt day's Journey. I water them at every Brook I meet, and have only a care they have ſo much way to go before I come to my Inn, as will warm the Water in their Bellies. My unwillingneſs to riſe in a Morning, gives my Servants leiſure to dine at their eaſe before they go out. For my own part, I never eat too late; my Appetite comes to me in eating, and not elſe, and am never hungry but at *Table*. Some of my Friends blame me for continuing this travelling Humour, being married and old. But they are out in't; for it is the beſt time to leave a Man's Houſe, when a Man has put it into a way of continuing without us; and ſetled ſuch an *Oeconomy*, as correſponds to it for mere Government. 'Tis much greater imprudence to abandon it to a leſs faithful Houſe-keeper, and who will be leſs ſollicitous to provide for the Family, and look after your Affairs. The moſt uſeful and honourable Knowledge and Employment for the Mother of a Family, is, the *Science* of good Houſewifery. I ſee ſome that are *covetous* indeed, but very few that are *ſaving*. 'Tis the ſupream Quality of a Woman, and that a Man ought to ſeek after before any other, as the only *Dowry* that muſt ruine or preſerve our Houſes. Let Men ſay what they will, according to the Experience I have learn'd, I require in married Women the Oeconomical Vertue above all other Vertues; I put my Wife to't, as a Concern of her own, leaving her by my abſence the whole Government of my Affairs. I ſee, and am aſham'd to ſee, in ſeveral *Families* I know,

Mon-

Monſieur, about Dinner-time, come home all dirt, and in great diſorder, from trotting about amongſt his Husbandmen and Labourers, when Madam is perhaps ſcarce out of her Bed, and afterwards is pouncing and tricking up herſelf forſooth in her Cloſet. This is for *Queens* to do, and that's a queſtion too. 'Tis ridiculous, and unjuſt, that the Lazineſs of our Wives ſhould be maintain'd with our Sweat and Labour. No Man, foraſmuch as in me lies, ſhall have a more free and liberal, a more quiet and free fruition of his Eſtate than I. If the *Husband* bring Matter, *Nature* her ſelf will that the *Wife* find the Form. As to the Duties of Conjugal Friendſhip, that ſome think to be violated by the abſence, I am quite of another Opinion; it is on the contrary an *Intelligence* that eaſily cools by a too frequent and aſſiduous Practice. Every ſtrange Woman appears graceful, and every one finds by Experience, that being continually together is not ſo pleaſing, as to part for a time, and meet again. Theſe interruptions inflame me anew towards my Wife, and render my own Houſe more pleaſant to me. Abſence, and change of Place, renew my Appetite both to the one and the other. I know that the Arms of Friendſhip are long enough to reach from the one end of the World to the other, and eſpecially this, where there is a continual communication of Offices that rouze the Obligation and Remembrance. The *Stoicks* ſay, that there is ſo great Connexion and Relation amongſt wiſe Men, that he who dines in *France*, nouriſhes his

That Conjugal Friendſhip grows warm by abſence.

his Companion in *Ægypt*; and that whoever does but hold out his Finger, in what part of the World ſoever, all the wiſe Men upon the habitable Earth feel themſelves aſſiſted by it. Fruition and Poſſeſſion principally appertain to the Imagination. It more fervently and conſtantly embraces what it is in queſt of, than what we hold in our Arms. Let a Man but conſider and caſt up his daily Thoughts, and he will find, that he is moſt abſent from his Friend when in his Company. His Aſſiſtance relieves your Attention, and gives your Thoughts liberty to abſent themſelves at every turn, and upon every Occaſion. When I am at *Rome*, I keep and govern my Houſe, and the Conveniencies I there left, ſee my Walls riſe, my Trees ſhoot, and my Revenue increaſe, or decreaſe, very near as well as when I am there.

Ovid. Triſt. l. 3. Eleg. 4. *Ante oculos errat domus, errat forma locorum.*

My Houſe, and forms of places conſtantly
Preſent themſelves unto my Fancy's Eye.

If we enjoy nothing but what we touch, we may ſay farewel to the Money in our Cloſets, and to our Sons when they are gone a hunting. We will have them nearer to us. Is the Garden, or half a days Journey from home ſo far? What is ten Leagues, far, or near? If near, what is eleven, twelve, or thirteen? and ſo by degrees. In earneſt, if there be a Woman who can tell her Husband what ſtep ends the

near,

near, and what ſtep begins the *remote*, I would adviſe her to ſtop between.

——— *excludat jurgia finis:* *Hor. lib. 2. Epiſt. 1.*
Utor permiſſo, caudæque pilos ut equinæ (unum
Paulatim vello: & demo unum, demo etiam
Dum cadat cluſus ratione ruentis acervi.

———the whole Horſe tail we may
Thus hair by hair, at length pluck quite away. Sir *W. P.*

And let them in Gods Name call *Philoſophy* to their Aſſiſtance; in whoſe teeth it may be caſt, that ſeeing it neither diſcerns the one nor the other end of the joynt, betwixt the too much and the little, the long and the ſhort, the light and the heavy, the near and the remote, that ſeeing it diſcovers neither the beginning nor the end, it muſt needs judge very uncertainly of the middle. *Rerum natura nullam nobis dedit cognitionem finium.* *Cic. Acad. lib. 4.* Are they not ſtill Wives and Friends to the dead, who are not only at the end of this, but in the other World? We embrace not only the abſent, but thoſe who have been, and thoſe who are not yet. We do not promiſe in Marriage to be continually twiſted and linkt together, like ſome little Animals that we ſee, or like thoſe of *Karenty*, that are bewitch'd, tyed together like Dogs. And a Wife ought not to be ſo greedily enamour'd of her Husband's *Fore-parts*, that ſhe cannot endure to ſee him turn his *Back*, if occaſion be. But may not this ſaying of that excellent Painter of Womens Humours be here introduc'd

The bewitch'd of *Karenty.*

duc'd, to shew the Reason of their Complaints?

Ter. Adelp. Act. I. *Scen.* I.

Uxor, si cesses, aut te amare cogitat,
Aut tete amari, aut potare, aut animo obsequi,
Et tibi bene esse soli, cum sibi sit male.

Thy Wife, if thou stay'st long abroad, is mov'd,
Thinking thou either lov'st, or art belov'd;
Drinking, or something else, thy self to please,
And that thou'rt well, whilst she is ill at ease.

Or may it not be, that of it self Opposition and Contradiction entertains and nourishes them, and that they sufficiently accommodate themselves, provided they incommodate you? In true Friendship, wherein I pretend to be as perfect as another, I more give my self to my Friend, than I endeavour to attract him to me. I am not only better pleas'd in doing him service, than if he conferr'd a Benefit upon me; but moreover, had rather he should do himself good than me, and he most obliges me when he does so. And if absence be either more pleasant or convenient for him, 'tis also more acceptable to me than his Presence; neither is it properly absence, when we can write to one another. I have sometimes made good use of our separation from one another. We better fill'd, and further extended the possession of Life in being parted. He liv'd, rejoyc'd, and saw for me, and I for him, as plainly as if he had himself been there; one part remain'd idle, and we confounded one another when we were together. The distance of *Place* rendred

Of the Utility the absence of a Friend is.

dred the Conjunction of our *Wills* more rich. This inſatiable deſire of perſonal Preſence, a little implies weakneſs in the fruition of Souls. As to what concerns Age, which is alledg'd againſt me, 'tis quite contrary; 'tis for Youth to ſubject it ſelf to common Opinions, and to curb it ſelf to pleaſe others. It has wherewithal to pleaſe both the People and its ſelf; we have but too much ado to pleaſe our ſelves alone. As natural Conveniences fail, let us ſupply them with thoſe that are artificial. 'Tis Injuſtice to excuſe Youth for purſuing its Pleaſures, and to forbid old Men to ſeek them. When young, I conceal'd my wanton Paſſions with Prudence; now I am old, I chaſe away Melancholy by Debauch. And thus do the *Platonick Laws* forbid Travel till forty or fifty years old, that Mens Travels might be more uſeful and inſtructive in ſo mature an Age. I ſhould ſooner ſubſcribe to this ſecond Article of the *Laws*, who forbids it after threeſcore; but at ſuch an Age you will never return from ſo long a Journey. What care I for that? I neither undertake it to return nor to finiſh it. My buſineſs is only to keep my ſelf in motion whilſt motion pleaſes me, and only walk for the walk's ſake. They who hunt after a Benefice, or a Hare, run not; they only run that run at *Baſe*, and to exerciſe their running. My deſign is diviſible throughout, it is not grounded upon any great hopes, every day concludes my expectation. And the Journey of my Life is carried on after the ſame manner; and yet I have ſeen Places enow a great way off, when I could

I could have wiſh'd to have been ſtay'd. And why not, if *Chryſippus*, *Cleanthes*, *Diogenes*, *Zeno*, *Antipater*, ſo many *Sages* of the ſoureſt *Sect*, chearfully abandoned their Country, without occaſion of complaint, and only for the enjoyment of another Air? In earneſt, that which moſt diſpleaſes me in all my Voyages, is, that I cannot reſolve to ſettle my Abode where I ſhould beſt like, but that I muſt always propoſe to my ſelf to return, to accommodate my ſelf to the common Humour. If I fear'd to die in any other Place than that of my Birth; if I thought I ſhould die more uneaſily remote from my own Family, I ſhould hardly go out of *France*; I ſhould not without fear ſtep out of my Pariſh. I feel Death always twitching me by the Throat, or by the Back: but I am of another temper, 'tis in all Places alike to me; yet, might I have my choice, I think I ſhould rather chooſe to die on *Horſeback* than in a *Bed*, out of my own Houſe, and far enough from my own People. There is more Heart-breaking than Conſolation in taking leave of ones *Friends*; I am willing to omit that civility, for that of all the Offices of Friendſhip is the only one that is unpleaſant, and could with all my heart diſpence with that great and eternal Farewel. If there be any convenience in ſo many ſtanders by, it brings an hundred inconveniencies along with it. I have ſeen many miſerably dying, ſurrounded with all their Train: 'tis a crowd that choaks them. 'Tis againſt Duty, and a teſtimony of little kindneſs, and little care, to permit you to die in Repoſe, one torments your Eyes, another afflicts

afflicts your Ears, another tires your faultring Tongue; you have neither Senſe nor Member that is not violated by them: Your Heart is wounded with compaſſion to hear the mourning of thoſe that are your real Friends, and perhaps with ſpite, to hear the counterfeit condolings of thoſe who only pretend and make a ſhew of being ſo. Whoever has been delicate that way, when well, is much more ſo in his weakneſs. In ſuch a neceſſity a tender Hand is required, & accommodated to his *Sentiments*, to ſcratch him juſt in the place where he itches, or not to meddle with him at all. If we ſtand in need of a * *Knowing Woman* to bring us into the World, we have much more need of a wiſer Man to help us out of it. Such a one, and a Friend to boot, a man ought to purchaſe at any rate for ſuch an Occaſion. I am not yet arriv'd to ſuch a pitch of Bravery as to diſdain all aſſiſtance in that fatal Hour, nor pretend to be able ſo to fortifie my ſelf in my own Strength, that nothing can aſſiſt or offend me; I have not brought my ſelf to that: I endeavour to hide my ſelf, and to eſcape from this Paſſage, not by *Fear* but by *Art*. I do not intend in this act of dying to muſter up and make a ſhew of my conſtancy. For whom ſhould I do it? All the right and title I have to reputation will then ceaſe. I content my ſelf with a Death involv'd within it ſelf, quiet, ſolitary, and all my own, ſuitable to my retir'd and private life. Quite contrary to the *Roman* Superſtition, where a Man was look'd upon as unhappy, who dyed without ſpeaking, and that had not

* *viz.* A Midwife ſo call'd in *French.*

The eyes of dying Perſons clos'd by their neareſt Relations.

his neareſt Relations to cloſe his Eyes. I have enough to do to comfort my ſelf, without giving my ſelf the trouble of conſolating others; thoughts enough in my head, not to need that Circumſtances ſhould poſſeſs me with new; and matter enough to entertain my ſelf withal without borrowing. This critical minute is out of the part of Society, 'tis the act of one ſingle Perſon. Let us live, and be merry amongſt our *Friends*, let us go dye, and be ſullen amongſt *Strangers*. A Man may find thoſe for his Money that will ſhift his pillow, and rub his feet, and will trouble him no more than he would have them, who will preſent him with an indifferent Countenance, and ſuffer him to govern himſelf, and to complain according to his own Method. I wean my ſelf daily by my Reaſon from this childiſh and inhumane Humour, of deſiring by our ſufferings to move the Compaſſion and Mourning of our Friends. We ſtretch our Inconveniencies beyond their juſt extent when we extract tears from them, and the Conſtancy which we commend in every one in ſupporting his own adverſe Fortune, we accuſe and reproach in our Friends when the caſe is our own; we are not ſatisfied that they ſhould be ſenſible of our Condition only, unleſs they be moreover afflicted. A Man ſhould publiſh and communicate his *joy*, but as much as he can, conceal and ſmother his *grief*: He that makes himſelf lamented without Reaſon, is a Man not to be lamented when there ſhall be real Cauſe. To be always complaining, is the way

way never to be lamented; by making himſelf always in ſo pitiful a Taking, he is never commiſerated by any. He that makes himſelf dead when he is alive, is ſubject to be thought likely to live when he is dying; I have ſeen ſome, who have taken it ill when they have been told that they look'd well, and that their Pulſe was temperate, contain their ſmiles, becauſe they betray'd a Recovery, and be angry at their Health becauſe it was not to be lamented: And, which is a great deal more, they were not Women neither. I deſcribe my Infirmities, but ſuch as they really are at moſt, and avoid all Expreſſions of ill Prognoſtick and compos'd Exclamations. If not Mirth, at leaſt, a temperate Countenance in the ſtanders by, is proper in the Preſence of a wiſe ſick Man. He does not quarrel with Health, for ſeeing himſelf in a contrary Condition. He is pleas'd to contemplate it ſound and intire in others, and at leaſt to enjoy it for Company. He does not, for feeling himſelf melt away, abandon all thoughts of Life, nor avoid to diſcourſe of ordinary and indifferent things. I will ſtudy ſickneſs whilſt I am well; when it has ſeiz'd me it will make its impreſſion real enough, without the help of my Imagination. We prepare our ſelves before hand for the Journey we undertake and reſolve upon, we leave the appointment of the Hour when to take Horſe to the Company, and in their favour deferr it. I find this unexpected advantage in the publication of my Manners, that it in ſome ſort ſerves me for a Rule. I have

Mourning very improper about ſick Perſons.

ſometimes ſome conſideration of not betraying or falſifying the Hiſtory of my Life. This publick *Declaration* obliges me to keep my way, and not to give the lie to the Image I have drawn of my Qualities, commonly leſs deform'd and interdicted than the malignity and infirmity of the Judgments of this Age would have them. The uniformity and ſimplicity of my Manners produce a Face of eaſie interpretation, but becauſe the faſhion is a little new, and out of Uſe, it gives great opportunity to ſlander. Yet ſo it is, that whoever will go about juſtly to condemn me, I do think I ſo ſufficiently aſſiſt his Malice in my known and avow'd Imperfections, that he may that way ſatisfie his ill nature, without fighting with the Wind. If I my ſelf to prevent his accuſation and diſcovery, confeſs enough to fruſtrate his malice, as he conceives, 'tis but reaſon that he make uſe of his right of amplification, and to wire-draw my Vices as far as he can; offence has a right beyond Juſtice; and let him make the roots of thoſe errors I have laid open to him ſhoot up into Trees and Branches: let him make his Uſe, not only of thoſe I am really infected with, but alſo of thoſe that only threaten me; Injurious Vices both in quality and number. Let him cudgel me that way. I ſhould willingly follow the example of the Philoſopher *Dion*. *Antigonus* being about to reproach him with the meanneſs of his Birth, he preſently cut him ſhort, with this Declaration; *I am*, ſaid he, *the Son of a Slave, a Butcher, and ſtigmatiz'd, and of a Whore; my Father marri-*

married in the loweſt of his Fortune, who both of them were whipt for Offences they had committed. An Orator *bought me, when a Child, and finding me a pretty and hopeful Boy, bred me up, and when he died left me all his Eſtate, which I have tranſported into this City of* Athens, *and here ſetled my ſelf to the ſtudy of Philoſophy.* Let the Hiſtorians never trouble themſelves with inquiring after me. I ſhall tell them what I am; and a free and generous confeſſion enervates Reproach, and diſarms Slander. So it is, that, one thing with another, I fanſie Men as oft commend, as undervalue me beyond reaſon. As methinks alſo, from my infancy, in rank and degree of Honour, they have given me a place rather above than below my right. I ſhould find my ſelf more at eaſe in a Country where theſe Degrees were either regulated or not regarded. Amongſt Men, when the difference about the precedency either of walking or ſitting exceeds three replies, 'tis reputed uncivil. I never ſtick at giving, or taking place out of Rule, to avoid the trouble of Ceremony. And never any Man had a Mind to go before me, but I permitted him to do it. Beſides the profit I make of writing of my ſelf, I have alſo hop'd for this other advantage, that if it ſhould fall out that my humour ſhould pleaſe, or jump with thoſe of ſome honeſt Man, before I die, he would then deſire, and ſeek to be acquainted with me, and to come up to me. I have given him a great deal of ſpace; for all that he could have in many years acquir'd

quir'd by a long familiarity, he has ſeen in three days in this memorial, and more ſurely and exactly ſet down. A pleaſant fancy: many things that I would not confeſs to any one in particular, I deliver to the Publick; and ſend my beſt Friends to a Bookſellers ſhop, there to inform themſelves concerning my moſt ſecret Thoughts.

Per. ſat. 5. *excutienda damus præcordia.*

My Intrails I lay open to Mens view.

Had I by good Direction known where to have ſought any one proper for my Converſation, I ſhould certainly have gone a great way to have found him out: For the ſweetneſs of ſuitable and agreeable Company, cannot, in my Opinion, be bought too dear. Oh! What a thing is a true Friend! How true is that old ſaying, *That the Uſe of a Friend is more pleaſing and neceſſary, than the Elements of Water and Fire!* To return to my Subject, there is then no great harm in dying privately, and far from home. And we alſo conceive our ſelves oblig'd to retire for natural Actions leſs unſeemly, and leſs terrible than this. But moreover, ſuch as are reduc'd to ſpin out a long Languiſhing Life, ought not perhaps to wiſh to trouble a great Family with their continual Miſeries. Therefore the *Indians*, in a certain Province, thought it juſt to knock a Man o'th' Head, when reduc'd to ſuch a Neceſſity: And in another of their *Provinces*, they

How uſeful and neceſſary a Friend is.

they all forſook him, to ſhift for himſelf as well as he could. To whom do they not at leaſt become tedious and inſupportable? You teach your beſt Friends to be cruel of force; hardning Women and Children by long uſance, neither to lament, nor to regard your ſufferings. The Groans forc'd from me by the pain of the Stone, were grown ſo familiar to my People, that no body took any more notice of them. And though we ſhould extract ſome Pleaſure from their Converſation, (which does not always happen, by reaſon of the Diſparity of Conditions, which eaſily begets Contempt or Envy toward any one whatever) is it not too much to be troubleſome all the days of a Man's Life? The more I ſhould ſee them force themſelves out of real Affection to be ſerviceable to me, the more I ſhould be ſorry for their pains. We have liberty to lean, but not to lay our whole weight upon others, ſo as to prop our ſelves by their ruine. Like him who caus'd little Childrens Throats to be cut, to make uſe of their Blood for the cure of a certain Diſeaſe he had: Or that other, who was continually ſupply'd with tender young Girls, to keep his old Limbs warm in the Night, and to mix the ſweetneſs of theirs with his ſour and ſtinking Breath. Decrepitude is a ſolitary Quality. I am ſociable even to exceſs; and I think it reaſonable that I ſhould now withdraw my Miſeries from the ſight of the World, and keep them to my ſelf. Let me ſhrink and draw up my ſelf like a *Tortoiſe*. I learn to ſee Men without hanging upon them,

I ſhould endanger them in ſo ſteep a paſſage. 'Tis now time to turn my back to company. But in theſe Travels you may be ſurpriz'd with Sickneſs in ſome wretched place where nothing can be had to relieve you: I always carry moſt things neceſſary about me; and beſides, we cannot evade Fortune, if ſhe once reſolve to attack us. I need nothing extraordinary when I am ſick. I will not be beholding to my *Bolus* to do that for me which Nature cannot. At the very beginning of my Fevers, and Sickneſſes that caſt me down, whilſt intire, and but a little diſorder in my Health, I reconcile my ſelf to *Almighty God* by the laſt Chriſtian Offices, and find my ſelf by ſo doing leſs oppreſs'd, and more eaſie, and have got methinks ſo much the better of my Diſeaſe. And I have yet leſs need of a Scrivener or Counſellor, than of a Phyſician. What I have not ſettled of my Affairs when I was in *Health*, let no one expect I ſhould do it when I am *Sick*. What I will do for the ſervice of Death, is always done. I durſt not ſo much as one day deferr it. And if nothing be done, 'tis as much as to ſay, either that doubt hinder'd my choice, (and ſometimes 'tis well choſen not to chooſe) or that I was poſitively reſolv'd not to do any thing at all. I write my Book to few Men, and to few years. Had it been matter of duration, I ſhould have put it into a better Language; for, according to the continual variation that ours has been continually ſubject to, who can expect that the preſent force ſhould be in uſe fifty years hence? It

ſlips

ſlips every day thorough our Fingers, and ſince I was born is alter'd above one half. We ſay that it is now perfect; and every Age ſays the ſame of the Language then ſpoken: But I ſhall hardly truſt to that, ſo long as it varies and changes as it does. 'Tis for good and uſefull Writings to nail and rivet it to them, and its Reputation will go according to the Fortune of our State. For which Reaſon, I am not afraid to inſert in it ſeveral private Articles, which will ſpend their uſe amongſt the men that are now living, and that concren the particular knowledge of ſome who will ſee further into them than every common Reader. I will not after all, as I oft hear dead men ſpoken of, that men ſhould ſay of me, *He judg'd, and liv'd ſo and ſo; he would have done this or that, could he have ſpoke when he was dying; he would have ſaid ſo or ſo, and have given this thing or t'other; I knew him better than any.* Now, as much as Decency permits, I here diſcover my Inclinations and Affections; but I do it more willingly and freely by word of Mouth, to any one who deſires to be inform'd. So it is, that in theſe *Memoirs*, if any one obſerve, he will find, that I have either told, or deſign'd to tell all. What I cannot expreſs, I point out with my Finger.

Verum animo ſatis hæc veſtigia parva ſagaci
Sunt, per quæ poſſis cognoſcere cætera tute: Lucret. 1. 1.

But

But by theſe foot-ſteps a ſagacious mind
May eaſily all other Matters find.

I leave nothing to be deſir'd, or to be gueſs'd at concerning me. If People muſt be talking of me, I would have it to be juſtly, and truly. I would come again with all my Heart from the other World, to give any one the lie that ſhould report me other than I was, though he did it to honour me. I perceive that People repreſent, even living men, quite another thing than what they really are: and had I not ſtoutly defended a Friend, whom I have loſt, they would have torn him into a thouſand ſeveral pieces. To conclude the account of my frail Humours, I do confeſs, that in my Travel, I ſeldom come to my Inn, but that it comes into my mind to conſider whether I could there be ſick, and dying at my eaſe; I would be lodg'd in ſome convenient part of the Houſe, remote from all noiſe, ill ſcents, and ſmoke. I endeavour to flatter Death by theſe frivolous Circumſtances; or to ſay better, to diſcharge my ſelf from all other Incumbrances, that I may have nothing to do, nor be troubled with any thing but it, which will lie heavy enough upon me without the aſſiſtance of any other thing to mend the Load. I would have my Death ſhare in the eaſe and conveniences of my Life; 'tis a great part of it, and of the greateſt importance, and hope it will not for the future contradict what is paſt. Death has ſome forms that are more eaſie than others, and receives divers Qualities,

Qualities, according to every ones Fancy Amongst the natural ones, those that proceed from Weakness and Stupidity I think the most favourable: amongst those that are violent, I can worse endure to think of a precipiece than the fall of a House, that will crush me flat in a moment? and a wound with a Sword, than a Harquebus shot: and should rather have chosen to poyson my self with *Socrates*, then stab my self with *Cato*. And though it be the same thing, yet my Imagination makes as great a difference as betwixt Death and Life, betwixt throwing my self into a burning Furnace, and plunging into the Channel of a River: So idely does our Fear more concern it self in the Means than the Effect. It is but an instant, 'tis true, but withall, an instant of such weight, that I would willingly give a great many days of my Life to pass it over after my own fashion. Since every ones Imagination renders it more or less terrible, and since every one has some choice amongst the several forms of dying, let us try a little further, to find some one that is wholly clear from all Offence. Might not one render it moreover Voluptuous, as they did who died with *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*? I set aside the brave and exemplary efforts produc'd by *Philosophy* and *Religion*. But amongst men of little mark, such as *Petronius*, and a *Tigillinus* at *Rome*, there have been found men condemn'd to dispatch themselves, who have as it were rock'd Death asleep with the delicacy of their Preparations; They have made it slip and steal away, even in the height of

of their accustomed Diversions. Amongst Whores and good Fellows, not a word of Consolation, no mention of making a Will, no ambitious affectation of Constancy, no talk of their future Condition: amongst Sports, Feastings, Wit, and Mirth, common and indifferent Discourses, Musick, and amorous Verses. Were it not possible for us to imitate this Resolution after a more decent manner? Since there are Deaths that are fit for fools, and fit for the wise, let us find out such as are fit for those who are betwixt both. My Imagination suggests to me one that is easie, and since we must die, to be desir'd. The *Roman Tyrants* thought they did in a manner give a Criminal Life, when they gave him the choice of his Death. But was not *Theophrastus*, that so delicate, so modest, and so wise a *Philosopher*, compell'd by Reason, when he durst repeat this Verse translated by *Cicero?*

The manner of dying left to the choice of Criminals by the Tyrants.

Cic. Tusc. lib. 5.

Vitam regit Fortuna, non Sapientia.

Fortune, not Wisdom, humane Life doth sway,

Fortune is assisting to the Facility of the bargain of my Life; having plac'd it in such a condition that for the future it can be no advantage nor hindrance to those that are concern'd in me. 'Tis a Condition that I would have accepted at any time of my Age: but in this occasion of trussing up my Baggage, I am particularly pleas'd, that in dying I shall neither do them good nor harm; she has so order'd it by a cunning Compensation, that they who may

may pretend to any conſiderable advantage by my death, will at the ſame time ſuſtain a material inconvenience. Death ſometimes is more grievous to us, in that it is grievous to others, and intereſts us in their intereſt as much as in our own, and ſometimes more. In this Conveniency of lodging that I deſire, I mix nothing of Pomp and Splendor, I hate it rather; but a certain plain neatneſs, which is often found in places where there is leſs of Art, and that Nature has adorn'd with ſome grace that is all her own. *Non ampliter, ſed munditer convivium. Plus ſalis quam ſumptus.* And beſides, 'tis for thoſe whoſe Affairs compell them to travel in the depth of Winter through the *Griſons* Country, to be ſurpriz'd upon the way with great Inconveniences. I, who for the moſt part travel for my pleaſure, do not order my Affairs ſo ill. If the way be foul on my right-hand, I turn on my left; if I find my ſelf unfit to ride, I ſtay where I am: and ſo doing, in earneſt, I ſee nothing that is not as pleaſant and commodious as my own Houſe. 'Tis true, that I always find ſuperfluity ſuperfluous, and obſerve a kind of trouble even in abundance it ſelf. Have I left any thing behind me unſeen, I go back to ſee it, 'tis ſtill my way; I trace no certain line, either ſtraight or crooked. Do I not find in the place to which I go what was reported to me? as it oft falls out, that the Judgments of others do not jump with mine, and that I have found thoſe Reports for the moſt part falſe; I never complain of loſing my Labour: I have at leaſt inform'd my ſelf that what was told

Cor. Nepos in vita At.

told me was not true. I have a Constitution of Body as free, and a Palat as indifferent as any man living: the diversity of Fashions of several Nations no further concern me than the meer pleasure of Variety. Every Usance has its Reason. Let the Plate and Dishes be Pewter, Wood, or Earth, my Meat be boyl'd or roasted, let them give me Butter or Oyl, of Nuts, or Olives, hot or cold, 'tis all one to me: and so indifferent, that growing old, I accuse this generous Faculty, and have need that delicacy and choice should correct the the Indiscretion of my Appetite, and somtimes relieve my Stomach. When I have been abroad out of *France*, and that People out of Courtesie have ask'd me if I would be serv'd after the *French* manner, I laugh'd at the question, and always frequented Tables the most fill'd with Strangers. I am asham'd to see my Country-men besotted with this fooliſh Humour of quarelling with forms contrary to their own. They seem to be out of their Element, when out of their own Village. Where-ever they go, they keep strictly to their own fashions, and abominate those of Strangers. Do we meet with a Compatriot in *Hungary*? Oh the happy adventure! They are thence-forward inseparable; they cling together, and their whole Discourse is to condemn the barbarous manners they see there. And why barbarous, but because they are not *French*? And those have made the best use of their Travels, who have observ'd most to speak against; for most of them go for no other end, but to come again.

They

They proceed in their Travel with great Gravity and Circumſpection, with a ſilent and incommunicable Prudence, preſerving themſelves from the Contagion of an unknown Air. What I am ſaying of them, puts me in mind of ſomething like it. I have ſometimes obſerv'd in ſome of our young Courtiers, they will not mix with any but Men of their own ſort; and look upon us as Men of another World, with diſdain and pity. Put them upon any Diſcourſe but the Intrigues of the Court, and they are utterly at a loſs; as very Owls and Novices to us, as we are to them. And 'tis truly ſaid, that a well-bred Man is of a compound Education. I, on the contrary, travel very much ſated with our own Faſhions; not to look for *Gaſcons* in *Sicily*, I have left them at home: I rather ſeek for *Greeks* than *Perſians*; they are the Men I endeavour to be acquainted with, and the Men I ſtudy; 'tis there that I beſtow and employ my ſelf: And, which is more, I fancy that I have met but with few Cuſtoms that are not at leaſt as good as our own. I have not, I confeſs, travell'd very far; ſcarce out of the ſight of the Fanes of my own Houſe. As to the reſt, moſt of the accidental Company a Man falls into upon the Road, beget him more trouble than pleaſure; I wave them as much as I civilly can, eſpecially now that Age ſeems in ſome ſort to priviledge and ſequeſter me from the common Forms. You ſuffer for others, or others ſuffer for you; both of them inconveniences of importance enough, but the latter appears to me the greater. 'Tis

a rare Fortune, but of ineſtimable ſolace, to have a worthy Man, one of a ſound Judgment, and of Manners conformable to your own, who takes a delight to bear you company. I have been at an infinite loſs for that upon my Travels. But ſuch a Companion ſhould be choſe and acquir'd from your firſt ſetting out. There can be no Pleaſure to me without Communication: There is not ſo much as a ſpritely thought comes into my mind, that it does not grieve me to have produc'd alone, and that I have no one to communicate it unto. *Si cum hac exceptione detur Sapientia, ut illam inclusam teneam, nec enunciem, rejiciam.* *If Wiſdom were conferr'd with this caution, that I muſt keep it to my ſelf, and not communicate it to others, I would none of it.* This other has ſtrain'd it one Note higher: *Si contigerit ea vita ſapienti, ut omnium rerum affluentibus copiis, quamvis omnia, quæ cognitione digna ſunt, ſummo otio ſecum ipſe conſideret, & contempletur, tamen ſi ſolitudo tanta ſit, ut hominem videre non poſſit, excedat è vita.* *If ſuch a condition of Life ſhould happen to a wiſe Man, that in the greateſt plenty of all Conveniencies, he might at the moſt undiſturb'd leiſure, conſider, and contemplate all things worth the knowing, yet if his Solitude muſt be ſuch that he muſt not ſee a Man, he had much better die.* *Architas* was of my Opinion, when he ſaid, That it would be unpleaſant even in Heaven it ſelf, to wander in thoſe great and Divine Cœleſtial Bodies without a Companion. But yet 'tis much better to be alone, than in fooliſh and troubleſome Compa-

ny.

Worthy Men of great ſolace in travel.

Seneca, Epiſt. 6.

Cic. de Offi. lib. 1.

ny. *Ariſtippus* lov'd to live as a Stranger in all places:

Mea ſi fata meis paterentur ducere vitam *Æneid. l. 4.*
Auſpiciis.

But if the Fates would ſo propitious be,
To let me live at my own Liberty,

I ſhould chuſe to paſs away the greateſt part of my Life on Horſe-back.

——— *viſere geſtiens,* *Hor. lib. 3.*
Qua parte debacchentur ignes, *Ode 3.*
Quæ nebulæ pluviique rores.

Viſit the ſtores of Snow and Hail, Sir *Richard*
And where exceſſive Heats prevail. *Fanſhaw.*

Have you not more eaſie Diverſions at home? What do you there want? Is not your Houſe ſituated in a ſweet and healthful Air, ſufficiently furniſh'd, and more than ſufficiently large? The Royal Majeſty has more than once been entertain'd there with all his Train. Has not your Family left more below it in good Government, than it has above it in Eminence? Is there any novel, extraordinary, and indigeſtible thought that afflicts you?

Quæ te nunc coquat, & vexet ſub pectore fixa: *Cic. de Senect. ex Enn.*

That now lies broiling in thy troubled Breaſt,
And ne'er will ſuffer thee to be at reſt.

Where do you think to live without diſturbance? *Curtius.* *Nunquam ſimpliciter fortuna indulget,* You ſee then, it is only you that trouble your ſelf, and you ſhall every where follow your ſelf, and every where complain; for there is no ſatisfaction here below, but either for brutiſh or Divine Souls. He, who in ſo juſt an occaſion has no contentment, where will he think to find it? How many millions of Men terminate their Wiſhes in ſuch a Condition as yours? Do but reform your ſelf; for that is wholly in your own Power; whereas you have no other Right but Patience towards Fortune. *Nulla placida quies eſt, niſi quam ratio compoſuit.* *Senec. Epiſt. 56.* I ſee the reaſon of this Advertiſement, and ſee it perfectly well; but he might ſooner have done, and have ſpoken more pertinently, in bidding me in one word, *Be wiſe.* This Reſolution is beyond Wiſdom, 'tis her Work and Product. Thus the *Phyſician* lies preaching to a poor languiſhing *Patient* to be *cheerful*, but he would adviſe him a little more diſcreetly in bidding him *be well.* For my part, I am but a Man of the common ſort. 'Tis a wholeſome *Precept*, certain, and eaſie to be underſtood, *Be content with what you have*; that is to ſay, with *Reaſon:* And yet to follow this Advice, is no more in the Power of the wiſe Men of the World, than in me: 'Tis a common Saying, but of a terrible extent: What does it not comprehend? All things fall under Diſcretion and Qualification. I know very well, that to take it by the Letter, this pleaſure of travelling is a Teſtimony of Uneaſi-

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and irreſolution, and alſo thoſe two are our governing and predominating qualities. Yes, I do confeſs they are: I ſee nothing, not ſo much as in a dream, and in a wiſh, whereon I could ſet up my reſt: Variety only, and the poſſeſſion of diverſity, can ſatisfie me, if any thing can. In travelling, it pleaſes me that I may ſtay where I like without inconvenience, and that I have wherewithal commodiouſly to divert my ſelf. I love a private Life, becauſe 'tis my own choice that I love it, not by any diſſenting from, or diſlike of the publick way of living, which peradventure is as much according to my Complexion. I ſerve my Prince more chearfully, becauſe it is by the free election of my own Judgment and Reaſon, without any particular obligation; and that I am not compell'd ſo to do, for being rejected or diſlik'd by the other Party; and ſo of all the reſt. I hate the Morſels that neceſſity carves me. I ſhould think that the greateſt convenience upon which I were only to depend, had me by the Throat:

Alter remus aquas, alter mihi radat arenas. *Prop. l. 3. Eleg. 2.*

Let me in Water plunge one Oar,
And with the other rake the ſhoar.

One Cord will never hold me faſt enough. You will ſay there is Vanity in this way of living. But where not? Both theſe fine Precepts are Vanity, and all Wiſdom is Vanity. *Deus novit cogitationes ſapientum, quoniam vana*

vanæ ſunt. Theſe exquiſite ſubtilties are only fit for Sermons. They are Diſcourſes that will ſend us all ſaddled into the other World. Life, as a material and corporal motion, an action imperfect and irregular of its own proper Eſſence, I make it my buſineſs to ſerve it according to it ſelf.

Æn. lib. 6. *Quiſque ſuos patimur manes.*

We all are puniſh'd for our proper Crimes.

Cic. de Off. lib. 1. *Sic eſt faciendum, ut contra naturam univerſam nihil contendamus: ea tamen conſervata, propriam ſequantur. We muſt ſo order it, as by no means to contend againſt Univerſal Nature; but yet, that Rule being obſerv'd, to follow our own.* To what end are theſe elevated points of *Philoſophy*, upon which no humane Being can rely? and thoſe Rules that exceed both our Uſe and Force? I ſee that we have oft Images of Life ſet before us, which neither the Propoſer nor thoſe that hear him have any manner of hope, nor which is more, of inclination to follow. Of the ſame ſheet of Paper whereon the Judge has but juſt writ a Sentence againſt an Adulterer, he ſteals a piece whereon to write a *Love*-Letter to his Companions Wife. She whom you have but juſt now entertain'd in your Embraces, will preſently, even in your own hearing, aloud, more inveigh againſt the ſame fault in her Companion than a *Porcia*. And ſuch there are, who will condemn Men to death for Crimes that

that they do not themſelves repute ſo much as faults. I have in my Youth ſeen a Man in good Habit, with one hand preſent the People with Verſes that excell'd both in Wit and Debauchery, and with the other, at the ſame time, the moſt ſeditious Theological Reformation that the World has been treated withal theſe many years. Men proceed at this rate; We let the Laws and Precepts follow their way; our ſelves keep another courſe; not only by debauchery of Manners, but oftimes by Judgment and contrary Opinion. Do but hear a Philoſophical *Lecture*; the Invention, Eloquence, and Pertinency immediately work upon your Mind, and move you; There is nothing that either flatters or reprehends your Conſcience; 'tis not to it that they addreſs. Is not this true? This made *Ariſto* ſay, that neither a *Bath* nor a *Lecture* did ſignifie any thing, unleſs they ſcowr'd and made Men clean. One may ſtop at the outward skin; but 'tis after the Marrow is pickt out: as after having quafft off the Wine out of a fine Bowl, we conſider the graving and Workmanſhip. In all the Courts of ancient Philoſophy this is to be found, that the ſame Philoſophy Reader does there publiſh the Rule of *Temperance*, and at the ſame time Lectures of *Love* and *Wantonneſs*. And *Xenophon*, even in the boſom of *Clinias*, writ againſt the *Ariſtippick* Vertue. 'Tis not that there is any miraculous Converſion in it that makes them thus waving, but becauſe *Solon* repreſents ſometimes in his own Perſon, and ſometimes in that of a *Legiſlator*. One while

he ſpeaks for the crowd, and another for himſelf; taking the free and natural Rules for his own ſhare, aſſuring himſelf of a firm and eſtabliſh'd health and vigour.

Juv. Sat. 13. *Curentur dubii medicis majoribus ægri.*

Sr. *Robert Stapleton.* Great Doctors muſt do deſp'rate Patients good.

A *Sage* permitted to love. *Antiſthenes* allow'd a *Sage* to love, and do whatever he ſaw opportune, without regard to the Laws; foraſmuch as he was better adviſ'd than they, and had a greater knowledge of Vertue. His Diſciple *Diogenes* ſaid, that Men to *Perturbations* were to oppoſe *Reaſon*, to *Fortune* Confidence, and to the *Laws* Nature. For tender Stomachs, forc'd and artificial *Recipes* muſt be preſcrib'd: good and ſtrong Stomachs ſerve themſelves ſimply with the preſcriptions of their own natural appetite. After this manner do our *Phyſicians* proceed, who eat *Melons* and drink *Iced Wine*, whilſt they confine their Patients to *Syrups* and *Panades*. I know not, ſaid the Curtezan *Lais*, what they talk of Books, Wiſdom, and Philoſophy, but thoſe Men knock as oft at my door as any other. At the ſame rate that our licence carries us beyond what is lawful and allow'd, Men have often, beyond the univerſal Reaſon ſtretch'd and tenter'd the Precepts and Rules of Life.

Juv. Sat. 14. *Nemo ſatis credit tantum delinquere quantum Permittas.* ———

Non

None ſins juſt ſo far as he hath in charge,
But at his pleaſure will his Vice enlarge. *Sir Rob. Stapleton.*

It were to be wiſh'd, that there were more proportion betwixt the Command and the Obedience, and the Mark ſeems to be unjuſt to which one cannot attain. There is no ſo good Man, that ſo ſquares all his Thoughts and Actions to the Laws, that he is not faulty enough to deſerve hanging ten times in his Life. Nay, and ſuch a one too, as it were great Pity to make away, and very unjuſt to puniſh.

——— *Olle, quid ad te* *Mart. lib. 7 Ep. 9.*
De cute quid faciat ille vel illa ſua?

Ollus, what is't to thee
What with themſelves does he or ſhe?

And ſuch a one there may be, as has no way offended the Laws, who nevertheleſs would not deſerve the Character of a vertuous Man, and that Philoſophy would juſtly condemn to be whip'd; ſo unequal and perplex'd is this relation. We are ſo far from being good Men, according to the Laws of God, that we cannot be ſo according to our own. Humane Wiſdom could never yet arrive at the Duty as it had it ſelf preſcrib'd; and could it arrive there, it would ſtill preſcribe it ſelf others beyond it, to which it would ever aſpire and pretend: ſo great an Enemy to conſiſtency is our humane condition. Man enjoyns himſelf to be neceſſarily in fault. He is not very diſcreet to

cut out his own Duty by the meaſure of any other *Being* than his own. To whom does he preſcribe that which he does not expect any one ſhould perform? Is he unjuſt in not doing what it is impoſſible for him to do? The Laws which condemn us not to be able, condemn us for not being able. At the worſt hand this difform liberty of preſenting themſelves two ſeveral ways, the Actions after one manner, and the Diſcourſes after another way, be allow'd to thoſe who only ſpeak of things; but it cannot be allow'd to thoſe who ſpeak themſelves, as I do; I muſt march my Pen as I do my feet. The common Life ought to have communication with the other Lives. The Vertue of *Cato* was vigorous beyond the Reaſon of the Age he liv'd in, and for a Man whoſe province it was to make one in the governing others, doubtleſs dedicated to the Publick Service; and yet it might be call'd a Juſtice, if not unjuſt, at leaſt vain, and out of ſeaſon. Even my own manners, which have not above an inch of ſingularity in them above thoſe that are current amongſt us, render me nevertheleſs a little odd and unſociable to the Age I live in. I know not whether it be without reaſon that I am diſguſted with the World I frequent; but I know very well that it would be without reaſon, ſhould I complain of its being diſguſted with me, ſeeing I am ſo with it. The Vertue that is aſſign'd to the Affairs of the World, is a Vertue of many wavings, corners, and elbows, to joyn and adapt it ſelf to humane Frailty, mixt, and artificial; not

ſtrait,

ſtrait, clean, conſtant, nor purely innocent. Our *Annals* to this very day reproach one of our Kings for ſuffering himſelf ſimply to be carried away by the conſcientious Perſwaſions of his *Confeſſor*. Affairs of State have bolder Precepts.

exeat Aula Lucret. l. 8.
Qui vult eſſe pius.

Let him who will be good from Court retire.

I have formerly tried to employ in the management of publick Affairs, Opinions, and Rules of living, as rude, new, unpoliſh'd, or unpolluted, as either born with me, or brought away from my education, and wherewith I ſerve my own turn, if not ſo commodiouſly, at leaſt as ſecurely, in my own particular Concerns: but I have found a ſcholaſtick and novice Vertue, fooliſh and dangerous. He that goes into a Crowd, muſt now go one way, and then another, keep his Elbows cloſe, retire, or advance, and quit the direct way, according to what he encounters; and muſt live not ſo much according to his own Method, as that of others; not according to what he propoſes to himſelf, but according to what is propos'd to him, according to the Time, according to Men, according to Occaſions. *Plato* ſays, that whoever eſcapes from the World's handling with clean Breeches, eſcapes by Miracle: and ſays withal, that when he appoints his *Philoſopher* the head of a Government, he does not mean a corrupt one like that of *Athens*, and much

much leſs ſuch a one as this of ours, wherein Wiſdom it ſelf would be to ſeek. And a good Herb tranſplanted into a ſoil very contrary to its own nature, much ſooner conforms it ſelf to the Soil, than it reforms the Soil to it. I find, that if I were wholly to apply my ſelf to ſuch Employments, it would require a great deal of change and new modelling in me before I could be any way fit for it. And though I could ſo far prevail upon my ſelf, (and why might I not with Time and Diligence work ſuch a feat) I would not do it. By the little tryal I have had of publick Employment, it has been ſo much diſguſt to me; I feel by times ſome Temptations toward Ambition riſing in my Soul, but I obſtinately oppoſe them.

Catul. Epig. 8. *At tu, Catulle, obſtinatus obdura.*

But oh *Catullus*, be thou obſtinate.

I am ſeldom call'd to it, and as ſeldom offer my ſelf uncall'd. Liberty and Lazineſs, the Qualities moſt predominant in me, are Qualities diametrically contrary to that trade. We cannot diſtinguiſh the Faculties of Men. They have diviſions and limits hard and delicate to chooſe. To conclude from the diſcreet conduct of a private Life, a Capacity for the management of publick Affairs, is to conclude it ill. A Man may govern himſelf well, that cannot govern others ſo, and compoſe *Eſſays*, that could not work *Effects*. Such a one may be, who can order a Siege well, that would

ill

ill marſhal a Battel, and that can ſpeak well in private, who would ill harangue a People, or a Prince. Nay, 'tis peradventure rather a Teſtimony in him who can do the one, that he cannot do the other, than otherwiſe. I find that elevated Souls are not much more proper for low things, than mean Souls are to high ones. Could it be imagin'd that *Socrates* ſhould have adminiſter'd occaſion of laughter at the expence of his own Reputation to the *Athenians*, for having never been able to ſum up the Votes of his Tribe, to deliver it to the Council? Doubtleſs the Veneration I have for the Perfections of this great Man, deſerves that *Fortune* ſhould furniſh, for the excuſe of my principal imperfections, ſo magnifick an Example. Our ſufficiency is cut out into ſmall parcels, mine has no latitude, and is alſo very contemptible in number. *Saturninus*, to thoſe who had conferr'd upon him the command in chief, *Companions*, ſaid he, *you have loſt a good Captain, to make him an ill General.* Whoever boaſts, in ſo ſick a time as this, to employ a true and ſincere Vertue in the World's Service, either knows it not, Opinions growing corrupt with manners, (and in truth to hear them deſcribe it, to glorifie themſelves in their Deportments, and to lay down their Rules; inſtead of painting Vertue, they paint pure Vice and Injuſtice, and ſo repreſent them falſe in the education of *Princes*) or if he does know it, boaſts unjuſtly, and let him ſay what he will, does a thouſand things of which his own Conſcience muſt neceſſarily accuſe him. I ſhould wil-

willingly take *Seneca's* Word, of the Experience he made upon the like Occaſion, provided he would deal clearly and ſincerely with me. The moſt honourable mark of Goodneſs in ſuch a Neceſſity, is freely to confeſs both his own Fault, and thoſe of others; with the Power of his Vertue to ſtop his Inclination toward Evil, unwillingly to follow this propenſion, to hope better, to deſire better. I perceive that in theſe unhappy Diviſions wherein we are miſerably involv'd in *France*, every one does his beſt to defend, and by Argument to make good his Cauſe; but even the very beſt with Diſſimulation and Diſguiſe. He that would write roundly of the true ſtate of the Quarrel, would write raſcally and viciouſly. What is the moſt juſt Party, other than a Member of a decay'd and worm-eaten Body? But of ſuch a Body, the Member that is leaſt affected, is ſaid to be ſound, and with good reaſon, forasmuch as our Qualities have no title but in Compariſon. The Civil Innocency is meaſur'd according to *Times* and *Places*. I lov'd to read in *Xenophon* this Commendation of *Ageſilaus*; being intreated by a neighb'ring Prince with whom he had formerly had War, to permit him to paſs thorough his Country; he granted his requeſt, giving him free paſſage thorough *Peloponneſus*, and not only did not Impriſon or Poyſon him, being at his Mercy, but courteouſly receiv'd him according to the Obligation of his Promiſe, without doing him any the leaſt Injury or Offence. To ſuch Humours as theſe, this was an Act of no great luſtre;

luſtre; elſewhere, and in another Age, the Frankneſs and Magnanimity of ſuch an Action will be in high eſteem. Our Crack-rope *Capets* would have laugh'd at it, ſo little does the *Spartan* Innocence reſemble that of *France*. We are not without vertuous men, but 'tis according to what we repute ſo. Who ever has his Manners eſtabliſh'd in Regularity above the ſtandard of the Age he lives in, let him either wreſt or blunt his Rules; or, which I would rather adviſe him to, let him retire, and not meddle with us at all. What will he get by 't? The Students of *Montaigne* College in *Paris*.

Egregium ſanctumque virum ſi cerno, bimembri *Juven.*
Hoc monſtrum Puero, & miranti jam ſub arato *Sat.* 13.
Piſcibus inventis & fœtæ comparo Mulæ.

To me an honeſt Man more Monſter ſeems
Than Nature ſhakes all when a Woman teems
A Child with two Heads; than Mules foaling found,
Or wondrous Fiſhes Plow'd out from the Ground, Sir *Robert Stapleton*.

A Man may regret better times, but cannot fly from the preſent; we may wiſh for other Magiſtrates, but, we muſt notwithſtanding obey thoſe we have; and peradventure 'tis more laudable to obey the bad than the good. So long as the *Image* of the ancient and receiv'd Laws of this *Monarchy* ſhall ſhine in any corner of the Kingdom, there will I be. If they unfortunately happen to thwart and contradict one

one another, so as to produce two *Factions* of doubtful and difficult choice, I will willingly choose to withdraw and escape the Tempest. In the mean time Nature, or the hazards of War may lend me a helping hand. Betwixt *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, I should soon and frankly have declar'd my self; but amongst the three *Robbers* that came after, a Man must have been necessitated either to hide himself or have gone along with the current of the time; which I think a man may lawfully do, when Reason no longer Rules.

Quo diversus abis ?

Whither dost thou wandring run ?

This medly is a little from my Subject. I go out of my way, but 'tis rather upon the account of licence than oversight. My Fancies follow one another, but sometimes at a great distance; and look towards one another, but 'tis with an oblique glance. I have read a *Dialogue* of *plato*, of such a motley and fantastick Composition, as had the beginning of *Love*, and all the rest to the end of *Rhetorick*. They stick not at these Variations, and have a marvellous Grace in letting themselves be carried away at the pleasure of the Wind; or at least to seem as if they were. The titles of my Chapters do not always comprehend the whole matter, they oft but denote it by some mark only, as these others, *Andrea*, *Eunuchus*; or these, *Sylla*, *Cicero*, *Torquetus*. I love a Poetick March,

March by leaps and skips; 'tis an Art, as *Plato* ſays, light, nimble, and a little maddiſh. There are pieces in *Plutarch*, where he forgets his *Theme*, where the Propoſition of his Argument is only found by incidence; and ſtufft throughout with foreign matter. Do but obſerve his footing in the *Dæmon* of *Socrates*. Good God, how beautiful then are his variations and digreſſions, and then moſt of all, when they ſeem to be fortuitous, and introduc'd for want of heed. 'Tis the indiligent Reader that loſes my ſubject, and not I; there will always be found ſome words or other in a corner that are to the purpoſe, though it lie very cloſe. I ramble indiſcreetly and tumultuouſly, my Stile and my wit wander at the ſame rate; a little Folly is tolerable in him that will not be guilty of too much, ſays both the Precepts; and more the Examples of our Maſters. A thouſand Poets flag and languiſh after a Proſaick manner, but the beſt old Proſe (and I ſtrow them here up and down indifferently for Verſes) ſhines throughout, and has the luſtre, vigour, and boldneſs of Poetry, not without ſome Air of its Fury; and certainly Proſe ought to have the preheminence in ſpeaking. The *Poet*, ſays *Plato* when ſet upon the *Muſes Tripod*, pours out with Fury what ever comes into his Mouth, like the Pipe of a Fountain, without conſidering and pauſing upon what he ſays; and things come from him of various colours, of a contrary ſubſtance, and with an uninterrupted torrent: And all the old *Theologie*, as the wiſe inform us, and the firſt *Philoſophy*,

loſophy, are Poeſie. 'Tis the original Language of the *Gods*; I mean, that my matter diſtinguiſhes it ſelf; it ſufficiently ſhews where it changes, where it concludes, when it begins, and where it rejoyns, without interlacing it with words of connexion, introduc'd for the relief of weak or negligent Ears, and without explaining my ſelf. Who is he that had not rather not be read at all, than after a drowſie or curſory manner? *Nihil eſt tam utile, quod in tranſitu proſit.* Nothing can be ſo profitable, as to be ſo when negligently read. If to take a Book in hand, where to read it, to look upon it were to conſider it, and to run it ſlightly over, where to make it a Man's own; I were then to blame to make my ſelf ſo ignorant, as I ſay I am. Seeing I cannot fix the Attention of my Reader by the weight of what I write, *Manco male, I am much miſtaken*, if I ſhould chance to do it by my Intricacies; nay, he will afterward repent that he ever perplext himſelf about it: 'tis very true, but he will yet be there perplext. And beſides, there are ſome Humours in which Intelligence produces diſdain; who will think better of me for not underſtanding what I ſay, and will conclude the depth by the obſcurity of my Senſe; which, to ſpeak ſincerely, I mortally hate, and would avoid it if I could. *Ariſtotle* boaſts ſome where in his Writings, that he affected it; vicious Affectation. The frequent *Breaks*, and ſhort *Paragraphs* in Chapters that I made my Method in the beginning of my Book, I have ſince thought, broke and diſſolv'd the Attention before

Seneca. Epiſt. 2.

before it was rais'd, as making it diſdain to ſettle it ſelf to ſo little; and upon that account have made the reſt longer, ſuch as require Propoſitions, and aſſign'd leiſure. In ſuch an Imployment, to whom you will not give an hour, you give nothing; and do nothing for him, for whom you only do whilſt you are doing ſomething elſe. To which may be added, that I have peradventure ſome particular Obligation to ſpeak only by halves, to ſpeak confuſedly and diſcordantly. I am therefore angry at this kind of perplexing Reaſon; theſe extravagant Projects that trouble a Man's Life, and thoſe Opinions ſo fine and ſubtle, that though they be true, I think them too dear bought. On the contrary, I make it my buſineſs to bring Vanity it ſelf in repute, and Folly too, if it bring me any Pleaſure; and permit me to follow my own natural Inclinations, without carrying too ſtrict a hand upon them. I have ſeen elſewhere Palaces in rubbiſh, and Statues both of Gods and Men defac'd, and yet there are Men ſtill, all this is true, and yet for all that, I cannot ſo often review the ruines of that ſo great, and ſo puiſſant *City*, that I do not admire and reverence it. The care of the dead is recommended to us; beſides, I have been bred up from my Infancy with theſe People: I had knowledge of the Affairs of *Rome* long before I had any of thoſe of my own Houſe. I knew the *Capitol*, and its platform, before I knew the *Louvre*; and the River *Tiber*, before I knew the River *Seine*. The Qualities and Fortunes of *Lucullus*, *Metellus*,

Meaning *Rome*.

Metellus, and *Scipio*, have ever run more in my Head than those of any of my own Country. They are all dead, and so is my Father as absolutely dead as they; and is removed as far from me and Life in eighteen years, as they are in sixteen hundred; whose Memory nevertheless, Friendship and Society, I do not cease to hug and embrace with a very perfect and lively Union. Nay, of my own Inclination, I render my self more officious to the dead; they no longer help themselves, and therefore methinks the more require my assistance: 'tis there that Gratitude appears in its full lustre. Benefits are not so generously plac'd where there is Retrogradation and Reflection. *Arcesilaus* going to visit *Cresilaus* who was sick, and finding him in a very poor Condition, privately convey'd some Money under his Pillow; and, by concealing it from him, acquitted himself moreover from the acknowledgement due to such a Benefit. Such as have merited from me my Friendship and Gratitude, have never lost them by being no more; I have better and more carefully paid them when gone, and ignorant of what I did. I speak most kindly and affectionately of my Friends when they can no more know it. I have had a hundred Quarrels in defending *Pompey*, and upon the account of *Brutus*. This Acquaintance does yet continue betwixt us. We have no other hold even of present things but by Fancy. Finding my self of no use to this Age, I throw my self back upon the other; and am so enamour'd of the free, just, and flou-

Gratitude towards the dead.

Meaning Rare.

flourishing Estate of that ancient *Rome* (for I neither love it in its birth, nor old age) that I interest my self in it to a degree of Passion; and therefore cannot so oft review the situation of their Streets and Houses, and Ruins as profound as the *Antipodes*, that it does not always put me into a Dump. Is it by Nature, or through error of Fancy, that the sight of Places which we know have been frequented and inhabited by Persons whose Memories are recommended in Story, does in some sort work more upon us than to hear a recital of their Acts, or to read their Writings? *Tanta vis admonitionis inest in locis. Et id quidem in hac urbe infinitum: quacumque enim ingredimur: in aliquam historiam vestigium ponimus.* *So great a power of Admonition is in Places; and truly in this City so infinite, that which way soever we go we tread upon some History.* It pleases me to consider their Face, Port, and Vestments. I ruminate those great Names betwixt my Teeth, and make them ring in my own Ears. *Ego illos veneror, & tantis nominibus semper assurgo.* *I reverence them, and rise up in favour of so great Names.* Of things that are in some part great and admirable, I admire even the common Parts. I could wish to see them Talk, Walk, and Sup together. It were Ingratitude to contemn the Relicks and Images of so many Worthy and Valiant Men as I have seen live and die, and who, by their Example give us so many good Instructions, knew we how to follow them. And moreover, this very *Rome* that we now see deserves to be belov'd;

Cic. de fin. lib. 5.

Seneca, Epist. 64.

Rome the common and universal City

so long, and by so many Titles a *confederate* to our Crown; the only common and universal City. The Sovereign Magistrate that Commands there, is equally acknowledg'd and obey'd elsewhere: 'tis the *Metropolitan City* of all the Christian Nations. The *Spanish* and *French* are there at home. To be a Prince of this *Estate*, there needs no more but to be a Prince of Christendom. There is no Place upon Earth, that Heaven has embrac'd with such an influence and constancy of favour; her very Ruins are glorious.

Sydonius Apol.

Laudandis preciosior ruinis.

More glorious by her Ruins made.

She yet in her very Ruins retains the marks and image of Empire. *Ut palam sit uno in loco gaudentis opus esse Naturæ. That it may be manifest that Nature is in one place enamour'd of her own Work.* Some one would blame, and be angry at himself, to perceive himself tickled with so vain a Pleasure. Our Humours are never too vain that are pleasant. Let them be what they would that did constantly content an honest Man of common Understanding, I could not have the heart to accuse him. I am very much oblig'd to *Fortune*, in that to this very hour she has offer'd me no out-rage beyond what I was well able to bear. Is it not happily her Custom to let those live in quiet by whom she is not importun'd?

Quanti

Quanto quiſque ſibi plura negaverit,
A Diis plura feret, nil cupientium,
Nudus caſtra peto, multa petentibus
Deſunt multa.

Hor. lib. 3. Ode 16.

The more a Man himſelf denies,
The more indulgent Heav'n beſtows;
Let them that will ſide with the *I's*,
I'm with the Party of the *No's*.

Sir *Richard Fanſhaw.*

If ſhe continue her favour, ſhe will diſmiſs me very well ſatisfied.

——— nihil ſupra
Deos laceſſo.

Hor. lib. 2. Ode 16.

Nor for more
Do I the Gods implore.

But beware the ſhock. There are a thouſand that periſh in the Port. I eaſily comfort my ſelf for what ſhall here happen when I ſhall be gone. Preſent things trouble me enough;

Fortunæ cætera mando.

To Fortune I do leave the reſt.

Beſides, I have not that ſtrong Obligation, that they ſay ties Men to the future, by the Iſſue that ſucceeds to their Name and Honour; and peradventure ought leſs to cover them, if they are to be ſo much deſir'd. I am but too

much ty'd to the World, and to this Life of my self: I am content to be in *Fortune*'s power by Circumstances properly necessary to my Being, without otherwise inlarging her Jurisdiction over me, and have never thought, that to be without Children was a defect that ought to render Life less compleat, or less contented. A steril Vacation has its conveniencies too. Children are of the number of things that are not so much to be desired, especially now, that it would be so hard to make them good. *Bona jam nec nasci licet, ita corrupta sunt semina.* And yet are justly to be lamented by such as lose them when they have them. He who left me my House in charge, fore-told that I was like to ruin it, considering my Humour so little inclin'd to look after houshold Affairs: But he was mistaken, for I am in the same condition now as when I first enter'd into it, or rather better; and yet without Office, or any Place of Profit. As to the rest, if *Fortune* has never done me any violent or extraordinary injury, neither has she done me any particular favour. Whatever we derive from her Bounty, was there above an hundred years before my time. I have, as to my own particular, no essential and solid good, that I stand indebted for to her Liberality; she has indeed done me some airy Honours, and titulary Favours without substance, and those in truth she has not granted, but offer'd me, who, God knows, am all material, and who take nothing but what is real and massy too for current pay: and who, if I durst condemn

Children not much to be covered, and why. *Tertull. de pudicit.*

fess

ſo much, ſhould not think Avarice much leſs excuſable than Ambition, nor Pain leſs to be avoided than Shame, nor Health leſs to be coveted than Learning, or Riches than Nobility. Amongſt thoſe empty Favours of hers, there is none that ſo much pleaſes the vain Humour natural to my Country, as an Authentick *Bull* of a *Roman* Burgeſs that was granted me when I was laſt there, glorious in *Seals* and gilded *Letters*; and granted with all imaginable Ceremony and Bounty. And becauſe 'tis couch'd in a mixt Style, more or leſs favourable, and that I could have been glad to have ſeen a Copy of it before it had paſs'd the Seal, I will, to ſatisfie ſuch as are ſick of the ſame curioſity I am, tranſcribe it here in its true form.

Quod Horatius Maximus, Martius Cecius, Alexander Mutus, almæ urbis conſervatores, de Illuſtriſſimo viro Michaele Montano equite Sancti Michaelis, & à Cubiculo Regis Chriſtianiſſimi, Romanâ Civitate donando, ad Senatum retulerunt, S. P. Q. R. *de ea re ita fieri cenſuit.*

CUM veteri more, & inſtituto cupidè illi ſemper ſtudioſeque ſuſcepti ſint, qui virtute ac nobilitate præſtantes, magna Reip. noſtræ uſus atque ornamento fuiſſent, vel eſſe aliquando poſſent: Nos majorum noſtrorum exemplo, atque auctoritate permoti, præclaram hanc Conſuetudinem nobis imitandam, ac ſervandam fore cenſemus. Quamobrem cum Illuſtriſſimus Michael

Montanus Eques Sancti Michaelis, & à Cubiculo Regis Christianissimi, Romani nominis studiosissimus, & familiæ laude, atque splendore, & propriis virtutum meritis dignissimus sit, qui summo Senatus Populique Romani judicio, ac studio in Romanam Civitatem adsciscatur, placere Senatui P. Q. R. *Illustrissimum Michaelem Montanum rebus omnibus ornatissimum, atque huic inclyto populo charissimum, ipsum posterosque in Romanam Civitatem adscribi, ornarique omnibus, & præmiis & honoribus, quibus illi fruuntur, qui Civis Patritiique Romani nati, aut jure optimo facti sunt. In quo censere Senatum* P. Q. R. *se non tam illi jus Civitatis largiri, quam debitum tribuere, neque magis beneficium dare, quam ab ipso accipere, qui hoc Civitatis munere accipiendo, singulari Civitatem ipsam ornamento, atque honore affecerit. Quam* S. C. *auctoritatem iidem Conservatores per Senatus* R. Q. R. *scribas in acta referri atque in Capitolii curia servari, privilegiumque hujusmodi fieri, solitoque urbis sigillo communiri curarunt. Anno ab urbe condita* CXɔCCCXXXI. *Post Christum natum* M. D. LXXXI. III. *Idus Martii.*

Horatius Fuscus Sacri S. P. Q. R. *scriba.*
Vincent. Martholus Sacri S. P. Q. R. *scriba.*

Being before Burgeſs of no City at all, I am glad to be created one of the moſt Noble that ever was, or ever ſhall be. If other Men would conſider themſelves at the rate I do, they would, as I do, diſcover themſelves to be full of inanity and foppery; to rid my ſelf of it I can-

cannot, without making my self away. We are all leaven'd with it, as well one as another; but they who are aware on't, have the better bargain, and yet I know not whether they have or no: This Opinion, and common Usance to observe others more than our selves, has very much reliev'd us that way. 'Tis a very displeasing Object: We can there see nothing but Misery and Vanity. Nature, that we may not be dejected with the sight of our own Deformities, has wisely thrust the action of Seeing outward. We go forward with the Current, but to turn back towards our selves is a painful motion; so is the Sea mov'd and troubled when the Waves rush against one another. Observe, says every one, the motion of the Heavens, the Revolution of publick Affairs; observe the quarrel of such a Person, take notice of such a ones Pulse, of such anothers last Will and Testament; in sum, be always looking high or low, on one side, before, or behind you. It was a Paradoxical command anciently given us by the *God* of *Delphos*, *Look into your self, discover your self, keep close to your self; call back your Mind and Will, that elsewhere consumes themselves, into your self; you run out, you spill your self, carry a more steady hand; Men betray you, Men spill you, Men steal you from your self.* Dost thou not see that this World we live in keeps all its sights confin'd within, and its Eyes open to contemplate it self? 'Tis always Vanity for thee, both within and without, but 'tis less Vanity when less extended. Excepting thee, (O Man) said that

God,

God, every thing studies it self firstly and has bounds to its Labours and Desires, according to its need. There is nothing so empty and necessitous as thou who embracest the Universe, thou art the *Exploratour* without Knowledge, the Magistrate without Jurisdiction, and after all, the Fool in the Play.

CHAP. X.

Of managing the Will.

FEw things, in comparison of what commonly affect other Men, move, or to say better, possess me: For 'tis but Reason they should concern a Man, provided they do not possess him. I am very sollicitous, both by Study and Argument, to inlarge this privilege of Insensibility, which is in me naturally raised to a pretty degree; so that consequently I espouse, and am very much mov'd with very few things. I am clear sighted enough, but I fix upon very few Objects; have a sense delicate and tender enough, but an Apprehension and Application hard and negligent. I am very unwilling to engage my self. As much as in me lies, I employ my self wholly for my self; and in this very Subject, should rather chuse to curb and restrain my Affection from plunging it self over Head and Ears into it, it being a Subject that I possess at the Mercy of others,

others, and over which Fortune has more right than I. So that even ſo much as to health, which I ſo much value, it were neceſſary for me, not ſo paſſionately to covet and deſire it, as to find Diſeaſes inſupportable. A Man ought to moderate himſelf betwixt the hatred of Pain, and love of Pleaſure. And *Plato* ſets down a middle Path of Life betwixt both. But againſt ſuch Affections as wholly carry me away from my ſelf, and fix me elſewhere; againſt thoſe, I ſay, I oppoſe my ſelf with my utmoſt force and power. 'Tis my Opinion, that a Man ſhould lend himſelf to others, and only give himſelf to himſelf. Were my Will eaſie to lend it ſelf out, and to be way'd, I ſhould not ſtick there. I am too tender both by nature and uſance,

——fugax rerum, ſecuraque in otia natus. *Ovid. de Triſt. l. 3. Eleg. 2.*

Born, and bred up in negligence and eaſe.

not and obſtinate diſputes wherein my Adverſary would at laſt have the better. The ſhame that would render my heat and obſtinacy ungraceful, would peradventure vex me to the laſt degree. Should I ſet my ſelf to it at the rate that others, who do purſue and graſp at ſo much, my Soul would never have the force to bear the Emotion and Alarms; it would immediately be diſorder'd by this inward Agitation. If ſometimes I have been put upon the management of other Mens Affairs, I have promis'd to take it in *hand*, but not into my

Lungs

Lungs and *Liver*; to take it upon me, not to incorporate it: to take pains, not be paſſionate in it; I have a care of it, but I will not brood upon it: I have enough to do to order and govern the domeſtick Tumults that I have in my own Veins and Bowels, without introducing a crowd of other Mens Affairs; and am ſufficiently concern'd about my own proper and natural Buſineſs, without medling with the concerns of others. Such as know how much they owe to themſelves, and how many Offices they are bound to of their own, find, that Nature has cut them out work enough of their own to keep them from being idle. Thou haſt buſineſs enough at home, look to that. Men let themſelves out to hire, their Faculties are not for themſelves, but to be employ'd for thoſe to whom they have inſlav'd themſelves; this common Humour pleaſes not me. We muſt be thrifty of the liberty of our Souls, and never let them out but upon juſt Occaſions, which are very few if we judge aright. Do but obſerve ſuch as have accuſtom'd themſelves to be at every ones call, they do it indifferently upon all, as well little as great Occaſions, in that which nothing concerns them, as much as in what imports them moſt: They intrude themſelves indifferently where ever there is buſineſs, and are without Life, when not in the buſtle of Affairs. *In negotiis ſunt negotii cauſa. They only ſeek buſineſs for buſineſs ſake.* It is not ſo much that they will go, as it is that they cannot ſtand ſtill: Like a rowling Stone that cannot ſtop ſtill it can go no farther.

Seneca, Epiſt. 22.

farther. Buſineſs, in a certain ſort of Men, is a mark of Underſtanding, and they are honoured for it. Their Souls ſeek repoſe in Agitation, as Children do by being rock'd in a Cradle. They may pronounce themſelves as ſerviceable to their Friends, as troubleſome to themſelves. No one diſtributes his Money to others, but every one therein diſtributes his Time and his Life. There is nothing of which we are ſo prodigal, as of thoſe two things, of which to be thrifty, would be both commendable and uſeful. I am of a quite contrary Humour. I look to my ſelf, and commonly covet with no great ardour what I do deſire, and deſire little, employ and buſie my ſelf but rarely and temperately, at the ſame rate. Whatever they take in hand, they do it with their utmoſt power and vehemency. There are therein ſo many dangerous ſteps, that for the more ſafety, we muſt a little lightly and ſuperficially ſlide through the World, and not ruſh through it. Pleaſure it ſelf is painful at the bottom.

——— *incedis per ignes,*
Subpoſitos cineri doloſo. *Hor. lib. 2. Ode 2.*

Thou upon glowing Coals doſt tread,
Under deceitful Aſhes hid.

The *Parliament* of *Bourdeaux* choſe me *Mayor* of their City, at a time when I was at a great diſtance from *France*, and much more remote from any ſuch thought; I intreated to be excus'd, and refus'd it. But I was told by

by my Friends, that I had committed an Error in ſo doing, and the greater, becauſe the *King* had moreover interpos'd his Command in that Affair. 'Tis an Office that ought to be look'd upon ſo much more Honourable, as it has no other Salary nor advantage than the bare honour of its Execution: It continues two years, but may be extended by a ſecond Election, which very rarely happens; it was to me, and had never been ſo but twice before; ſome years ago to *Monſieur de Lauſun*, and lately to *Monſieur de Biron*, *Mareſchal* of *France*, in whoſe place I ſucceeded, and left mine to *Monſieur de Matignon*, *Mareſchal* of *France* alſo. Proud of ſo noble a Fraternity.

Æneid. lib. 10. *Uterque bonus pacis bellique miniſter.*

Both of them Men of worthy Character, For able Miniſters in Peace and War.

Fortune would have a hand in my Promotion, by this particular Circumſtance which ſhe put in of her own; not altogether vain; for *Alexander* diſdain'd the Ambaſſadors of *Corinth*, who came to make him a tender of a Burgeſſhip of their City; but when they proceeded to lay before him, that *Bacchus* and *Hercules* were alſo in the Regiſter, he thankfully accepted the offer. At my arrival, I faithfully and conſcientiouſly repreſented my ſelf to them for ſuch as I find my ſelf to be; a Man without Memory, without Vigilancy, without Experience, and without Vigour; but withal, without

our Hatred, without Ambition, without Avarice, and without Violence, that they might be inform'd of my Qualities, and know what they were to expect from my Service. And being that the knowledge they had had of my Father, and the Honour they had for his Memory, had been the only Motives to conferr this Favour upon me, I plainly told them, that I should be very sorry any thing should make so great an Impression upon me as their Affairs, and the Concerns of their City had done upon him, whilst he had the same Government to which they had preferr'd me. I very well remember, from a Boy, to have seen him in his old Age, tormented with, and solicitous about the publick Affairs, neglecting the soft repose of his own House, to which the declension of his Age had reduc'd him for several years before, the management of his own Affairs, and his Health, and certainly defaming his own Life, which was in great danger of being lost, by being engag'd in long and painful Voyages on their behalf. Such was he, and this Humour of his proceeded from a marvellous good Nature. Never was there a more charitable and popular Soul. Yet this proceeding which I commend in others, I do not love to follow my self, and am not without excuse. He had learnt, that a Man must forget himself for his Neighbour, and that particulars were in no manner of consideration in comparison with the general Concern. Most of the Rules and Precepts of this World run this way, to drive us out of our selves into the wide

wide World for the benefit of publick Society. They thought to do a great Feat, to divert us from our selves, presuming we were but too much fixt at home, and by a too natural Inclination, and have said all they could to that purpose: for 'tis no new thing for wise Men to preach things as they *serve*, not as they *are*. Truth has its Obstructions, Inconveniencies, and Incompatibilities with us. We must be often deceiv'd, that we may not deceive our selves; Shut our Eyes, and stupify our Understandings to redress and amend them. *Imperiti enim judicant, & qui frequenter in hoc ipsum fallendi sunt, ne errent. For the ignorant judge, and therefore are oft to be deceiv'd lest they should err.* When they prescribe us to love three, four, and fifty degrees of things above our selves, they do like *Archers*, who to hit the *white*, take their aim a great deal higher than the *Butt*. To set a crooked stick straight we bend it the contrary way. I believe, that in the Temple of *Pallas*, as we see in all other *Religions*, there were apparent *Mysteries* to be expos'd to the *People*, and others more secret and high, that were only to be shown to such as were *profess'd*. 'Tis likely that in these, the true point of Friendship that every own owes to himself is to be found; not a false Friendship, that makes us embrace *Glory*, *Knowledge*, *Riches*, and the like, with a principal and immoderate Affection, as Members of our Being, nor an indiscreet and effeminate Friendship wherein it happens as with Ivy, that decays and ruines the Walls it does embrace: but a found

found and regular Friendship, equally utile and pleasant. Who knows the Duties of this Friendship, and does practise them, is truly of the *Cabinet-Council* of the *Muses*, and has attain'd to the heighth of Humane Wisdom, and our Happiness. Such a one exactly knowing what he owes to himself, will in his part find that he ought to apply the usance of the World, and of other Men to himself, and to do this, to contribute the Duties and Offices appertaining to him, to the publick Society. Who does not in some sort live to others, does not live much to himself. *Qui sibi amicus est, scito omnibus amicum omnibus esse. He who is his own Friend, is a Friend to every body else.* The principal Charge we have, is, to every one his own Conduct: And 'tis for this only that we here live. As he who should forget to live a vertuous and holy Life, and should think he acquitted himself of his Duty, in instructing and bidding others up to it, would be a Fool; even so who abandons his own particular healthful and pleasant living to serve others, does, in my Opinion, a wrong and an unnatural course. I would not that Men should retire, in the Employments they take upon them, their Attention, Pains, their best Eloquence, and their Swear and Blood, in time of need;

Seneca, Ep. 48.

non ipse pro charis amicis
Aut patria timidus perire.

Hor. lib. 4. Ode 9.

Sir *Richard Fanſhaw.*

He well knows how hard want to bear,
And fears a Crime more than his end;
And for his Country, or his Friend,
To ſtake his Life he does not fear.

But 'tis only borrow'd, and accidentally; his Mind being always in repoſe, and in health; not without action, but without vexation, without paſſion. To be ſimply doing, coſts him ſo little, that he acts even ſleeping. But it muſt be ſet on going with diſcretion; for the Body receives the Offices impoſed upon it, juſt according to what they are; the Mind oft extends, and makes them heavier at its own expence, giving them what meaſure it pleaſes. Men perform like things with ſeveral ſorts of Endeavour, and different Contention of Wit; the one does well enough without the other. For how many People hazard themſelves every day in War, without any concern which way it goes, and thruſt themſelves into the dangers of Battels, the loſs of which will not break their next Night's ſleep? And ſuch a Man may be at home, out of Danger, which he durſt not have look'd upon, who is more paſſionately concern'd for the iſſue of this War, and whoſe Soul is more anxious about Events, than the Souldier who ſtakes his Life and Blood in the Quarrel. I could have engag'd my ſelf in publick Employments, without quitting my own Intereſt a nail's breadth, and have given my ſelf to others, without abandoning my ſelf; this ſharpneſs and violence of Deſires,

more

more hinders than it advances the Execution of what we undertake; fills us with impatience against slow or contrary Events, and with heat and suspicion against those with whom we have to do. We never carry on that thing well, by which we are prepossess'd and led.

Malè cuncta ministrat
Impetus

For heat does still
Carry on things very ill.

He, who therein employs only his Judgment and Address, proceeds more cheerfully: He counterfeits, he gives way, he defers all things at his ease, according to the necessities of occasions; he fails in his attempt without trouble and afflictions, ready and entire for a new Enterprize: He always marches with the Bridle in his hand. In him who is drunk with this violent and tyrannick Intention, we discover by necessity much imprudence and injustice. The impetuosity of his desire carries him away. These are rash Motions, and, if Fortune do not very much assist, of very little fruit. *Phidias* will, that in the revenge of Injuries receiv'd, we should strip our selves of Choler; not that the Chastisement should be less, but on the contrary, that the Revenge may be the better, and more heavily laid on, which he conceives will be by this impetuosity hindered. For Anger does not only trouble, but of it self does also weary the Arms of those

That the chastisement of Offences ought to be perform'd without anger.

who chastise. This fire benumbs and wastes their force. As in precipitation, *festinatio tarda est*, Haste trips up its own heels, fetters and stops it self. *Ipsa se velocitas implicat.* For example: According to what I commonly see, *Avarice* has no greater impediment than it self. The more bent and vigorous it is, the less it rakes together, and commonly sooner grows rich, when disguis'd in a Vizor of Liberality. A very honest Gentleman, and a particular Friend of mine, had like to have crack'd his Brains by a too passionate attention and affection, to the Affairs of a certain *Prince*, his Master; which Master has thus set himself out to me: That he foresees the weight of Accidents as well as another; but that in those for which there is no remedy, he presently resolves upon suffering: In others, having taken all the necessary Precautions which by the vivacity of his Understanding he can presently do, he quietly expects what may follow. And, in truth, I have accordingly seen him maintain a great indifferency and liberty of Actions, and serenity of Countenance, in very great and nice Affairs. I find him much greater, and of greater capacity in adverse than prosperous Fortune. His *Losses* are to him more glorious than his *Victories*, and his *Mourning* than his *Triumph*. Do but consider, that even in vain and frivolous Actions, as at *Chess*, *Tennis*, and the like, this eager and ardent ongaging with an impetuous desire, immediately throws the Mind and Members into indiscretion and disorder. A Man astonish-

Proverb. *Seneca, Epist.* 44.

and

and hinders himself. He that carries himself the most moderately both towards gain and loss, has always his Wits about him. The less peevish and passionate he is at play, he plays much more advantageously and surely. As to the rest, we hinder the Mind's seizure and hold, in giving it so many things to seize upon. Some things we are only to offer to it, to tie it to others, and with others to incorporate it. It can feel and discern all things, but ought to feed upon nothing but it self; and should be instructed in what properly concerns it self, that is properly of its own Being and Substance: The *Laws* of *Nature* teach us what we are just-ly to have. After the *Sages* have told us, That no one is indigent according to *Nature*; and that every one is so according to Opinion, they very subtilly distinguish betwixt the De-sires that proceed from her, and those that pro-ceed from the disorder of our own fancy. Those of which we can see the end, are hers; those that fly before us, and of which we can see no end, are our own. The want of Goods is easily repair'd; the Poverty of the Soul is ir-reparable.

Si, quod satis est homini, id satis esse potesset,
Fuit erat: nunc, quum hoc non est, qui credimus
Divitias ullas animum mi explere potesse? (*porro*

Lucilius, lib 5. apud Nonniu n.

What's for Man enough, enough could be,
Were enough; but being that we see
Will not serve turn, how can I e'er believe
That any Wealth my Mind content can giv?

Socrates seeing great quantity of Riches, Jewels, and Furniture of great value, carried in pomp through the City, *How many things*, said he, *do I not desire!* *Metrodorus* liv'd on the weight of twelve Ounces a day, *Epicurus* upon less: *Metrocles* slept in Winter abroad amongst Sheep, in Summer in the Cloysters of Churches. *Sufficit ad id natura quod poscit. Cleanthes* liv'd by labour of his own Hands, and boasted, That *Cleanthes*, if he would, could yet maintain another *Cleanthes*. If that which Nature exactly and originally requires of us for the Conservation of our Being, be too little, (as in truth what it is, and how good cheap Life may be maintain'd, cannot be better made out, than by this Consideration, that it is so little, that by its littleness escapes the gripe and shock of Fortune) let us dispense our selves a little more, let us yet call every one of our Habits and Conditions *Nature*; let us tax and treat our selves by this measure, let us stretch our appurtenances and accompts so far; for so far I fansie we have some excuse. *Custom* is a second *Nature*, and no less powerful. What is wanting to my *Custom*, I reckon is wanting to me; and I should be almost as well content that they took away my Life, as cut me short in the way wherein I have so long liv'd. I am no more in a Condition of any great change, nor to put my self into a new and unwonted course, not though never so much to my Advantage; 'tis past time for me to become other than what I am. And as I should complain of any great good Adventure that should now befal

Seneca, Epist. 90.

sal me, that it came not in time to be enjoy'd;

Quo mihi fortunæ, si non conceditur uti? *Hor. lib. 1. Epist. 5.*

Might I have the World's Wealth I should refuse it;
What good will't do me, if I may not use it.

so should I complain of any inward acquest. It were almost better never, than so late to become an honest Man; and well read in living, when a Man has no longer to live. I, who am ready to make my *exit* out of the World, would easily resign to any new Comer, who should desire it, all the Prudence I have acquir'd in the World's Commerce. *After Meat comes Mustard.* I have no need of Goods, of which I can make no use. Of what use is knowledge to him that has lost his Head; 'tis an Injury and Unkindness in Fortune, to tender us Presents that will only inspire us with a just despite that we had them not in their due season. Guide me no more, I can no longer go. Of so many Parts as make up a perfect Man, Patience is the best. Assign the part of an excellent Treble to a *Chorister* that has rotten Lungs, and Eloquence to a Hermit exiled into the Desarts of *Arabia*. There needs no Art to further a fall; the end finds it self of it self: at the conclusion of every Affair my *World* is at an end, my *Form* expired; I am totally past, and am bound to authorize it, and to conform my Posterity to it. I will here declare, by way of example, that the late ten

The Abridgment of ten days offer'd by the Pope.

days diminution of the *Pope*, have taken me so low, that I cannot well recover my self. I follow the years wherein we kept another kind of account, so ancient, and so long a *Custom*, challenges and calls me back to it; so that I am constrain'd to be a kind of Heretick in that point, impatient of any, though corrective Innovation. My Imagination, in spite of my Teeth, always pushes me ten days forward or backward, and is ever murmuring in my Ears. This *Rule* concerns those who are to begin to be. If Health it self, as sweet as it is, returns to me by fits, 'tis rather to give me cause of regret, than possession of it; I have no place left to keep it in. Time leaves me, without which, nothing can be possess'd. Oh, what little account should I make of those great elective *Dignities* that I see in such esteem in the World, that are never confer'd but upon Men who are taking leave of it! Wherein they do not so much regard how well he will discharge his trust, as how short his Administration will be; from the very *Entry*, they look at the *Exit*. To conclude, I am ready to finish this Man, and not to rebuild another. By long usance this *Form* is in me turn'd into *Substance*, and *Fortune* into *Nature*. I say therefore, that every one of us feeble Creatures is excusable in thinking that his own which is compris'd under this measure; but withal, beyond these limits, 'tis nothing but Confusion, 'tis the largest extent we can grant to our own claim. The more Business we create our selves, and the more we amplifie our Possessions, so much

more

more do we expose our selves to the Blows and Adversities of *Fortune.* The career of our Desires ought to be circumscrib'd, and restrain'd to a short limit of near and contiguous Conveniencies; and ought moreover to perform their course, not in a right line, that ends elsewhere, but in a Circle, of which the two points by a short Wheel meet and terminate in our selves. Actions that are carried on without this Reflection, a near and essential Reflection I mean; such as those of ambitious and avaricious Men, and many more who run *point blank*, and whose career always carries them before themselves, such Actions, I say, are erroneous and sickly: Most of our Business is *Farce. Mundus universus exercet Histrioniam.* We must play our part well, but withal as the part of a borrow'd Person; we must not make the Essence of a *Vizor* and outward appearance, nor of a strange Person our own; we cannot distinguish the Skin from the Shirt; 'tis enough to meal the Face, without mealing the Breast. See some, who transform and transubstantiate themselves into as many new *Shapes* and new *Beings* as they undertake Employments, and who prelate themselves even to the Heart and Liver, and carry their state along with them, even to the Close-stool: I cannot make them distinguish the Salutations are made to them from those are made to their *Commission*, their *Train*, or their *Mule. Tantum se Fortunæ permittunt, etiam ut Naturam dediscant. They so much give themselves up to Fortune, as even to forget their Nature.* They swell and puff up their

Petron. Arbit.

Quin. Cur. lib. 3.

their Souls, and their natural way of speaking according to the heighth of their Place. The Mayor of *Bordeaux* and *Montaigne* have ever been two, by very manifest separation. To be an *Advocate*, or a *Treasurer*, a Man must not be ignorant of the Knavery of such Callings; and yet ought not to refuse to take the Calling upon him: 'Tis the usance of his Country, and there is Money to be got by it; a Man must live by the World, and make his best of it, such as it is. But the Judgment of an *Emperour* ought to be above his Empire, and the seeing and considering of it, as of a foreign accident; and he ought to know how to enjoy himself apart from it, and to communicate himself as *James* and *Peter*, to himself at least. I cannot engage my self so deep and so entire; when my *Will* gives me to deny any one, 'tis not with so violent an Obligation that my Judgment is infected with it. In the present Broils of this Kingdom, my Interest has not made me forget my self, nor the laudable Qualities of some of our Adversaries, nor those that are reproachable in those of our Party. They adorn all of their own side, for my part I do not so much as excuse most things in those of mine: A good Speech has never the worse Grace for being made against me. The Knot of the Controversie excepted, I have always kept my self in equanimity and pure indifference. *Neque extra necessitates belli, præcipuum odium gero.* *And have no express hatred beyond the Necessity of War.* For which I am pleased with my self, and the more, because I see others commonly fail

fail on the contrary ſide. Such as extend their Anger and Hatred beyond the Diſpute in queſtion; as moſt Men do, ſhew that they ſpring from ſome other occaſion and particular cauſe; like one who being cur'd of an *Ulcer*, has yet a remaining *Fever*, by which it appears that the *Ulcer* had another more conceal'd beginning; which is, that they are not concern'd in the common Cauſe, becauſe it is wounding to the State and common Intereſt; but are only netled by Reaſon of their private and particular Concern. This is the true Reaſon why they are ſo particularly animated, and to a degree ſo beyond Juſtice and publick Reaſon. *Non tam omnia univerſi, quam ea, quæ ad quemque pertinent, ſinguli carpebant. Every one was not ſo much angry againſt things in general, as againſt thoſe that particularly concern'd themſelves.* I would have matters go well on our ſide; but if they do not, I ſhall not run mad; I am heartily for the right Party; but I do not affect to be taken notice of for an eſpecial Enemy to others, and beyond the general Quarrel. I am a mortal Enemy to this vicious form of Cenſure: *He is of the League, becauſe he admires the Duke of* Guiſe. *He is aſtoniſh'd at the King of* Navarr's *Valour and Diligence, and therefore he is a* Hugonot. *He finds ſuch and ſuch Faults in the King's Manners and Conduct, and therefore he is ſeditious in his Heart.* And would not grant to a Magiſtrate himſelf, that he did well in condemning a Book, becauſe it had plac'd a *Heretick* amongſt the beſt *Poets* of the Time. Shall we not dare

to

to say of a Thief, that he has a handsome Leg? If a Woman be a Strumpet, must it needs follow that she has a stinking Breath? Did they in the wisest Ages revoke the proud Title of *Capitolinus*, they had before conferr'd upon *Marcus Manlius*, as being the Conservator of Religion and the publick Liberty? Did they therefore damn the Memory of his Liberality, his Feats of Arms, and Military Recompences granted to his Vertue, because he afterwards aspir'd to the Soveraignty, to the Prejudice of the *Laws* of his *Country*? If they take a hatred against an *Advocate*, he will not be allow'd the next day to be eloquent. I have elsewhere spoke of the Zeal that push'd on worthy Men to the like Faults. For my part, I can say, such a one does this thing ill, and another thing vertuously and well. They will likewise, that in the *Prognosticks*, or sinister Events of Affairs, every one should in his Party be blind or a Blockhead, and that our Perswasion and Judgment should be subservient, not to *Truth*, but to the project of our Desires. I should rather incline towards the other extream, so much I fear being suborn'd by my Desire: To which may be added, that I am a little tenderly distrustful of things that I wish. I have in my time seen Wonders in the indiscreet and prodigious facility of People, in suffering their hopes and belief to be led and govern'd which way has best pleas'd and serv'd their *Leaders*, above an hundred Mistakes one upon another; and above Dreams and Phantasms. I no more wonder at those who have been blinded, and seduc'd

Facility of People in suffering themselves to be impos'd upon.

seduc'd by the Fooleries of *Apollonius* and *Mahomet*. Their Sense and Understanding is absolutely taken away by their Passion; their Discretion has no more any other choice than that which smiles upon them, and relieves their Cause. I had principally observ'd this in the beginning of our intestine Distempers; this other, which is sprung since, in imitating, has surpass'd it; by which I am satisfied that it is a quality inseparable from popular Errors. After the first that roule, Opinions drive on one another like Waves with the Wind. A Man is not a Member of the Body, if it be in his Power to forsake it, and if he do not roul the common way; but doubtless they wrong the best side, when they go about to assist it with Fraud. I have ever been against that Practice. They are only fit to work upon weak Heads; for the sound, there are surer and more honest ways to keep up their Courages, and to excuse adverse Accidents. Heaven never saw a greater Animosity than that betwixt *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, nor ever shall; and yet I observe methinks in those brave Souls, a great moderation towards one another. It was a jealousie of Honour and Command, which did not transport them to a furious and indiscreet hatred, and that was, though hatred, without Malignity and Detraction. In their briskest and hottest Encounters, and Exploits upon one another, I discover some remains of respect and good will; and am therefore of Opinion, that had it been possible, each of them would rather have done in his Business without the ruine

of

of the other, than with it. Take notice how much otherwise Matters went with *Marius* and *Sylla*. We must not precipitate our selves so headlong after our Affections and Interest. As when I was young, I oppos'd my self to the progress of Love, which I perceiv'd to advance too fast upon me, and had a care lest it should at last become so pleasing, as to force, captivate, and wholly reduce me to his Mercy: so I do the same upon all other Occasions where my Will is running on with too warm an Appetite. I lean opposite to the side it inclines to, as I find it going to plunge and make it self drunk with its own Wine; I evade nourishing its Pleasure so far, that I cannot recover it without infinite loss. Souls that, through their own Supidity, only discern things by halves, have this happiness, that they smart least with hurtful things. 'Tis a spiritual *Leprosy* that has some shew of Health, and such a Health as Philosophy does not altogether contemn; but yet we have no reason to call it Wisdom, as we often do. And after this manner, some one anciently mock'd *Diogenes*, who in the depth of Winter, and stark naked, went hugging an Image of Snow for a trial of his Patience; this other meeting him in this Equipage, *Art thou not very cold*, said he? *Not at all*, replied *Diogenes*. *Why then*, said the other, *What great and exemplary thing canst thou think thou do'st, in embracing that Snow?* A Man, to take a true measure of *Constancy*, must necessarily know what *suffering* is; but Souls that are to meet with adverse Events, and the

Diogenes patient of Cold.

In-

Injuries of Fortune in their depth and sharpness, that are to weigh and taste them according to their natural weight and sharpness, let such shew their Skill in avoiding the *Causes*, and diverting the Blow. What did King *Cotys* do? He paid liberally for the rich and beautiful Vessel that had been presented him; but being it was exceeding brittle, he immediately broke it betimes, to prevent so easie a matter of displeasure against his Servants. In like manner, I have willingly avoided all confusion in my Affairs, and never coveted to have my Estate contiguous to those of my Relations, and such with whom I coveted a strict Friendship; whence Matters of Unkindness and falling out do oft proceed. I have formerly lov'd Cards and Dice, but have long since left them off, only for this Reason, That though I carried my Losses as handsomely as another, I was not well satisfied and quiet within. Let a Man of Honour, who ought to be sensible of the *Lye*, and who is not to take a scurvy Excuse for Satisfaction, avoid Occasions of dispute. I shun melancholick and sour-natur'd Men, as I would do the Plague. And in Matters I cannot talk of without Emotion and Concern, I never meddle, if not compell'd by my Duty. *Melius non incipient, quam desinent. A Man had better never to have begun, than to desist.* The surest way therefore is, to prepare a Man's self before-hand for Occasions. I know very well, that some wise Men have taken another way, and have not fear'd to grapple and engage to the utmost upon several

A rich Vessel purposely broken by King *Cotys*, and why.

Seneca, Epist. 92.

ral Subjects. Such are confident of their own Strength, under which they protect themselves in all ill Successes, making their Patience wrestle and contend with disaster:

Virgil. Æneid. 10. *velut rupes vastum quæ prodit in æquor,*
Obvia ventorum furiis, expostaque ponto,
Vim cunctam atque minas perfert Cœlique marisque
Ipsa immota manens.

Mr. *Ogilby.* He as a Rock amongst vast Billows stood,
Scorning loud Winds and raging of the Flood,
And fix'd remaining all the force defies (Skies.
Mustred from threatning Seas, and thundring

Let us never attempt these Examples, we shall never come up to them. They set themselves resolutely, and without trouble, to behold the ruine of their *Country*, to which all the good they can contrive or perform, is due. This is too much, and too rude for our common Souls to undergo. *Cato* indeed gave up the noblest Life that ever was upon this account; but it is for us meaner spirited Men, to fly from the storm as far as we can; we ought to make provision of Resentment, not of Patience, and evade the Blows we cannot put by. *Zeno*, seeing *Chremonides*, a young Man whom he lov'd, draw near to sit down by him, suddenly started up; and *Cleanthes* demanding of him the Reason why he did so, *I hear*, said he, *that Physicians, especially order'd repose, and forbid Emotion in all Tumours*. *Socrates* does not say, do not surrender to the Charms of Beauty, stand your ground, and do your utmost to oppose

oppoſe it. Fly it, ſays he, ſhun the ſight and encounter of it, as of a powerful Poyſon that darts and wounds at a diſtance. And his good Diſciple, either feigning or reciting, but in my Opinion, rather reciting than feigning, the rare Perfections of that great *Cyrus*, makes him diſtruſtful of his own Strength, to reſiſt the Charms of the Divine Beauty of that illuſtrious *Panthea*, his Captive, in committing the viſiting and keeping of her to another, who could not have ſo much Liberty as himſelf. And the Holy Ghoſt in like manner, *Ne nos inducas in tentationem.* We do not pray that our Reaſon may not be combated and overcome by Concupiſcence, but that it ſhould not be ſo much as try'd; that we ſhould not be brought into a ſtate wherein we were ſo much as to ſuffer the approaches, ſollicitations, and temptations of Sin: and we beg of *Almighty God* to keep our Conſciences quiet, fully, and perfectly deliver'd from all Commerce of Evil. Such as ſay that they have reaſon for their revenging Paſſion, or any other ſort of troubleſome Agitation of Mind, do oft ſay true, as things now are, but not as they were. They ſpeak to us when the Cauſes of their Error are by themſelves nouriſh'd and advanc'd. But look backward, recal theſe Cauſes to their Beginning, and there you will put them to a *non-plus*; will they have their Fault leſs for being of longer continuance, and that of an unjuſt beginning, the ſequel can be juſt? Whoever ſhall deſire the good of his Country, as I do, without fretting or pining

himself, will be troubled, but will not swoon to see it threatning either its own ruine, or a no less ruinous continuance. Poor Vessel, that the Waves, the Winds, and the Pilot, toss and steer to so contrary Designs!

Buchanan. —— *in tam diversa, magister,*
Ventus, & unda trahunt.

He, who does not gape after the Favour of *Princes*, as after a thing he cannot live without, does not much concern himself at the coldness of their Reception and Countenance, nor at the inconstancy of their Wills. He who does not brood over his Children or his Honours with a slavish propension, ceases not to live commodiously enough after their loss. Who does good principally for his own satisfaction, will not be much troubled to see Men judge of his actions contrary to his Merit. A quarter of an ounce of Patience will provide sufficiently against such inconveniences. I find ease in this *Receipt*, redeeming my self in the beginning as good cheap as I can; and find, that by that means I have escap'd much trouble and many difficulties. With very little ado I stop the first sally of my Emotions, and leave the subject that begins to be troublesome before it transports me. He who stops at the start, will never be able to stop the career. Who cannot keep them out, will never get them out when they are once got in; and who cannot crush them at the beginning, will never do it after, nor ever keep himself from falling,

falling, if he cannot recover himself when he first begins to totter. *Etenim ipsi se impellunt, ubi semel à ratione discessum est: ipsâque sibi immoderatis indulget, in altumque provehitur imprudenter: nec reperit locum consistendi.* For they throw themselves head long, when once they lose their Reason, and Frailty does so far indulge it self, that it is unawares carried out into the deep, and can find no Port wherein to come to an Anchor. I am betimes sensible of the little breezes that begin to sing and whistle in the shrowds, the fore-runners of the storm. *Cicero Tusc. l. 4.*

Cum densa frenunt Silvæ, & cæca volutant
Murmura, venturos nautis prædicta tumultus.

Æneid. lib. 10.

as when Winds rise,
And hope by Woods, a sudden Murmur send,
Which doth a Storm to Mariners portend. *Mr. Ogilby.*

How oft have I done my self a manifest Injustice, to avoid the hazard of having yet a worse done me by the Judges, after an Age of Vexations, dirty and vile Practices, more Enemies to my Nature than Fire or the Rack? *Convenit à litibus quantum licet, & nescio an omni actione quam liceat abhorrentem esse. Est non modo liberale, pusillum nonnunquam de jure decedere, sed interdum etiam fructuosum.* A Man should be an Enemy to all Contention as much as he lawfully may, and I know not, whether not something more: For 'tis not only liberal, but sometimes also advantageous too, a lit-

tle to recede from ones right. Were we wise, we ought to rejoyce and boast, as I one day heard a young Gentleman of a good Family very innocently do, that his Mother had lost her Tryal, as if it had been a Cough, a Fever, or something very troublesome to keep: Even the Favours that Fortune might have given me through Relation or Acquaintance with those who have Sovereign Authority in those Affairs, I have very conscientiously wav'd; and very carefully avoided imploying them to the prejudice of others, and of advancing my pretentions above their true Right. In fine, I have so much prevail'd by my endeavours, in a happy hour I may speak it, that I am to this day a Virgin from all Suits in Law; though I have had very fair offers made me, and with very just Title, would I have hearkned to them: and a Virgin from Quarrels too. I have almost past over a long Life without any offence of Moment, either active or passive, or without ever hearing a worse word than my own Name: a rare Favour of Heaven. Our greatest Agitations have ridiculous Motives and Causes. What ruin did our last Duke of *Burgundy* run into about a Cart load of Sheeps Pelts! And was not the graving of a Seal the first and principal cause of the greatest Commotion that this Machine of the World did ever undergo? For *Pompey* and *Cæsar* are but the off sets and continuation of two others. And I have in my time seen the wisest Heads in this Kingdom assembled with great Ceremony, and at the publick expence, about Treaties

and

and Agreements, of which the true decision did in the mean time absolutely depend upon the Ladies Cabinet-Council, and the inclination of some foolish Women. The Poets very well understood this, when they put all *Greece* and *Asia* to Fire and Sword for an Apple. Inquire why that Man hazards his Life and Honour upon the Fortune of his Rapier and Dagger; let him acquaint you with the occasion of the Quarrel, he cannot do it without blushing, 'tis so idle and frivolous: A little thing will ingage you in't, but being once imbark'd, all Cords draw; greater Provisions are then required, more hard, and more important. How much easier is it not to enter in, than it is to get out? Now we should proceed contrary to the Reed, which at its first springing, produces a long and strait shoot, but afterwards, as if tir'd and out of Breath, it runs into thick and frequent joynts and knots, as so many pauses; which demonstrates, that it has no more its first Vigour and Constancy. 'Twere better to begin fair and coldly, and to keep a Man's Breath, and vigorous attaques for the height and stress of the Business. We guide and govern Affairs in their Beginnings, and have them then in our own Power; but afterwards, when they are once at work, 'tis they that guide and govern us, and we are to follow them. Yet do I not pretend by this to say, that this Counsel has discharg'd me of all difficulty, and that I have not often had enough to do to curb and restrain my Passions. They did not always to be govern'd according to

The Apple of Discord.

the measure of Occasions, and often have their Entries very sharp and violent. So it is, that thence good fruit and profit may be reap'd; except for those, who in well doing are not satisfied with any benefit, if Reputation be wanting: For in truth, such an Effect is not valued but by every one to himself. You are better contented, but not more esteem'd; seeing you reform'd your self before you came into play, and that any Vice was discover'd in you: yet not in this only, but in all other Duties of Life, also the way of those who aim at Honour, is very different from that they proceed by; who propose to themselves Order and Reason. I find some, who rashly and furiously rush into the *Lists*, and cool in the *Course*. As *Plutarch* says, that as those who thorough Bashfulness, being soft and facile to grant whatever is desir'd of them, are afterwards as frail to break their word, and to be scant; so likewise he who enters lightly into a Quarrel, is subject to go as lightly out. The same difficulty that keeps me from entring into it, would, when once hot and engag'd in Quarrel, incite me to maintain it with great Obstinacy and Resolution. 'Tis the Tyranny of Custom, when a Man is once engag'd, he must go through with it, or die. *Undertake coldly*, said *Bias*, *but pursue with Ardour*. For want of Prudence, Men fall into want of Courage, which is more intolerable. Most Accommodations of the Quarrels of these days are base, shameful and false, we only seek to save Appearances, and in the mean time betray and disavow

vow our true Intentions. We salve the fact. We know very well how we said the thing, and in what sence we spoke it, and both all the Company, and of them our Friends with whom we would appear to have the advantage, understand it well enough too. 'Tis at the expence of our Liberty, and the Honour of our Courage, that we disown our Thoughts, and seek refuge in Falsities, to be Friends. We give our selves the *Lye*, to excuse the *Lye* we have given to another. You are to consider, if your Word or Action may admit of another Interpretation; 'tis your own true and sincere Interpretation of, and your real meaning in what you said or did, that you are thenceforward to maintain, whatever it cost you. Men speak to your Virtue, Honour, and Conscience, which are none of them to be disguis'd. Let us leave these pitiful Ways and Expedients to the Juglers of the Law. The Excuses and Satisfactions that I see every day made, and given to repair Indiscretion, seem to me more scandalous than Indiscretion it self. It were better to affront your Adversary a second time, than to offend your self by giving him so unmanly a Satisfaction. You have brav'd him in your heat and anger, and you go to flatter and appease him in your cooler and better sense; and by that means lay your self lower, and at his feet, whom before you pretended to overtop. I do not find any thing a Gentleman can say so rude and vicious in him, as unsaying what he has said is Infamous, when to unsay it is authoritatively extracted

from him, for as much as Obstinacy is more excusable in a Man of Honour than Pusillanimity can possibly be. Passions are as easie for me to evade, as they are hard for me to moderate. *Exscinduntur facilius animo, quam temperantur.* Who cannot attain unto that noble *Stoical* impossibility, let him secure himself in the bosom of this popular Stupidity of mine. What those great Souls perform'd by their Vertue, I inure my self to do by Complexion. The middle Region harbours Storms and Tempests, the two extreams of *Philosophers* and ignorant Men concur in Tranquility and Happiness.

Juvenal.

Virg. Georg. lib. 2.

Fœlix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Atque metus omnes, & inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari,
Fortunatus, & ille, Deos qui novit agrestes,
Panaque, Sylvanumque senem, Nymphasque sorores.

Mr. *Ogilby.*

Happy is he that hidden causes knows,
And bold, all shapes of danger dare oppose,
Trampling beneath his feet the cruel *fates*,
Whom Death, nor swallowing *Acheron* amates;
And he is blest who knows our Country *Gods*,
Pan, old *Sylvanus*, and the Nymphs aboads.

The births of all things are weak and tender, and therefore are we to have an eye to their Beginnings; for as then in their Infancy the Danger is not perceiv'd; so when it is grown up, the Remedy is no more to be found. I had every day encounter'd a million of Crosses, harder

der to digeſt in the progreſs of my Ambition, than it has been hard for me to curb the natural propenſion that inclin'd me to it.

——— *jure perhorrui,*
Latè conſpicuum tollere verticem. *Hor. lib. 3. Ode 17.*

——— I did well
To ſhrink my Head into my Shell. Sir *Rich. Fanſhaw.*

All publick Actions are ſubject to various and incertain Interpretations, for too many heads judge of them. Some ſay of this City Imployment of mine (and I am willing to ſay a word or two of it, not that it is worth ſo much, but to give an account of my manners in ſuch things) that I have behaved my ſelf in it like a Man not eaſie to be mov'd, and with a languiſhing Affection; and they have ſome colour for what they ſay. I endeavour to keep my Mind and my Thoughts in repoſe. *Cum ſemper natura, tum etiam ætate jam quietus.* *As being always quiet by Nature, ſo alſo now by Age.* Cicero. And if they ſometimes laſh out upon ſome rude and ſenſible impreſſion, 'tis in truth without my advice. Yet from this natural heavineſs of mine, Men ought not to conclude a total inability in me; for want of Care and want of Senſe are two very different things, and much leſs any unkindneſs or Ingratitude towards that *Corporation*, who employ'd the utmoſt means they had in their power to oblige me, both before they knew me and after. And they did much more for me in chuſing me anew, than in con-

conferring that Honour upon me at first: I love them entirely, and wish them all the good that can befal so worthy a Society. And doubtless, had occasion been, there is nothing I would have spar'd for their Service; I did for them as I would have done for my self. 'Tis a good, Warlike and generous People, but capable of Obedience and Discipline, and of whom the best use may be made, if well guided. They say also, that my Administration was pass'd over without any great Remark, or any Record of moment. 'Tis true. They moreover accuse my Cessation in a time when every body almost was convinc'd of doing too much. I am impatient to be doing where my Will spurs me on; but this point is an enemy to Perseverance. Let whoever will make use of me, according to my own way, imploy me in affairs where vigour and liberty are requir'd; where a direct, short, and moreover, a hazardous Conduct are necessary. I peradventure may do something; but if it must be long, subtle, laborious, artificial and intricate, they were better call in some body else. All important Offices are not hard: I came prepar'd to carry my self a little more roughly, had there been great occasion; for it is in my power to do something more than I do, or than I love to do; I did not to my knowledge omit any thing that my Duty really requir'd; 'tis true, that I easily forget those Offices that Ambition mixes with Duty, and palliates with Title. Those are they, that for the most part, fill the Eyes and Ears, and give Men the most satisfaction. Not the things

but

but the appearance contents them. They think Men sleep if they hear no noise. My Humour is no friend to tumult. I could appease a *Riot* without emotion, and chastise a Disorder without alteration. If I stand in need of Anger and Inflammation, I borrow it, and put it on; my Manners are heavy, rather faint than sharp. I do not condemn a *Magistrate* that sleeps, provided the People under his charge sleep as well as he: the *Laws* in that case sleep too. For my part, I commend a gliding, solitary, and silent Life. *Neque submissam, & abjectam, neque se Cicero de Off. lib. 1.* *timentem. My Fortune will have it so.* I am descended from a Family that has liv'd without Lustre or Tumult, and time out of mind particularly ambitious of Valour and Loyalty. One People now adays are so bred up to bustle and Ostentation, that good Nature, Moderation, Equity, Constancy, and such quiet and obscure Qualities, are no more thought on or regarded. Rough bodies make themselves felt, the smooth are imperceptibly handled. Sickness is rife, Health little, or not all, no more than the Ills that torment us, in comparison of the Pains for which we are tormented. 'Tis acting Man's Reputation and particular Profit, not for the Publick good, to referr that to be done in the publick place, which a Man may as well do in the Council Chamber, and to-day, what might have been done the night before; and to be jealous to do that himself which his Colleague can do as well as he. So were some *Chirurgeons* of *Greece* wont to make their Operations upon *Scaffolds* in the

the sight of the People, to draw more practice and profit. They think that good Orders cannot be understood but by the sound of Trumpet. Ambition is not a Vice of little People, and of so mean Abilities as ours. One said to *Alexander*, your *Father* will leave you a great Dominion, easie and pacifick; this Youth was emulous of his *Father*'s Victories, and the Justice of his Government; and would not have enjoy'd the Empire of the World in ease and peace. *Alcibiades*, in *Plato*, had rather die Young, Beautiful, Rich, Noble, and Learned, and all this with Excellence, than to continue in the state of such a Condition. This disease is peradventure excusable in so strong and so full a Soul. When these wretched and dwarfish Souls gull and deceive themselves, and think to spread their Fame, for having given right judgment in an Affair, or continued the discipline of keeping the Guard of a *Gate* of their City, the more they think to exalt their heads, the more they shew their Tails. This little well-doing has neither body nor life; it vanishes in the first Mouth, and goes no farther than from one Street to another. Talk of it in *God's name* to your Son, or your Servant; like that old Fellow, who having no other Auditor of his Prayers, nor approver of his Valour, boasted to his Chamber-maid, crying out, O *Perret*, what a brave Man hast thou to thy Master! At the worst hand, talk of it to your self; like a Counsellor of my Acquaintance, who having disgorg'd a whole Carrful of *Paragraphs*, with great heat, and as great

great folly, coming out of the *Council-Chamber* to Piſs, was heard very conſcientiouſly to mutter betwixt his Teeth. *Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, ſed nomini tuo da gloriam.* Who can get it of no body elſe, let him pay himſelf out of his own Purſe. Fame is not proſtituted at ſo cheap a rate. Rare and exemplary Actions, to which it is due, would not endure the company of this prodigious crowd of little performances. Marble may exalt your Titles as much as you pleaſe, for having repair'd a *Rod* of a ruinous Wall, or cleans'd a publick *Aqueduct*; but not Men of Senſe. Renown does not follow all good Deeds, if Novelty and Difficulty be not conjoyn'd. Nay, ſo much as meer eſtimation, according to the *Stoicks*, is not due to every Action that proceeds from Vertue; neither will they allow him bare thanks, who out of Temperance forbears to meddle with an old blear-ey'd *Hagg*. Such as have known the admirable Qualities of *Scipio Africanus*, deny him the glory that *Panetius* attributes to him, of being abſtinent from Gifts, as a glory not ſo much his, as that of the Age he liv'd in. We have Pleaſures ſuitable to our Fortunes, let us not uſurp thoſe of Grandeur. Our own are more natural, and by ſo much more ſolid and ſure, as they are more low. If not for that of Conſcience, yet at leaſt for Ambitions ſake, let us reject Ambition, let us diſdain that thirſt of Honour and Renown, ſo low and mendicant, that it makes us beg it of all ſorts of People: *Quæ eſt iſta laus quæ poſſit è macello peti? What praiſe is that which is* Pſal. 113.

to be got in the Market? by abject means, and at what cheap rate ſoever. 'Tis diſhonour to be ſo honour'd. Let us learn to be no more greedy, than we are capable of Honour. To be puff'd up with every Action that is innocent, or of uſe, is only for ſuch with whom ſuch things are extraordinary and rare: They will value it as it coſts them. How much more a good effect makes a noiſe, ſo much I abate of the goodneſs of it; and enter into ſuſpicion that it was more perform'd for noiſe, than upon the account of goodneſs. Being expos'd upon the Stall, 'tis half ſold. Thoſe Actions have much more grace and luſtre, that flie from the hand of him that does them negligently, and without noiſe: and that ſome honeſt Man after chooſes out, and raiſes from the ſhade to produce it to the light upon his own account. *Mihi quidem laudabiliora videntur omnia, quæ ſine venditatione, & ſine populi teſte fiunt. All things truly ſeem more laudable to me, that are perform'd without oſtentation, and without the teſtimony of the People.* Says the proudeſt Man of the World, I had no care but to conſerve, and to continue, which are ſilent and inſenſible effects. Innovation is of great luſtre, but 'tis interdicted in this time, when we are preſs'd upon, and have nothing to defend our ſelves from but Novelties. To forbear doing, is oft as generous as to do, but 'tis leſs in the light; and the little of good that I have in me is of this kind. In fine, occaſions in this Imployment of mine have been confederate with my Humour, and I thank them

Cicero Tuſc. l. 2.

them for it. Is there any one who desires to be sick that he might see his *Physician's* Practice? And would not that *Physician* deserve to be whip'd, who should wish the Plague amongst us, that he might put his Art in practice? I have never been of that wicked Humour, tho' common enough, to desire that the troubles and disorders of this City should elevate and honour my Government: I have ever willingly contributed all I could to their tranquility and ease. He who will not thank me for the order, sweet and silent calm that has accompanied my Administration, cannot however deprive me of the share that belongs to me by the title of my good Fortune. And I am of such a Composition, that I would as willingly be *happy* as *wise*; and had rather owe my successes purely to the favour of *Almighty God*, than to any industry or operation of my own. I had sufficiently publish'd to the World my unfitness for such publick Offices; but I have something in me yet worse than incapacity, which is, that I am not much displeased at it, and that I do not much go about to cure it, considering the course of Life that I have propos'd to my self. Neither have I satisfied my self in this Employment, but I have very near arrived at what I expected from my own performance, and have yet much surpass'd what I promised them with whom I had to do: For I am apt to promise something less than what I am able to do, and than what I hope to make good. I assure my self that I have left no impressions of Offense or Hatred behind me, and

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to leave a regret or desire of me amongst them. I at least know very well that I did never much affect it.

Virgil. Æneid. lib. 5.

——— *méne huic confidere monstro,*
Méne salis placidi vultum, fluctusque quietos
Ignorare?

Mr. *Ogilby.*

Would'st thou I should a quiet Sea believe,
To this inconstant Monster credit give?

CHAP. XI.

Of Cripples.

The year cut ten days shorter.

'Tis now two or three years ago that they made the Year ten days shorter in *France*. How many changes may we expect should follow this Reformation! This was properly removing *Heaven* and *Earth* at once; and yet nothing for all that stirs from its place: my Neighbours still find their seasons of Sowing and Reaping, the opportunities of doing their business, with the hurtful and propitious days, just at the same time, where they had time out of Mind assign'd them. There was no more error perceived in our old usance, than there is amendment found in this new alteration. So great an incertainty there is throughout; so gross, obscure, and dull is our understanding. 'Tis said, that this regulation might have been car-

carried on with less inconvenience, by substracting, according to the Example of *Augustus*, the *Bissextile*, which is in some sort a Day of Trouble, till we had exactly satisfied that debt; which is not perform'd neither by this correction, and we yet remain some days in arrear: And yet by the same means such order might be taken for the future, ordering, That after the revolution of such a Year, or such a number of Years, the supernumerary Day might be always thrown out, so that we could not henceforward err above four and twenty Hours in our computation. We have no other account of Time but Years; the World has for many Ages made use of that only, and yet it is a measure that to this day we are not agreed upon; such a one, that we still doubt what form other *Nations* have variously given to it, and what was the true use of it. What does this saying of some mean, That the Heavens in growing old, bow themselves down nearer towards us, and put us into an uncertainty even of Hours and Days? And that which *Plutarch* says of the Months, That *Astrology* had not in his time determined of the motion of the *Moon*? So what a fine condition are we in to keep *Records* of things past! I was just now ruminating, as I often do upon this, what a free and roving thing Humane Judgment is. We ordinarily see, that Men, in things propos'd to them, more willingly study to find out the Reason, than to find out the Truth: They skip over *Presuppositions*, but are curious in examination of *Consequences*. They leave the *Things*,

and fly to the *Causes*. Pleasant Praters! The Knowledge of *Causes* does only concern Him who has the conduct of Things, not us, who are only to undergo them, and who perfectly have full and accomplished use of them according to our need, without penetrating into the Original and Essence. Neither is Wine more pleasant to him that knows its first Faculties. On the contrary, both the Body and the Soul alter and interrupt the right they have of the use of the World, and of themselves, by mixing with it the Opinion of Learning. Effects concern us, but the means not at all. To determine, and to distribute appertain to Superiority and Command, as it does to Subjection to accept it. Let me reprehend our Custom. They commonly begin thus: *How is such a thing done?* Whereas they should say, *Is such a thing done?* Our prattle is able to create a hundred other Worlds, and to find out the beginnings and contexture; it needs neither matter nor foundation. Let it but run on, it builds as well in the *Air*, as on the *Earth*, and with Inanity as well as Matter.

Persius, Sat. 5. *dare pondus idonea fumo.*

I find, that almost throughout we should say there is no such *thing*; and should my self often make use of this answer, but I dare not; for they cry, that it is a defect produc'd from Ignorance and weakness of Understanding. And I am forc'd for the most part to juggle for Company, and prate of frivolous and idle Subjects that

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at I believe ne'er a word of. Besides that, truth, 'tis a little rude and quarrelling, flatly deny a Proposition; and few People but affirm, especially in things hard to be be-, that they have seen them, or at least name such Witnesses whose Authority stop our Mouths from Contradictions. By means we know the Foundations and ans of things that never were; and the rld scuffles about a thousand Questions, of ich both the pro and the con are false. *Ita Cicero, sunt falsa vitia, ut præcipitem docum non Acad. lib. 4. sit sapiens committere.* *False things are so the wise, that a wise Man should not trust self upon the precipice.* *Truth* and *Lies* are alike, their port, taste, and proceedings the same, and we look upon them with the Eye. I find that we are not only remiss ending our selves from deceit, but we and offer our selves to be gull'd; we love entangle our selves in Vanity, as a thing nformable to our Being. I have seen the of many Miracles of my time, which al- hey were abortive, yet have we not d to foresee what they would have come hey lived their full Age. 'Tis but ing the end of the *Clue*, and a Man may off as much as he will; and there is a er distance betwixt *nothing*, and the leaft in the World, than there is betwixt that the greatest. Now the first that are imbu- with this beginning of Novelty, when they their History, find, by oppositions they t with, where the difficulty of persuasion

lies, and so caulk that place with some false piece. Besides that, *Insita hominibus libidine alendi de industria rumores*, *Men having a natural desire to nourish Reports*, we naturally make a Conscience of restoring what has been lent us without some usury and accession of our substance. Particular Error first makes the publick Error, and afterwards, in turn, the publick Error makes the particular one; so all this vast *Fabrick* goes forming and confounding itself from hand to hand, so that the remotest Testimony is better instructed than those that are nearest; and the last inform'd better perswaded than the first. 'Tis a natural progress. For whoever believes any thing, thinks it a work of Charity to perswade another into the same Opinion. Which the better to do, he will make no difficulty of adding as much of his own Invention, as he conceives necessary to encounter the resistance or want of Conception he meets with in others. I my self, who make a great conscience of Lying, and am not very sollicitous of giving credit and authority to what I say, do yet find, that in the Arguments I have in hand, being heated with the opposition of another, or by the proper heat of my own Narration, I swell and puff up my Subject by Voice, Motion, Vigour, and force of Words, and moreover, by Extention and Amplification, not without some prejudice to the naked truth: But I do it conditionally withal, that to the first who brings me to my self, and who asks me the plain and naked truth, I presently surrender my Passion, and

deliver it to him without Exaggeration, without Emphasis, or any Farding of my own. A quick and earnest way of Speaking, as mine is, is apt to run into *Hyperbole*. There is nothing to which Men commonly are more inclin'd, than to give way to their own Opinions. Where the ordinary means fail us, we add Command, Force, and Fire, and Sword. 'Tis ill luck to be in that pass, that the best touch of Truth, must be in the multitude of Believers in a crowd, where the number of Fools so much exceeds the Wise. *Quasi vero quidquam sit tam valde, quam nil sapere vulgare. Sanitatis patrocinium est, insanientium turba.* *As if any thing were so common as Ignorance. The multitude of Fools is a protection to the Wise.* 'Tis hard to resolve a Man's Judgment against the common Opinions. The first perswasion taken from the very Subject it self, possesses the simple, and from that, it diffuses it self to the wise, under the authority of the number and antiquity of the Witnesses. For my part, what I should not believe from one, I would not believe from an hundred an one; and do not judge Opinions by the years. 'Tis not long since, one of our Princes, in whom the Gout had spoil'd an excellent Nature, and timely Disposition, suffer'd himself to be so perswaded with the report was made of the wonderful Operations of a certain *Priest*, who by Words and Gestures cur'd all sorts of Diseases; as to go a long Journey to seek him out; and by the force of his Apprehension for the time, so perswaded, and laid his Legs asleep, as to obtain that service from them they had

Cicero de divi. l. 2. Item. Aug. de Civit. Dei, lib. 6. cap. 10.

A Priest that cur'd all sorts of Diseases by Words and Gestures.

had a long time forgot. Had *Fortune* heap'd five or six such-like Accidents, it had been enough to have brought this Miracle into Nature. There was after discovered so much *Simplicity*, and so little *Art* in the *Architecture* of such Operations, that they were thought too contemptible to be punish'd, as would be thought of most such things, were they well examin'd. *Miramur ex intervallo fallentia. We admire at distance things that deceive.* So does our sight oft represent to us strange Images at distance, that vanish in approaching near. *Nunquam ad liquidum fama perducitur. Fame is never brought to be clear.* 'Tis to be wondred at, from how many idle beginnings, and frivolous causes such famous impressions commonly proceed. This it is that obstructs the Information; for whilst we seek out the Causes, and the great and weighty Ends, worthy of so great a Name, we lose the true ones. They escape our sight by their littleness: And, in truth, a prudent, diligent, and subtle Inquisition is requir'd in such searches; indifferent, and not prepossess'd. To this very hour all these Miracles and strange Events have conceal'd themselves from me; I have never seen greater Monster or Miracle in the World than my self: A Man grows familiar with all strange things by time and custom; but the more I frequent, and the better I know my self, the more does my own deformity astonish me, and the less I understand my self. The principal right of advancing and producing such Accidents, is reserv'd to *Fortune*. Riding the other day through a Villag

Seneca. Epist. 118.

Cret lin. 9.

Village, about two Leagues from my Houſe, I found the Place yet hot with the Rumour of a Miracle lately hapned there, wherewith the Neighbourhood had been ſeveral Months amuſed, and ſo, that neighbouring *Provinces* began to take the *Alarm*, and to run thither in great Companies of all ſorts of People. A young Fellow of the Town, had one Night in ſport counterfeited the Voice of a Spirit in his own Houſe, without any other deſign at preſent, but only for ſport; but this having ſucceeded with him a little better than he expected, to illuſtrate his *Farce* with more *Actors*, he took a ſtupid ſilly Country Girl into the Scene, and at laſt they were three of the ſame Age and Underſtanding; and from domeſtick Lectures, proceeded to publick Preachings, hiding themſelves under the *Altar* of the *Church*, never ſpeaking but by Night, and forbidding any light to be brought, Words which tended to the Converſion of the World, and Threats of the Day of Judgment (for theſe are Subjects under the Authority and Reverence of which Impoſture, does moſt ſecurely lurk and lie conceal'd) and thence proceeding to vicious and odd Geſtures, ſo ſimple and ridiculous, that nothing could hardly be ſo groſs and contemptible amongſt little Children: Yet had Fortune never ſo little favour'd the Deſign, who knows to what height this juggling might have at laſt arriv'd? Theſe poor *Devils* are at preſent in Priſon, and are like ſhortly to pay for their Folly, and I know not whether ſome Judge may not alſo make them ſmart for this.

We ſee clearly in this which is diſcover'd, but in many things of the like nature, that exceed our Knowledge. I am of Opinion, that we ought to ſuſpend our Judgment, and to keep it in a Condition as fit to reject, as to receive them. Great abuſe in the World is begot, or, to ſpeak more boldly, all the abuſes of the World are begot by our being taught to be afraid of profeſſing our Ignorance, and that we are bound to accept all things we are not able to refute. We ſpeak of all things by Precepts and Reſolution. The Style of *Rome* was, that even that which a Witneſs depos'd for having ſeen it with his own Eyes, and what a Judge determin'd with his moſt certain knowledge, was couched in this form of ſpeaking, *It ſeems*. They make me hate things that are likely, when they impoſe them upon me for infallible. I love theſe words which mollifie and moderate the Temerity of our Propoſitions, *Peradventure*, *in ſome ſort*, *ſome*, *'tis ſaid*, *I think*, and the like: And had I been to train up Children, I had ſo put this way of anſwering into their mouths, inquiring, and not reſolutive, *What does this mean? I underſtand it not*; *It may be*; *It is true*. That they ſhould rather have retain'd the form of *Pupils* at threeſcore years old, than to go out *Doctors*, as they do, at ten. Whoever will be cur'd of Ignorance, muſt confeſs it. *Iris* is the Daughter of *Thaumantis*. *Admiration* is the Foundation of all *Philoſophy*, Inquiſition the progreſs, and Ignorance the end. Ay, but there is a ſort of Ignorance ſtrong and generous, that yields nothing

thing in Honour and Courage to Knowledge; an Ignorance, which to conceive, requires no less knowledge than Knowledge it self. I saw in my younger Years, a *Report* of a *Process* that *Corras* a Counsellor of *Thoulouse* put out in print, of a strange Accident of two Men, who presented themselves the one for the other. I remember (and I hardly remember any thing else) that he seem'd to have rendred the Imposture of him whom he judg'd to be guilty, so wonderful, and so far exceeding both our Knowledge and his own, who was the Judge, that I thought it a very bold Sentence that condemn'd him to be hang'd. Let us take up some form of *Arrest*, that says, *The Court understands nothing of the matter*; more freely and ingenuously than the *Areopagites* did, who finding themselves perplex'd with a *Cause* they could not unravel, order'd the Parties to appear again after an hundred years. The *Witches* of my Neighbourhood run a hazard of their Lives, upon the Intelligence of every new *Author* that will give real *Body* to his *Dreams*. To accommodate the Examples that *Holy Writ* gives us of such things, most certain, and irrefragable Examples, and to tye them to our modern Events, being we neither see the *Causes*, nor the *Means*, will require another sort of Wit than ours. It peradventure only appertains to that sole all-potent Testimony, to tell us, *This is, and that is, and not that other.* GOD ought to be believ'd, and certainly with very good Reason; but not one amongst us for all that, who is astonish'd at his own Narration and'

(and he must of necessity be astonish'd, if he be not out of his Wits) whether he employ it about other Men's Affairs, or against himself. I am plain and rude, and stick to the main point, and that which is most likely, avoiding those ancient Reproaches. *Majorem fidem homines adhibent iis quæ non intelligunt, Cupidine humani ingenii libentius obscura creduntur.* *Men are most apt to believe what they least understand; and through the lust of Humane Wit, obscure things are more easily credited.* I see very well that Men are angry, and that I am forbidden to doubt upon pain of execrable Injuries. A new way of perswading Mercy for God's sake. I am not to be cuff'd into belief. Let them be angry with those who accuse their Opinion of falsity, I only accuse it of difficulty and boldness; and condemn the opposite affirmation equally, if not so imperiously with them. Who will establish his Discourse by authority and huffing, discovers his Reason to be very weak. For a verbal and scholastick alteration, let them have as much apparence as their Contradictors. *Videantur sane, non affirmentur modo.* But in the real consequence they draw from it, these have much the advantage. To kill Men, a clear and shining Light is requir'd; and our Life is too real and essential to warrant these supernatural and fantastick accidents. As to *Druggs* and *Poysons*, I throw them out of my count, as being the worst sorts of Homicides: Yet even in this, 'tis said, that Men are not always to insist upon the proper confessions of these People: For they have sometimes been

Plin.

Sic. vil. Sen.

been known to accuse themselves of the Murther of Persons who have afterwards been found living and well. In these other extravagant accusations, I shall be apt to say, that it is sufficient a Man, what recommendation soever he may have, be believed in humane things; but of what is beyond his Conception, and of supernatural effect, he ought then only to be believ'd, when authoriz'd by a supernatural Approbation. The priviledge it has pleas'd *Almighty God* to give to some of our Witnesses, ought not to be lightly communicated and made cheap. I have my Ears batter'd with a thousand such *sim flams* as these. Three saw him such a day in the *East*, three the next day in the *West*; at such an hour, in such a place, and in such habit; in earnest, I should not believe my self. How much more natural and likely do I find it that two Men should lye, than that one Man in twelve hours time should fly with the Wind from *East* to *West*? How much more natural, than our Understanding should be carried from its place, by the volubility of our disorder'd Minds, than this, that one of us should be carried by a strong Spirit upon a Broom staff, Flesh and Bones as we are, up the shaft of a Chimney? Let not us seek illusions from without and unknown, who are perpetually agitated with illusions domestick and our own. Methinks a Man is pardonable in disbelieving a Miracle, as much at least as he can divert and elude the verification by no wonderful ways. And I am of St. *Augustine*'s Opinion, That 'tis better to lean towards

Doubt

Doubt than Assurance in things hard to prove, and dangerous to believe. 'Tis now some years ago, that I travell'd through the Territories of a Soveraign *Prince*, who in my favour, and to abate my incredulity, did me the honour to let me see in his own presence, and in a particular place, ten or twelve Prisoners of this kind, and amongst others, an old *Hag*, a real Witch in foulness and deformity, who long had been famous in that Profession. I saw both Proofs and free Confessions, and I know not what insensible Mark upon the miserable Creature: I examin'd and talk'd with her and the rest as much and as long as I would, and made the best and soundest Observations I could, neither am I a Man to suffer my Judgment to be captivated by prepossession; and, in the end, should in Conscience sooner have prescrib'd them *Hellebore* than *Hemlock*. *Captisque res magis mentibus, quam consceleratis similis visa.* *The thing was rather to be attributed to Madness than Malice.* Justice has correction proper for such Maladies. As to the Oppositions and Arguments that honest Men have made me, both there and oft in other places, I have met with none that have convinc'd me, and that have not admitted a more likely solution than their Conclusions. It is true indeed, that the Proofs and Reasons that are founded upon Experience and matter of Fact, I do not go about to untie, neither have they any end; I often cut them, as *Alexander* did the *Gordian* Knot. After all, 'tis setting a Man's Conjectures at a very high price upon them, to cause a Man to

Witch-marks.

Livius.

be

be roasted alive. We are told by several Examples, (and particularly *Prestantius*, of his Father) that being more profoundly asleep than men usually are, he fancied himself to be a *Mare*, and that he serv'd the Souldiers for a *Sumpter*; and what he fancied himself to be, he really prov'd. If Sorcerers dream so materially; if dreams can sometimes so incorporate themselves with effects, I cannot believe that therefore our Wills should be accountable to Justice; which I say, as a man, who am neither *Judge*, nor *Privy Counsellor*; and that think my self by many degrees unworthy so to be, but a man of the common sort born, and vow'd to the obedience of the publick Reason, both in it's words and acts. He that should record my idle talk to the prejudice of the most paltry *Law*, *Opinion*, or *Custom* of his Parish, would do himself a great deal of wrong, and me much more. For in what I say, I warrant no other certainty, but that 'tis what I had than in my Thought. Tumultuous and wavering Thought. All I say is by way of discourse, and nothing by way of Advice. *Nec me pudet in istos, fateri nescire, quod nesciam.* *Cicero. Acad.* *Neither am I asham'd, as they are, to confess my ignorance of what I do not know.* I should not speak so boldly, if it were my due to be believ'd. And so I told a great man, who complain'd of the tartness and contention of my Advices. Perceiving you to be ready, and prepar'd on one part, I propose to you the other, with all the deligence and care I can, to clear your Judgment, not to oblige it.

God

God has your Hearts in his Hands, and will furnish you with choice. I am not so presumptuous so much as to desire that my Opinions should so much as incline you to a thing of so great Importance. My Fortune has not train'd them up to so potent and elevated Conclusions. Truly I have not only a great many Humours, but also a great many Opinions, that I would endeavour to make my Son dislike, if I had one. What? if the truest are not always the most commodious to man, being of too wild a Composition: Whether it be to the purpose, or not, 'tis no great matter. 'Tis a common *Proverb* in *Italy*, *that he knows not* Venus *in her perfect sweetness, who has never lain with a lame Mistress.* Fortune or some particular Accident, has long ago put this Saying into the mouths of the People; and the lame is said of Men as well as of women, for the Queen of *Amazons* answer'd the *Scythian*, who courted her to love, *δεῖται χωλὴ ἐπὶ χωλοῦ Lame men perform best.* In this Feminine *Republick*, to evade the dominion of the Males, they lam'd them in their infancy, both Arms Legs, and other Members, that gave them advantage over them, and only made use of them in that wherein we in the other Parts of the World make use of them. I should have been apt to think that the shuffling pace of the lame Mistress added some new Pleasure to the work, and some extraordinary titillation to those who were at the sport; but that I have lately learnt, that ancient *Philosophy* has it self determin'd it, which says, that the Legs and Thighs

Lame People best at the sport of *Venus*.

of

of lame Women, not receiving, by reason of their imperfection, their due aliment, it falls out, that the genital Parts above, are fuller and better supplied, and much more vigorous. Or else, that this defect hindring the Exercise, they who are ingag'd in it, less disperse their forces, and come more intire to the sports of *Venus*. Which also is the Reason why the *Greeks* decryed the Women-weavers, as being more hot than other Women, by Reason of their sedentary Trade; which they do without any great motion or exercise of the Body. What is it we may not reason of at this rate? I might also say of these, that this jogging their Breeches, whilst so sitting at work, rouzes and provokes their desire, as the swinging and jolting of Coaches does that of our *Ladies*. Do not these Examples serve to make good what I said at first, that our Reasons often anticipate the effect, and have so infinite an extent of Jurisdiction, that they judge and exercise themselves, even in Inanity, and where there is no being? Besides the flexibility of our invention to forge Reasons of all sorts of Dreams, our Imagination is equally facile to receive impressions of falsity, by very frivolous Apparences. For by the sole authority of the ancient and common Use of this *Proverb*, I have formerly made my self believe, that I have had more Pleasure in a Woman by reason she was not strait, and accordingly reckoned that deformity amongst her Graces. *Torquato Tasso*, in his comparison he makes betwixt *France* and *Italy*, says, he has observ'd, that our Legs are generally

Women-weavers more lustful than other Women

The *French* Gentlemens Legs smaller than others and why

generally ſmaller than thoſe of the *Italian Gentlemen*; and attributes the cauſe of it to our being continually on Horſe-back. Which is the very ſame from which *Suetonious* draws a quite contrary Concluſion; for he ſays on the contrary, that *Germanicus* had made his Legs bigger by the continuation of the ſame Exerciſe. Nothing is ſo ſupple and wandring as our Underſtanding. 'Tis like the ſhoe of *Theramenes*, fit for all feet. 'Tis double and various, and the matters are double and diverſe too. *Give me a Drachm of Silver*, ſaid a Cynick *Philoſopher* to *Antigonus*; *that is not a Preſent befitting a King*, reply'd he; *give me then a Talent*, ſaid the other; *that is not a Preſent befitting a Cynick.*

Theramenes ſhoe.

Virg. Georg. l. 1.

Seu plures calor ille vias, & cæca relaxat
Spiramenta novas veniat qua ſuccus in herbas:
Seu durat magis, & venas aſtringit hiantes,
Ne tenues pluviæ rapidive potentia ſolis
Acrior, aut Boreæ penetrabile frigus adurat.

Mr. *Ogilby*

Whether from this new force and nouriſhment
The Earth receives, or elſe all Venom ſpent,
By fire and froth ſuperfluous moiſture ſweat,
Or many dark hid breathing lax'd by heat,
By which freſh ſap the ſpringing Corn ſuſtains,
Or more condens'd it binds the gaping Veins,
Leſt ſoaking ſhow'rs, or *Sol*'s more potent Beam,
Or *Boreas* piercing cold ſhould wither them.

Ogni medaglia ha il ſuo reverſo. *Every Medal has its reverſe.* This is the reaſon why *Clitomachus*

cus said of old, that *Carneades* had out done
e Labours of *Hercules*, in having fixt the con-
t of men, that is to say, their Opinion, and
e Liberty of judging. This so strong fan-
of *Carneades*, sprung in my Opinion anci-
ly from the impudence of those who made
rofession of knowledge, and their immeasu-
le self-conceit. *Æsop* was set to sale with
o other Slaves, the buyer ask'd the first what
e could do; who, to enhance his own value,
omis'd Mountains and Miracles, saying, he
ld do this, and that, and I know not what;
econd as much of himself and more: But
en it came to *Æsop*'s turn, and that he was
o ask'd what he could do, *Nothing*, said he,
these two have taken up all before me; they
do every thing. So has it hapened in the
chool of *Philosophy*. The pride of those who
ributed the Capacity of all things to humane
e, created in others, out of spite and Emu-
on, this Opinion, that it is capable of no-
ing. The one maintain the same extream in
norance that the others do in Knowledge.
o make it undeniably manifest that man is
moderate throughout, can give no other po-
ive sentence but that of Necessity, and the
ant of Ability to proceed further.

CHAP. XII.

Of Physiognomy.

ALmost all the Opinions we have are deriv'd from Authority, and taken upon trust; and 'tis not amiss. We could not choose worse than by our selves in so weak an Age. This Image of *Socrates* his Discourses, which his Friends have transmitted to us, we approve upon no other account, but merely the reverence to publick Approbation. 'Tis not according to our own knowledge, they are not after our way. If any thing of this kind should spring up new, few men would value them. We discern not the graces otherwise than by certain features, touch'd up, and illustrated by Art. Such as glide on in their own Purity and Simplicity, easily escape so gross a sight as ours; they have a delicate and conceal'd Beauty, such as requir'd a clear and purified sight to discover so secret a light. Is not Simplicity, as we accept it, Cousin-German to Folly, and a Quality of reproach? *Socrates* makes his Soul move a natural and common motion. *A country Peasant said this, a Woman said that*, he has never any thing in his Mouth but *Carters*, *Joiners*, *Coblers*, and *Masons*. Their are inductions and similitudes drawn from the most common and known Actions of Men, every one understands them. We should ne-

ver

ver have entertain'd the Nobility and Splendor of his admirable Conceptions under so vile a form; we, I say, who think all things low and flat, that are not elevated by Learning, and who discern no riches but in pomp and shew. This World of ours is only form'd for Ostentation. Men are only puff'd up with Wind, and are bandied too and fro like Tennis-Balls. This Man proposes to himself no vain and idle Fancies, his design was to furnish us with Precepts and things that more really and fitly serve to the use of Life:

servare modum, finemque tenere,
Naturamque sequi. Lucan. l. 2.

To keep a mean, his end still to observe,
And from the Laws of Nature ne'er to swerve.

He was also always one and the same, and held himself not by starts, but by complexion, in the highest pitch of vigour; or to say better, he exalted nothing, but rather brought down, and reduc'd all asperities and difficulties to their original and natural Condition, and subjected their power: For in *Cato* 'tis most manifest, that there is a proceeding extended far beyond the common ways of ordinary men. In the brave exploits of his Life, and in his Death, we find him always mounted upon his manag'd Horses. Whereas this Man always keeps upon the ground, and with a slow and ordinary pace, treats of the most usefull Discourses, and bears himself through both at his

Death, and the niceſt traverſes that would preſent themſelves in the courſe of humane Life. It has fallen out well, that the man moſt worthy to be known, and to be preſented to the World for Example, ſhould be he of whom we have the moſt certain knowledge; he has been pry'd into by the moſt clear-ſighted men that ever were. The Teſtimonies we have of him are admirable both in Fidelity and Knowledge. 'Tis a great thing that he was able ſo to order the pure Imaginations of a Child, that without altering, or wreſting them, he has thereby produc'd the moſt beautiful effects of a humane Soul. He preſents it not either elevated or rich, he only repreſents it ſound, but certainly with a brisk and ſpritely Health. By theſe common and natural *Springs*, by theſe vulgar and ordinary *Fancies*, without being mov'd or making any buſtle in the Buſineſs, he ſet up, not only the moſt regular, but the moſt high and vigorous *Beliefs*, *Actions*, and *Manners* that ever were. 'Tis he who brought again from Heaven, where ſhe loſt her time, human Wiſdom, to reſtore her to *man*, wherein her moſt juſt and greateſt buſineſs lies. See him plead before his judges, do but obſerve by what reaſons he rouzes his Courage to the hazards of War; with what Arguments he fortifies his Patience againſt Calumny, Tyranny, Death and the perverſeneſs of his Wife: you will find nothing in all this borrow'd from *Arts* and *Sciences*. The ſimpleſt may there diſcover their own means and power; 'tis not poſſible more to retire, or to creep more low

He has done humane Nature a great kindneſs in ſhewing it how much it can do of it ſelf. We are all of us richer than we think we are; but we are taught to borrow and to beg, and brought up more to make uſe of what is anothers than our own. Man can in nothing fit and conform himſelf to his meer Neceſſity. Of Pleaſure, Wealth, and Power, he graſps at more than he can hold; his greedineſs is incapable of moderation. And I find that in curioſity of knowing he is the ſame; he cuts himſelf out more work than he can do, and more than he needs to do: Extending the utility of Knowledge as far as the matter. *Ut omnium rerum, ſic literarum quoque, intemperantia laboramus.* *That, as of every thing elſe, we ſhould alſo be ſick of the intemperance of Letters.* *Seneca, Epiſt.* 106. And *Tatius* has reaſon to commend the Modeſt of *Agricola*, for having reſtrain'd her Son in his too violent appetite of learning. 'Tis a good, if duly conſider'd, which has in it, as the other *goods* of Men have, a great deal of Vanity, and of proper and natural weakneſs, and that coſts very dear; the acquiſition of it is more hazardous than that of all other Meat or Drink. For in other things, what we have bought, we carry home in ſome Veſſel, and there have liberty to examine our Markets, how much it coſts, and what 'tis worth, according to the Seaſon: but *Sciences* we can at the very firſt beſtow, into no other Veſſel than the Soul; we ſwallow them in buying, and return from the Market, either already infected or amended. There are of ſuch ſorts as

only burthen and overcharge the Stomach inſtead of nouriſhing; and moreover, ſome, that under colour of curing, poyſon us. I have been pleas'd, in place where I have been, to ſee Men in Devotion vow *Ignorance* as well as *Chaſtity*, *Poverty*, and *Penitence*. 'Tis alſo a gelding of our unruly Appetites, to blunt this cupidity that ſpurs us on to the ſtudy of Books, and to deprive the Soul of this voluptuous complacency, that tickles us with the Opinion of Knowledge. And 'tis plenarily to accompliſh the Vow of *Poverty* to add unto it that of the *Mind*. We need not be taught to live at our eaſe. And *Socrates* tells us, that it is in us, with the way how to find it, and the manner how to uſe it. All theſe Acquiſitions of ours, which exceed our natural ones, are upon the matter ſuperfluous and vain. 'Tis much if they do not more burthen and cumber us than they do us good. *Paucis opus eſt literis ad mentem bonam. A Man of good natural Parts, and a good Diſpoſition, has no great need of Learning.* 'Tis a feveriſh exceſs of the Mind; a tempeſtuous and unquiet Inſtrument. Do but recollect your ſelf, and you will find in your ſelf natural Arguments againſt Death, which are true, and more proper, and fit to ſerve you in time of neceſſity. 'Tis they that make a *Peaſant*, and an intire People die with as much conſtancy as a *Philoſopher*. Should I have died leſs chearfully before I had read *Cicero's Tuſculanes*? I believe not. And when I find my ſelf at the beſt, I perceive that my Tongue is inrich'd indeed, but my Courage little or nothing

Ibidem.

thing elevated by them. It is just as *Nature* forg'd it at first, and against any conflict only defends it self after a natural and ordinary way. *Books* have not so much serv'd me for Instruction as Exercise. What if Knowledge, trying to arm us with new defences against natural Inconveniencies, has more imprinted in our fancies their weight and grandeur, than her reasons and subtilties to secure us from them? They are subtilties indeed, with which she oft alarms us to little purpose. Do but observe, how many slight and frivolous, and if nearly examin'd, how many incorporeal Arguments the closest and wisest *Authors* scatter about one good one. They are no other but quirks and fallacies to amuse and gull us. But forasmuch as it may be with some profit, I will sift it no further. Many of that sort are here and there dispers't up and down this Treatise, either upon borrowing, or by imitation; therefore ought a Man to take a little heed, not to call that *force* which is only a *knack* of writing, and that solid, which is only quick, or that good, which is only fine. *Quæ magis gustata quam potata delectant*; *Which more delight in tasting, than in being drank off.* Every thing that pleases does not nourish. *Ubi non ingenii sed animi negotium agitur. Where the question is not about improving the Wit, but bettering the Understanding.* To see the bustle that *Seneca* keeps to fortifie himself against Death, to see him so sweat and pant to harden and encourage himself, and bate so long upon the *Perch*, would have lessened his Reputation

Tusc. lib. 5.

Sen. Epist.

with me, had he not very bravely maintain'd it to the laſt. His ſo ardent and frequent agitations diſcover that he was in himſelf impetuous and paſſionate. *Magnus animus remiſſius loquitur, & ſecurius : Non eſt alius ingenio, alius animo color.* *A great Courage ſpeaks more negligently and more ſecurely. The Wit and Courage wear one and the ſame Livery.* He muſt be convinc'd at his own expence. And he does in ſome ſort diſcover that he was hard laid to by his Enemy. *Plutarch*'s way, by how much it is more diſdainful, and farther ſtretch'd, is, in my opinion, ſo much more manly and perſuaſive: and I am apt to believe, that his Soul had more aſſur'd and more regular motions. The one more ſharp, pricks and makes us ſtart, and more touches the Soul; the other more ſolid, informs, eſtabliſhes, conſtantly ſupports us, and more touches the Underſtanding. That raviſhes the Judgment, this wins it. I have likewiſe ſeen other Writings yet more reverenc'd than theſe, that in the repreſentation of the conflict they maintain againſt the Temptations of the fleſh, depaint them ſo ſharp, ſo powerful and invincible, that we our ſelves, who are of the meaner ſort of the People, are as much to wonder at the ſtrangeneſs and unknown force of their temptation, as at their reſiſtance. To what end do we ſo arm our ſelves with this harneſs of *Philoſophy*? Let us look down upon the poor People that we ſee ſcatter'd upon the face of the Earth, prone and intent upon their Buſineſs, that neither know *Ariſtotle*, nor *Cato*, *Example*, nor *Precept*.

Sencca. Epiſt. 115.

cept. Even from these does *Nature* every day extract effects of Constancy and Patience, more pure and manly than those we so inquisitively study in the *Schools*. How many do I ordinarily see, who slight Poverty? how many that desire to die, or that do it without alarm or regret? He that is now digging in my Garden, has this Morning buried his Father, or his Son. The very names by which they call Diseases, sweeten and mollifie the sharpness of them. The *Tissick* is with them no more but a *Cough*, the *Bloody flux* but a *Looseness*, a *Pleurisie* but a *Stitch*, and, as they gently name them, so they patiently endure them. They are very great and grievous indeed, when they hinder their ordinary Labours; and they never keep their Beds, but to die. *Simplex illa, & aperta virtus in obscuram, & solertem scientiam versa est.* Seneca. Epist. 95. *That plain and simple Vertue is converted into an obscure and cunning Knowledge.* I was writing this about a time when a great load of our intestine troubles for several Months lay with all its weight upon me. I had the *Enemy* at my Door on one side, and the *free-booters*, worse Enemies than they, on the other; *Non armis, sed vitiis, certatur*; Seneca. and underwent all sorts of Military Injuries at once.

Hostis adest dextra lævaque à parte timendus,
Vicinoque malo terret utrumque latus. Ovid.

On either hand an Enemy alarms,
And threatens both sides with injurious Arms.

A mon-

A monstrous War! Other Wars are bent against Strangers, this against it self; and destroys it self with its own Poyson. 'Tis of so malignant and ruinous a nature, that it ruines it self with the rest; and with its own rage mangles and tears it self to pieces. We often see it dissolve of it self, than thorough scarcity of any necessary thing, or by force of the Enemy. All Discipline evades it. It comes to compose *Sedition*, and is it self full of it; Will chastize *Disobedience*, and it self is the Example; and, employ'd for the defence of the *Laws*, rebels against those of our own. What a Condition are we in? Our *Physick* makes us sick.

Plutarch. *Notre mal s'empoisonne*
Du secours qu'on luy donne.

Such is our fate, that our Disease
Our Remedies do still increase.

Æneid. lib. 12. *Exuperat magis, ægrescitque medendo.*

His *Physick* makes him worse, and sicker still.

Catullus. *Omnia fanda nefanda malo permista furore,*
Justificam nobis mentem avertêre Deorum.

Right and wrong, shuffled in this Civil War,
Have rob'd us of the *Gods* protecting care.

In the beginning of Popular Maladies, a Man may distinguish the sound from the sick; but when they come to continue, as ours have done, the

the whole body is then infected from head to foot, and no part is free from Corruption. For there is no Air that Men so greedily draw in, that diffuses it self so soon, and that penetrates so deep as that of *Licence*. Our *Armies* only subsist, and are kept together by the cement of Strangers; for of *French* there is now no constant and regular Body of an Army to be made. What a shame it is? there is no more Discipline but what we learn from borrow'd Soldiers. As to us our selves, our Conduct is at discretion, and not of the Chief, but every one at his own; the General has a harder game to play within than he has without: In the Word of Command to *march*, *draw up*, *wheel*, and the like, we obey him indeed; but all the rest is dissolute and free. It pleases me to observe how much Pusillanimity and Cowardice there is in Ambition; by how abject and servile ways it must arrive at its end, but withal, it displeases me to see good and generous Natures, and that are capable of Justice, every day corrupted in the managery and command of this Confusion. Long toleration begets habit, habit consent and imitation. We had ill contriv'd Souls enow, without spoiling those that were generous and good; so that if we hold on, there will not remain any with whom to intrust the health of this State of ours, in case Fortune chance to restore it.

Hunc saltem everso juvenem succurrere seclo,
Ne prohibete —— *Virgil. Georg. l. 1.*

Ah!

Mr. *Ogilby*. Ah! for young *Cæsar* now your selves engage,
That he again repair this ruin'd Age.

What is become of the old Precept, *That Soldiers ought more to fear their Chief, than the Enemy?* And that wonderful Example, that an Orchard being inclos'd within the precincts of a *Camp* of the *Roman Army*, was seen at their dislodgment the next day in the same condition, not an Apple, though ripe and delicate, being pull'd off, but all left to the Possessor? I could wish that our Youth, instead of the time they spend in less fruitful Travels, and less honourable Imployments, would bestow one half of that time in being an Eye-witness of *Naval Exploits*, under some good Captain of *Malta*, and the other half in observing the Discipline of the *Turkish Armies*; for they have many differences and advantages over ours. One thing is, that our Soldiers here become more licentious in Expeditions, there more temperate and circumspect. For the thefts and insolencies committed upon the common People, which are only punish'd with a Cudgel in *Peace*, are capital in *War*. For an Egg taken in *Turkey* without paying for't, fifty blows with a Cudgel is the prefixt rate; for any thing else, of what sort, or how trivial soever, not necessary to nourishment, they are presently empail'd, or beheaded without Mercy. I am astonish'd, in the History of *Selim*, the most cruel Conqueror that ever was, to see that when he subdu'd *Egypt*, the beautiful Gardens about *Damas* being all open, and in a Con-

An Orchard of ripe Apples inclos'd within the *Roman Camp*, left untouch'd to the Possessor.

quer'd

quer'd *Land*, and his *Army* encamp'd upon the very place, should be left untouch'd by the hands of the Soldiers, by reason they had not receiv'd the signal of *Plunder*. But is there any Disease in a Government so important, as ought to be Physick'd with such a Mortal *Dragg*? No, said *Favonius*, not so much as the tyrannical Usurpation of a *Common-wealth*. *Plato* likewise will not consent that a Man should violate the Peace of the Country to cure it; and by no means approves of a Reformation that disturbs and hazards all, and that is to be purchas'd at the price of the *Citizens* blood and ruin; determining it to be the duty of a good *Patriot* in such a case to let it alone, and only to pray to *God* for his extraordinary Assistance. And seems to be angry with his great Friend *Dion*, for having proceeded something after another manner. I was a *Platonick* in this point, before I knew there had ever been such a Man as *Plato* in the World. And if this Person ought absolutely to be rejected from our Society; (he, who by the sincerity of his Conscience, merited from the Divine favour to penetrate so far into the Christian light, thorough the universal darkness, wherein the World was involv'd in his time) I do not think it would well become us to suffer our selves to be instructed by a *Heathen*, how great an Impiety it is not to expect from God any relief simply his own, and without our Co-operation. I often doubt, whether amongst so many Men as tamper in such affairs, there is not to be found some one of so weak

Un-

Underſtanding as to have been really perſwaded that he went towards *Reformation* by the worſt of *Deformations*, and advanc'd towards his *Salvation* by the moſt expreſs cauſes that we have of moſt aſſured *Damnation*; that by overthrowing *Government*, *Magiſtracy*, and *Laws*, in whoſe protection *God* has plac'd him, by inſpiring fraternal Minds with parricidial Animoſities, and by calling *Devils* and *Furies* to his aid, he can aſſiſt the moſt holy ſweetneſs and Juſtice of the divine *Law*. *Ambition*, *Avarice*, *Cruelty*, and *Revenge*, have not ſufficient, proper, and natural Impetuoſity of their own, let us bait them with the glorious titles of *Juſtice* and *Devotion*. There cannot a worſe eſtate of things be imagin'd, than where *wickedneſs* comes to be legitimate, and aſſumes, with the Magiſtrates permiſſion, the cloak of *Vertue*. *Nihil in ſpeciem fallacius, quam prava religio, ubi deorum numen prætenditur ſceleribus.* *Nothing has a more deceiving face than falſe Religion, when devotion is pretended by wicked Men.* The extreameſt ſort of Injuſtice, according to *Plato*, is, that that which is unjuſt ſhould be reputed for juſt. The common People ſuffered therein very much then, not preſent damages only;

Virgil. Eleg. 1. ——— *undique totis*
Uſque adeo turbatur agris, ———

but future too. The living were to ſuffer, and ſo were they who were yet unborn. They rob'd and ſtrip'd them, and conſequently they did me, even to their hope; taking from them all

all they had laid up in ſtore to live on for many years.

Quæ nequeunt ſecum ferre aut abducere, perdunt,
Et cremat inſontes turba ſcelesta caſas
Muris nulla fides, ſqualent populatibus agri.

Ovid. de Triſt. l. 3. Eleg. 10.

What they can't bear away, they ſpoil and ſpurn,
And the lewd Rabble harmleſs houſes burn;
Walls can't ſecure their Maſters, and the field
Through waſte and ſpoil does an ill proſpect yield.

Beſides this ſhock I ſuffer'd others. I underwent the inconveniences that moderation brings along with it in ſuch a Diſeaſe. I was pill'd on all hands, to the *Gibelin* I was a *Guelph*, and to the *Guelph* a *Gibelin*; ſome one of the *Poets* of my Study expreſſes this very well, but I know not where it is. The ſituation of my Houſe, and my friendlineſs to my Neighbours, preſented me with one face, my Life and my Actions with another. They did not lay form'd accuſations to my charge, for they had no foundation of ſo doing. I never ſlink, nor hide my head from the Laws, and whoever would have queſtion'd me, would have done himſelf a greater prejudice than me. They were only mute ſuſpicions that were whiſper'd about, which never want appearance in ſo confus'd a mixture, no more than envious or idle heads, and commonly my ſelf lend a hand to preſumptuous injuries that Fortune ſcatters abroad againſt me, by a way I have ever had of evading to juſtifie, excuſe, or explain my ſelf, conceiving,

ceiving, that it were to refer my Conſcience to arbitration, to plead in its behalf; *Perſpicuitas enim, Argumentatione elevatur. For the Perſpicuity of a cauſe is clouded and darkned by Argumentation.* And, as if every one ſaw as clearly into me as I do my ſelf, inſtead of retiring from an accuſation, I ſtep up to meet it, and rather give it ſome kind of colour by an ironical and ſcoffing confeſſion, if I do not ſit totally mute, as of a thing not worth my anſwer. But ſuch as look upon this kind of behaviour of mine as too haughty a Confidence, have as little kindneſs for me as they who interpret it the weakneſs of an indefenſible cauſe; namely, the great ones, towards whom want of ſubmiſſion is a very great fault. Rude to all Juſtice that knows and feels it ſelf, and is not ſubmiſs, humble, and ſuppliant. I have often knock'd my head againſt this Pillar. So it is that at what then befel me an ambitious Man would have hang'd himſelf, and a covetous Man would have done the ſame. I have no manner of care of getting.

Hor. lib. 1. *Epiſt.* 18. *Sit mihi quod nunc eſt etiam minus, ut mihi vivam Quod ſupereſt ævi, ſi quid ſupereſſe volent Dii.*

Mr. *Alexander Brome.*

I only pray that ſmall eſtate which I
Now have, may tarry with me till I die,
And thoſe few days which I have yet to live
(If Heaven to me any more days will give)
I may enjoy my ſelf.

But

ut the Losses that befel me by the Injury of hers, whether by theft, or violence, go al- oft as near my Heart, as they would do to at of the most avaricious Man. The Offence oubles me, without comparison, more than e loss. A thousand several sorts of Mischiefs ll upon me in the neck of one another; I uld better have born them all at once. I have eady been considering to whom amongst y Friends I might commit a helpless and de- pid Age; and having turn'd my Eyes quite nd, I found my self at a loss. To let a Man's f fall plum down, and from so great a heighth, ought to be in the arms of a solid, vigorous, d fortunate Friendship. They are very rare, here be any. At last I concluded that it was est for me to trust to my self in my greatest cessity; and if it should so fall out, that I uld be but upon cold terms in *Fortune*'s fa- r, I should so much more pressingly re- mmend me to my own, and look so much better to my self. Men on all occasions ow themselves upon foreign Assistances to re their own, which are the only certain sufficient ones with which they can arm mselves. Every one runs elsewhere, and to future, forasmuch as no one is arrived at mself. And I was satisfied, that they were itable Inconveniencies, forasmuch as ill olars are to be admonish'd with the *Rod*, en Reason will not do, as a crooked piece Wood is by fire and straining to be reduc'd straightness. I have a great while preach'd my self to stick close to my own Concerns,

and ſeparate my ſelf from the Affairs of others yet I am ſtill turning my Eyes aſide. A *kind word*, or *look* from a great Perſon tempts me; of which *God* knows how little ſcarcity there is in theſe days, and how little they ſignify. I moreover, without wrinkling my Forehead, hearken to the Perſwaſions are offered me, to draw me into ſome place of Traffick, and ſo gently refuſe it, as if I were half willing to be overcome. Now to ſo indocile a Spirit Blows are requir'd, and this Veſſel which chops and cleaves, and is ready to fall one piece from another, is to have the Hoops forc'd down with good ſound ſtroaks of a Mallet. Secondly that this Accident ſerv'd me for Exerciſe to prepare me for worſe, if I, who both by the Benefit of Fortune, and by the Condition of my Manners, hop'd to be the laſt, ſhould happen to be one of the firſt ſhould be trapt in this ſtorm. Inſtructing my ſelf betimes, to forſake my Life, and fit it for a new Eſtate. The true liberty is to be able to do what a Man will with himſelf. *Potentiſſimus eſt qui ſe habet in poteſtate* *Seneca.* *He is moſt potent, who has himſelf in his own Power.* In an ordinary and quiet time, a Man prepares himſelf for moderate and common Accidents; but in the Confuſion wherein we have been for theſe thirty years, every *French-man*, whether in particular or in general, ſees himſelf every hour upon the point of the total ruine and overthrow of his Fortune. By ſo much the more ought he to have his Courage munited with the ſtrongeſt and moſt vigorous Proviſions. Let us thank *Fortune*, that has not ma-

live in an effeminate, idle, and languishing
; some who could never have been so by
ner means, will be made famous by their
fortunes. As I seldom read in Histories the
nfusions of other States, without regret that
as not present, better to consider them, so
s my Curiosity make me in some sort please
self with seeing with my own Eyes this no-
le spectacle of our publick Death, its form
symptoms. And seeing I could not hinder
m content to be destin'd to assist in it, and
by to instruct my self. Thus do we mani-
y covet to see, though but in *Shadow*, and
Fables of *Theatres*, the pomp of tragick
resentations of humane Fortune. 'Tis not
ever without compassion of what we hear,
we please our selves in rouzing our dis-
lure by the rarity of these to be pitied
ls. Nothing tickles that does not pinch;
good *Historians* skip over, as a stagnant
ter and dead Sea, calm Narrations, to be
upon the Narrative of Wars and Sediti-
which they know are most acceptable to
Readers. I question whether or no I can
domely confess at how mean and vile a
of Repose and Tranquility I have pass'd
above the one half of my Life in the ruine
y Country. I make my self a little too
a bargain of Patience, in accidents that
not so much regard what they take from
as what remains safe, both within and with-
There is comfort in evading, one while
another while another, of those Evils that
level'd at me too at last, but at present

hurt others only about us; as also, that in mat-
ters of publick Interest, the more my affection
is universally dispers'd, the weaker it is. To
which may be added, that it is half true. *Tan-
tum ex publicis malis sentimus, quantum ad pri-
vatas res pertinent.* *We are only so far sensible of
publick Evils, as they respect our private Affairs.*
And that the Health from which we fell was
such, that it still consolates the regret we ought
to have. It was Health, but not otherwise than
in comparison of the Sickness that has succeed-
ed it. We are not fall'n from any great height.
The corruption and thievery which is in Dig-
nity and Office, seems the most insupportable
to me. We are less injuriously rifled in a Wood
than in a place of security. It was an univer-
sal Juncture of particular Members, rotten to
mulation of one another, and the most of them
with inveterate Ulcers, that neither requir'd
nor admitted of any Cure. This conclusion
therefore did really more animate than pro-
me by the assistance of my Conscience, which
was not only at peace within it self, but ele-
vated, and I did not find any reason to complain
of my self. Also, as *God* never sends *Evil*
any more than *Goods*, absolutely pure to Men;
my Health continued at that time more than
usually good; and, as I can do nothing with-
out it, there are few things that I cannot do
with it. It afforded me means to rouze up all
my Provisions, and to lay my hand before the
Wound, that would else peradventure have
gone farther, and experimented in my Patience
that I had some opposition against Fortune,
an

nd that it must be a great shock could throw e out of the Saddle. I do not say this to pro-oke *her* to give me a more vigorous Charge; am her humble Servant, and submit to her easure. Let her be no other towards me than e has used to be in *God*'s Name. Do you ask I am sensible of her Assaults? Yes, certainly am. But, as those who are possess'd and op-ess'd with sorrow, may sometimes suffer them-lves nevertheless by intervals to taste a little easure, and are sometimes surpriz'd with a ile. So have I so much power over my self, to make my ordinary Condition quiet, and e from disturbing Thoughts; but I suffer y self withal by fits to be surprized with the ngs of those unpleasing Imaginations that as-lt me, whilst I am arming my self to drive m away, or at least to wrestle with them. behold another aggravation of the evil ich befel me in the tail of the rest; I am h without doors and within assaulted with most violent Plague in comparison of all o-r: For, as sound Bodies are subject to more vous Maladies, forasmuch as they are not e forc'd but by such, so my very health-Air, where no Contagion, though very r, in the memory of Man, could ever take ting, coming to be corrupted, produc'd most nge Effects.

Mista senum, & juvenum densantur funera, nullum Hor. lib. 1. Ode 28.
Sæva caput Proserpina fugit.

Sir *Thomas Hawkins*. In death, both young and old by heaps do join;
Nor any Head escapes sad *Proserpine*.

I was to suffer this pleasant Condition, that the sight of my House was frightful to me. Whatever I had there, was without *Guard*, and left to the mercy of every one. I my self, who am of so hospitable a Nature, was my self in very great distress for a *Retreat* for my Family; a wild and scatter'd Family, frightful both to its Friends and self, and filling every place with horrour where it did attempt to settle; being to shift abode so soon as any ones Finger began but to ake. All Diseases are then concluded to be the Plague, and People do not stay to examine and be sure whether they have it or no. And the mischief on't is, that according to the Rules of *Art*, in every danger that a Man comes near, he must undergo a *Quarantine* in the suspence of his Infirmity; your imagination all that while tormenting you at pleasure, and turning even your *Health* it self into a *Fever*; yet would not all this have gone very near to my Heart, had I not withal been compell'd to be sensible of others Sufferings, and miserable to serve six Months together for a Guide to this *Caravanne*: For I carry my *Antidotes* within my self, which are Resolution and Patience. Apprehension, which is particularly fear'd in this Disease, does not so much trouble me. And, if being alone, I should have taken it, it had been a more spritely, and a longer flight. 'Tis a kind of death, that I do

do not think of the worst sort; 'tis commonly short, stupid, without pain, and consolated by the publick Condition; without Ceremony, without Mourning, and without a Crowd. But as to the People about us, the hundredth part of them could not be saved.

——*videas desertaque regna*
Pastorum, & longè saltus lateque vacantes. *Virg. Georg. lib. 3.*

Deserted Realms now may'st thou see of Swains,
And every where forsaken Groves and Plains. Mr. *Ogilby.*

In this place my best *Revenue* is manual. What a hundred Men plow'd for me, lay a long time fallow. But then what example of Resolution did we not see in the simplicity of all this People? Every one generally renounc'd all care of Life. The *Grapes*, the principal Revenue of the Country, hung in clusters upon the Vines, every one indifferently preparing for, and expecting Death, either to Night, or to Morrow, with a Countenance and Voice so far from Fear, as if they had contracted with Death in Necessity, and that it had been an universal and inevitable *Sentence*. 'Tis always such. But how slender hold has the resolution of Dying? The distance and difference of a few hours, and the sole Consideration of Company, renders the apprehension various to us. Do but observe these, by reason that they die in the same Month, Children, young People, A cruel *Plague* in *Gascony*.

ple, and old, they are no longer aſtoniſh'd at it, they lament no more. I ſaw ſome who were afraid of ſtaying behind, as in a dreadful ſolitude, and did not commonly obſerve any other ſollicitude amongſt them, than that of Sepultures; they were troubled to ſee the dead Bodies ſcatter'd about the Fields at the Mercy of Beaſts, which preſently began to flock about them. How differing are the Fancies of Men! The *Neorites*, a Nation ſubjected by *Alexander*, threw the Bodies of their dead in the deepeſt, and leaſt frequented part of their Woods, on purpoſe to have them there eaten; the only Sepulture reputed happy amongſt them. Some who were yet in health, digg'd their own Graves, and others laid them down in them whilſt alive; and a Labourer of mine, in dying, with his Hands and Feet pull'd the Earth upon him. Was not this to nuſtle and ſettle himſelf to ſleep at greater eaſe? A bravery in ſome ſort like that of the *Roman* Souldiers, who after the Battel of *Cannæ*, were found with their Heads thruſt into Holes in the Earth, which they had made, and in ſuffocating themſelves with their own Hands pull'd the Earth about their Ears. In ſhort, a whole *Nation* by uſance was brought to a Diſcipline nothing inferiour in undauntedneſs to the moſt ſtudied and premeditated Reſolution. Moſt Inſtructions of *Sciences*, to encourage us, have in them more of ſhew than of force, and of Ornament, than effect. We have abandon'd *Nature*, and will teach her what to do; her who did ſo happily, and ſo ſecurely conduct us. And in the mean

Sepulture of the *Neorites*.

Roman Souldiers ſuffocated with their own hands after the Battel of *Cannæ*.

mean time, from the foot-steps of her Instruction, and that little, which by the benefit of Ignorance, remains of her Image imprinted in the Life of this rustick *Rout* of unpolish'd Men, *Science* is constrain'd every day to borrow thence to make a pattern for her Disciples of Constancy, Tranquility, Innocence. 'Tis pretty to see, that these complain of so much fine Knowledge, being to imitate this foolish simplicity, and that in the most principal Acts of Vertue. And that our Wisdom must learn even from Beasts, the most profitable Instructions in the greatest and most necessary Concerns of humane Life: As, how we are to live and die, manage our Fortunes, love, and bring up our Children, and to maintain Justice. A singular Testimony of humane Infirmity, and that this *Reason* we so handle at our pleasure, finding evermore some diversity and novelty, leaves with us no apparent trace of *Nature*. And they make Men, as *Perfumers* mix their *Oils*, they have sophisticated it with so many Argumentations and far-fetch'd Discourses, that it is become variable, and particular to every one of them, and has lost its proper, constant, and universal face. And we must seek testimony from *Beasts*, not subject to favour, corruption, nor diversity of Opinions. For it is indeed true, that even they themselves do not always go exactly in the Path of Nature, but wherein they do swerve, 'tis so little, that you may always see the track. As Horses that are led make several bounds and curvets, but 'tis always at the length of the Collar, and they

they still follow him that leads them; and as a Hawk takes his flight but still under the restraint of his *Cranes.* *Exilia, Tormenta, Bella, Morbos, Naufragia meditare, ut nullo sis malo tyro.* *Meditate upon Banishments, Tortures, Wars, Diseases, and Shipwracks, that thou may'st not be to seek in any disaster.* What good will this Curiosity do us, to preoccupate all the Inconveniencies of humane Nature, and to prepare our selves with so much trouble against things which peradventure will never befal us? (*Patrem passis tristitiam facit, pati posse.* *It troubles Men as much that they may possibly suffer, as if they really did.* Not only the Blow, but the wind of the Blow strikes us.) Or like *Phrenetick* People, for certainly 'tis a *Phrensie* to go immediately and whip your self, because it may so fall out, that *Fortune* may one day make you undergo it; and to put on your Furr'd-Gown at *Midsummer*, because you will stand in need of it at *Christmas*? Throw your selves, say they, into the experience of all the Evils, the most extream Evils that can possibly befal you, assure your selves there. On the contrary, the most easie, and most natural way would be to banish even the thoughts of them. They will not come soon enough, their true Being will not continue with us long enough, we must lengthen and extend them; we must incorporate them in us before-hand, and there entertain them, as if they would not otherwise sufficiently press upon our Senses. We shall find them heavy enough when they come, (says one of our Masters, of none of the tender,

Seneca, Epist.

Seneca, Epist. 74.

der, but the most severe *Sects*) in the mean time favour thy self, believe what pleases thee best. What good will it do thee to prevent thy ill Fortune, to lose the present for fear of the future; and to make the self immediately miserable, because thou art to be so in time? These are his Words. *Science* indeed does us one good Office, in instructing us exactly in the dimensions of Evils.

Curis acuens mortalia corda. *Virgil.*

'Twere pity that any part of their Grandeur should escape our Sense and Knowledge. 'Tis certain, that for the most part, the preparation for Death has administred more Torment than the thing it self. It was of old truly said, and by a very judicious *Author*, *Minus afficit sensum fatigatio, quam cogitatio. Suffering it self does less afflict the Senses, than the apprehension of suffering.* *Seneca.* The Sentiment of present death does sometimes of it self animate us with a prompt Resolution no more to avoid a thing that is utterly inevitable. Several *Gladiators* have been seen, who, after having fought timorously and ill, have courageously entertain'd Death, offering their Throats to the Enemies Sword, and bidding them dispatch. The remote sight of future Death requires a Constancy that is slow and lazy, and consequently hard to be got. If you know not how to die, never trouble your self; Nature will fully and sufficiently instruct you upon the place, she will

will exactly do that business for you, take you no care:

Propert.

Incertam frustra mortales funeris horam
Quæritis, & qua sit mors aditura via:
Pœna minor certam subito perferre ruinam,
Quod timeas, gravius sustinuisse diu.

Mortals invain's your Curiosity (die;
To know the Hour, and Death that you must
Better your fate strike with a sudden blow,
Than that you long should what you fear fore-(know.

That Death ought not to be premeditated

We trouble *Life*, by the care of *Death*, and *Death* by the care of *Life*. The one *torments*, the other *frights* us. 'Tis not against Death that we prepare, that is too momentary a thing; a quarter of an hours suffering without consequence, and without nuisance, does not deserve particular *Precepts*. To say the truth, we prepare our selves against the Preparations of Death. *Philosophy* ordains, that we should always have *Death* before our Eyes, to fore-see and consider it before the time; and after gives us Rules and Precautions to provide that this fore-sight and thought do us no harm: Just so do *Physicians*, who throw us into *Diseases*, to the end they may have whereon to lay out their *Drugs*, and their *Art*. If we have not known how to live, 'tis mystery to teach us to die, and make the end differm from all the rest. If we have known how to live constantly and quietly, we shall know how to die so too. They may boast as much as they please. *Tota Philoso-*

Philosophorum Vita, commentatio mortis est. That the whole Life of a philosopher is the Meditation of his Death. But I fansie, that though it be the end, 'tis not the aim of his Life. 'Tis his *end*, his *extremity*, but not nevertheless his *object*. She ought her self to be to her self her own aim and design; her true study is to order, govern, and suffer her self. In the number of several other Offices, that the general and principal *Chapter* of knowing how to live comprehends, is this Article of knowing how to die; and did not our fears give it weight, one of the lightest too. To judge of them by the utility, and by the naked truth, the lessons of simplicity are not much inferiour to those which the contrary Doctrine preaches to us. Men are differing in sentiment and force, we must lead them to their own good, according to their Capacities, and by various ways: Cic. *Tusc.*

Quo me cumque rapit tempestas deferor hospes. *Horace, lib. 1. Epist. 1.*

Sworn to no Man's words,
To this, and that side I make tacks and boards, Sir. *Rich. Fanshaw.*
Now plung'd in billows of the active Life,
At Vertue's Anchor ride contemplative:

I never saw any Countryman of my Neighbours concern himself with the thought of, with what countenance and assurance he should pass over his last hour; Nature teaches him not to dream of Death till he is dying: and then he does it with a better grace than *Aristotle*; upon whom Death presses with a double weight,

weight, both of it self, and of so long a premeditation, and therefore it was the opinion of *Cæsar*, that the least premeditated Death was the easiest and the most happy. *Plus dolet quam necesse est, qui ante dolet quam necesse est,* *Seneca, Epist. 92.* *He grieves more than is necessary, who grieves before it is necessary.* The sharpness of this imagination springs from our own curiosity. Thus do we ever hinder our selves, desiring to prevent and govern natural prescriptions. 'Tis only for Doctors to dine worst, when in the best Health, and that they have the best stomachs, and to frown, and be out of humour at the Image of Death. The common sort stand in need of no remedy nor consolation, but just in the shock, and when the blow comes; and consider no more than just what they endure. Is it not then, as we say, that the stupidity and name of apprehension in the Vulgar gives them that patience in present Evils, and that profound carelessness of future sinister Accidents? That their Souls, by being more gross and dull, are less penetrable, and not so easily mov'd? if it be so, let us henceforth, in *God's Name*, teach nothing but Ignorance. 'Tis the utmost fruit which the *Sciences* promise us, to which this Stupidity so gently leads its *Disciples*. We have no want of good Masters, who are interpreters of natural simplicity. *Socrates* shall be one. For as I remember, he speaks something to this purpose, to the Judges who sate upon his Life and Death. *I am afraid,* (my Masters) *that if I intreat you to put me to death, I shall confirm the Evidence of my Accusers,*

sers, which is, that I pretend to be wiser than others, as having some more secret knowledge of things that are above and below us. I know very Socrates his pleading. *well that I have neither frequented nor known Death, nor have ever seen any person that has try'd his qualities, from whom to inform my self. Such as fear it, presuppose they know it; as for my part, I neither know what it is, nor what they do in the other World. Death is peradventure an indifferent thing; peradventure a thing to be desired. 'Tis nevertheless to be believ'd, if it be a transmigration from one place to another, that it is a bettering of ones condition, to go live with so many great Persons deceas'd, and to be exempt from having any more to do with* unjust *and* corrupted Judges: *if it be an annihilation of our Being, 'tis yet a bettering of ones condition, to enter into a long and peaceable night. We find nothing more sweet in life than a quiet Repose, and a profound Sleep without Dreams. The things that I know to be evil, as to offend a Man's Neighbour, and to disobey ones Superiour, whether it be* God *or* Man, *I carefully avoid: such as I do not know whether they be good or evil, I cannot fear them. If I go to die, and leave you alive, the* Gods *alone only know whether it will go better either with you or me; wherefore, as to what concerns me, you may do as you shall think fit; but according to my method of advising just and profitable things, I do affirm, that you will do your Consciences more right to set me at liberty, unless you see further into my cause than I. And judging according to my past actions, both publick*

lick and private, according to my intention, and according to the profit that so many of our Citizens, both young and old, daily extract from my Conversation, and the fruit that you reap from me your selves, you cannot more duely acquit your selves towards my merit, than in ordering that my poverty consider'd, I should be maintain'd in the* Prytaneum, at the Publick expence; a thing that I have often known pass with less reason grant to others. Do not impute it to obstinacy or disdain, that I do not, according to the custom, supplicate, and go about to move you to commiseration. I have both Friends and Kindred, not being (as Homer says) begotten of a block or of a stone, no more than others, that are able to present themselves before you in tears and mourning, and I have three desolate children with which to move you to compassion: But I should do a shame to our City, at the Age I am, and in the reputation of Wisdom wherein I now stand, to appear in such an abject form. What would men say of the other Athenians? I have always admonish'd those who have frequented my Lectures, not to redeem their Lives by an indecent action; and in any the Wars of my Country, at Amphipolis, Potidea, Delia, and other Expeditions where I have been, I have effectually manifested how far I was from securing my safety by my shame. I should moreover interest your Duty and should tempt you to unhandsome things; for 'tis not for my Prayers to persuade you, but for the pure and solid reason of justice. You have sworn to the Gods to keep your selves upright, and it would seem as if

*The publick Exchequer.

I

I ſuſpected, or would recriminate upon you; ſhould I not believe that you are ſo: And I ſhould give evidence againſt my ſelf, not to believe them as I ought, miſtruſting their Conduct, and not purely committing my Affair into their hands. I do wholly rely upon them, and hold my ſelf aſſur'd, they will do in this what ſhall be moſt fit both for you and me. Good men, whether living or dead, have no reaſon to fear the Gods.

Is not this an innocent childiſh pleading of an inimaginable loftineſs, and in what a neceſſity imploy'd? In earneſt, he had very good reaſon to preferr it before that which the great Orator *Lyſias* had penn'd for him: admirably couch'd indeed in the judiciary ſtyle, but unworthy of ſo noble a *Criminal.* Had a ſuppliant voice been heard out of the mouth of *Socrates*, that lofty Vertue had ſtruck ſail in the height of its glory. And ought his rich and powerful *nature* to have committed her defence to *Art*, and in her higheſt proof have renounc'd truth and ſimplicity, the ornaments of his ſpeaking, to adorn and deck it ſelf with the Embelliſhments of figures, and equivocations of a premeditated Speech? He did very wiſely, and like himſelf, not to corrupt the tenure of an incorrupt Life, and to facred an image of humane form, to ſpin out his decrepitude, the poor eaching of a year, and to betray the immortal memory of that glorious end. He ow'd his Life not to himſelf, but to the Example of the World. Had it not been a publick damage, that he ſhould have concluded it after a lazy and

obſcure manner? Doubtleſs, that careleſs and indifferent conſideration of his Death, very well deſerves that Poſterity ſhould conſider him ſo much the more, as they alſo did. And there is nothing ſo juſt in *Juſtice*, than that which *Fortune* ordain'd for his recommendation. For the *Athenians* abominated all thoſe who had been cauſers of his death to ſuch a degree, that they avoided them as excommunicated Perſons, and look'd upon every thing as polluted, that had been touch'd by them: no one would waſh with them in the publick Baths: none would ſalute, or own acquaintance with them: ſo that at laſt, unable longer to ſupport this publick hatred, they hang'd themſelves. If any one ſhall think, that amongſt ſo many other Examples that I had to chuſe out of in the Sayings of *Socrates*, for my preſent purpoſe, I have made an ill choice of this, and ſhall judge that this Diſcourſe is elevated above common Conceit; I muſt tell them that I have purpoſely done it; for I am of another opinion, and do hold it a Diſcourſe in rank and ſimplicity much behind and inferiour to common contrivance. He repreſents, in an inartificial boldneſs, and infantive ſecurity, the pure and firſt impreſſion and ignorance of *Nature*. For it is to be believ'd, that we have naturally a fear of Pain, but not of Death, by reaſon of it ſelf. 'Tis a part of our Being, and no leſs eſſential than Living. To what end ſhould *Nature* have begot in us a hatred to it, and

a horror of it, considering that it is of so great utility to her in maintaining the Succession and Vicissitude of her Works? And that in this universal Republick it conduces more to truth and augmentation, than to loss or ruine.

——sic rerum summa novatur,
Mille animas una necata dedit. *Lucret. l. 2.*

The failing of one Life, is the passage to a thousand other Lives: *Nature* has imprinted in *Beasts* the care of themselves, and of their conservation. Nay, they proceed so far, as to be timorous of being worse, of hitting or hurting themselves, and of our haltering and beating them; accidents which are subject to their sense and experience; but that we should kill them they cannot fear, nor have not the faculty to imagine and conclude such a thing as Death. Yet it is said, that we see them not only cheerfully undergo it, *Horses* for the most part neighing, and *Swans* singing when they die; but moreover seek it at need; of which *Elephants* have given many Examples. But besides all this, is not the way of arguing which *Socrates* here makes use of, equally admirable, both in simplicity and vehemence? Really, it is much more easie to speak like *Aristotle* and to live like *Cæsar*, than to speak and live as *Socrates* did. There lies the extream degree of perfection and difficulty: Art cannot reach it. Now our Faculties are

Beasts naturally sollicitous of their preservation.

not so train'd up. We do not try, we do not know them, we invest our selves with those of others, and let our own lie idle. As some one may say of me, that I have here only made a Nosegay of cull'd Flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them. In earnest, I have so far yielded to the publick Opinion, that those borrow'd Ornaments do accompany me, but I do not think that they totally cover, and hide me; that is quite contrary to my design, who desire to make a shew of nothing but what is my own, and what is my own by *Nature*: and had I taken my own advice, I had at all adventures spoken purely alone. I daily more and more load my self every day beyond my purpose and first Method, upon the account of Idleness, and the humour of the Age. If it misbecomes me, as I believe it does, 'tis no matter, it may be of use to some other. Such there are, who quote *Plato* and *Homer*, who never saw either of them: and I also have taken out of places far enough distant from their Source. Without pains and without Learning, having a thousand Volumes about me in the place where I write, I can presently borrow, if I please, from a dozen such Scrap-gatherers as I am, Authors that I do not much trouble my self withall, wherewith to embellish this Treatise of Physiognomy. There needs no more, but a præliminary Epistle of the German *cut*, to stuff me with proofs, and we by that means go a begging for a fading *Glory*, and a cheating the sottish World. These

Rhapso-

Rhapſodies of *Common Places*, wherewith ſo many furniſh their *Studies*, are of little uſe but to common Subjects, and ſerve but to ſhew, and not to direct us; a ridiculous Fruit of Learning, that *Socrates* does ſo pleaſantly canvaſe againſt *Euthidemus*. I have ſeen Books made of things that were never either ſtudied or underſtood; the Author committing to ſeveral of his learned Friends, the examination of this and t'other matter to compile it; contenting himſelf for his ſhare to have projected the Deſign, and by his induſtry to have ty'd together this *Fagot* of unknown Proviſions; the Ink and Paper at leaſt are his. This is to buy or borrow a *Book*, and not to make one; 'tis to ſhew Men, not that a Man can make a *Book*, but that, whereof they may be in doubt, that he cannot make one. A *Preſident* in my hearing boaſted, That he had clutter'd two hundred and odd Common Places in one of his *Judgments*; in telling which, he depriv'd himſelf of the Glory that had been attributed to him. In my Opinion, a puſillanimous and abſurd Vanity for ſuch a Subject, and ſuch a Perſon. I do quite contrary; and amongſt ſo many borrow'd things, am glad if I can ſteal one, diſguiſing and altering it for ſome new Service, at the hazard of having it ſaid, that 'tis for want of underſtanding its natural uſe. I give it ſome particular addreſs of my own hand, to the end it may not be ſo abſolutely ſtrange. Theſe ſet their thefts to ſhew, and value themſelves upon them. And alſo they have more credit with the Laws than

with me. We Naturaliſts think that there is a great and incomparable preference in the honour of Invention to that of Quotation. If I would have ſpoke by Learning, I had ſpoke ſooner, I had writ in a time nearer to my Studies, when I had more Wit and better Memory; and would ſooner have truſted to the vigour of that Age than this, would I have profeſs'd Writing. And what if this gracious Favour which *Fortune* has lately offer'd me upon the account of this Work, had befall'n me in ſuch a time of my Life, inſtead of this, wherein 'tis equally deſirable to poſſeſs, and ready to loſe? Two of my Acquaintance, great Men in this Faculty, have, in my Opinion, loſt half, in refuſing to publiſh at forty years old, that they might ſtay 'till threeſcore. Maturity has its defects as well as verdure, and worſe; and old Age is as unfit for this kind of Buſineſs as any other. Who commits his Decrepitude to the Preſs, plays the fool if he think to ſqueeze any thing out thence that does not reliſh of Dotage and Stupidity. Our Wits grow coſtive and thick in growing old. I deliver my Ignorance in pomp and ſtate, and my Learning meagerly and poorly; this accidentally and acceſſorily, that principally and expreſly; and write purpoſely of nothing, but nothing, nor of any Science but that of Inſcience. I have choſen a time, when my Life, which I am to give an account of, lies wholly before me; what remains holds more of Death. And of my Death only, ſhould I find it a prating Death as others do, I would moreover give an account at my de-

Old Age unfit for the writing of Books.

par-

parture. *Socrates* was a perfect Exemplar in all great Qualities, and I am vext that he had ſo deform'd a Body as is ſaid, and ſo unſuitable to the Beauty of his Soul, himſelf being ſo amorous, and ſuch an admirer of *Beauty*. *Nature* ſurely did him wrong. There is nothing more likely than a conformity and relation of the Body to the Soul. *Ipſi animi magni refert quali in corpore locati ſint: Multi enim è corpore exiſtunt, quæ acuunt mentem; multa quæ obtundunt. It is of great conſequence in what Bodies Souls are plac'd, for many things ſpring from the Body that ſharpen the Mind, and many that blunt and dull it.* This ſpeaks of an unnatural uglineſs and deformity of Limbs: But we call that ill-favour'dneſs alſo, an unſeemlineſs at firſt ſight, which is principally lodg'd in the Face, and diſtaſtes us by the Complexion, a Spot, a rude Countenance, ſometimes from ſome inexplicable Cauſe, in Members nevertheleſs of good ſymmetry and perfect. The Deformity that cloth'd a very beautiful Soul in *Bœotia* was of this *Predicament*. That ſuperficial uglineſs, which nevertheleſs is always the moſt imperious, is of leaſt prejudice to the ſtate of the Mind, and of little Certainty in the Opinion of Men. The other, which by a more proper Name, is call'd a more ſubſtantial Deformity, ſtrikes deeper in. Not every Shooe of ſmooth ſhining Leather, but every Shooe neatly made, ſhews the interiour ſhape of the Foot. As *Socrates* ſaid of his, that it accus'd juſt ſo much in his Soul, had he not corrected it by inſtitution; but in ſaying ſo, I believe ſhe did

Socrates deform'd Fellow.

Cic. Tuſc. lib. 1.

What Beauty is, and how much to be eſteem'd.

but ſcoff, as his cuſtom was, and never ſo excellent a Soul made it ſelf. I cannot oft enough repeat how great an eſteem I have for Beauty, that potent and advantageous Quality. He call'd it a ſhort Tyranny, and *Plato*, the Priviledge of *Nature*. We have nothing that excels it in Reputation; it has the firſt place in the Commerce of Men; it preſents it ſelf to meet us, ſeduces and prepoſſeſſes our Judgments with great Authority and wonderful Impreſſion. *Phrine* had loſt her Cauſe in the hands of an excellent *Advocate*, if, opening her Robe, ſhe had not corrupted her Judges by the luſtre of her Beauty. And I find that *Cyrus*, *Alexander*, and *Cæſar*, the three Maſters of the World, never neglected Beauty in their greateſt Affairs; no more did the firſt *Scipio*. The ſame word in Greek ſignifies both *fair* and *good*, and the *Holy Ghoſt* oft calls thoſe *good*, whom he means *fair*. I ſhould willingly maintain the priority in things call'd Goods, according to the Song, which *Plato* calls an idle thing, taken out of ſome of the ancient *Poets*, of *Health*, *Beauty*, and *Riches*. *Ariſtotle* ſays, that the right of Command appertains to the beautiful; and when there is a Perſon whoſe Beauty comes near the Images of the *Gods*, that then Veneration is likewiſe due. To him who ask'd him why People ofter and longer frequented the Company of handſome Perſons? *That Queſtion*, ſaid he, *is not to be ask'd by any but one that is blind.* The moſt, and the greateſt *Philoſophers*, paid for their ſchooling, and acquired Wiſdom by the Favour and mediation of Beauty. Not only

Beautiful Perſons fit to command.

only in the Men that ſerve me, but alſo in the Beaſts. I conſider them within two fingers breadth of Goodneſs: And yet I fanſie that thoſe Features and Moulds of a Face, and thoſe Lineaments by which Men gueſs at our internal Complexions, and our *Fortunes* to come, is a thing that does not very directly and ſimply lie under the Chapter of Beauty and Deformity, no more than every good Odour and Serenity of Air promiſes Health, nor all Fogg and Stink, Infection, and a time of Peſtilence. Such as accuſe Ladies of contradicting their Beauty by their Manners, do not always hit right; for, in a Face which is none of the beſt, there may lie ſome air of Probity and Truſt: As on the contrary, I have ſeen betwixt two beautiful Eyes, menaces of a dangerous and malignant *Nature*. There are ſome *Phyſiognomies* that are favourable, ſo that in a crowd of victorious Enemies, you ſhall preſently chooſe, amongſt Men you never ſaw before, one rather than another, to whom to ſurrender, and with whom to intruſt your Life, and yet not properly upon the Conſideration of *Beauty*. A Man's look is but a feeble *Warranty*, and yet it is ſomething conſiderable too: And if I were to laſh them, I would moſt ſeverely ſcourge the wicked ones, who belye and betray the Promiſes that Nature has planted in their Foreheads. I ſhould with great ſeverity puniſh Malice in a mild and gentle Aſpect. It ſeems as if there were ſome happy, and ſome unhappy Faces; and I believe there is ſome art in diſtinguiſhing affable from ſimple Faces, ſevere from

from rude, malicious from penſive, ſcornful from melancholick, and ſuch other bordering Qualities. There are Beauties which are not only fair, but ſour; and others, that are not only ſweet, but more than that, faint. To prognoſticate future Adventures, is a thing that I ſhall leave undecided. I have, as to my own Concern, as I have ſaid elſewhere, ſimply and nakedly embraced this ancient Rule, *That we cannot fail in following Nature, and that the ſoveraign Precept is to conform our ſelves to her.* I have not, as *Socrates* did, corrected my natural Complexions by the force of *Reaſon*, and have not in the leaſt moleſted my Inclination by *Art*. I have let my ſelf go as I came; I contend not. My two principal parts live of their own accord in peace and good intelligence, but my *Nurſe*'s Milk, thanks be to God, was tolerably wholeſome and good. Let me ſay this by the way, that I ſee a certain Image of ſcholaſtick Honeſty, almoſt only in uſe amongſt us, in greater eſteem than 'tis really worth; a ſlave to Precepts, and fetter'd with Hope and Fear. I would have it ſuch, as that *Laws* and *Religions* ſhould not make, but perfect and authorize it, that finds it has wherewithal to ſupport it ſelf without help, born and rooted in us from the Seed of univerſal *Reaſon*, and imprinted in every Man by *Nature*. That Reaſon which rectified *Socrates* from his vicious bent, renders him obedient to *God*'s, and *Men* of *Authority* in his City; courageous in Death, not becauſe his Soul is immortal, but becauſe he is mortal. 'Tis a *Doctrine* ruinous to

all *Government*, and much more hurtful an ingenious and ſubtle, which perſwades the People, that a religious Belief is alone ſufficient, and without Manners, to ſatisfie the Divine Juſtice. Uſance demonſtrates to us a faſt diſtinction betwixt *Devotion* and *Conſcience*. I have a tolerable Aſpect, both in Form and Interpretation:

Quid dixi habere me? Imo habui, Chreme,
Heu! tantum attriti corporis oſſa vides.

Terence, Heaut. Act. 1. Scen. 1.

Have, did I ſay? No, *Chremes*, I had once,
Of a worn Body thou but ſee'ſt the Bones.

and that makes a quite contrary ſhew to that of *Socrates*. It has oft befall'n me, that upon the mere Credit of my Preſence, and the Air of my Face, Perſons who had no manner of knowledge of me, have put a very great confidence in me, whether in their own Affairs or mine: And I have in foreign Parts obtain'd Favours both ſingular and rare; but amongſt the reſt, theſe two Examples are peradventure worth particular relation: A certain Perſon, deliberated to ſurprize my Houſe, and me in it; his Artifice was to come to my Gates alone, and to be importunate to be let in: I knew him by Name, and had reaſon to repoſe a Confidence in him, as being my Neighbour, and ſomething related to me. I caus'd the Gates to be open'd to him, as I do to every one, where I found his Horſe panting, and all on a foam. He preſently popt me in the mouth with this

Flim-

Flim-flam: That about half a League off, he had unluckily met with a certain Enemy of his, whom I alſo knew, and had heard of their Quarrel; that this Enemy had given him a very brisk chace, and that having been ſurprized in diſorder, and his Party being too weak, he was fled to my Gates for refuge: And that he was in great trouble for his Followers, whom, he ſaid, he concluded to be all either dead or taken. I innocently did my beſt to comfort, aſſure, and refreſh him. Preſently after, comes four or five of his Souldiers, that preſented themſelves in the ſame countenance and affright, to get in too, and after them more, and ſtill more, very well mounted and arm'd, to the number of five and twenty, or thirty, pretending that they had the Enemy at their heels. This Myſtery began a little to awake my ſuſpicion. I was not ignorant what an Age I liv'd in, how much my Houſe might be envy'd, and I had ſeveral Examples of others of my Acquaintance, who had miſcarried after that manner. So it was, that knowing there was nothing to be got in having begun to do a Courteſie, unleſs I went through with it, and I could not diſengage my ſelf from them, without ſpoiling all; I let my ſelf go the moſt natural and ſimple way, as I always do, and invited them all to come in. And in truth, I am naturally very little inclin'd to ſuſpicion and diſtruſt. I willingly incline towards excuſe, and the gentleſt interpretation. I take Men according to the common order, and no more believe thoſe perverſe and unnatural Inclinations, unleſs convinc'd by manifeſt Evi-

dence,

dence, than I do Monſters and Miracles; and am moreover a Man who willingly commit my ſelf to *Fortune*, and throw my ſelf headlong into her Arms; and have hitherto found more reaſon to applaud, than to condemn my ſelf for ſo doing; having ever found her more ſollicitous of, and more a Friend to my Affairs, than I am my ſelf. There are ſome Actions in my Life, wherein the Conduct may juſtly be called difficult; or, if they pleaſe, prudent. Yet of thoſe, ſuppoſing the third part to have been my own, doubtleſs the other two *Thirds* were abſolutely and ſolely hers. We are, methinks to blame, in that we do not enough truſt *Heaven* with our Affairs, and pretend to more from our own Conduct than appertains to us. And therefore it is that our Deſigns ſo oft miſcarry. Heaven is diſpleas'd at the extent that we attribute to the right of Humane Prudence above his, and cuts it ſhorter, by how much the more we amplifie it. The laſt Comers kept themſelves on Horſe-back in my Court, whilſt their Leader was with me in the Parlour, who would not have his Horſe ſet up in the Stable, ſaying, He would immediately retire, ſo ſoon as he ſhould have news of the reſt of his Men. He ſaw himſelf Maſter of his Enterprize, and nothing now remain'd but the execution. He has ſince ſeveral times ſaid, (for he was not aſham'd to tell the ſtory himſelf) that my Countenance and Freedom had ſnatch'd the Treachery out of his hands. He again mounted his Horſe, his Followers having continually their Eyes intent upon him, to ſee when

when he would give the Sign; very much aſtoniſh'd to ſee him march away and leave his Prey behind him. Another time, relying upon I know not what *Truce*, newly publiſh'd in the Army, I took a Journey through a very tickle Country. I had not rid far, but I was diſcover'd, and two or three Parties of Horſe, from ſeveral places, were ſent out to take me; one of them the third day overtook me, where I was charg'd by fifteen or twenty Gentlemen in *Vizors*, follow'd at a diſtance by a Band of *Argoulets*. Here was I ſurrendred, and taken, withdrawn into the thick of a neighb'ring Foreſt, diſmounted, fobb'd, my Trunks rifled, my Cabinet taken, and my Horſes and Equipage divided amongſt new Maſters. We had in this Copſe a very long Conteſt about my *Ranſom*, which they ſet ſo high, that it very well appear'd I was not known to them. They were moreover in a very great debate about my Life; and in truth, there were ſeveral Circumſtances that threatned me of the danger I was in.

Æneid. l. 6. *Tunc animis opus, Ænea tunc pectore firmo.*

Then, then, *Æneas*, there was need
Of an undaunted Heart indeed.

I ſtill inſiſted upon the *Truce*, being willing they ſhould only have the gain of what they had already taken from me, which alſo was not to be deſpis'd, without promiſe of any other *Ranſom*. After two or three hours that we

we had been in this place, and that they had mounted me upon a pitiful Jade that was not likely to run from them, and committed me to the guard of fifteen or twenty *Harquebuzers*, and diſpers'd my Servants to others, having given order that they ſhould carry us away Priſoners ſeveral ways, and being already got ſome two or three Muſquet-ſhot from the place;

Jam prece Pollucis jam Caſtoris implorata; *Catullus.*

Whil'ſt I implor'd *Caſtor* and *Pollux* aid;

behold, a ſudden and unexpected alteration, I ſaw the Chief amongſt them return to me with gentler Language, making ſearch amongſt the Troopers for my ſquander'd Goods, and cauſing as many as could be recover'd to be reſtor'd to me, even to me Caſhet; but the beſt preſent they made my was me Liberty, for the reſt did not much concern me in thoſe days. The true cauſe of ſo ſudden a change, and of this more mature deliberation, without any apparent impulſe, and of ſo miraculous a Repentance, in ſuch a time, in a complotted and deliberated Enterprize, and become juſt by uſance, (for at the firſt daſh I plainly confeſs'd to them of what Party I was, and whither I was going) in earneſt, I do not yet rightly apprehend. The moſt eminent amongſt them, who pull'd off his Vizor, and told me his Name, then ſeveral times told me over and over again, that I was oblig'd for my deli-

deliverance to my Countenacne, and the liberty and boldneſs of my Speech, that rendred me unworthy of ſuch a miſadventure, and demanded aſſurance from me of the like Courteſie. 'Tis like that the Divine Bounty would make uſe of this vain Inſtrument for my Preſervation, and moreover defended me the next day from other and worſe *Ambuſhes*, which even theſe had given me warning of. The laſt of theſe two Gentlemen is yet living, to give an account of the Story; the firſt was kill'd not long ago. If my Face did not anſwer for me, if Men did not read in my Eyes, and my Voice, the Innocency of my Intention, I had not liv'd ſo long without Quarrels, and without giving Offence, with the indiſcreet liberty I take, right or wrong, to ſay whatever comes at my Tongue's end, and to judge ſo raſhly of things. This way may with Reaſon appear uncivil, and ill adapted to our way of Converſation; but I have never met with any who have judg'd it outrageous or malicious, or that took Offence at my liberty, if he had it from my own mouth. Repeated words have another kind of *ſound* and *ſence*: Neither do I hate any Perſon whatever, and am ſo ſlow to offend, that I cannot do it, even upon the account of Reaſon it ſelf. And when occaſion has invited me to ſentence *Criminals*, I have rather choſe to fail in point of *Juſtice*, than to do it. *Ut magis peccari nolim, quam ſatis animi ad vindicanda peccata habeam. So that I had rather Men ſhould not offend, than that I ſhould have the Heart to condemn them. Ariſtotle,*

'tis

'tis said, was reproach'd for having been too merciful to a wicked Man: *I was indeed*, said he, *merciful to the Man, but not to his Wickedness.* Ordinary Judgments exasperate themselves to Punishment by the horrour of the Fact. Even this cools mine. The horrour of the first Murther makes me fear a second; and the deformity of the first Cruelty makes me abhor all imitation of it. That may be apply'd to me, who am but a *Knave* of *Clubs*, which was said of *Charillus* King of *Sparta*, *He cannot be good, being he is not evil to the wicked.* Or thus; for *Plutarch* delivers it both these ways, as he does a thousand other things, variously, and contrary to one another: *He must needs be good, because he is so even to the wicked.* Even as in lawful Actions I do not care to employ my self, when for such as are displeas'd at it; so, to say the truth, in unlawful things, I do not make Conscience enough of employing my self, when for such as are willing.

Aristotle reproach'd for being merciful.

CHAP. XIII.

Of Experience.

THere is no desire more natural than that of Knowledge: We try all ways that can lead us to it; where Reason is wanting, we therein employ Experience:

Manil. *Per varios usus artem experientia fecit:*
Exemplo monstrante viam.

By several Proofs Experience Art has made,
Example being guide.

which is a means much more weak and cheap. But *Truth* is so great a thing, that we ought not to disdain any Mediation that will guide us to it. *Reason* has so many forms, that we know not to which to take; *Experience* has no fewer. The Consequence we will draw from the conference of Events is unsure, by reason they are always unlike. There is no quality so universal in this Image of things, as diversity and variety. Both the Greeks, the Latins, and we, for the most express Example of similitude, have pitch'd upon that of Eggs. And yet there have been Men, particularly one at *Delphos*, who could distinguish Marks of difference amongst Eggs so well, that he never mistook one for another: And, having many *Hens*, could tell which had laid it. Dissimilitude intrudes it self of it self in our Works; no

no Art can arrive at a perfect Similitude. Neither *Perozet*, nor any other *Card-maker*, can so carefully polish and blank the backs of his *Cards*, that some Gamesters will not distinguish them by seeing them only shuffled by another. Resemblance does not so much make one, as difference makes another. *Nature* has oblig'd her self to make nothing other that was not unlike. And yet I am not much pleas'd with his Opinion, who thought by the multitude of Laws to curb the Authority of *Judges*, in cutting them out the Cantels. He was not aware that there is as much liberty and stretch in the interpretation of *Laws*, as in their Fashion; and they but fool themselves, who think to lessen and stop our Debates, by summoning us to the express Words of the *Bible*: Forasmuch as humane Wit does not find the Field less spacious wherein to controvert the sence of another, than to deliver his own; and, as if there were less animosity and tartness in *glossing* than *Invention*. We see how much he was deceiv'd; for we have more *Laws* in *France*, than in all the rest of the World besides; and more than would be necessary for the Government of all the Worlds of *Epicurus*. *Ut olim Flagitiis, sic nunc Legibus laboramus*: *Tacitus*. So that as formerly *we were sick of Wickedness, we are now sick of the Laws*: And yet we have left so much to the debate and decision of our *Judges*, that there never was so full and uncontroul'd a liberty. What have our *Legislators* got by culling out a hundred thousand particular Cases, and for those, by having added a

hundred thousand Laws? This number holds no manner of proportion with the infinite diversity of humane Actions; the multiplication of our *Inventions* will never arrive at the variety of *Examples.* Add to them a hundred times as many more, it will not nevertheless ever happen, that of events to come, there shall any one fall out that in this great number of millions of events so chosen and recoroed, shall jump with any one, to which it can be so exactly coupled and compar'd, that there will not remain some Circumstances and Diversity which will require a variety of Judgment. There is little relation betwixt our *Actions* that are in perpetual mutation, and fixt and immobile Laws; the most to be desir'd, are those that are the most rare, the most simple and general: and I am further of Opinion, that we were better to have none at all, than to have them in so prodigious number as we have. *Nature* always gives them better, and more pure than those are we make our selves; witness the Picture of the *Golden-Age*, and the state wherein we see *Nations* live, who have no other. Some there are, who for their only *Judge*, taks the first passer by that travels along their Mountains, to determine their Cause: And others, who, on their Market day, choose out some one amongst them upon the place, to decide all their Controversies. What danger would there be, that the wisest should so determine ours, according to occurrences, and by sight, without obligation of Example and Consequence? Every Shooe to his own Foot.

Passengers made use of for Judges.

Foot. King *Ferdinand* sent *Colonies* to the *Indies*, and wisely provided that they should not carry along with them any Students of the *Long Robe*, for fear lest Suits should get footing in that new *World*; as being a Science in its own Nature, the Mother of altercation and decision; judging with *Plato*, that *Lawyers* and *Physicians* are the *Pests* of a Country. Whence does it come to pass that our common Languages, so easie for all other uses, become obscure, and are unintelligible in *Wills* and *Contracts*? And that he who so clearly expresses himself, what ever he speaks or writes, cannot find in this any way of declaring himself that does not fall into doubt and contradiction? If it be not that these *Princes* of that *Art*, applying themselves with a peculiar attention to invent and cull out hard words, and contrive artificial Clauses, have so weigh'd every Syllable, and so thoroughly sifted every sort of quirk, that they are now confounded and intangled in the infinity of figures, and so many minute Divisions, that they can no more fall into any Rule or prescription, nor any certain intelligence. *Confusum est quidquid usque in pulvere insectum est. Whatever is beaten into Powder is confus'd.* As you have Children trying to bring a mass of Quick-silver to a certain number of parts, the more they press and work it, and endeavour to reduce it to their own will, the more they irritate the liberty of this generous Metal; it mocks and evades their endeavour, and sparkles it self into so many separate Bodies, as frustrates all account: So is it here, for

in ſubdividing theſe ſubtilties, we teach Men to increaſe their doubts, they pull us into a way of ſtretching and diverſifying difficulties, they lengthen and diſperſe them. In ſowing and retailing of Queſtions, they make the World to fructifie and increaſe in uncertainties and diſputes. As the Earth is made fertile by being crumbled and husbanded deep. *Difficultatem facit Doctrina*; *Doctrine begets Difficulty*. We doubted of *Ulpian*, and are now more perplex'd with *Bartolus* and *Baldus*. We ſhould put out the trace of this innumerable diverſity of Opinions, not adorn our ſelves with it, and fill Poſterity with *Crotchets*. I know not what to ſay to it, but Experience makes it manifeſt, that ſo many interpretations diſſipate Truth, and break it. *Ariſtotle* writ to be underſtood, which if he could not be, much leſs will another that is not ſo good at it; and a third than he who expreſs'd his own Thoughts. We open the matter, and ſpill it in pouring out. Of one ſubject we make a thouſand, and in multiplying and ſubdividing them, fall again into the infinity of Atoms of *Epicurus*. Never did two men make the ſame Judgment of the ſame thing; and 'tis impoſſible to find two Opinions exactly alike, not only in ſeveral men but in the ſame men, at diverſe hours. I oft find matter of doubt, of things which the *Commentary* diſdains to take notice of. I am moſt apt to ſtumble in an even Country, like ſome Horſes that I have known, who make moſt trips in the ſmoothest way. Who will not ſay that *Gloſſes* augment Doubts and Ignorance,

rance, ſince there's no one Book to be found, either Humane or Divine, which the World buſies it ſelf about the Difficulties of, which are clear'd by Interpretation. The hundredth *Commentator* ſtill referrs you to the next, more knotty and perplext than he. When were we ever agreed amongſt our ſelves, that a Book had enow, and that there was now no more to be ſaid? This is moſt apparent in the *Law*. We give the Authority of Law to infinite *Doctors*, infinite *Arreſts*, and as many Interpretations; Yet do we find any end of the need of interpreting? Is there for all that, any progreſs or advancement towards Peace; or do we ſtand in need of any fewer *Advocates* and *Judges*, than when this great *Maſs* of *Law* was yet in its firſt Infancy? We on the contrary darken and bury all Intelligence. We can no more diſcover it, but at the mercy of ſo many fences and barriers. Men do not know the natural Diſeaſe of the Mind, it does nothing but ferret and enquire, and is eternally wheeling, juggling, and perplexing it ſelf; and like Silk-worms, ſuffocates it ſelf with its own Web. *Mus in pice. A Mouſe in a pitch Barrel.* It thinks it diſcovers at a great diſtance I know not what glimps of light and imaginary Truth; but whilſt running to it ſo many Difficulties, Hindrances, and new Inquiſitions, croſs its way that it loſes its way, and is made drunk with the motion. Not much unlike *Æſop*'s Dogs, that ſeeing ſomething like a dead Body floating in the Sea, and not being able to approach it, attempted to drink the

Water, to lay the paſſage dry, and ſo drown'd themſelves. To which, what one *Crates* ſaid of the Writings of *Heraclitus*, falls pat enough, that they required a Reader who could ſwim well, that the depth and weight of his Doctrine might not overwhelm and choak him. 'Tis nothing but particular weakneſs that makes us content our ſelves with what others, or our ſelves have found out in this choice of Knowledge; one of better underſtanding would not reſt ſo content, there is always room for one to ſucceed, nay even for our ſelves, and every where elſe throughout; there is no end of our Inquiſitions, our end is in the other World. 'Tis a ſign either that wit is grown ſhorter ſighted when it is ſatisfied, or that it is grown weary. No generous Mind can ſtop in it ſelf, it will ſtill pretend further, and beyond its power; it has *Sallies* beyond its *Effects*. If it do not advance and preſs forward, and retire, ruſh, turn and wheel about, 'tis but ſpritely by halves; its purſuits are without Bound or Method, its aliment is Admiration, ambiguity the Chace; which *Apollo* ſufficiently declared, in always ſpeaking to us in a double, obſcure, and oblique Sence; not feeding, but amuſing and puzling us. 'Tis an irregular and perpetual motion, without Example, and without Aim. His inventions heat, purſue, and introduce one another.

Ainſi voit on en un raiſſeau coulant
Sans fin l'une eau, apres l'autre roulant,

Et

Et tout de rang, d'un eternel conduict,
L'une ſuit l'autre, & l'une autre fuit.
Par cette-cy, celle là eſt pouſſée,
Et cette-cy par l'autre eſt devancée:
Touſiours l'eau va dans l'eau & touſiours eſt-ce
Meſme ruiſſeau, & touſiours eau diverſe.

So in a running ſtream one Wave we ſee
After another rowl inceſſantly,
And as they glide, each does ſucceſſively
Purſue the other, each the other fly:
By this that's ever-more puſh'd on, and this
By that continually preceded is:
The Water ſtill does into water ſwill, (ſtill.
Still the ſame Brook, but different Water

There is more ado to interpret Interpretations than Things, and more Books upon Books than upon all other Subjects; we do nothing but comment upon one another. Every place ſaies, with *Commentaries* of Authors there is great ſcarcity. Is it not the principal and moſt reputed knowledge of our Ages to underſtand the Learned? Is it not the common and almoſt end of all Studies? Our Opinions are grafted upon one another; the firſt ſerves for a ſtock to the ſecond, the ſecond to the third, and ſo forth. Thus ſtep by ſtep we climb the Ladder. From whence it comes to paſs, that he which is mounted higheſt has oft more Honour than merit; for he is got up but a grain upon the ſhoulders of the laſt but one. How oft, and peradventure how fooliſhly, have I ſtretch'd my Book, to make it ſpeak of

it

it ſelf; fooliſhly, if for no other reaſon but this; that I ought to call to mind what I ſay of others who do the ſame. Theſe frequent amorous glances that they ſo oft caſt upon their works, witneſs that their Hearts pant with ſelf-love, and that even the diſdainful Severity wherewith they laſh and ſcourge them, are no other than the wanton Diſſimulations of a natural kindneſs: According to *Ariſtotle*, whoſe valuing and undervaluing himſelf, oft ſpring from the ſame air of Arrogancy: I urge for my excuſe, that I ought in this to have more liberty than others, foraſmuch as I write of my ſelf, and of my Writings, very near as I do of my other Actions; and let my Theam return upon my ſelf, I know not whether or no every one elſe will take it. I have obſerv'd in *Germany*, that *Luther* has left as many Diviſions and Diſputes about the doubt of his Opinions and more than he himſelf has rais'd upon the Holy Scriptures. Our conteſt is verbal. I demand what *Nature* is, what *Pleaſure*, *Circle*, and *Subſtitution* are. The Queſtion is about words, and is anſwer'd accordingly. A Stone is a body, but if a man ſhould further urge, *and what is a Body?* Subſtance; and, what is Subſtance, and ſo on, he would drive the reſpondent to the end of his *Calipin*. We exchange one word for another, and oft times for one leſs underſtood. I better know what man is, than I know what animal is, or mortal, or rational. To ſatisfie one doubt, they pop me in the mouth with three; 'tis the *Hydra*'s head. *Socrates* ask'd *Memnon* what Vertue was;

There

There is, ſays *Memnon*, the Vertue of a Man, and of a Woman, of a Magiſtrate, and of a private Perſon, of an old Man, and of a Child; very well, cry'd *Socrates*, we were in queſt of one Vertue, and thou haſt brought us a whole ſwarm. We put out one queſtion, and thou returneſt us a whole Hive. As no Event, nor no Face entirely reſembles another, ſo do they not entirely differ. An ingenious mixture of Nature. If our Faces were not alike, we could not diſtinguiſh man from Beaſt; if they were not unlike, we could not diſtinguiſh one Man from another. All things hold by ſome Similitude, all Examples halt. And the relation which is drawn from Experience is always faulty and imperfect; compariſons are always coupled at one end or other. So do the *Laws* ſerve and are fitted to every one of our Affairs, by ſome wreſted, biaſs'd and forc'd Interpretation. Since the Ethick *Laws* that concern the particular Duty of every one in himſelf, are ſo hard to be taught and obſerv'd, as we ſee they are; 'tis no wonder if thoſe who govern ſo many particulars, is much more. Do but conſider the form of this *Juſtice* that governs us, 'tis a true Teſtimony of humane weakneſs, ſo full it is of Error and Contradiction. What we find to be Favour and ſeverity in Juſtice, and we find ſo much of them both, that I know not whether the mean is ſo often met with, are ſick parts and unequal Members of the very Body and offence of *Juſtice*. The Country People run to bring me News in great haſte, that they juſt left in a Foreſt of mine, a man with

with a hundred Wounds upon him, who was yet breathing, and begg'd of them Water for pity's ſake, and help to carry him to ſome place of relief; ſaying, they durſt not come near him, but run away, leſt the Officers of Juſtice ſhould catch them there; and as it falls out with thoſe who are found near a murther'd Perſon, they ſhould be call'd in queſtion about this accident to their utter ruine, having neither Money nor Friends to defend their Innocence. What ſhould I have ſaid to theſe People? 'Tis certain that this Office of humanity would have brought them into trouble. How many Innocents have we known that have been puniſh'd without the *Judge*'s fault, and how many that have not arriv'd at our knowledge? This happen'd in my time. Certain Men were condemn'd to die for a murther committed, their Sentence if not pronounc'd, at leaſt determin'd and concluded on. The *Judges* juſt in the nick are advertis'd by the Officers of an inferiour *Court* hard by, that they have ſome men in Cuſtody, who have directly confeſs'd the ſaid Murther, and make an undubitable diſcovery of all the particulars of the *Fact*. 'Twas then notwithſtanding put to the queſtion, whether or no they ought to ſuſpend Execution of the *Sentence* already paſt upon the firſt accus'd. They conſider'd the novelty of the Example, and the conſequence of reverſing Judgments, that the Sentence of Death was duly paſs'd and the Judges acquit of repentance: To conclude, theſe poor *Devils* were ſacrific'd to the *forms* of *Juſtice*. *Philip*, or ſome other, provided againſt

againſt a like Inconvenience, after this manner. He had condemn'd a Man in a great fine towards another, by a determinate *Judgment*. The truth ſome time after being diſcover'd, he found that he had paſs'd an unjuſt Sentence; on one ſide was the Reaſon of the Cauſe, on the other ſide the Reaſon of the Judiciary Forms. He in ſome ſort ſatisfied both, leaving the Sentence in the ſtate it was, and out of his own Purſe recompencing the intereſt of the condemn'd Party. But he had to do in a reparable Affair, mine were irreparably hang'd. How many *Sentences* have I ſeen more criminal than the Crimes themſelves? All which makes me remember the ancient Opinions, *That there is a neceſſity a Man muſt do wrong by retail, who will do right in groſs; and injuſtice in little things, that will come to do Juſtice in great: That humane Juſtice is form'd after the model of Phyſick, according to which,* all that is utile, is alſo juſt and honeſt; and of what is held by the Stoicks, *That Nature her ſelf proceeds contrary to Juſtice in moſt of her Works*; and of what is receiv'd by the *Cyrennicks, That there is nothing juſt of it ſelf, but that Cuſtoms and Laws make Juſtice:* And what the *Theodorians* hold, that maintain *Theft, Sacrilege*, and all ſorts of *Uncleanneſs* juſt in a Wiſe man, if he knows them to be profitable to him: there is no Remedy, I am in the ſame caſe that *Alcibiades* was, that I will never, if I can help it, put my ſelf into the hands of a Man who ſhall determine of my Head, where my Life and Honour ſhall more depend upon

upon the care and diligence of my *Attorney*, than my own innocence. I would venture my ſelf with ſuch a Juſtice as would take notice of my good Deeds as well as my ill, and where I had as much to hope as to fear. Indemnity is not ſufficient pay to a Man who does better than not to do amiſs; but our Juſtice preſents us but one hand, and that the left hand too; let him be who he will, he ſhall be ſure to go off with loſs. In *China*, of which Kingdom the Governments and Arts, without Commerce with, or knowledge of ours, ſurpaſſes our beſt Examples, in ſeveral parts of Excellence; and of which, the Hiſtory gives me to underſtand, how much greater and more various the World is, than either the *Ancients* or *We* have been able to penetrate. The Officers deputed by the *Prince* to viſit the ſtate of his *Provinces*, as they puniſh thoſe who behave themſelves ill in their Places, ſo do they liberally reward thoſe who have carried themſelves above the common ſort, and beyond the neceſſity of their Duty; they there preſent themſelves, not only to be approved but to get, nor ſimply to be paid but to be preſented. No *Judge*, thanks be to *God*, has ever yet ſpoke to me in the quality of a *Judge*, upon any account whatever, whether my own, or that of another, whether *Criminal* or *Civil*; nor no *Priſon* has ever receiv'd me, ſo much as upon the account of entring in to ſee it. Imagination renders the very outſide of a Gaol formidable to me: I am ſo enamour'd of Liberty, that ſhould I be interdicted the remoteſt corner of the

the *Indies*, I ſhould live a little more uneaſie. And whilſt I can find either *Earth* or *Air* open in any part of the World, I ſhall never lurk any where, where I muſt hide my ſelf. *Good God!* how ill ſhould I endure the condition wherein I ſee ſo many People, nail'd to a corner of the Kingdom, depriv'd of the privilege of entring into the principal *Cities* and *Courts*, and the liberty of the publick *Roads*, for having quarrell'd with our *Laws*. If thoſe under which I live, ſhould but wag a finger at me by way of menace, I would immediately go ſeek out others, let them be where they would; all my little Prudence in the *Civil War* wherein we are now ingag'd, is imploy'd, that they may not hinder my liberty of riding from place to place. Now the *Laws* keep up their credit, not for being *juſt*, but becauſe they are *Laws*: It is the myſtical foundation of their Authority, and they have no other; and 'tis well it is ſo, for they are oft made by Fools; for the moſt part, by Men that out of hatred to equality, go leſs in equity; but always by Men who are vain and irreſolute *Authors*. There is nothing ſo much, nor ſo groſly, nor ſo ordinarily faulty, as the *Laws*. Whoever obeys them becauſe they are juſt, does not juſtly obey them as he ought. Our *French Laws*, by their irregularity and deformity, do in ſome ſort lend a helping hand to diſorder and corruption, as is manifeſt in their Diſpenſation and Execution. The Command is ſo perplext and inconſtant, that it in ſome ſort excuſes both Diſobedience, and the Vice of the interpretation,

pretation, the adminiſtration, and the obſervation of it. What fruit then ſoever we may extract from Experience, yet that however will little advantage our Inſtitution, which we draw from foreign Examples; if we make ſo little profit of that we have of our own, which is more familiar to us, and doubtleſs ſufficient to inſtruct us in that whereof we have need. I ſtudy my ſelf more than any other Subject; 'Tis my *Metaphyſick*, 'tis my *Phyſick*.

Prop. lib. 3. *Eleg.* 3.

Qua Deus hanc mundi temperet arte domum,
Qua venit exoriens, qua deficit, unde coactis
Cornibus in plenum menſtrua luna redit:
Unde ſalo ſuperant venti, quid flamine captet
Eurus, & in nubes unde perennis aqua.

Lucan. l. 1. *Sit ventura dies mundi quæ ſubruat arces:*
Quærite, quos agitat mundi labor.

By what means *God* the Univerſe does ſway,
Or how the pale-fac'd Siſter of the day,
When in increaſing, can her horns unite,
Till they contract into a full orb'd light.
Why Winds do of the Sea the better get,
Why *Eurus* blows, and Clouds are always wet;
What day the World's great Fabrick muſt o'er-(throw,
Let them inquire, would the World's ſecrets (know.

In this *Univerſity*, I ſuffer my ſelf to be ignorantly and negligently led by the general Law of the World. I ſhall know it well enough when I feel it; my Learning cannot make it alter its courſe? it will not change it ſelf for me,

me, 'tis folly to hope it; and a greater folly to concern a Man's self about it, seeing it is necessarily alike, publick and common. The bounty and capacity of the *Governour* ought absolutely to discharge us of all care of the *Government*. *Philosophical Inquisitions* and *Contemplations* serve for no other use but to increase our Curiosity. *Philosophers*, with great reason, send us back to the *Rules* of *Nature*; but they have nothing to do with so sublime a Knowledge; they falsifie them, and present us her face painted with too high and too adulterate a Complexion, from whence spring so many different Pictures of so uniform a Subject; as she has given us Feet to walk withal, so has she given us Prudence to guide us in Life: not such an ingenious, robust, and majestick Prudence as that of their Invention; but yet one that is easie, quiet, and salutiferous; and that very well performs what the other promises, in him who has the good luck to know how to employ it sincerely and regularly, that is to say, according to *Nature*. The most simply to commit a Man's self to *Nature*, is to do it the most wisely. Oh, what a soft, easie, and wholsom Pillow is ignorance and incuriosity, whereon to repose a well contriv'd Head! I had rather understand my self well in my self, than in *Cicero*; of the Experience I have of my self, I find enough to make me wise, if I were but a good *Scholar*. Whoever will call to mind the excess of his past Anger, and to what a degree that Fever transports him, will see the deformity of this passion better than in *Aristo-*

tle, and conceive a more juſt hatred againſt it. Whoever will remember the hazards he has run of thoſe that threaten'd him, and the light occaſions that have remov'd him from one ſtate to another, will by that prepare himſelf for future changes, and the acknowledgment of his Condition. The Life of *Cæſar* himſelf has no greater Example for us than our own, and though popular and commanding, is ſtill a Life contingent to all humane Accidents. Let us but liſten to it, and we apply to our ſelves all whereof we have principal need. Whoever ſhall call to memory how many, and how many times he has been miſtaken in his own Judgment, is he not a great Fool if he does not ever after ſuſpect it? When I find my ſelf convinc'd by the Reaſon of another of a falſe Opinion, I do not ſo much learn what he has ſaid to me that is new, and my own particular Ignorance, that would be no great purchaſe, as I do in general my own debility, and the treachery of my Underſtanding, from whence I extract the reformation of the whole maſs. In all my other Errors I do the ſame, and find from this Rule great utility to Life. I regard not the *Species* and *individual*, as a Stone that I have ſtumbled at; I learn to ſuſpect my ſteps throughout, and am careful to place them right. To learn that a Man has ſaid or done a fooliſh thing, is a thing of nothing. A Man muſt learn that he is nothing but a Fool, a much more ample and important Inſtruction. The falſe ſteps that my Memory has ſo often made, even then when it was moſt ſecure and confident

dent of it self, are not idly thrown away, it may now swear to me, and assure me as much as it will, I shake my Ears, and dare not trust it, the first opposition that is made to my Testimony, puts me into suspence; and I durst not rely upon it in any thing of moment, nor warrant it in another bodies concerns: and were it not that what I do for want of Memory, others do more often for want of Faith; I should always in matter of Fact, rather choose to take truth from anothers Mouth than my own. If every one would pry into the effects and circumstances of the Passions that sway him, as I have done into that which I am most subject to, he would see them coming, and would a little break their impetuosity and career; they do not always seize us on a sudden, there is threatning and degrees.

Fluctus uti primo cæpit cum albescere ponto,
Paulatim sese tollit mare & altius undas
Erigit, inde imo consurgit ad æthera fundo.

Claud. vel. Lucan.

As the Sea first begins to foam and fret,
Thence higher swells, higher, and higher yet;
Till at the last the Waves so high do rise,
As seems to bid defiance to the Skies.

Judgment holds in me a persidial seat, at least, it carefully endeavours to make it so: It lets my Appetites take their own course, as also hatred and friendship; nay, even that I bear to my self, without feeling alteration or corruption. If it cannot reform the other parts ac-

cording to its own model, at least it suffers not it self to be corrupted by them, but plays its game apart. That Advertisement to every one to know themselves, should be of important effect, since the God of Wisdom and Light caused it to be writ on the front of his *Temple*, as comprehending all he had to advise us. *Plato* says also, that Prudence is no other thing but the execution of this Ordinance; and *Socrates* does minutely verifie the same in *Xenophon*. The difficulties and obscurity are not discern'd in any *Science*, but by those that are got into it, for a certain degree of Intelligence is requir'd to be able to know that a Man knows not: And we must thrust against a Door to know whether it be bolted against us or no. From whence this *Platonick* subtilty springs, that neither they who know are to inquire, forasmuch as they know, nor they who do not know, forasmuch as to inquire they must know what they enquire of. So in this of knowing a Man's self, that every Man is seen so resolv'd and satisfi'd with himself, and that every Man thinks himself sufficiently intelligent, signifies, that every one understands nothing at all; as *Socrates* gives *Euthydamus* to understand. I, who profess nothing else, do therein find so infinite a depth and variety, that all the fruit I have reap'd from my Learning, serves only to make me sensible how much I have to learn. To my weakness, so often confess'd, I owe the propension I have to modesty, to the obedience of belief impos'd upon me, to a constant coldness and moderation

tion of Opinions, and a hatred of that troubleſome and wrangling arrogancy, wholly believing and truſting in it ſelf, the capital Enemy of Diſcipline and Truth. Do but hear them prate and domineer, the firſt fopperies they utter, 'tis in the ſtyle wherewith Men eſtabliſh *Religions* and *Laws*. *Nihil eſt turpius quam cognitioni, & perceptioni, aſſertionem, approbationemque precurrere.* *Nothing is more abſurd than that Aſſertion and Allowance ſhould preceed Knowledge and Precept.* *Ariſtarchus* ſaid, that anciently there were ſeven *Sages* to be found in the World, and in his time ſcarce ſo many *Fools*. Have not we more reaſon than he to ſay ſo in this Age of ours. Affirmation and Obſtinacy are expreſs ſigns of want of Wit. A fellow has ſtumbled and broke his Noſe an hundred times in a day, and yet he will be at his *Ergo*'s as reſolute and brave as before; ſo that one would conclude he had had ſome new Soul and vigour of Underſtanding infus'd into him ſince; and that it happen'd to him, as to that ancient Son of the Earth, who took new Reſolutions, and was made more daring by his fall.

Cicero, Acad. l. 1.

——— *cui cum tetigere parentem*
Jam defecta vigent renovato robore membra.

Ovid Metam.

Whoſe broken Limbs upon his Mother laid,
Immediately new force and vigour had.

Does not this incorigible Coxcomb think that he reaſſumes a new underſtanding by undertaking

king a new diſpute? 'Tis by my own experience that I accuſe human ignorance, which is in my Opinion, the fureſt part of the Worlds School. Such as will not conclude it ſo in themſelves, by ſo vain an Example as mine, or their own, let them believe it from *Socrates*, the *Maſter* of *Maſters*. For the Philoſopher *Antiſthenes* to his *Diſciples*, *Let us go*, ſaid he, *and hear* Socrates, *I will be a Pupil with you.* And maintaining this Doctrine of the Stoical *Sect*, That Virtue was ſufficient to make a Life compleatly happy, having no need of any other thing whatever, he added, if not of the form of *Socrates*. The long attention that I imploy in conſidering my ſelf, does alſo fit me to judge tolerably of others; and there are few things whereof I ſpeak better, and with better excuſe. I happen very oft more exactly to ſee and diſtinguiſh the conditions of my Friends, than they doe themſelves. I have aſtoniſh'd ſome with the pertinence of my diſcription, and have given them warning of themſelves. By having from my Infancy been accuſtomed to contemplate my own Life in thoſe of others, I have acquir'd a Complexion ſtudious in that particular. And when I am once intent upon it, I let few things about me, whether Countenances, Humours, or Diſcourſes, that ſerve to that purpoſe, eſcape me. I ſtudy all, both what I am to avoid, and what I am to do. Alſo in my Friends, I diſcover by their productions, their inward inclinations; not to order this infinite variety of ſo diverſe and diſtracted Actions into certain Genders and Chapters, and diſtinctly

distinctly to distribute my parcels and divisions under known heads and classes.

Sed neque quàm multæ species, & nomine quæ sint
Est numerus. *Virg. Georg.*

But not the number of their kind and names,
They are too many.

The wise speak and deliver their Fancies more particularly, and handle them piece by peice. I, who see no further into things than as usance informs me, generally present mine without Method, and also as an Inquirer. As in this, I pronounce my Sentence by loose and unknit Articles; 'tis a thing that cannot be spoke at once, and in gross. Relation and Conformity are not to be found in such low and common Souls as ours. Wisdom is a solid and intire building, of which every piece keeps its place, and carries its mark. *Sola Sapientia in se toto conversa est. Wisdom only is wholly turn'd into its self.* I leave it to *Artists*, and I know not whether or no they will be able to bring it about in so perplex'd a thing, to marshall into distinct Bodies this infinite diversity of Faces, to settle our Inconstancy, and set it in order. I do not only find it hard to piece our Actions to one another, but I moreover find it very hard properly to design them every one by themselves by any principal quality, so ambiguous and variform they are by several lights. That which is remark'd for rare in *Perseus* King of *Macedon*, that his mind fixing it self

Cic. de fin. lib. 3.

to no one condition, wander'd in all ſorts of living and repreſented Manners ſo wild and uncouth, that he was neither known by himſelf, or any other, what kind of man he was, ſeems almoſt to fill all the World. And eſpecially I have ſeen another of his ſtature, to whom I think this Concluſion might more properly be apply'd; No moderate ſettledneſs, ſtill running headlong from one extream to another, upon occaſions not to be gheſs'd at; no manner of courſe without traverſe and wonderful contrariety; nor no one quality ſimple and unmixt; ſo that the beſt gueſs men can one day make, will be, that he affected and ſtudied to make himſelf known, by being not to be known. A man had need have long Ears to hear himſelf frankly cenſur'd. And being there are few that can endure to hear it without being nettled, thoſe who hazard the undertaking it to us, manifeſt a ſingular effect of Friendſhip; for 'tis to love ſincerely indeed, to attempt to hurt and offend us for our own good. I think it rude to cenſure a man whoſe ill Quallities are more than his good ones. *Plato* requires three things in him that will examine the Soul of another, to wit, *Knowledge*, *good Will*, and *Boldneſs*. I was once ask'd where I ſhould have thought my ſelf fit for, had any one deſign'd to make uſe of me in my younger Years.

Æneid. l. 5. *Dum melior Vires Sanguis dabat, æmula nedum*
Temporibus geminis canebat ſparſa ſenectus.

Whilſt

Whilſt better Blood my Limbs with Vigour fed,
And e're old Age had ſnow'd upon my Head.

For nothing ſaid I. And I am willing enough to profeſs not knowing how to do any thing, that I may ſo be excus'd from enſlaving my ſelf to another. But I had told theſe truths to that Maſter of mine, and had controul'd his Manners, if he had ſo pleas'd; not in groſs by ſcholaſtick Leſſons, which I underſtand not, and from which I ſee no true Reformation ſpring in thoſe that do; but by obſerving them by leiſure, at all Opportunities, and ſimply and naturally judging them as an Eye Witneſs, diſtinctly one by one; giving him to underſtand upon what terms he was in the common Opinion, in oppoſition to his Flatterers. There is none of us that would not be worſe than *Kings*, if ſo continually corrupted as they are with that ſort of *Vermine*. But what if *Alexander*, that great *King* and *Philoſopher*, could not defend himſelf from them? I ſhould have Fidelity, Judgment, and Liberty enough for that purpoſe. It would be a nameleſs Office otherwiſe, both in its Grace and Effect; and 'tis a part that is not indifferently fit for all Men. For *Truth* it ſelf has not the Priviledge to be ſpoke at all times, and in all ſorts, the uſe of it, noble as it is, has its Circumſcriptions and Limits. It oft falls out, as the World now goes, that a Man lets it ſlip into the Ear of a *Prince*, not only to no purpoſe, but moreover injuriouſly and unjuſtly. And no man ſhall make me believe that a virtuous Remonſtrant

ſtrance may not be viciouſly apply'd, and that the intereſt of the Subſtance is not oft to give place to that of the Form. For ſuch a purpoſe, I would have a man that is content with his own Fortune;

Mart. Epig. lib. 10. *Chap.* 47.

Quod ſit eſſe velit, nihilque malit.

Who likes that preſent ſtate of his,
And would not be but what he is.

and meanly born; foraſmuch as on one ſide he would not be afraid to touch his Maſters Heart to the quick, for fear by that means of loſing his preferment; and on the other ſide, being of mean quality, he would have more eaſie Communication with all ſorts of People: and I would have this Office limited to only one, for to allow the Priviledge of this Liberty and Privacy to many, would beget an inconvenient Irreverence; and even of that one too, I would above all things require the Fidelity of Silence. A *King* is not to be believ'd when he brags of his Conſtancy in ſtanding the ſhock of the Enemy for his Glory, if for his Profit and Amendment, he cannot ſtand the Liberty of a Friends Advice, which has no other Power but to pinch his Ear, the remainder of its effect being ſtill in his own Hands. Now there is no Condition of men whatever who ſtand in ſo great need of true and free advertiſment as they do. They ſupport the publick Life, and are to ſatisfie the Opinion of ſo many Spectators, that when Men have us'd to conceal

ceal from them whatever should divert them from their own way, they insensibly have found themselves involv'd in the hatred and detestation of their People, sometimes upon so slight Occasions as they might have avoided without any prejudice even of their Pleasures themselves, had they been advis'd and set right in time. Their *Favorites* commonly have more regard to themselves, than they have to their Masters; and indeed it stands them upon, forasmuch as in truth most Offices of true friendships, when apply'd to the *Sovereign*, are under a rude and dangerous hazard; so that therein there is great need, not only of very great Affection and Freedom, but of Courage too. To conclude all this *Hodg-podg* which I scribble, here is nothing but a Register of *Essays* of my one Life, which for the internal soundness is exemplary enough to take instruction against the Hair; but as to bodily health, no man can furnish out more profitable Experience than I, who present it pure, and no way corrupted and chang'd by Art or Opinion. Experience is properly upon its own Dung-hill in the Subject of *Physick*, where *Reason* wholly gives it place. *Tyberius* said, that whoever had liv'd twenty years, ought to be responsible to himself for all things that were hurtful or wholsome to him, and know how to order himself without *Physick*. And he might have learnt it of *Socrates*, who, advising his *Disciples* to be sollicitous of their Health, as the chiefest study, added, that it was hard if a man of Sense, having a care of his

Free Advice necessary for Kings.

his Exercises and Diet, did not better know than any Physitian, what was good or ill for him. And also *Physick* does profess always to have experience for the touch of its Operations. And *Plato* had reason to say, that to be a right *Physician*, it would be necessary that he who would take it upon him, should first himself have pass'd through all the Diseases he will pretend to cure, and through all the Accidents and Circumstances whereof he is to judge. 'Tis but Reason they should get the *Pox* if they will know how to cure it; for my part, I should put my self into such hands: for the others but guide us like him who paints the Sea-Rocks and Ports upon his Cloth, and there makes a Figure of a Ship to sail in all security; and put him to't in earnest, he knows not at which end to begin. They make such a Description of our Maladies, as a *Town-Crier* does of a lost Horse or Dog, such a Colour, such a Height, such an Ear; but bring him to him, and he knows him not for all that. *God* grant that *Physick* may one day give me some good and visible relief, namely, when I shall cry out in good earnest.

Hor. Car. *Tandem efficaci, do manus Scientiæ.*

The arts that promise to keep our Bodies and Souls in Health, promise a great deal, but withall, there is none that less keep their Promise. And in our times, those that make profession of these Arts amongst us, less manifest the Effects than any other sort of men. One may say

ſay of them at the moſt, that they ſell Medicinal Drugs, but that they are *Phyſicians* a Man cannot ſay. I have liv'd long enough to be able to give an account of the Cuſtom that has carried me ſo far. And, for whoever has a mind to read it, as his Taſter, I give him this *Eſſay*, wherein he will find ſome Articles, as my Memory ſhall ſupply me with them. I have no Cuſtom that has not varied according to accidents; but I only record thoſe that I have been beſt acquainted with, and that hitherto have had the greateſt poſſeſſion of me. My form of Life is the ſame in Sickneſs that it is in Health, the ſame Bed, the ſame Houſes, the ſame Meat, and the ſame Drink ſerve me in both Conditions alike; I add nothing to them but the moderation of more or leſs, according to my Strength and Appetite. My health is to maintain my wonted ſtate without diſturbance. I ſee that ſickneſs puts me off it on one ſide, and if I will be rull'd by the *Phyſicians*, they will put me off on the other; ſo that by *Fortune* and by *Art* I am out of my way. I believe nothing more certainly than this, that I cannot be offended by the uſage of things to which I have been ſo long accuſtom'd. 'Tis for cuſtom to give a form to a mans Life, ſuch as it beſt pleaſes, ſhe is all in all in that: 'Tis the Beverage of *Circe* that varies our Nature as ſhe pleaſes beſt. How many Nations, and but three ſteps from us, think the fear of the ſerene that ſo manifeſtly is hurtful to us, a ridiculous fancy, and our Water-men and Peaſants deſpiſe it. You make

a

a *German* ſick if you lay him upon a *Quilt*, as you do an *Italian* if you lay him upon a *Feather-bed*; and a *French-man* without *Curtains* or *Fire*. A *Spaniſh* Stomach cannot hold out to eat as we can, nor ours to drink like the *Swiſs*. A *German* made me very merry at *Auguſta* with diſputing the inconvenience of our *Hearths* by the ſame Arguments which we commonly make uſe of in decrying their *Stoves*: For, to ſay the truth, that ſmother'd heat, and then the ſcent of that heated matter of which the Fire is compos'd, very much offend ſuch as are not us'd to them; not me; But as to the reſt, the Heat being always equal, conſtant, and univerſal, without flame, without ſmoke, and without the wind that comes down our Chimnies, they may many ways induce compariſon with ours. Why do we not imitate the Roman *Architecture*? For, they ſay, that anciently Fires were not made in their Houſes, but on the out ſide, and at the foot of them, from whence the heat was convey'd to the whole Fabrick by Pipes contriv'd in the Wall, which were drawn twining about the Rooms that were to be warm'd: Which I have ſeen plainly deſcrib'd ſomewhere in *Seneca*. This Gentleman hearing me commend the Conveniences and Beauties of his *City*, which truly deſerves it, began to lament me that I was to go away. And the firſt inconvenience he alledg'd to me was, the heavineſs that the Chimneys elſewhere brought upon me. He had heard ſome one make this Complaint, and fixt it upon us, being by Cuſtom

Custom depriv'd of the means of perceiving it at home. All heat that comes from the Fire makes me weak and dull, and yet *Evenus* said, that Fire was the best condiment of Life. I rather chuse any other way of making my self warm. We are afraid to drink our Wines when towards the bottom of the Vessel; in *Portugal* those Fumes are reputed delicate, and is the *Beverage* of Princes. In fine, every Nation has several Customs and usances, that are not only unknown but savage and miraculous to some others. What should we do with those People who admit of no Testimonies, if not printed, who believe not Men if not in a Book, nor *Truth*, if not of competent Age? We dignifie our fopperies when we commit them to the *Press*. 'Tis of a great deal more weight to him you speak of, to say, *I have seen such a thing*, than if you only say, *I have heard such a thing*. But I, who no more disbelieve a Man's Mouth than his Pen, and who know that Men write as indiscreetly as they speak, and that esteem this age as much as one that's past, do as soon quote a Friend of my Acquaintance as *Aulus Gellius* or *Macrobius*, and what I have seen, as what they have writ. And, as 'tis held of Virtue, that it is not *greater* for having continu'd *longer*, so do I hold of *Truth*, that for being *older* it is not *wiser*. I often say, that it is meer folly that makes us run after strange and scholastick Examples? their fertility is the same now that it was in the time of *Homer* and *Plato*. But is it not that we derive more honour from the quotation than

Pall'd wine in esteem in *Portugal*.

than from the truth of the Diſcourſe? As if it were to borrow our proof from the Shops of *Vaſcaſan* or of *Plantin*, than of what is to be ſeen in our own Village: Or elſe indeed, that we have not the wit to cull out and make uſeful what we ſee before us, and judge of it lively enough to draw it into Example. For if we ſay that we want authority to procure faith to our teſtimony, we ſpeak from the purpoſe, for aſmuch as, in my opinion, of the moſt ordinary, common, and known things, could we but find out their light, the greateſt miracles of Nature might be form'd, and the moſt wonderful Examples, eſpecially upon the ſubject of humane actions. Now upon the Subject I am ſpeaking of, ſetting aſide the Examples I have gathered from *Books*, and what *Ariſtotle* ſays of *Andron* the *Argian*, that he travell'd over the arid Sands of *Lybia* without drinking; a Gentleman who has very well behav'd himſelf in ſeveral Employments, ſaid, in a place where I was, that he had rid from *Madrid* to *Lisbon* in the heat of *Summer*, without any Drink at all; He is very healthful, and vigorous for his Age, and has nothing extraordinary in the uſance of his Life, but this, to live ſometimes two or three months, nay, a whole year without drinking. He is ſometimes athirſt, but he lets it paſs over, and holds, it is an Appetite which eaſily goes off of it ſelf, and drinks more out of humour, than either for need or pleaſure. Here is another Example; 'Tis not long ago, that I found one of the Learned'ſt Men in *France*, among thoſe of

of the greatest Fortunes, studying in a corner of a Hall that they had separated for him with Tapestry, and about him a rabble of his Servants, that you may be sure were rude and loud enough. He told me, and *Seneca* almost says the same of himself, he made an advantage of this noise; as if beaten with this rattle, he so much the better recollected and retir'd himself into himself for Contemplation, and that this tempest of Voices repercuss'd his Thoughts within himself. Being at *Padua*, he had his Study so long situated in the rattle of Coaches, and the Tumult of the publick place, that he not only form'd himself to the contempt, but even to the use of noise, for the service of his Studies. *Socrates* answer'd *Alcibiades*, who being astonish'd at his Patience, ask'd him how he could endure the perpetual scolding of his Wife, *Why*, said he, *as those do who are accustom'd to the ordinary noise of Wheels to draw Water.* I am quite otherwise; I have a tender Head, and easily discompos'd; when 'tis bent upon any thing, the least buzzing of a Fly tears it into pieces. *Seneca*, in his youth, having, by the Example of *Sextius*, put on a positive resolution of eating nothing but what died of it self, pass'd over a whole year in this Diet, and, as he said, with pleasure, and only left it off, that he might not be suspected of taking up this Rule from some new Religion, by which it was prescrib'd. But he took up withal, from the Precepts of *Attalus*, a custom, not to lie any more upon any sort of bedding that yielded under a Man's weight, but even to his

old Age made uſe of ſuch as would not yield to any preſſure. What the uſance of his time made him account Authority, that of ours makes us look upon as Effeminacy and Eaſe. Do but obſerve the difference betwixt the way of living of my Labourers, and that of mine; the *Indies* have nothing more remote both from my Force and Method. I know very well, that I have pick'd up Boys from begging to ſerve me, who ſoon after have quitted both my *Kitchin* and *Livery*, only that they might return to their former courſe of Life: And found one afterwards gathering *Muſſels* out of the *Sinck* for his Dinner, whom I could neither by Intreaties nor Threats, reclaim from the ſweetneſs he found in Indigence. *Beggars* have their Magnificences and Delights, as well as the Rich; and, 'tis ſaid, their *Dignities* and *Politicks*. Theſe are the Effects of Cuſtom, ſhe can mould us not only into what form ſhe pleaſes, (and yet the *Sages* ſay, we ought to apply our ſelves to the beſt, which ſhe would ſoon make eaſie to us) but alſo to change and variation, which is the moſt noble and moſt uſeful of all ſhe makes us perfect in. The beſt of my bodily perfection is, that I am flexible, and very little obſtinate. I have Inclinations more proper and ordinary, and more agreeable than others; but I am diverted from them with very little ado, and eaſily ſlip into a contrary courſe. A young Man ought to croſs his own *Rules*, to awake his Vigour, and to keep it from growing faint and ruſty. And there is no courſe of Life ſo weak and ſottiſh, as that

that which is carried on by Rule and Discipline.

Ad primum lapidem vectari complacet, hora
Sumitur ex libro, si prurit frictus ocelli
Angulus, inspecta genesi collyria quærit. *Juven. Sat. 6.*

If he but of a Mile a Walk would take,
He for the Hour consults his Almanack;
If he but rub the corner of his Eye,
He chooses Salve by his Nativity.

He shall oft throw himself even into Excesses, if he will take my advice, otherwise the least Debauch will ruine him. He will render himself uneasie, and disagreeable in conversation. The worst quality in a well-bred Man is Delicacy, and an obligation to a certain particular way; and it is particular, if not pliable and supple. It is a kind of reproach not to be able, or not to dare to do what we see others do before us. Let such as those sit at home. It is in every Man indecent, but in a Souldier vicious and intolerable; who, as *Philopœmenes* said, ought to accustom himself to all variety and inequality of Life. Though I have been brought up, as much as was possible, to liberty and indifference, yet so it is, that in growing old, and having more setled upon certain forms (my Age is now past Instruction, and I have henceforward nothing to do but to keep it up as well as I can) Custom has already, ere I was aware, so imprinted its Character in me, in certain things, that I look upon it as a kind of excess

to leave them off. And, without a force upon my self, cannot sleep in the day-time, not eat between Meals, nor Break-fast, nor go to bed, without a great interval betwixt eating and sleeping, as of three hours after Supper; nor get Children but before I sleep, and never standing upon my feet, nor endure my own Sweat, nor quench my thirst either with pure Water or Wine, nor keep my Head long bare, nor cut my Hair after Dinner; and should be as uneasie without my Gloves, as without my Shirt, or without washing when I rise from Table, or out of my Bed; and could not lie without a Canopy and Curtains, as if they were necessary things: I could dine without a Table-cloth, but without a clean Napkin, after the *German* fashion, very incommodiously: I foul them more than they, or the *Italians* do, and make but little use either of Spoon or Fork. I am sorry that the same is not in use amongst us, that I see the Example of in Kings; which is, to change our Napkins at every service, as they do our Plates. We are told of that laborious Souldier *Marius*, that growing old, he became nice in his Drinking, and never drank but out of a peculiar Cup of his own. I, in like manner, have suffer'd my self to fansie a certain form of Glasses, and do not willingly drink in common Glasses, no more than from a common hand: All Metal offends me in comparison of a clear and transparent matter: Let my Eyes taste too, according to their capacity. I owe several other such Niceties to Custom. *Nature* has also on

on the other side, help'd me to some of hers, as no more to be able to endure two full Meals in one day, without overcharging my Stomach, nor a total abstinence from one of those Meals, without filling my self with Wind, drying up my Mouth, and dulling my Appetite, and finding great inconvenience in the Evening Air. For of late years, in Night marches, which often happen to be all Night long, after five or six hours, my Stomach begins to be queasie, with a violent pain in my Head, so that I always vomit before the day can break. When others go to break-fast, I go to sleep; and when I rise, am as brisk and gay as before. I had always been told, that the *serene* never disperst it self but in the beginning of the Night; but for certain years past, long and familiar frequenting a Lord possess'd with this Opinion, that the *serene* is more sharp and dangerous about the declining of the Sun, an hour or two before his Set, which he carefully avoids, and despises that of the Night; he had almost imprinted in me, not only his Discourse, but his Opinion. What, shall the very doubt and inquisition wound our Imagination so as to turn to our Inconvenience? Such as absolutely and on a sudden give way to their Propensions, put a total ruine upon themselves. And I am sorry for several Gentlemen, who, through the Folly of their *Physicians*, have in their Youth and Health put themselves into Consumptions. It were yet better to endure a *Cough*, than by disusance for ever to lose the commerce of the common Life in an Action of so great use. Ill

natur'd *Science*, to interdict us the sweetest and most pleasant hours of the Day: Let us keep Possession of it to the last. For the most part a man hardens himself by being obstinate, and corrects his Constitution; as *Cæsar* did the *Falling-sickness*, by dint of contempt. A man should addict himself to the best *Rules*, but not inslave himself to them; if not to such, if there be any such to which the Obligation and Servitude are of Profit. Both *Kings* and *Philosophers* go to stool, and *Ladies* too; publick Lives are bound to *Ceremony*, mine that is obscure and private, enjoys all natural Dispensation. *Sculdier* and *Gascon* are also qualities a little subject to Indiscretion, wherefore I shall say this of this action of exonerating Nature, that it is necessary to referr it to certain prescrib'd and nocturnal Hours, and force a Man's self to it by Custom, as I have done; but not to subject himself, as I have done in my declining years, to a particular Convenience of Place and Seat for that purpose, and making it troublesome by long sitting: and yet in the foulest Offices, is it not in some measure excusable to require more care and cleanliness?

Seneca. Epist. 92. *Natura homo mundum, & elegans animal est.* *Man is by Nature a clean and elegant Creature.*

Of all the actions of *Nature*, I am the most impatient of being interrupted in that. I have seen many Souldiers troubled with the unruliness of their Bellies, whilst mine and I never fail of our punctual assignation, which is at leaping out of Bed, if some indispensable Business, or Sickness do not molest us. I do then think,

think, as I ſaid before, that ſick men can better place themſelves any where in better ſafety than in ſitting ſtill in that courſe of Life where-with they have been bred and train'd up. Alteration, be it what it will, does diſtemper and aſtoniſh. Can any believe that *Cheſt-nuts* can hurt a *Perigourdin*, or one of *Luca*; or Milk and Cheeſe the Mountain People: men enjoy them not only a new, but a contrary Method of Life, a change that the more healthfull could not endure. Preſcribe Water to a *Breton* of threeſcore and ten, ſhut a *Sea-man* up in a *Stove*, and forbid a *Baſque* Foot-man walking, they will deprive them of Motion, and, in the end of Air and Light.

——— *an vivere tanti eſt?* *Æneid. l. 6.*
Cogimur à ſuetis animum ſuſpendere rebus *Gallus.*
Atque ut vivamus vivere definimus. *Eleg. 1.*
Hoc ſupereſſe reor quibus & ſpirabilis aer
Et lux qua regimur, redditur ipſa gravis.

Is Life of ſuch a mighty conſequence?
We muſt accuſtom'd things quite over-give,
And that we may live, we muſt ceaſe to live;
I cant imagine they ſhould longer live,
Whom light and air, by which they live, do (grieve.

If they do no other good, they do this at leaſt, that they prepare Patients betimes for Death, by little and little undermining and cutting off the uſage of Life. Both well and ſick, I have ever willingly ſuffer'd my ſelf to obey the Appetites that preſt upon me. I give great

Authority to my propenſions and deſires. I do not love to cure one Diſeaſe by another. I hate remedies that are more troubleſom than the Diſeaſe it ſelf. To be ſubject to the Stone, and ſubject to abſtain from eating Oyſters, are two Evils in ſtead of one. The Diſeaſe torments us on the one ſide, and the remedy on the other. Since we are ever in danger of miſtaking, let us rather hazard, rather deferr the diſcovery of the miſtake till after pleaſure. The world proceeds quite contrary, and thinks nothing profitable that is not painful; Facility ſtands ſuſpected to it. My Appetite is in ſeveral things of it ſelf happily enough accommodated to the health of my Stomach. Acrimony and quickneſs in Sawces were pleaſant to me when young, but my Stomach diſliking them, ſince my Taſte incontinently follow'd. Wine is hurtful to ſick People; and 'tis the firſt thing that my Mouth diſreliſhes when I am ſick, and with an invincible diſtaſte. Whatever I take againſt my liking, does me harm; and nothing hurts me that I eat with Appetite and delight; I never receiv'd harm by any action that was very pleaſant to me; and accordingly have made all Medicinal concluſions mightily give way to my Pleaſure. And have, when I was young,

Catullus Num. 64. *Quem circumcurſans huc, atque huc ſæpe cupido*
Fulgebat crocina ſplendidus in tunica.

Whilſt

Whilst *Cupid* round me fluttering did fly,
In his rich mantle of the *Tyrian* die.

given my self the reins as licentiously and inconsiderately to the desire that was predominant in me, as any other whatever;

Et militavi non sine gloria. *Hor. lib. 3. Ode 16.*

yet more in continuation and holding out than in Sally.

Sex me vix memini fuisse vices. *Ovid.*

'Tis certainly a misfortune, and a miracle at once, to confess at what a tender age I was first subjected to Love: it was indeed by chance; for it was long before the years of Choice or Discretion: I do not remember my self so long ago. And my Fortune may very well be coupled to that of *Quartilla*, who could not remember since she was a Maid.

Inde tragus celeresque pili, mirandaque matri Barba mea. *Ovid.*

Physicians do ordinarily submit their Rules to the violent Longings that happen to sick Persons, with very good success. This great desire, so strange and vicious, cannot be imagin'd to be, but that *Nature* must have a hand in it. And then how easie a thing is it to satisfie the Fancy? In my opinion, this part wholly carries

ries it, at leaſt, above all the reſt. The moſt grievous and ordinary Wills are thoſe that Fancy loads us with. This *Spaniſh* Saying mightily pleaſes in ſeveral ſenſes; *Defienda me Dios de my. God defend me from my ſelf*, I am ſorry when I am ſick, that I have not ſome *longing* that might give me the contentment of ſatisfying it; all the Rules of *Phyſick* would hardly be able to divert me; I do the ſame when I am well. I can think of very little more to be hop'd or wiſh'd for. 'Tis pity a Man ſhould be ſo weak and languiſhing, as to have nothing left him but wiſhing. The *Art* of *Phyſick* is not ſo reſolute, that we ſhould be without Authority for what ever we do; it changes according to the *Climates* and *Moons*, according to *Fernelius* and *Scala*. If your *Phyſicians* do not think it good for you to ſleep, to drink Wine, or to eat ſuch and ſuch Meats, never trouble your ſelf, I will find you another that ſhall not be of his Opinion; the diverſity of *Phyſical* Arguments and Opinions embraces all ſorts of Methods. I ſaw a miſerable ſick Perſon panting and burning for thirſt, that he might be cur'd; and was afterwards laugh'd at by another *Phyſician* for his pains, who condemn'd that advice as prejudicial to him: had he not tormented himſelf to good purpoſe? A Man of that Profeſſion is lately dead of the *Stone*, who had made uſe of extream abſtinance to contend with his Diſeaſe. His fellow *Phyſicians* ſaid, that on the contrary, this abſtinence from Drink had dried his Body up, and bak'd the Gravel in his Kidneys.

I have obſerv'd, that both in Wounds and Sikneſſes, ſpeaking diſcompoſes and hurts me as much as any diſorder I can commit. My Voice ſpends and tires me, for 'tis loud and forc'd; ſo that when I have gone to whiſper ſome great Perſons about Affairs of Conſequence, they have oft deſired me to moderate my Voice. This Story deſerves a place here. Some one in a certain Greek School, ſpeaking loud as I do, the Maſter of the *Ceremonies* ſent to him to ſpeak ſoftly, *Tell him then he muſt ſend me*, repli'd the other, *the tone he would have me ſpeak in.* To which the other reply'd, *That he ſhould take the tone from the Ears of him to whom he ſpake.* It was well ſaid, if to be underſtood, *Speak according to the Affair you are ſpeaking about to your Auditor*, for if it mean, *'tis ſufficient that he hears you, or govern your ſelf by him*; I do not find it to be reaſon. The tone and motion of my Voice carries with it a great deal of the Expreſſion and Signification of my meaning, and 'tis I who am to govern it, to make my ſelf underſtood. There is a Voice to inſtruct, a Voice to flatter, and a Voice to reprehend. I will not only that my Voice reach him, but peradventure that it ſtrike and pierce him. When I rattle my Footman with ſharp and bitter Language, it would be very pretty for him to ſay, *Pray Maſter ſpeak lower, I hear you very well. Eſt quædam Vox ad auditam accomodata, non Magnitudine ſed Proprietate. There is a certain Voice accomodated to the Hearing, not by the Loudneſs, but Propriety.* Speaking is half his that ſpeaks, and half his

that

that hears; the laſt of which ought to prepare himſelf to receive it, according to its motion and rebound. Like *Tennis* Players, he that receives the Ball, ſhifts and prepares, according as he ſees him move who ſtrikes the ſtroke, and according to the ſtroke it ſelf. Experience has moreover taught me this, that we loſe our ſelves with impatience. Evils have their Life and Limits, their Diſeaſes, and their Recovery; the Conſtitution of Maladies is form'd by the pattern of the Conſtitution of Animals, they have their Fortunes and Days limited from their Birth. Whoever attempts imperiouſly to cut them ſhort by force in the middle of their courſe, does lengthen and multiply them, and incenſes inſtead of appeaſing them. I am of *Crantor*'s Opinion, that we are neither obſtinately and wilfully to oppoſe *Evils*, nor truckle under them for want of Courage, but that we are naturally to give way to them, according to their Condition and our own, we ought to grant free paſſage to Diſeaſes: And I find they ſtay leſs with me, who let them alone. And I have loſt thoſe which are reputed the moſt tenacious and obſtinate of their own deferveſcence, without any Help or Art, and contrary to their *Rules*. Let us a little permit *Nature* to take her own way; ſhe better underſtands her own Affairs than we. But ſuch a one died, and ſo ſhall you, if not of that Diſeaſe, of another. And how many have not eſcap'd dying, who have their *Phyſicians* always at their tails? Example is a bright and univerſal mirror, and in all Sciences. If it be a de-

a delicious Medicine, take it, 'tis always ſo much preſent good. I will never ſtick at the Name nor the Colour, if it be pleaſant and grateful to the Palate: Pleaſure is one of the chiefeſt kinds of Profit. I have ſuffer'd Rheums, gouty Defluxions, Relaxations, Palpitations of the Heart, Megrims, and other Accidents, to grow old, and die in me a natural Death, which I have been rid of when I was half fit to nouriſh and keep them. They are ſooner prevail'd upon by Courteſie than huffing; we muſt patiently ſuffer the Laws of our Condition, we are born to grow old, to grow weak, and to be ſick in deſpite of all Medicine. 'Tis the firſt *Leſſon* the *Mexicans* teach their Children; ſo ſoon as ever they come out of their Mothers Wombs, they thus ſalute them, *Thou art come into the World Child, to endure, ſuffer, and ſay nothing.* 'Tis injuſtice to lament that that is befallen any one, which may befal every one. *Indignare ſi quid in te iniqui, proprie conſtitutum eſt. Then be angry when there is any thing unjuſtly decreed againſt thee alone.* See an old Man who begs of *God Almighty* that he will maintain his Health vigorous and entire, that is to ſay, that he will reſtore him to Youth:

Stat quid hæc fruſtra votis puerilibus optas? *Ovid.*

Why pray'ſt thou Fool ſuch childiſh Prayers (in vain?

Is it not folly? his condition is not capable of it.

it. The Gout, the Stone, and Indigeſtion, are ſymptoms of long Years, as Heat, Rains, and Winds, are of long Voyages. *Plato* does not believe that *Eſculapius* troubled himſelf to provide by a good Diet to prolong his Life in a weak and waſted Body, uſeleſs to his Country, and to his Profeſſion, and to beget healthful and robuſt Children; and does not think this Solitude ſuitable to the Divine Juſtice and Prudence, which is to direct all things to Utility. My good Friend, your Buſineſs is done, no body can reſtore you, they can at the moſt but patch you up, and prop you a little, and by that means prolong your miſery an hour or two.

Gal. Eleg. 1 *Non ſecus inſtantem cupiens fulcire ruinam,*
Diverſis contra nititur obicibus,
Donec certa dies omni compage ſoluta,
Ipſum cum rebus ſubruat auxilium.

Like one, who willing to deferr a while
A ſudden ruine, props the tottering Pile,
Till in ſhort ſpace the Houſe, the props and all
Together with a dreadful ruine fall.

We muſt learn to ſuffer what we cannot evade. Our Life, like the harmony of the World, is compos'd of contrary things, of ſeveral Notes, ſweet and harſh, ſharp and flat, ſpritely and ſolemn; and the *Muſician* who ſhould only affect one of theſe, what would he be able to do? He muſt know how to make uſe of them all, and to mix them; and we likewiſe, the

goods

goods and *evils* which are conſubſtantial with Life: Our Being cannot ſubſiſt without this mixture, and the one are no leſs neceſſary to it than the other. To attempt to kick againſt natural neceſſity, is to repreſent the folly of *Cteſiphon*, who undertook to kick with his *Mule*. I conſult little about the alterations I feel; for thoſe People take advantage when they have you at their Mercy. They cudgel your Ears with their *Prognoſticks*; and having formerly ſurpriz'd me, weaken'd with ſickneſs, have injuriouſly handled me with their *Doctrines* and magiſterial Fopperies; one while menacing me with great Pains, and another, with approaching Death; by which threats I was indeed mov'd and ſhook, but not ſubdu'd, nor juſtled from my place; and though my Judgment was neither alter'd nor diſtracted, yet it was at leaſt diſturb'd. 'Tis always Agitation and Combat. Now I uſe my imagination as gently as I can, and would diſcharge it of all trouble and conteſt if I could. A Man muſt aſſiſt, flatter, and deceive it, if he can. My Mind is fit for that Office. It wants no appearances throughout. And could it perſuade, as it preaches, it would ſucceſsfully relieve me. Will you have an Example? It tells me that 'tis for my good to have the Stone: that the compoſitions of my Age are naturally to ſuffer ſome decay: that it is now time they ſhould begin to disjoynt, and to confeſs a decay: 'tis a common neceſſity, and there is nothing in it, either miraculous or new: I therein pay what is due to old Age, and I cannot expect

The folly of *Cteſiphon*.

expect a better account: that Society ought to comfort me being fallen into the most common infirmity of my time. I see every where Men tormented with the same Disease; and am honour'd by the Fellowship, forasmuch as Men of the best Quality are most frequently afflicted with it; 'tis a noble and dignified Disease. That of such as are pester'd with it, few have it to a less degree of Pain, and yet they are put to the trouble of a strict Diet, and the daily taking of nauseous Drugs and Potions; whereas I owe my good intervals purely to my good Fortune. For some ordinary Broths of *Eringo*'s, or *Burst wort*, that I have twice or thrice taken to oblige the *Ladies*, who, with greater kindness than my Pain is extream, would needs present me half of theirs, seem'd to me equally easie to take, and fruitless in operation. They are to pay a thousand *Vows* to *Æsculapius*, and as many *Crowns* to their *Physician*, for the voiding a little Gravel, which I often do by the benefit of *Nature*. Even the decency of my Countenance is not disturb'd in company, and I can hold my Water ten hours, and as long as any man that is in perfect health. The fear of this Disease, says one, did formerly affright thee, when it was unknown to thee; the crying and roaring of those that make it worse by their impatience, begot a horror in thee: 'Tis an infirmity that punishes the Members by which thou hast most offended: thou art a conscientious fellow:

The Stone ordinary in old Men, especially Men of Quality.

Que

Quæ venit indigne pœna, dolenda venit. Ovid.

Puniſhments then to be complain'd of are
When laid upon a guiltleſs ſufferer.

conſider this chaſtiſement, 'tis very eaſie in compariſon of that of others, and inflicted with a Paternal tenderneſs: Do but obſerve how late it comes; it only ſeizes on and incommodates that part of thy Life, which is upon the matter ſteril, and loſt; having, as it were by compact, given way to the licence and pleaſures of thy Youth. The fear and the compaſſion that the People have of this Diſeaſe, ſerves thee for matter of glory. A quality whereof, if thou haſt thy Judgment purified, and that thy Reaſon be right and ſound, thy Friends will yet notwithſtanding diſcover ſome tincture in thy Complexion. 'Tis a pleaſure to hear it ſaid of a man's ſelf, *here is great force, here is great patience.* Thou art ſeen to ſweat with pain, to look pale and red, to tremble, vomit blood, to ſuffer ſtrange contractions and convulſions, by ſtarts to let great tears drop from thine eyes, to urine thick, black, and dreadful Water, or to have it ſuppreſs'd by ſome ſharp and craggy ſtone, that cruelly pricks and tears the neck of the Bladder whilſt all the while thou entertain'ſt the Company with an ordinary countenance, drolling by fits with thy Servants, making one in a continued diſcourſe, now and then excuſing thy pain, and making thy ſufferance leſs than it is. Doſt thou call to mind the Men of paſt times,

who so greedily sought Diseases to keep their Vertue in breath and exercise? Put the case that *Nature* force and put thee on to this glorious School, into which thou would'st never have enter'd of thy own free will. If thou tell'st me, that it is a dangerous and mortal Disease; what others are not? For 'tis a Physical cheat to except any, and to say, that they do not go directly to death: what makes matter if they tend that way by accident, and if they easily slide and slip into the path that leads us to it? But thou dost not die because thou art sick, thou dieſt because thou art living. Death kills thee without the help of Sickness: And in some, Sickness has deferr'd Death, who have liv'd longer by reason that they thought themselves always dying. To which may be added, that as in Wounds, so in Diseases, some are medicinal and wholesom. The Cholick is oft no less long-liv'd than you. We see Men with whom it has continu'd from their Infancy even to their extream old Age, and if they had not broke company, it would have afflicted them longer still; you ofter kill it than it kills you: And though it present you the image of approaching Death, were it not a good Office to a Man of such an Age, to put him in mind of his end? And, which is worse, thou hast no longer any thing that should make thee desire to be cur'd. Common Necessity will however presently call thee away. Do but consider how artificially and gently she puts thee out of taste with Life, and weans thee from the World; not forcing and compelling thee with

with a tyrannical Subjection, like ſo many other infirmities which you ſee old Men afflicted withall, that hold them in continual Torment, and keep them in perpetual and unintermitted Pains and Dolors; but by Adverſements and Inſtructions at ſeveral intervals, intermixing long pauſes of repoſe, as it were to give thee leave to meditate and ruminate upon thy leſſon at thy own eaſe and leiſure: to give thee means to judge aright, and to aſſume the Reſolution of a Man of Courage, ſhe preſents to thee the intire ſtate of thy Condition, both in good and evil, and one while a very chearfull, and another an inſupportable Life, in one and the ſame day. If thou imbraceſt not Death, at leaſt thou ſhak'ſt hands with it once a Month; by which thou haſt more cauſe to hope that it will one day ſurpriſe thee without warning. And that being ſo oft conducted to the water ſide, and thinking thy ſelf to be ſtill upon the accuſtom'd terms, thou and thy Confidence will at one time or another be unexpectedly wafted over. A man cannot reaſonably complain of Diſeaſes that fairly divide the time with Health. I am oblig'd to Fortune for having ſo oft aſſaulted me with the ſame ſort of weapons; ſhe forms and faſhions me by uſance, hardens and habituates me ſo, that I can know within a little for how much I ſhall be quit. For want of natural memory, I make one of Paper; and as any new ſymptom happens in my Diſeaſe, I ſet it down; from whence it falls out, that being now almoſt paſt all ſorts of Examples, if any

aſtoniſhment threaten me, tumbling over theſe little looſe notes, as the *Sybills* Leaves, I never fail of finding matter of Conſolation from ſome favourable *Prognoſtick* in my paſt Experience. Cuſtom alſo makes me hope better for the time to come. For the conduct of this Evacuation having ſo long continued, 'tis to be believ'd that *Nature* will not alter her courſe, and that no other worſe accident will happen than what I already feel. And beſides, the condition of this diſeaſe is not unſuitable to my prompt and ſudden Complexion. When it aſſaults me gently, I am afraid, for 'tis then for a great while; but it has naturally brisk and vigorous Exceſſes. It claws me to purpoſe for a day or two. My Reins hold out an Age without Alteration, and I have almoſt now liv'd another ſince they chang'd their ſtate. *Evils* have their Periods as well as *Goods*, peradventure the Infirmity draws towards an end. Age weakens the heat of my Stomach, the Digeſtion of which being leſs perfect, it ſends this crude matter to my Reins; and why at a certain revolution may not the heat of my Reins be alſo abated, ſo that they can no more petrefie my flegm, and Nature find out ſome other way of purgation: Years have evidently help'd me to drain certain *Rheums*; and why not theſe excrements which furniſh matter for *Gravel*? But is there any thing ſweet in compariſon of this ſudden change, when from an exceſſive pain, I come, by the voiding of a Stone, to recover, as from a flaſh of lightning, the beautiful light of health

health, ſo free and full as it happens in our ſudden and moſt ſharp *Cholicks*? Is there any thing in the pain ſuffer'd, that a man can counterpoize to the pleaſure of ſo ſudden an amendment? Oh! how much does Health ſeem ſo much the more pleaſant to me after ſo near and contiguous ſickneſs, as that I can diſtinguiſh them in the preſence of one another in their greateſt bravery, wherewith they dreſs themſelves in emulation, as if to make head againſt, and to diſpute it with one another! What the *Stoicks* ſay, that Vices are profitably introduc'd, to give value to, and to ſet off virtue; we can with better reaſon, and leſs temerity of cenſure, ſay of Nature that ſhe has given us pain for the honour and ſervice of pleaſure and indolence. When *Socrates*, after his Fetters were knock'd off, felt the pleaſure of that itching which the weight of them had caus'd in his Legs, he rejoyc'd to conſider the ſtrict alliance betwixt pain and pleaſure, how they are link'd together by a neceſſary connexion, ſo that by turns they follow and mutually beget one another: and cry'd out to *Æſop*, that he ought out of this conſideration, to have taken a Body proper for a fine Fable. The worſt that I ſee in other diſeaſes is, that they are not ſo grievous in their effect, as they are in their iſſue. A Man is a whole year in recovering, and all the while full of weakneſs and fear. There is ſo much hazzard, and ſo many ſteps to arrive at ſafety, that there is no end on't. Before they have unmuffled you of a Handker-

Health more pleaſant after Sickneſs.

chief, and then of a Callot, before they allow you to walk abroad and take the Air, to drink Wine, lie with your Wife, and eat Melons, 'tis odds you relapse into some new Distemper. The *Stone* has this privilege, that it carries it self clean off. Whereas others always leave behind them some impression and alteration, that renders the Body subject to some new disease, and lend a hand to one another. These are excusable, that content themselves with possessing us, without extending it farther, and introducing their consequences: But courteous and kind are those whose passage brings us any profitable issue. Since I have been troubled with the Stone, I find my self freed from all other accidents, much more me thinks than I was before, and have never had any *Fever* since. I argue, that the extream and frequent vomitings that I am subject to, purge me: and on the other side, my nausities, and the strange Fasts I am forc'd to keep, digest my present Humours; and Nature in those Stones voids whatever there is in me of superfluous and hurtful. Let them never tell me that it is a medicine too dear bought. For what avails so many stinking *Apozemes*, Caustick, Incisions, Sweats, Setons, Diets, and so many other methods of Cure; which oft, by reason we are not able to undergo their violence and importunity, bring us to our Graves: So that when I am ill, I look upon it as *Physick*, when well, for an absolute deliverance. And here is another particular benefit of my dis-

ease;

eaſe; which is, that it almoſt plays its game by it ſelf, and lets me play mine, or elſe I only want Courage to do it; for in its greateſt fury, I have endured it ten Hours together on Horſe-back; do but endure only, you need no other regiment: Play, Run, do this and the t'other thing too if you can, your debauch will do you more good than harm. Say as much to one that has the Pox, the Gout, or Burſten Belly. The other diſeaſes have more univerſal obligations, wrack our actions after another kind of manner, diſturb our whole order, and to their conſideration engage the whole ſtate of life. This only pinches the Skin, it leaves the Underſtanding and the Will wholly at our own diſpoſe, as alſo the Tongue, Hands and Feet. It rather awakes than ſtupifies you. The Soul is Struck with the ardour of a *Fever*, over-whelm'd with an *Epilepſie*, and diſplac'd by a ſharp *Megrim*, and finally aſtoniſh'd by all the Diſeaſes that hurt the whole Maſs, and the moſt noble parts: This never meddles with the Soul. If any thing goes amiſs with her, 'tis her own fault, ſhe betrays, diſmounts, and abandons her ſelf. There are none but Fools who ſuffer themſelves to be perſwaded, that this hard and maſſy Body which is bak'd in our Ruins is to be diſſolv'd by drinks: wherefore, when it is once ſtirr'd, there is nothing to be done but to give it paſſage, and alſo it will take it of it ſelf. I moreover obſerve this particular convenience in it, that it is a Diſeaſe

wherein we have little to gueſs at. We are diſpenc'd from the trouble into which other diſeaſes throw us, by the incertainty of their *Cauſes*, *Conditions* and Progreſs. A trouble that is infinitely painful. We have no need of Conſultations and Doctoral Interpretations, the ſenſe well enough informs us both what it is and where it is. By ſuch like arguments, weak and ſtrong, as *Cicero* did the diſeaſe of his Old Age, I try to rock a ſleep and amaſs my imagination, and to dreſs its Wounds. If I find them worſe to morrow, I will provide new remedies and applications. That this is true, I am come to that paſs of late, that the leaſt motion forces pure blood out of my Reins: And what of that, I ſtir nevertheleſs as before, and ride after my Hounds with a Juvenile ardour; And find that I have very good ſatisfaction for an accident of that importance, when it coſts me no more but a little heavineſs and uneaſineſs in that part. 'Tis ſome great Stone that waſts and conſumes the ſubſtance of our Kidneys, and of my Life, which I by little and little evacuate, not without ſome natural pleaſure, as an excrement henceforward ſuperfluous and troubleſome. Now if I feel any thing to rowl and ſtir, do not expect that I ſhould trouble my ſelf to conſult my Pulſe or my Urine, thereby to put my ſelf upon ſome tormenting prevention. I ſhall ſoon enough feel the pain, without making it more and longer, by the diſeaſe of fear. Who fears to ſuffer, does already ſuffer what

what he fears. To which may be added, that the Doubts and Ignorance of thoſe who take upon them to expound the deſigns of *Nature* and her internal Progreſſions, and the many falſe *Prognoſticks* of their *Art*, ought to give us to underſtand that her ways are inſcrutable and utterly unknown. There is great uncertainty, variety and obſcurity, in what ſhe either promiſes or threatens. Old Age excepted, which is an undoubted ſign of the approach of Death, in all other accidents, I ſee few ſigns of the future, wherein we may ground our Divination. I only judge of my ſelf by my real ſenſe, and not by diſcourſe: To what end, ſince I am reſolv'd to bring nothing to it but expectation and patience. Will you know how much I get by this? Obſerve thoſe that do otherwiſe, and who rely upon ſo many diverſe perſwaſions and counſels how oft and how much they labour under imagination, without any bodily pain at all. I have many times pleas'd my ſelf, being well and in ſafety, and deliver'd from theſe dangerous accidents, to communicate them to the *Phyſicians*, as but then beginning to diſcover themſelves in me; where I under-went the terrible ſentences of their dreadful concluſions, being very well at eaſe, and was ſo much the more obliged to the favour of *Almighty God*, and better ſatisfied of the vanity of this *Art*. There is nothing that ought ſo much to be recommended to Youth, as Activity and Vigilance. Our life is nothing but motion: I move

The gueſſing at diſeaſes by Urine very uncertain.

move with great difficulty and am ſlow in every thing, whether in Riſing, going to Bed, or eating. Seven of the Clock in the Morning is early for me: and where I govern, I never Dine before Eleven, nor Sup till after Six. I have formerly attributed the cauſe of the *Fevers*, and other Diſeaſes I have faln into, to the heavineſs that long ſleeping had brought upon me, and have ever repented my ſleeping again in the morning. *Plato* is more angry at the exceſs of ſleeping, than that of drinking: I love to lie hard, and alone, even without my Wife, as *Kings* and *Princes* do, but well cover'd with Cloathes: They never warm my Bed, but ſince my being grown Old, they give me for need, warm Cloaths to lay to my Feet and Stomach. They find fault with the great *Scipio*, that he was a great Sleeper; not, in my opinion, for any other reaſon, if not that Men were diſpleas'd, that he alone ſhould have nothing in him to be found fault withall. If I have any thing curious in my way of Living, 'tis rather in my Lying than any thing elſe; but generally, I give way and accommodate my ſelf as much as any one to neceſſity. Sleeping has taken up a great part of my Life, and I yet continue at the Age I now am, to ſleep eight or nine hours together: I wean my ſelf to my advantage, from this propenſion to ſloth, and am evidently the better for ſo doing. I find the change a little hard indeed, but in three days 'tis over, and ſee but few that live with leſs Sleep, when need requires;

quires; and that more conſtantly exerciſe themſelves, nor to whom long Journeys are leſs troubleſome. My Body is capable of a firm, but not of a violent or ſudden Agitation. I evade of late all violent exerciſes, and ſuch as make me ſweat, wherein my Limbs grow weary before they are hot. I can ſtand a whole day together, and am never weary of walking: but from my Youth, I never lov'd to Ride upon Pavements. On foot, I go up to the Breech in dirt, and little Fellows as I am, are ſubject in the Streets to be Elbow'd and Juſtled, for want of Preſence and Stature, and I have ever lov'd to repoſe my ſelf, whether ſitting or lying, with my Heels as high, or higher than my Seat. There is no profeſſion is more pleaſant than the military, a profeſſion both noble in its execution, (for Valour, is the ſtrongeſt, proudeſt, and moſt generous of all Vertues) and noble in its cauſe. There is no Utility either more Univerſal, or more Juſt, than the protection of the Peace and grandeur of a Man's *Country*. The company of ſo many Noble, Young, and Active Men delights you, the ordinary ſight of ſo many Tragick Spectacles; the liberty of this Converſation without Art, with a Maſculine and unceremonious way of living, pleaſes you; the variety of a Thouſand ſeveral Actions, the encouraging Harmony of Martial Muſick, that raviſhes and inflames both your Ears and Souls, the Honour of this exerciſe, nay even the ſufferings and difficulties

culties of War, which *Plato* ſo little eſteems, that he makes Women and Children ſhare in it in his *Republick*, are delightful to you. You put your ſelves voluntarily upon particular Exploits and hazards, according as you judge of their luſtre and importance, and ſee when even life it ſelf is excuſably employed.

Æneid. l. 2. *Pulchrumque mori ſuccurrit in armis.*

Mr *Ogilby.* And we conceive it brave to die in Arms.

To fear common dangers that concern ſo great a multitude of men, not to dare to do what ſo many ſorts of Souls, and a whole people do, is for a heart that is low, and mean beyond all meaſure. Company encourages ſo much as Children. If others excell you in Knowledge, in Gracefulneſs, in Strength, or Fortune, you have third cauſes to blame for that, but to give place to them in ſtability of mind you can blame no one for that but your ſelf. Death is more Abject, more Languiſhing, and painful in *Bed* than in *Battle*; and *Fevers* and *Catharrs*, as Painful and mortal as a Muſquet-ſhot: And whoever has fortified himſelf valiantly to bear the accidents of common life, would not need to raiſe his courage to be a Souldier.

Seneca, Epiſt. 96. *Vivere, mi Lucilli, militare eſt. To live, my Lucillus, is to make War.* I do not remember that I ever had the *Itch*, and yet ſcratching is one of nature's ſweeteſt gratifications, and neareſt

neareſt at hand, but the ſmart follows too near. I uſe it moſt in my Ears, which are often apt to Itch. I came into the World with all my ſenſes intire, even to perfection. My Stomach is commodiouſly good, as alſo is my Head and my Breath; and for the moſt part, uphold themſelves ſo in the height of *Fevers.* I have paſt the Age to which ſome *Nations*, not without reaſon, have preſcrib'd ſo juſt a term of Life that they would not ſuffer Men to exceed it; and yet I have ſome intermiſſions, though ſhort and inconſtant, ſo clean and ſound, as are little inferiour to the Health and Indolency of my Youth. I do not ſpeak of Vigour and Spritelineſs, 'tis not reaſon that it ſhould follow me beyond its limits.

Non hoc amplius eſt liminis, aut aquæ — *Hor. lib.*
——— Cœleſtis patiens latus. — *3. Ode 10.*

My ſides no longer can ſuſtain
The hardſhips of the Wind and Rain.

My Face and Eyes preſently diſcover me. All my alterations being there, and appear worſe than they really are. My Friends oft pity me, before I feel the cauſe in my ſelf: My Looking-glaſs does not fright me, for even in my Youth, it has befallen me more than once to have a ſcurvy complexion, and of ill Prognoſtick, without any great conſequence; inſomuch that the *Phyſicians*, not finding any cauſe within, anſwerable to that outward

ward alteration, attributed it to the mind, and some secret passion that tormented me within; but they were deceiv'd. If my Body would govern it self as well according to my Rule, as my Mind does, we should move a little more at our ease. My mind was then not only free from Trouble, but moreover full of Joy and Satisfaction; as it commonly is, half by Complexion, and half by its own Design.

Ovid Trist. *Nec vitiant artus ægræ contagia mentis*

——— I never yet could find,
That e're my Body suffer'd by my mind.

I am of the opinion, that this temperature of my Soul, has oft rais'd my Body from its lapses: It is oft depress'd; and if the other be not brisk and gay, 'tis at least quiet and at rest. I had a *Quartan Ague* four or five Months, that had made me look miserably ill; my mind was always, if not calm, yet pleasant; if the pain be without me, the weakness and languor do not much afflict me: I see several corporal faintings, that beget a horror in me but to name, which yet I should less fear than a thousand passions and agitations of mind that I see in use. I resolve no more to run, 'tis enough that I crawl along; and no more complain of the natural decadency that I feel in my self,

Juvenal. *Quis tumidum guttur miratur in Alpibus?*

than

than I regret that my duration shall not be as long and entire as that of an Oak. I have no reason to complain of my imagination, for I have had few thoughts in my Life which have so much as broke my sleep, if not those of desire, which have awak'd without afflicting me; I dream but seldom, and then of *Chimera's*, and fantastick things, commonly produc'd from pleasant thoughts, and rather ridiculous than sad; and believe it to be true, that dreams are the true Interpreters of our inclinations; but there is art requir'd to sort and understand them.

Res quæ in vita usurpant homines cogitant, curant, vident: Quæque agunt vigilantes, agitantque, ea sicut in somno accidunt, minus mirum est. Cicero de Div.

'Tis no wonder if what men practice, think, care for, see, and do when waking, should also run in their Heads, and disturb them when they are asleep.

Plato moreover says, that 'tis the office of Prudence to draw instructions of Divination of future things from Dreams. I see nothing in it if not the wonderful experience that *Socrates*, *Zenophon*, and *Aristotle*, all Men of irreproachable authority, relate. *Historians* say, that the *Atlante's* never Dream, who also never eat any thing that died of it self: Which I add, foralmuch as it is peradventure the reason why they never Dream, The *Atlantes* never dream.

for

for *Pythagoras* order'd a certain preparation of Diet, to beget proper Dreams; mine are always very gentle, without any agitation of Body or expreſſion of Voice. I have ſeen ſeveral of my time wonderfully diſturb'd; *Theon* the Philoſopher walk'd in his ſleep; as alſo did *Pericles* his Servant, and that upon the Tiles and tops of the Houſe. I hardly ever chooſe my diſh at Table, but fall to of the next at hand, and unwillingly change my Diſh. A confuſion of Meats, and a clutter of Diſhes diſpleaſe me as much as any thing whatever. I am eaſily ſatisfied with few Diſhes, and am an enemy to the opinion of *Favorinus*, that in a Feaſt they muſt ſnatch from you the Meat you like, and ſet another Plate of another ſort before you, and that it's a pitiful Supper, if you do not ſate your Gueſts with the Rumps of ſeveral Fowls, and that the *Beccafico* only deſerves to be all eaten. I uſually eat ſalt Meats, and yet I love Bread that has no ſalt in it; And my Baker never ſends up other to my Table, contrary to the Cuſtom of the Country. In my infancy, what they had moſt to correct in me, was the refuſal of things that Children commonly beſt love, as Sugar, Sweetmeats, and March-panes. My Governour contended with this averſion to delicate meats as a kind of nicity, and indeed 'tis nothing elſe but a difficulty of taſte in any thing it applies it ſelf unto. Whoever ſhall cure a Child of an obſtinate averſion to *Brown-bread*, *Bacon* or *Garlick*, will cure him of

of all kind of Delicacy. There are some who pretend to Temperance and Patience, by wishing for Powder'd *Beef* and *Hams* amongst Pheasant and Partridge; they have a good time on't; 'tis the Delicacy of Delicacies, 'tis the taste of an effeminate Fortune, that disneliſhes ordinary and accuſtom'd things; *Per quæ luxuria divitiarum tædio ludit.* To ceaſe to make good cheer with what another does, and to be curious in what a Man eats, is the eſſence of this vice. *Seneca, Epiſt. 18.*

Si medica cænare times olus omne patella. *Hor. l. 1. Epiſt. 5.*

If an Herb ſoop in a ſmall Diſh thou fear.

There is indeed this difference, that 'tis better to oblige a Man's appetite to things that are moſt eaſie to be had, but 'tis always Vice to oblige a Man's ſelf. I formerly ſaid a Kinſman of mine was nice, who, by being in our Galleys, had unlearn'd the uſe of Beds, and to put off his Cloaths. If I had any Sons, I ſhould willingly wiſh them my fortune. The good Father that *God* gave me, (who has nothing of me but the acknowledgment of his bounty, but truly 'tis a very hearty one) ſent me from my Cradle to be brought up in a Village of his, and there continued me all the while I was at Nurſe, and yet longer, bringing me up to the meaneſt, and moſt common way of living: *Magna pars libertatis eſt bene moratus venter.* *A well govern'd Belly is a great part of Liberty.* Never *Seneca Ep.* 123.

That Mothers ought not to have the Education of their Children.

take upon you your selves, and much less give up to your Wives, the care of their Education, leave the forming them to fortune, under popular, and natural Laws; leave it to Custom to train them up to Frugality, that they may rather descend from hardships, than mount up to them. This humour of his yet aim'd at another end, that is, to make me familiar with those People, and that condition of men which most need our assistance; believing that I should be more oblig'd rather to regard them who extended their Arms to me, than those who turn'd their backs upon me. And for this Reason also it was, that he provided me *Godfathers* of the meanest Fortune, to oblige, and bind me to them. Neither has his design succeeded altogether ill; for, whether it be upon the account of glory, because there is more honour in such a condescension, or out of a natural compassion, that has a very great power over me, I have a very kind inclination towards the meanner sort of People. The *Faction* which I condemn in our *Civil Wars*, I shall more sharply condemn when I see them flourish. It will half reconcile me to them, when I shall see them miserable, and suppress. How much do I admire the generous humour of *Chelonis*, Daughter and Wife to the *Kings* of *Sparta*! whilst her Husband *Cleombrotus*, in the commotion of her City, had the advantage over *Leonidas*, her Father, she, like a good Daughter, stuck close to her Father in all his misery and exile, in opposi-

The noble humour of *Chelonis*

tion

tion to the *Conquerour*. But ſo ſoon as the chance of War turn'd, ſhe chang'd her *Will* with the change of *Fortune*, and generally turn'd to her Husbands ſide, whom ſhe accompanied throughout, where his ruin carried him: Having, as it appears, no other choice, than to cleave to that ſide that ſtood moſt in need of her, and where ſhe could beſt manifeſt her Piety and Compaſſion. I am naturally more apt to follow the example of *Flaminius*, who ſtill more readily gave his aſſiſtance to thoſe that had moſt need of him, than to thoſe who had power to do him good; than I do to that of *Pyrrhus*, who was of an humour to truckle under the great, and to domineer over the meaneſt ſort of people. Long ſittings at meat both trouble me, and do me harm; for, be it for want of better countenance, or that I have accuſtomed my ſelf to it from a Child, I eat all the while I ſit. Therefore it is, that at my own Houſe, though the meals there are of the ſhorteſt, I uſually ſit down a little while after the reſt, after the manner of *Auguſtus*; but I do not imitate him in riſing alſo before the reſt of the Company: On the contrary, I love to ſit ſtill a long time after, and to hear them talk, provided I am none of the talkers; for I tire, and hurt my ſelf with ſpeaking upon a full Stomach, as much as I find it pleaſant and very wholeſom to argue, and to ſtrain my voice before Dinner. The antient *Greeks* and *Romans* had more reaſon than we, in ſetting apart for Eating, which is a principal

Long meals of the Antients.

action of Life, if not diverted by other extraordinary buſineſs, many hours, and the greateſt part of the night eating and drinking more deliberately than we do, who perform all our actions in *Poſt* haſt; and in extending this natural pleaſure to more leiſure and better uſe, intermixing with their meals ſeveral pleaſant and profitable offices of converſation. They whoſe concern it is to have a care of me, may very eaſily hinder me from eating any thing they think will do me harm; for in ſuch things I never covet nor miſs any thing I do not ſee: But withal, if it once comes in my ſight, 'tis in vain to perſwade me to forbear, ſo that when I deſign to Faſt, I muſt be parted from thoſe that eat Suppers, and muſt have only ſo much given me, as is required for a Regular Collation; for if I ſit down to Table, I forget my reſolution. When I order my *Cook* to alter the manner of dreſſing any Diſh of meat, all my Family know what it means, that my Stomach is out of order, and that I ſhall ſcarce touch it: I love to have all meats that will indure it very little boyl'd or roaſted, and love them mightily mortified, and even to ſtinking in many. Nothing but hardneſs generally offends me, (of any other quality) I am as patient and indifferent as any Man I have known; So that contrary to the common humour, even in Fiſh, it oft happens, that I find them both too freſh and too firm: Not for want of Teeth, which I ever had good, even to Excellence, and that Age does but now

now begin to threaten at this time of my Life. I have ever been us'd every Morning to rub them with a Napkin, and before and after Dinner. *God* is favourable to thoſe whom he makes to die by degrees; 'tis the only benefit of old Age; the laſt Death will be ſo much the leſs painful; it will kill but a quarter of a Man; or but half a one at moſt. I have one Tooth lately fall'n out without drawing, and without pain: it was the natural term of it's duration. Both that part of my being, and ſeveral others, are already dead, and others half dead, of thoſe that were moſt active, and in higheſt eſteem during my vigorous years; ſo that I melt and ſteal away from my ſelf. What a folly would it be in my underſtanding to apprehend the height of this fall, already ſo much advanc'd, as if it were from the utmoſt Precipice? I hope I ſhall not. I in truth receive a principal Conſolation in the meditations of my Death, that it will be juſt and natural, and that henceforward I cannot herein either require or hope from Deſtiny any other but unlawful Favour. Men make themſelves believe that they formerly had, as greater Statures, ſo longer Lives. But they deceive themſelves; and *Solon*, who was of thoſe elder times does nevertheleſs limit the Duration of Life to threeſcore and ten years. I, who have ſo much, and ſo univerſally ador'd this ἄριστον μέτρον, *a mean is beſt* of ancient times; and ſhall I, who have concluded the moſt moderate meaſure the moſt perfect, pretend to an immeaſurable and prodigious

old Age? Whatever happens contrary to the Course of *Nature*, may be troublesome, but what comes according to her, should always be acceptable and pleasant. *Omnia quæ secundum Naturam fiunt sunt habenda in bonis.* *All things that are done according to Nature, are to be accounted good.* And so *Plato* likewise says, that the Death which is occasion'd by Wounds and Diseases is violent; but that which surprises us, old Age conducting us to it, is of all others the most easie, and in some sort delicious. *Vitam adolescentibus vis aufert senibus maturitas.* *Young men are taken away by force, old Men by maturity.* Death mixes and confounds it self throughout with Life, decay anticipates its Hour and Shoulders, even into the course of our growing up. I have Pictures of my self taken at five and twenty, and five and thirty years of Age, I compare them with that lately drawn, how often is it no more me, how much more is my present Image unlike the former, than to that I shall go out of the World withall? It is too much to abuse Nature, to make her trot so far that she must be forc'd to leave us, and abandon our Conduct, our Eyes, Teeth, Legs, and all the rest, to the mercy of a foreign and begg'd assistance; and to resign us into the hands of *Art*, being weary of following us her self. I am not very fond either of Sallets or Fruits, except *Melons*. My Father hated all sorts of *Sawces*, and I love them all. Eating too much hurts me, but for the quality of what I eat, I do not yet certainly know that any sort of Meat disagrees with my

Cicero.

Ibid.

my Stomach; neither have I observed that either *Full-moon* or *Decrease*, *Spring* or *Autumn*, are hurtfull to me. We have in us motions that are inconstant, and for which no reason can be given. For Example, I found Radishes first grateful to my Stomach, since that nauseous, and now at present grateful again. In several other things likewise I find my Stomach and Appetite to vary after the same manner. I have chang'd and chang'd again from *White* to *Claret*, from *Claret* to *White*. I am a great lover of Fish, and consequently make my *Fasts Feasts*, and my *Feasts*, *Fasts*; and believe what some People say, that it is more easie of digestion than Flesh. As I make a Conscience of eating Flesh upon Fish days, so does my Taste make a Conscience of mixing Fish and Flesh, the difference betwixt them seems to me to be too great for to do. From my Youth I have us'd sometimes to be out of the way at Supper, either to sharpen my Appetite against the next Morning, (for as *Epicurus* fasted and made lean Meals to accustom his Pleasure to make shift without abundance, I on the contrary do it to prepare my Pleasure to make better and more chearful use of Abundance) or else I fasted to preserve my Vigour for the service of some Action of Body or Mind; for both the one and the other of those are cruelly dull'd in me by Repletion (and above all things, I hate that foolish coupling of so healthful and spritely a *Goddess* with that little belching *God*, bloated with the fume of his Liquor) or to cure my sick Stomach, and

for want of fit Company. For I ſay as the ſame *Epicurus* did, that a man is not ſo much to regard what he eats, as with whom; And commend *Chilo*, that he would not engage himſelf to be at *Periander's* Feaſt, till he firſt was inform'd who were to be the other *Guests*. No Diſh was ſo acceptable to me, nor no Sawce ſo alluring, as that which is extracted from Society. I think it to be more wholeſome to eat more leiſurely and leſs, and to eat oftner: but I will have the value of Appetite and Hungar enhanc'd. I ſhould take no pleaſure to be fed with three or four pittiful and ſtinted Repaſts a day, after a *Phyſical* manner. Who will aſſure me, that if I have a good Appetite in the morning, I ſhall have the ſame at Supper: But eſpecially, let us old Fellows take the firſt opportune time of eating, and leave to *Almanack-makers* the *hopes* and *Prognoſticks*. The utmoſt fruit of my health is pleaſure; let us take hold of the preſent and known. I avoid conſtancy in theſe Laws of Faſting. Who will that one Form ſhall ſerve him, let him evade the continuing of it; We harden our ſelves in it, our Forces are there ſtupified and laid aſleep; ſix months after you ſhall find your Stomach ſo inured unto it, that all you have got is only the loſs of your liberty of doing otherwiſe, but to your prejudice. I never keep my Legs and Thighs warmer in *Winter* than in *Summer*, one ſingle pair of ſilk-ſtockings is all; I have ſuffer'd my ſelf for the relief of my Rheums to keep my Head warmer, and my Belly upon the account

count of my Chollick; my Diseases in a few days habituated themselves and disdain'd my ordinary Provisions. I was presently got from a single *Cap* to a *Napkin*, and from a *Napkin* to a quilted *Cap*. The *belly-pieces* of my Doublet serve only for decency, they signifie nothing, if I do not add a *Hares skin* or a Stomacher, and wear a *Callot* upon my Head. Follow this gradation, and you will go a very fine way to work. I am resolv'd to proceed no further, and would leave off those too, if I durst. If you fall into any new inconvenience all this is labour loft; you are accustom'd to it; seek out some other way: thus do such ruin and destroy themselves, who submit to be pester'd with these enforc'd and superstitious Rules; they must add something more, and something more after that, there is no end on't. For what concerns our affairs and Pleasures, it is much more commodious, as the *Ancients* did, to lose a Man's Dinner, and defer making good cheer, till the hour of retirement and repose, without breaking a day; and so was I formerly us'd to do. For health, I since by experience find on the contrary, that it is better to dine, and that the digestion is better made waking. I am not very apt to be thirsty, either well or sick, my Mouth is indeed apt to be dry, but without thirst; and commonly I never drink but with thirst that is created by eating, and then I drink as hard as any. I drink pretty well for a Man of my pitch. In summer, and at a hungry meal, I do not only exceed the limits of

Augustus,

Augustus, that drank but thrice precisely; but not to offend *Democrates* his Rule, who forbad that Men should stop at four times, as an unlucky number; I proceed for need to the fifth Glass, about three half Pints. For the little glasses are my favorites; and I take a delight to drink them off, which other People avoid as an indecent thing. I mix my Wine sometimes with half, sometimes the third part Water; and when I am at home, by an ancient custom that my Fathers *Physician* prescrib'd both to him and himself, they mix that which is design'd for me in the Buttery three or four hours before 'tis brought in. 'Tis said, that *Cranaus* King of *Athens* was the inventer of this Custom of dashing Wine with Water; whether profitable or no, I have heard disputed. I think it more decent and wholesom for Children to drink no Wine till after sixteen or eighteen years of age. The most usual and common method of living is the most becomming: all particularity in my opinion is to be avoided, and I should as much hate a *German* that mix'd Water with his Wine, as I should do a *Frenchman* that drank it pure. Publick *Usance* gives the Law in those things. I fear a Fog, and fly from Smoke, as from the Plague, (the first repairs I fell upon in my own house were the *Chimnies* and *Houses of Office*, the common and insupportable nusances of all old Buildings) and amongst the difficulties of War, reckon the choaking dust they make us ride in a whole day together. I have a free and easie respiration, and my Colds

for

for the most part go off without offence to the Lungs, and without a Cough. The heat of Summer is more an enemy to me than the cold of Winter; for, besides the incommodity of Heat, less remediable than Cold, and besides the force of the Sun-beams that strike upon the Head, all glittering light offends my eyes, so that I could not now sit at dinner over against a flaming Fire. To dull the whiteness of Paper, in those times when I was more wonted to read, I laid a piece of glass upon my Book, and found my Eyes much reliev'd by it. I am to this hour ignorant of the use of spectacles, and can see as far as ever I did, or any other. 'Tis true, that in the Evening I begin to find a little trouble and weakness in my Sight, if I read; an exercise that I have always found troublesome, especially by night. Here is one step back, and a very sensible one; I shall retire another, from the second to the third, and so to the fourth, so gently, that I shall be stark blind before I shall be sensible of the age and decay of my sight: so artificially do the *fatal Sisters* untwist our Lives. And yet I doubt that my Hearing begins to grow thick, and you shall see I shall have half lost it, when I shall still lay the fault on the Voices of those that speak to me. A Man must screw up his Soul to a high pitch, to make it sensible how it ebbs away. My walking is quick and firm, and I know not which of the two, my Mind, or my Body, I have most to do to keep in the same state. That *Preacher* is very much my Friend, that can oblige my Attention a whole Sermon

Sermon through. In places of Ceremony, where every ones Countenance is so starch'd, where I have seen the *Ladies* keep even their Eyes so fixt: I could never order it so, that some part or other of me did not lash out; so that though I was *set*, I was never *setled*: As the Philosopher *Chrysippus* his Chamber-Maid said of her Master, that he was only drunk in his Legs, for it was his Custom to be always kicking his Legs about in what place soever he sat, and she said it at a time when the Wine having made all his Companions drunk, he found no alteration in himself at all. The same may also be said of me from my Infancy, that I have either folly or quicksilver in my feet, so much stirring and unsettledness there is in them wherever they are plac'd. 'Tis indecent besides the hurt it doth to ones Health, and even to the pleasure of eating, to eat so greedily as I do; I oft bite my Tongue, and sometimes my Fingers for haste. *Diogenes* meeting a Boy eating after that manner, gave his Tutor a box o'th Ear. There were men at *Rome* that taught People to chew, as well as to walk with a good Grace. I lose the leisure of speaking, that gives the best relish to Tables, provided the Discourse be suitable that is pleasant and short. There is Jealousie and Envy amongst our Pleasures, they cross and hinder one another. *Alcibiades*, a man very well read in making good cheer, banish'd even *Musick* from Tables, that they might not disturb the entertainment of Discourse, by the Reason he had from *Plato*, that it is the Custom of popular Men to call *Fid-*

Chrysippus drunk in his Legs.

Greedy eating reprov'd by *Diogenes*.

Eating Schools at *Rome*.

Musick banish'd from Tables by *Alcibiades*, and why.

lers

lers and *Singing-men* to Feaſt for want of good Diſcourſe, and pleaſant talk, with which men of underſtanding know how to entertain one another. *Varro* requires all this in great Entertainments, Perſons of graceful Preſence, and agreeable Converſation, that are neither ſilent nor bablers; Neatneſs and Dilicacy both of Meat and Place, and fair Weather. A good Treat is neither ſlightly artificial, nor a little voluptuous; neither the greateſt *Captains*, nor the greateſt *Philoſophers* have diſdain'd either the Uſe or Science of eating well. My Imagination has deliver'd three of them to the Cuſtody of my Memory, which Fortune rendred ſovereignly ſweet to me upon ſeveral occaſions in my moſt flouriſhing Age. My preſent ſtate excludes me. For every one, according to the good temper of Body and Mind wherein he then finds himſelf, does from thence make out to his own uſe a particular grace and liking; but I, who but crall upon the Earth, hate this inhumane Wiſdom, that will have us deſpiſe and hate all culture of the Body. I look upon it as an equal Injuſtice to loath natural Pleaſures, as to be too much in love with them. *Xerxes* was a *Fop*, who, environd with all humane Delights, propos'd a reward to him that could find him out others; but he is not much leſs ſo, who curs off any of thoſe Pleaſures that Nature has provided for him. A Man ſhould neither purſue nor flie, but receive them. I receive them I confeſs a little too affectionately and kindly, and eaſily ſuffer my ſelf to follow my natural Propenſion. We have nothing to

do

do to exaggerate their inanity, they themselves will make us sufficiently sensible of it. Thanks be to our sick Mines that abate our Joys, and put them out of taste with them, as with themselves. They entertain both themselves and all they receive, one while better, and another worse, according to their insatiable, vagabond, and versatile Essence.

Hor. l. 1. Ode 2. *Sincerum est nisi vas, quodcunque infundis acet-* (cit.

Unless the Vessel you would use be sweet,
'Twill sour whate're you shall put into it.

I, who boast that I so curiously and particularly imbrace the conveniences of Life, do find, when I most nearly consider them, but very little more than Wind. But what? We are all Wind throughout, and moreover the Wind it self loves to bluster and shift from corner to corner more discreetly than we, and contents it self with its proper Offices, without desiring stability and solidity, Qualities that nothing belong to it. The pure Pleasures, as well as the pure Displeasures of the Imagination, say some, are the greatest, as was exprest by the balance of *Critolaus*. 'Tis no wonder; It makes them to its own liking, and cuts them out of the whole Cloth; Of which I every day see notable Examples, and peradventure to be desir'd. But I, who am of a mixt and heavy Condition, cannot snap so soon at this one simple Object but that I negligently suffer my self to be carried away with the present

ſent Pleaſures of the general human *Law*. Intellectually ſenſible, and ſenſibly intellectual. The *Cyrenick Philoſophers* will have it, that as corporal Pains, ſo corporal Pleaſures are more powerful, both as double, and as more juſt. There are ſome, as *Ariſtotle* ſays, who out of a ſavage kind of Stupidity, pretend to diſguſt them: and I know others, who out of Ambition do the ſame. Why do they not moreover forſwear breathing? Why do they not live of their own, and refuſe Light becauſe it ſhines *gratis*, and coſts them neither pains nor invention? Let *Mars*, *Pallas*, or *Mercury*, afford them their light by which to ſee, inſtead of *Venus*, *Ceres*, and *Bacchus*. Will they not ſeek the *Quadrature* of the *Circle*, even when mounted upon their Wives? I hate, that we ſhould be injoyn'd to have our minds in the *Clouds*, when our *Bodies* are at Table; I will have the mind there nail'd, not that it ſhould wallow there, but I am willing it ſhould apply it ſelf to that place, to ſit, but not to lie down there. *Ariſtippus* maintain'd nothing but the Body, as if we had no Soul; *Zeno* ſtickled only for the Soul, as if we had no Body. Both of them faultily. *Pythagoras*, ſay they, follow'd a *Philoſophy* that was all *Contemplation*; *Socrates*, one that was all *Manners* and Action. *Plato* found out a mean betwixt both; but they only ſay ſo for Diſcourſe ſake, for the true mean is found in *Socrates*; and *Plato* is more *Socratick* than *Pythagorick*, and it becomes him better. When I dance, I dance, when I ſleep I ſleep. Nay, and when I walk alone in a beautiful

beautiful Orchard, if my Thoughts are ſome part of the time taken up with ſtrange Occurences, I ſome part of the time call them back again to my walk, to the Orchard, to the ſweetneſs of the Solitude, and to my ſelf. *Nature* has with a Motherly tenderneſs obſerv'd this, that the action ſhe has injoyn'd us for our neceſſity, ſhould be alſo pleaſant to us, and invites us to them, not only by Reaſon but alſo by Appetite: and 'tis injuſtice to infrige her *Laws*. When I ſee both *Cæſar* and *Alexander* in the thickeſt of their greateſt buſineſs, ſo fully injoy humane and corporal Pleaſures, I do not ſay that they ſlacken'd their Souls, but wound them up higher by Vigour of Courage, ſubjecting theſe violent Imployments and laborious Thoughts to the ordinary uſance of Life. Wiſe, had they believ'd, that the laſt was their ordinary Imployment, the firſt, their extraordinary Vocation. We are great fools. He has paſt over his Life in eaſe, ſay we; I have done nothing yet that is new. What? have you not liv'd till now? 'Tis not only the fundamental, but the moſt illuſtrious of all your Occupations. Had I been put to the management of great Affairs, I ſhould have made it ſeen what I could do. Have you known how to meditate, and manage your Life; you have perform'd the greateſt work of all. For a Man to ſhew, and ſet out himſelf, *Nature* has no need of *Fortune*, ſhe equally ſhews her ſelf in all degrees, and behind a Curtain, as well as without one. Have you known how to compoſe your Manners?

you

you have done a great deal more than he who has compos'd Books. Have you known how to take repoſe? you have done more than he who has taken Cities and Empires. The glorious Maſter-piece of Man is, to know how to live to purpoſe; all other things, to reign, to lay up Treaſure, and to build, are at the moſt but little *Appendixes*, and little *Props*. I take a delight to ſee a General of an *Army* at the foot of a *Breach* he intends preſently to Aſſault, give himſelf up intire and free at dinner, to talk and be merry with his Friends. And *Brutus*, when *Heaven* and *Earth* were conſpir'd againſt him and the *Roman Liberty*, to ſteal ſome hour of the Night from his *Rounds*, to read and abridge *Polibius* in all ſecurity. 'Tis for little Souls, that truckle under the weight of Affairs, not to know how clearly to diſingage themſelves, and not to know how to lay them aſide, and take them up again.

O fortes, pejoraque paſſi,
Mecum ſæpe viri, nunc vino pellite curas,
Cras ingens interabimus æquor.

Hor. lib. 1. Ode 7.

Brave Spirits, who with me have ſuffer'd ſorrow,
Drink cares away, we'll ſet up ſails to morrow.

Sir Thomas Hawkins.

Whether it be in jeſt or ſearneſt, that the *Theological* and *Sorbonical* Wine, and their Feaſts are turn'd into a *Proverb*; I find it reaſon, they ſhould dine ſo much more commodiouſly and pleaſantly as they have profitably

and ſeriouſly imploy'd the morning in the exerciſe of their *Schools*. The Conſcience of having well ſpent the other hours, is the juſt and ſavoury ſawce of Tables. The *Sages* liv'd after that manner, and that inimitable emulation to Virtue, which aſtoniſhes us both in the one and the other *Cato*; ſo did that humour of theirs, ſevere even to importunity, gently ſubmit it ſelf, and yield to the *Laws* of the humane Condition, both of *Venus* and *Bacchus*; according to the Precepts of their *Sect*, that require a perfect wiſe Man, ſhould be as expert and intelligent in the uſe of Pleaſures, as in all other duties of Life. *Cui cor ſapiat ei & ſapiat palatus. He that has a learned Soul, has a learned Palat too.* Yielding and facility, do, methinks, wonderfully honour, and beſt become a ſtrong and generous Soul. *Epaminondas* did not think, that to dance, ſing, play, and be intent upon them, with the young Men of his City, where things that did any way derogate from the honour of his glorious Victories, and the perfect reformation of Manners that was in him. And amongſt ſo many admirable actions of *Scipio*, the Grand-Father a Perſon worthy the Opinion of a heavenly Extraction; there is nothing that gives him a greater Grace than to ſee him careleſly and childiſhly trifling, in gathering and chuſing Shells, and playing at *Coits* upon the Sea-ſhore with his friend *Lælius*: and, if it was foul weather, amuſing and pleaſing himſelf in repreſenting in Comedies, by writing the meaneſt and moſt popular actions of men: And having his head

Cicero de fin. l. 2.

full

full of that wonderful enterpriſe of *Hannibal* and *Affric*, viſiting the *Schools*, and being continually preſent at the Philoſophical Lectures, improving himſelf even to the envy of his Enemies at *Rome*. Nor is there any thing more remarkable in *Socrates*, than that, old as he was, he found time to make himſelf be inſtructed in dancing and playing upon Inſtruments, and thought it time well ſpent; who never the leſs has been ſeen in an *Extacy* ſtanding upon his feet a whole day and a night together in the preſence of all the *Grecian* Army, ſurpriz'd and raviſh'd with ſome profound Thought. He was the firſt, who amongſt ſo many valiant men of the Army, ran to the relief of *Alcibiades*, oppreſs'd with the Enemy, that ſhielded him with his own Body, and diſengag'd him from the Crowd, by abſolute force of Arms. It was he who, in the *Delian* Battle reliev'd and ſaved *Xenophon*, when diſmounted from his Horſe; and who, amongſt all the People of *Athens*, inrag'd as he, at ſo unworthy a Spectacle, firſt preſented himſelf to reſcue *Theramenes*, whom the thirty *Tyrants* were haling to Execution by their *Guards*, and deſiſted not from his bold Enterpriſe, but at the remonſtrance of *Theramenes* himſelf, though he was only follow'd by two more in all. He has been ſeen, when courted by a Beauty with which he was in love, yet maintain a ſevere abſtinence in time of need. He has been ſeen continually to go to the *War*, and with his bare feet to trample upon the Ice; to wear the ſame Robe Winter and Summer, to ſurpaſs

all his Companions in Patience of suffering, and to eat no more at a Feast, than at his own private dinner. He was seen seven and twenty years together to endure Hunger, Poverty, the Indocility of his Children, and the Talons of his Wife, with the same Countenance; and in the end Calumny, Tyranny, Imprisonment, Fetters, and Poyson. But was that man oblig'd to drink to him by any Rule of Civility? He was also the Man of the *Army* to whom the advantage remain'd. And he never refus'd to play at *Cob-nut*, nor to ride the *Hoby-horse* with the Boyes, and it became him well; for all Actions, says *Philosophy*, equally become, and equally honour a wise man. We have enough wherewith all to do it, and we ought never to be weary of representing the *Image* of this great Man in all the patterns and forms of Perfection. There are very few Examples of Life full and pure, and we wrong our Instruction every day, to propose to our selves those that are weak and imperfect, scarce good for any one service, that pulls us back, and that are rather Corrupters than Correctors of Manners. The People deceive themselves; a man goes much more easily indeed by the ends, where the extremity serve for a bound, a stop, and guide, than by the middle way, which is large and open, and according to *Art*, than according to *Nature*; but withall much less nobly and commendably. The grandure of Soul consists not so much in mounting and in preceeding forward, as in knowing how to govern and circumscribe it self. It takes every thing for great,

great, that is enough; and demonstrates it self better in moderate, than eminent things. There is nothing so handsome and lawful, as well and duly to play the Man; nor *Science* so hard as well to know how to live this Life, and of all the infirmities we have, 'tis the most savage to despise our Being. Whoever has a mind to send his Soul abroad, when the Body is ill at ease, to preserve it from the Contagion, let him do it if he can: but in all other things, let him on the contrary, favour and assist it, and not refuse to participate of its natural Pleasures and Delights with a Conjugal Complacency: bringing to it withall, if it be a wiser Soul, Moderation, lest by Indiscretion they should confound them with Displeasures. Intemperance is the best of Pleasure, and Temperance is not its Scourge, but rather its seasoning. *Eudoxus*, who therein establish'd the sovereign good, and his Companions, who set so high a value upon it, tasted it with a more charming sweetness by the means of Temperance, which in them was most singular and exemplary. I enjoyn my Soul to look upon *Pain* and *Pleasure* with an Eye equally regular; *Eadem enim Vitio est effusio animi in lætitia, quo in dolore contractio: For 'tis by the same Vice that we dilate our selves in Mirth, and contract them in Sorrow:* and equally firm: but the one gaily, and the other severely, and, according to what it is able, to be as careful to extinguish the one as to extend the other. The judging rightly of *Goods*, brings along with it the judging soundly of *Evils*. Both Pain

Cicero. Thus. l. 4.

has ſomething not to be avoided in its tender beginnings, and pleaſure has ſomething that may be avoided in its exceſſive end. *Plato* couples them together, and will that it ſhould be equally the Office of Fortitude to fight againſt Pain, and againſt the immoderate and charming blandiſhments of pleaſure. They are two Fountains, from which whoever draws, when and as much as he needs, whether *City*, *Man*, or *Beaſts*, is very happy. The firſt is to be taken phyſically, and upon neceſſity more ſcarcely; the other for thirſt, but not to drunkenneſs. Pain, Pleaſure, Love and Hatred are the firſt things that a Child is ſenſible of; if when his *Reaſon* comes to him, he apply himſelf to it, that is Virtue. I have a peculiar method of my own, I ſquander away my time when it is ill and uneaſie; but when 'tis good I will not ſquander it away. I run it over again and ſtick to't; a Man muſt run over the ill, and inſiſt upon the good. This ordinary *Phraſe* of paſt-time, and paſſing away the time, repreſents the uſance of thoſe wiſe ſort of People, who think they cannot have a better account of their Lives, than to let them run out and ſlide away, to paſs them over, and to baulk them, and as much as they can, to take no notice of them, and to ſhun them, as a thing of troubleſome and contemptible Quality: but I know it to be another kind of thing, and find it both valuable and commodious, even in its lateſt decay, wherein I now injoy it: and Nature has deliver'd it into our hands in ſuch and ſo favourable Cir-

Circumstances, that we commonly complain of our selves if it be troublesome to us, or slide unprofitably away. *Stulti Vita ingrata est, trepida est, tota in futurum fertur. The Life of a Fool is uneasie, timorus, and wholly bent upon the future.* Nevertheless, I compose my self to lose mine without regret, but withal, as a thing that is loseable by its Condition, not that it troubles or importunes me. Neither does it properly well become any, not to be displeas'd when they die, excepting such as are pleas'd to live. There is good husbandry in enjoying it. I enjoy it double to what others do; for the measure in Fruition depends more or less upon our application to it. Now especially that I perceive mine to be so short in time, I will extend it in weight; I will stop the suddenness of its flight, by the suddenness of my seising upon it: and by the vigour of using it, recompence the speed of its running away. By how much the possession of living is more short, I must make it so much deeper and more full. Others are sensible of Contentment, and of Prosperity, I feel it too, as well as they, but not only as it slides and passes by; and also a Man ought to study, taste, and ruminate upon it, to render condign thanks to him that grants it to us. They enjoy the other Pleasures as they do that of sleep, without knowing it; to the end, that even sleep it self should not so stupidly escape from me, I have formerly caus'd my self to be disturb'd in my sleep, to the end that I might the

Seneca. Epist. 15.

better and more ſenſibly reliſh and taſte it. I conſult with my ſelf of a contentment; I do not skin, but ſound it, and bend my Reaſon, now grown perverſe and ill humour'd, to entertain it. Do I find my ſelf in any calm compoſedneſs? Is there any Pleaſure that tickles me? I do not ſuffer it to dally with my Senſes only, I aſſociate my Soul to it too: not there to engage it ſelf, but therein to take delight; not there to loſe it ſelf, but to be preſent there; and employ it on its part, to view it ſelf in this proſperous Eſtate, to weigh, eſteem, and amplifie the good hap. It reckons how much it ſtands indebted to *Almighty God* that it is in repoſe of Conſcience, and other inteſtine Paſſions, to have the Body in a natural diſpoſedneſs, orderly, and competently enjoying the ſoft and flattering functions, by which he of his bounty is pleas'd to recompence the ſufferings wherewhith his Juſtice at his good pleaſure does ſcourge and chaſtiſe us. How great a benefit is it to Man to have his Soul ſo ſeated, that which way ſoever ſhe turns her Eye the Heaven is calm and ſerene about her? No deſire, no Fear or Doubt, that troubles the Air, nor any Difficulty paſt, preſent, or to come, that his Imagination may not paſs over without Offence. This Conſideration takes great luſtre from the compariſon of different Conditions, and therefore it is, that I propoſe to my ſelf in a thouſand faces, thoſe whom Fortune, or their own Error torment and carry away; and moreover thoſe, who more like to me, ſo negligent-

negligently and incuriouſly receive their good Fortune. They are Men who paſs away their time indeed, they run over the preſent, and that which they poſſeſs, to give themſelves up to hope, and for vain Sadows and Images which fancy puts into their Heads;

Morte obita quales fama eſt volitare figuras, *Æneid.*
Aut quæ ſopitos deludunt ſomnia ſenſus. *lib.* 10.

Such Shapes they ſay that dead Men's Spirits (have, Mr *Ogilby.*
Or thoſe in Dreams our drouſie Senſe deceive.

which haſten and prolong their flight, according as they are purſu'd. The fruit and end of their purſuit is to purſue; as *Alexander* ſaid, that the end of his labour was to labour.

Nil actum credens cum quid ſupereſſet agendum. *Lucan. l.* 2.

Thinking nought done, if ought was left to do.

For my part then I love Life, and cultivate it, ſuch as it has pleas'd God to beſtow it upon us; I do not deſire it ſhould be without the neceſſity of eating and drinking; and I ſhould think to offend no leſs excuſably to wiſh it had been double. *Sapiens* *Seneca.* *divitiarum naturalium quæſitor acerrimus.* *Epiſt.* 119. *A wiſe Man is an avaritious gaper after natural riches.* Nor that we ſhould ſupport our ſelves by putting only a little of that *Drug* into our Mouths, by which *Epimenides* took away

away his Appetite, and kept himſelf alive. Nor that a Man ſhould ſtupidly beget Children, with his Fingers or heels, but rather, with reverence I ſpeak it, that we might voluptuouſly beget them with our Fingers and heels. Nor that the Body ſhould be without deſire, and void of delight. Theſe are ungrateful and wicked complaints. I accept kindly and with acknowledgment, what Nature has done for me; am well pleas'd with it, and proud of it. A Man does wrong to the Great and Potent *Giver* of all things, to refuſe, diſannul, or disfigure his Gift; He has made every thing well. *Omnia quæ ſecundum Naturam ſunt æſtimatione digna ſunt. All things that are according to Nature are worthy of eſteem.* Of Philoſophical Opinions, I more willingly embrace thoſe that are moſt ſolid, that is to ſay, the moſt human, and moſt our own: my Diſcourſe is, ſuitably to my manners, low and humble: I then bring forth a Child to my own liking, when it puts it ſelf upon its *Ergo's*, to prove that 'tis a barbarous alliance to marry the *Divine* with the *Earthly*, the *Reaſonable* with the *Unreaſonable*, the *Severe* with the *Indulgent*, and the *Honeſt* with the *Diſhoneſt*. That Pleaſure is a brutiſh quality, unworthy to be taſted by a wiſe Man. That the ſole pleaſure that he extracts from the enjoynment of a fair young Wife, is a pleaſure of his Conſcience, to perform an action according to order: as to put on his Boots for a profitable Journey. Oh, that his followers had no more right, nor nerves, nor juyce, in getting their Wives Maiden-

Cicero.

heads

heads, than in his Leſſons. 'Tis not what *Socrates* ſays, who is both his *Maſter* and ours. He values as he ought Bodily pleaſure, but he preferrs that of the Soul as having more force, conſtancy, facility, variety and dignity. This according to him, goes by no means *alone*, he is not ſo fantaſtick, but onely it goes *firſt*. Temperance in him is the *Moderatrix*, not the *Adverſary* of his Pleaſures. Nature is a gentle guide, but not more ſweet and gentle than prudent and juſt. *Intrandum eſt in rerum naturam & penitus quid ea poſtulet, per videndum.* *A Man muſt ſearch into the Nature of things, and examine what ſhe requires.* I hunt after her foot throughout, but we have confounded it with artificial Truces. And that *Academick and Peripatetick good*, which is to live according to it, becomes by this means hard to limit and explain. And that of the *Stoicks*, Couſin-German to it, which is to conſent to Nature. Is it not an error to eſteem any Actions leſs worthy, becauſe they are Neceſſary? And yet they cannot beat it out of my Head, that it is not a convenient marriage of *Pleaſure* with *Neceſſity*, to which, ſays an *Ancient*, the *Gods* do always conſent. To what end do we diſmember by Divorce, a building united by ſo mutual and brotherly a Correſpondence? Let us, on the contrary, repair and corroborate it by mutual Offices, let the Mind rouſe and quicken the heavineſs of the *Body*, and the *Body* ſtop and fix the levity of the *Soul*. *Qui velut ſummum bonum laudat Animæ Naturam, & tanquam malum, Naturam Carnis*

Cicero de fin. l. 5.

Aug. verè. Apoſt. ſer. 13. lib. 6.

Carnis accuſat, profecto & Animam carnaliter appetit, & Carnem carnaliter fugit, quoniam id Vanitate ſentit humana, non veritate Divina. Who commends the Nature of the Soul as the ſupream good, and accuſes the Nature of the Fleſh as evil, does certainly both carnally affect the Soul, and carnally flies the Fleſh, becauſe he is ſo poſſeſs'd through human vanity, and not by Divine truth. In this *Preſent* that God has made us, there is nothing unworthy our care; we ſtand accountable even to an hair. And 'tis no ſlight commiſſion to Man, to conduct Man according to his condition. 'Tis expreſs, plain, and the principal injunction of all, and the Creator has ſeriouſly and ſtrictly enjoyn'd it. Authority has alone the power to work upon common underſtandings, and is of more weight in a Foreign Language, and therefore let us again charge it in this place. *Stultitia proprium quis non dixerit ignave, & contumaciter facere quæ facienda ſunt; & alio corpus impellere, alio animum, diſtrahique inter diverſiſſimos motus? Who will not ſay, that it is the property of folly, ſlothfully and contumaciouſly to perform what is to be done, and to bend the Body one way and the Mind another, and to be diſtracted betwixt moſt different motions?* Which to make apparent, makes any one another day tell you what whimſies and imaginations he puts into his own Pate, and upon the account of which he diverted his thoughts from a good meal, and complains of the time he ſpends in eating: you will find there is nothing ſo inſipid in all the Diſhes at your Table, as this wiſe

wiſe meditation of his (for the moſt part we had better ſleep than wake to the purpoſe we do) and that his Diſcourſes and Notions are not worth the worſt Meſs there: Though they were the Raptures of *Archimedes* himſelf, what were they worth? I do not here ſpeak of, nor mix with the rabble of us ordinary Men, and the vanity of the thoughts and deſires that divert us, thoſe venerable Souls, elevated by the arder of Devotion and Religion, to a conſtant, and conſcientious meditation of Divine things, who, by a lively endeavour and vehement hope, prepoſſeſſing the uſe of the eternal nouriſhment, the final aim and laſt ſtep of Chriſtian deſires, the ſole, conſtant, and incorruptible pleaſure, diſdain to apply themſelves to our neceſſitous, fluid, and ambiguous conveniences, and eaſily reſign to the Body the care and uſe of ſenſual and temperate feeding. 'Tis a priviledg'd ſtudy. I have ever amongſt us obſerv'd ſuperceleſtial opinions, and ſubterranean manners to be of ſingular accord. *Æſop*, that great Man, ſaw his Maſter piſs as he walk'd: What, ſaid he, *muſt we then dung as we run*? Let us manage our time as well as we can, there will yet remain a great deal that will be idle and ill employ'd. As if the Mind had not other hours enow wherein to do its buſineſs, without diſaſſociating it ſelf from the Body, in that little ſpace it needs for its neceſſity. They will put themſelves out of themſelves, and eſcape from being Men. 'Tis folly, inſtead of transforming themſelves into

into *Angels*, they transform themſelves into Beaſts, and inſtead of elevating, lay themſelves lower. Theſe tranſcendent Humours affright me, like high and inacceſſible Cliffs and Precipices: And nothing is hard for me to digeſt in the Life of *Socrates*, but his *Ecſtaſies* and communication with Devils. Nothing ſo *Humane* in *Plato*, as that for which they ſay he was call'd *Divine*. And of our *Sciences*, thoſe ſeem to be the moſt terreſtrial and low that are higheſt mounted. And I find nothing ſo humble and mortal in the Life of *Alexander* as his fancies about immortallization. *Philotus* pleaſantly quipt him in his anſwer. He congratulated him by Letter concerning the *Oracle* of *Jupiter Hammon*, who had plac'd him amongſt the Gods; *Upon thy account I am glad of it*, ſaid he, *but the Men are to be lamented*, who are to live with a Man, and to obey him, who exceeds, and is not contented with the meaſure of a Man. *Diis te minorem quod geris, imperas. Becauſe thou carrieſt thy ſelf lower than the Gods, thou doſt rule and command.* The queint Inſcription wherewith the *Athenians* honour'd the entry of *Pompey* into their City, is conformable to my ſenſe:

D'autant es tu Dieu, comme
Tu te recognois homme.

By ſo much thou a God appear'ſt to be,
By how much thou a man confeſſeſt thee.

'Tis an abſolute, and as it were, a Divine Perfection, for a Man to know how loyally to enjoy

enjoy his Being: We ſeek other conditions, by reaſon we do not underſtand the uſe of our own; and go out of our ſelves, becauſe we know not how there to reſide. 'Tis to much purpoſe to go upon ſtilts, for when upon ſtilts, we muſt yet walk upon our Legs: And when ſeated upon the moſt elevated Throne in the World, we are but ſeated upon our Breech. The faireſt Lives, in my opinion, are thoſe which regularly accommodate themſelves to the common and humane model: but without miracle, and without extravagance. But old Age ſtands a little in need of a more gentle Treatment. Let us recommend it to God, the Protector of Health and Wiſdom, but withal, let us be gay and ſociable:

Frui paratis & valido mihi
Latoë dones, & precor integra
Cum mente, nec turpem ſenectam
Degere, nec Cythara carentem.

Latena's Son,
In Mind, and Body's health my own
T'enjoy; old Age from dotage free,
And ſolac'd with the Lute, give me.

Sir *Richard Fanſhaw.*

The end of the Third and laſt Book of Montaign's Eſſays.